



KIRSTEN MCCURRAN

HER  
OTHER  
HUSBAND

The Complete Series

# **Her Other Husband: The Complete Series**

**Kirsten McCurran**

## **HER OTHER HUSBAND: THE COMPLETE SERIES**

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## **acknowledgements**

While the physical process of writing is a solitary one, no book that comes out is the product of one person's effort. And this book is no different. First, I have to thank my friend C., who gave me the initial idea for this series—longtime friends with a past stumble back into an illicit affair. And then there is Kenny Wright, who read through the stories as I wrote them and designed most of the covers for the original series. Another sharp-eyed friend Gary contributed by finding, and correcting my errors. And finally, I have to thank my husband, as always, for being there, affording me time to write, and not thinking his wife is some kind of crazy, over-sexed harpy for the ideas that come out of her head. My erotic thoughts are all for you, honey.

## a snap decision

In his book, *Blink*, Malcolm Gladwell argues that snap decisions—the ones made with just a moment's thought—are the best ones. Instinct plays a big role in those decisions, supposedly. If instinct played a role in what I did with Danny that afternoon, what does it say about me? Had I been craving that without realizing it? All I know is that the snap decision I made that afternoon changed a lot of things in my life. I'm still trying to figure out if it's for the better.

Danny and I had all the kids, his three and my two, together for a play date. We did that at least a couple times a week since we lived so close together and the kids loved to play with each other. I do some bookkeeping on the side, but mostly I'm a stay-at-home mom. My husband is an engineer with the local transit company. Danny's wife works fulltime while he takes care of the kids and does the occasional freelance graphic design project. The kids were playing in the backyard and we were confident they could be left to their own devices for a while.

"Finally, a break," Danny said, flopping bonelessly onto the couch, his arms spread wide. "Hopefully they will wear themselves out and we can sit them in front of a video for a while after this."

*Same old Danny*, I thought, looking at him from the kitchen, which was adjacent to the great room. We could see the kids running around the backyard through the windows and patio doors. I'd known Danny for over fifteen years. We first met in middle school, when he started following me around with a puppy love crush. Love never quite blossomed between us, but a great friendship did.

"And how do you expect to get them all to agree on a video?" I asked. I carried two glasses of lemonade and joined him on the couch.

"I'll think of something. Thanks." He took his drink and sipped it.

"You usually do."

Danny flashed the charming grin that took years off his face. "I can get the kids to do what I want because I think on their level. You should try it

sometime.”

“Someone has to be the adult here. Besides, I’m not sure I could regress *quite* that far.”

“I could fill the water guns again and we’ll see how far back you can go.”

“I don’t think so. I am wearing white today.”

“That makes it even better!”

Danny unashamedly stared at my chest. I’m sure he was wondering how transparent my white tank top would turn if he soaked me. Unfortunately for him, I was just wearing a comfortable, soft yellow bra with little blue polka dots underneath. Nothing too exciting, not that I thought there was much to see anyway. I’m not blessed with size up top. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve got great tits, or so my husband always tells me. What they lack in size, they make up for in perkiness and shape. Every once in a while I’ll joke about getting implants, but I’m not really serious about it. My guy friends are split on it; a couple have encouraged me to go for the double-Ds, while the others say they’ll kill me if I mess with what I have. Danny’s always fallen into the latter camp, despite the fact that his wife has big, natural breasts.

“Do you mind?” I asked when he kept right on staring.

“Not at all.”

“Here, let me help you.”

I used my arms to push my breasts together and leaned forward, creating a teeny bit of cleavage. Danny’s eyes went wide and I playfully smacked the side of his head.

“Hey! If you’re going to put them out like that, I’m going to look. You know I love your body.”

I sat back and had some lemonade. “And you realize that it doesn’t look like it did when we were eighteen, right?”

“I’ve seen you in a bikini, Kel. You’ve still got a rockin’ bod.”

I think I blushed, and I looked away so he couldn’t tell. Yes, I put a lot of effort into keeping in shape, but I didn’t think of myself as sexy. That’s just not me. But with the way Danny constantly flirted with me over the years, I can see why someone might think I was. It’s a good thing my husband isn’t the jealous type, though I know Danny’s wife doesn’t love it.

He must have read the skepticism on my face. “You could, y’know, get naked so I can really be sure. It’s been a while, but I still remember how hot

you were back in the day.”

Yes, many years ago, when we were about nineteen, I think, Danny and I briefly dated. Our friends and our spouses knew about that, but the secret was how far we went. Since it was only a couple weeks, I think a lot of people assume not much happened. They couldn’t be more wrong. The first time Danny and I went on an official date we ended having sex in the back of a Chevy Malibu. I was coming off a long relationship that hadn’t ended well and Danny was just a hormonal teenage boy, so we just sort of fell on each other the first chance we got. And then we kept falling on each other. I don’t think I’ve ever had so much sex in such a small span of time, even on my honeymoon. The sex was hot. Unfortunately, we both realized we work better as friends.

“That’s probably not a good idea, and I don’t think either of our spouses would appreciate it,” I said, though I have to admit, I wonder for a moment how he would react if I’d agreed. Or better yet, what if I just pulled off my top? The slack-jawed look on his face might be worth it, if I had the nerve.

“You’re right about that, but why not? Everyone thinks we’re already doing it anyway,” Danny said.

“They just enjoy teasing us about it. I’m not sure that’s a license to just hook up.”

It was true. All of our friends, even my own husband, constantly teased us about how much time Danny and I spent alone together. They all said we were sneaking off and screwing while the kids played or napped. I’d even heard Danny referred to as my “other husband.” Every once in a while, I wondered what it would be like to be *that* person. It wasn’t that I wanted, or needed, to cheat on my husband, but wouldn’t it be exciting to be that type of woman, the type who could just have a quick roll in the hay to satisfy her urges and shake it off like it was nothing? Sometimes I wish I wasn’t always the responsible one, the one who always does the right thing. It’s fun to be the bad girl. I should know. I got into plenty of trouble when I was younger, before I became someone’s wife, someone’s mother.

I fixed Danny with an intense look. “And what if I said yes? Do you think you could do it?”

“Do what? I didn’t really ask you to do anything.”

“You wanted me to get naked so you could look me over. What if I said yes?”

“But you wouldn’t.”



“But what if I would? What if I did?”

I had him squirming. I knew Danny very well, and I could tell he thought I just might do something here. I could see the wheels turning. “Not that I believe you *would*, but sure, I’d love to see you naked. There’s no harm in just looking.”

I don’t know what suddenly got into me, but I shot a look over my shoulder to check that the kids were all still outside and playing nicely. They couldn’t get out of the yard on their own, so we were safe as far as that went. Danny looked at me expectantly, but with more than a little skepticism. He still thought I was just teasing him. And maybe I was, until I yanked my tank top over my head. Danny’s eyes danced between my face and my chest. He wanted to look, but wasn’t sure if he should. He couldn’t decide if this was some kind of trick. I was surprisingly okay with it. It wasn’t any different than him seeing me in a bikini top, which he had plenty of times before. My bra was nice, supportive and shaping, without revealing too much or really pushing me up. I didn’t know if I should pose or do something sexy, so I just stretched out my arm on the back of the couch and sat there as if this was a perfectly normal occurrence. The longer I was topless, the more comfortable Danny became staring at my breasts.

“Those are pretty nice, Kel. But is that it? Let’s keep going,” he said, a smile creeping to the corner of his mouth. He’d always been competitive, and I knew he didn’t like how comfortable I was when he had been nervous. He wanted to push it.

“Okay, fine, but you have to tell me if any of the kids come to the door.”

My back was to the patio doors and I couldn’t see outside when I faced Danny. The way the couch was angled, no one outside could really see me without coming right up to the patio doors. I reached back and unhooked my bra. For a brief moment I questioned my sanity, and took a deep breath. I shrugged my bra off and let it drop to my lap.

“Damn, Kel, those look good,” he exclaimed. Danny didn’t even pretend to be conflicted about where to look this time. It was a warm day, but my suddenly-exposed nipples drew into pale little points as they hardened. I’m the furthest thing from an exhibitionist, but I realized I liked Danny looking at me with such unbridled lust. I could tell he was struggling with the urge to reach out and touch me. I knew I’d fulfilled my side of the bargain and could get dressed, but I didn’t.

“I’m holding up okay?”

“Better than okay. I’m telling you, your tits are as perky as ever. I think they’re even a little bigger.”

“Childbirth will do that. You’ve seen mine, now it’s your turn,” I said. The words left my mouth before I could really think about what I was saying. With me being half-naked, no good could come of this if Danny started removing clothing.

“That wasn’t the deal,” he protested.

“But it is fair.”

I stared Danny down while he squirmed in his seat. I’m very good at getting my way. Some of my friends say I can be a royal bitch, but I prefer to just think of myself as strong-willed. He had no chance.

“Fine, okay. But, y’know, something’s come up…”

Danny is not the easily embarrassed type. I’m more likely to turn red at the drop of a hat, but he was chagrined that staring at me topless had him so horny. He pushed his baggy cargo shorts and boxers down and his long, hard shaft popped into view. I felt an immediate pang and squeezed my thighs together just a little bit. I honestly hadn’t thought about him sexually in over a decade, but just the sight of his prick brought all those memories flooding back. The sex had been amazing. In my experience, Danny’s just a little bigger than average, definitely thicker, but the clincher is this slight curve to his shaft and that makes it feel so delicious when he goes nice and slow. I could remember the way he felt inside me like it was just yesterday, and my sudden, visceral reaction worried me. For the first time in my marriage, I really wanted to have sex with another man.

I smiled. “I guess I would be insulted if you didn’t have a reaction.”

“Yeah, see, and in my defense, the old sex life has taken a little nose dive lately,” he said.

“She’s still not taking care of you?”

“I wouldn’t say *never*, but you know it just hasn’t been the same since the last baby. There’s always a big work project, or the kids have us exhausted. There’s just usually a reason why we’re too busy.”

“That’s a shame. There’s always a way to find time. We do. Even if we’ve only got a few minutes, a quick blow job usually does the trick. You don’t want to send your man out into the world with a hard on.”

I wasn’t telling Danny anything about my sex life that we hadn’t shared before, or vice versa. We were open with each other about everything, so it

wasn't an odd topic, except that we were discussing sex while we were both half naked.

"It's been a *long* time since that happened," he said.

"Really?" Okay, maybe we didn't discuss *everything*.

"Yeah. I don't think it was her favorite thing to do to begin with, but it's really fallen off now—to almost never."

"That's terrible. I don't know what's up with me, but I love to do it."

Danny grinned. "I remember. And it's one of the many things that make you special, Kel. How about you do a favor for a friend in need? Y'know, for old time's sake."

I forced myself to look away from his prick, because looking at it kept me from immediately answering no. It wasn't like there was anything missing from my sex life. I was just suddenly really horny and in the mood to do something daring and reckless. Something totally unlike me.

"You don't think that's going a bit too far?"

"I think we're already done that. Why not go even further? No one will know."

"It will have to be quick. We could be interrupted..."

"I doubt I'm going to hold out very long."

Is it terrible that I didn't need more convincing? It was just another snap decision, like taking my top off. The truth is, I just wanted to do it. And it too often, I felt like I was always doing what everyone else wanted, not what I wanted. I know that sounds like a selfish, childish complaint, and a weak rationale for giving a blow job behind my husband's back, but I didn't need a rationale. I want to do it, so I was doing it. I moved closer on the couch and leaned forward, brushing my short, dirty-blond hair back from my face. Danny groaned when I grabbed his cock. I stopped just before I did it. Just sucking him off felt too dirty. I wanted to slow down a second and make it more than just him coming.

"Huh?" Danny questioned. I could see the frustration on his face.

I kissed him. I kissed him hard, slithering my tongue into his mouth, and I put his hands on my breasts. Danny mauled my tits like he'd never touched a set before, but he settled down and teased my nipples with his thumbs in that way that makes me shiver and moan. It was sweet that even after all these years, he remembered what I like. My heart raced and I felt like doing a lot more than just going down on him. I stroked my hand up

and down his shaft and felt slick precum leak from the tip. Breathlessly, I broke the kiss and sucked him into my mouth.

“Christ, Kelly,” he blasphemed, sinking back into the couch.

I held him at the base and relaxed my throat enough to take him deep without gagging. It’s a trick most women can’t do, but like I said, I really enjoy giving head, so I’ve made sure to get really good at it. Besides, being a good Catholic girl, I wasn’t going to sleep with every boy I dated in high school. But I wasn’t going to send them home with blue balls either, so I had to do something, and hand jobs just always seemed lame. I’ve always been a people pleaser, and while I like a man to be a man and take charge, I love that feeling of knowing I’m in complete control, if just for a few minutes. I love the way they look at you while their prick is in your mouth, like they would do anything in the world for you.

Danny brushed my hair back and stared right into my big, hazel doe eyes and gave me that look. I slipped up and down his cock with my lips tight around it and my cheeks hollowed out, making my slender, delicate features look even more narrow, and Danny stared at me like I was the only woman in the world. It was time for the move that made all guys think you’re a little slut who’s up for anything.

“Ohhh...Kelly...” Danny gasped.

I stroked his cock and held it aside so I could suck on his balls. This isn’t always the best move for me, but he was clean and well-groomed, so I didn’t have a problem. I opened wide enough to suck on both his balls at once, leaving him with a silly, stunned look, and then I started sucking his cock again. I rapidly bobbed up and down, gave him my best “fuck me” eyes, and played with his balls. All at once Danny was a goner. He lifted off the couch and pushed at my mouth, but I kept in control.

“Ooo Christ...ooo..Kel...ooo...I...I...ooo...”

I think he was trying to warn me, but couldn’t get the words out. Seconds later, Danny was coming. It blasted the back of my throat and filled my mouth and he kept going. He came so hard and so fast that I believed it really had been a while. Swallowing isn’t my favorite thing, but I’ll do it, and I didn’t see an option in the moment. But Danny came way more than I’m used to, and it bubbled from my lips and dripped down. I caught that last bit with my tongue and let him go with a hearty lip-smack. Danny was shaking and breathless.

“Oh Christ. Thank you, Kelly,” he stammered.

I laughed. I couldn't remember the last time I'd actually been thanked for a blow job. I found my discarded clothes and clutched them to my chest. I heard squeals getting louder. His daughter was coming toward the door. "Get your shorts buttoned up. We're about to be interrupted." I slithered off the couch so I couldn't be seen and slipped out of the room.

I locked the door of the downstairs powder room behind me, leaning against the wall. *Oh my God!* That was crazy! I was exhilarated. And I was horny as hell. I unsnapped my shorts as quick as I could and pushed a hand into my panties. I was drenched down there. Three fingers stroked my shaved mound, while the middle one pushed between my lips and brushed my clit. Gasps and moans filled the little powder room as I reached over to turn the water on full power. I'm not a screamer, but it's hard to be completely quiet, especially when I'm that turned on. It sounded like all the kids were in the living room with Danny, and I heard him say, "Your mom's in the bathroom, she'll be right out." I felt a pang of guilt at that, but kept going. I was so close. My entire body throbbed as I leaned over and bit down on a hanging hand towel. I climaxed so intensely and quickly that I felt dizzy. Weak-kneed, I sank down to the floor closed my eyes to enjoy that moment while I took deep, cleansing breaths.

When I came out of the bathroom, I cleaned up like nothing had happened. Danny and I proceeded with our kids' play date like nothing had happened. Only a quick look before we hugged and kissed on the cheek at the end of the afternoon hinted that this afternoon was different than any other play date. Danny and his kids were gone and I put mine to work helping me clean up the house before their dad got home.

Yes, my husband. When I saw him after work, I was amazingly guilt free. It just seemed like my afternoon trifle with Danny was a quick, happy moment and that it hadn't changed anything, so was it really so wrong? And my husband even benefited from it, because I was still horny as hell. As soon as the kids were in bed that night I was all over him. I even put on a skimpy navy blue, lace nightie that I rarely wear. He had that off in a jiffy, which is why I don't usually bother with lingerie, and was between my legs. I don't need a lot of foreplay as a rule, so I don't think he noticed that I was already soaked. We were right down to the sex in moments, which he did notice.

"What's gotten into you?" he asked.

"You, just now. Come on, honey, do it."

“Your other husband must not have gotten the job done today,” he joked. I laughed uncomfortably. “He left me wanting more.”

“Good thing for me.”

I wrapped my legs around him, drawing him inside me, and the time for banter was over. I clutched at his back and he rode me vigorously. I couldn't help but notice how different he was from Danny. He's still quite a good athlete, playing in a couple baseball leagues, while Danny is more an Xbox kind of guy. My husband had dark good looks and a great physique, and I think I'm more attracted to him now than ever. As I made love to my husband, my enthusiasm for him had not dimmed at all from having been with Danny. No deficiency with my husband had caused me to want to play with my friend that afternoon. It was just a little extra.

The bed rocked and squealed beneath us. He grunted and held onto the headboard as he slammed down harder and harder. When I came, I didn't hold back like I had earlier. It felt good to totally let go and cry out my husband's name. My whole body clenched around him as he kept going and going, until one final thrust, then I felt him coming inside me. I love that feeling. Again, it's the people-pleaser in me.

I pushed him off and let the ceiling fan cool my sweaty skin. I'm not one of those women who needs to cuddle after sex. I want to cool down and go to sleep. Sex is an all-consuming thing for me.

“Damn, Kelly. Whatever got you in this mood today, keep it up,” he chuckled.

If only he knew what he was asking.

## kissing in a tree

I knew things were different the second I saw Danny. When we greeted each other, he held me tightly against him, far longer than normal. It was not just a friendly hug. And when we kissed, I only narrowly avoided meeting his lips. I hadn't seen or spoken to him since our little bit of fun the week before. This time, instead of meeting at one of our houses, we got our kids together for their play date at a local park with one of those giant, wooden play castles.

"Hey, Kel. What's been going on?" he asked.

"Not too much. It was a busy weekend with the kids. We went up to Sean's and spent the day. I think I fell into bed the second we got home."

"At least the kids must have been worn out, too."

"If only I'd had the energy to enjoy it."

As we walked the kids over to the playground, Danny kept stealing sideways glances at me. I could feel his eyes sweeping down from my tits to my hips, and back up again. Sure, he would sneak a peek here and there in the past—every guy does that—but he didn't even try to disguise his interest this time. Danny hadn't really looked at me like that in a long time, not since we were together as teenagers. He wasn't looking at me like he was just my friend, someone who knew his wife and was friends with my husband.

He looked at me like he wanted to fuck me.

I ignored Danny's obvious interest and ran to play with the kids on the playground, but they really just wanted to play amongst themselves. One of the usual advantages of taking the kids to the playground was that they kept themselves entertained, which gave the grownups a chance to relax and talk. Danny watched from a nearby bench and I joined him, sitting far enough away to avoid his arm on the back of the bench.

"Are you okay, Kel? You're acting kind of funny," he said, moving closer.

"I was thinking the same thing about you," I replied.

“I’m good. I’ve been looking forward to seeing you all week.” He flashed that goofy grin he’s always had.

“Do we really need to talk about last week, Danny?” I avoided looking him in the eye.

There was that grin again. “We don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to. I was thinking we could take the kids back to my place after lunch and try to get them all down for naps...”

His voice trailed off meaningfully, and I got it. “I don’t think we’re on the same page here. I guess we do need to have a talk,” I said.

“What’s the matter, Kelly?” His grin disappeared and I could see it finally sinking in. “Last week was great, wasn’t it?”

“It was. I really enjoyed it—”

“Not as much as me.”

My pale cheeks flushed. “Maybe not, but it was fun. But it was just a one-time thing, though. Right? I thought we both understood that.”

“I didn’t know what to think, except that it was awesome,” he said. “I know it was just a spur of the moment thing.”

“That’s right. I wasn’t trying to start something,” I interrupted.

“But then I got to thinking, I didn’t see why it had to be just a one-off event,” he continued. “I mean, everyone accuses us of screwing anyway.”

“We did not screw each other,” I blurted, barely managing to keep my voice down. “And besides, our friends are joking. My husband is not serious when he calls you my ‘Other Husband.’”

“No one’s talking about marriage. Just hooking up.” He just couldn’t suppress that grin.

“Danny!”

“Come on, Kel. Why shouldn’t we play around if we’re both enjoying ourselves?”

“Danny! You’re crazy. What about the fact that we’re both married? Doesn’t that bother you?”

“You know about Nikki and me...”

I did. I knew that before the kids, when they were first married, Danny and his wife played around with other couples, and sometimes they brought a woman home from a club. But that wasn’t the same thing as his sneaking around behind her back with me. Especially not when Nikki was already a little jealous of the time we spent together. Nikki has a great job, which is why Danny is the stay-at-home parent, but it requires long hours and I



know they haven't been connecting in a while. I don't think she's thrilled that her husband spends entire days with someone he's dated, even if it was only briefly and over fifteen years ago. She only gets to see him for a couple hours at night. Nikki's never said anything, but I can tell from the way she acts toward me that there's some jealousy there.

"You guys going out together and meeting someone is not the same as you sneaking around behind her back," I said.

"Hey, we're all friends. As long as we're cool and keep it on the down low, I don't see where anyone gets hurt. It's only a problem if we're stupid about it. I mean, we spend enough time together..."

"With the kids around." At that moment, I almost wished one of them would trip and cry out to get me out of this awkward conversation. Does that make me a horrible mother?

"That wasn't a problem last week. Kel, that was the best blow job I've had in years!"

"Keep your voice down, Danny," I whispered through gritted teeth.

It's funny, but his saying those words out loud really made it real for me. Yes, the week before, while our kids were together at my house for a play date, I went down on Danny, right there in my living room. In the middle of the afternoon, with all the kids playing in the backyard. Luckily, Danny had a hair trigger and it didn't take long. I certainly didn't do it to start an affair with my best friend. It was just a spur-of-the-moment thing. A snap decision. I hadn't thought too much on it since it had happened. When I was younger, I gave out blow jobs fairly easily to boyfriends. It was a tactic to avoid real sex, so I guess I reverted to that. I didn't think going down on Danny was a big deal. It was just a quick bit of fun between friends. I didn't even feel guilty about it. I made love to my husband that night and it was amazing. Self-deception is an easy thing, I guess. It was just easier to pass it off as a moment of stupid fun instead of a selfish act of adultery.

We had been talking about sex, which comes up a lot, and somehow it ended up with me taking off my top so he could see how I've held up since the last time Danny's seen me naked, back when we were teens. I did it precisely because I knew I shouldn't. For a second there, our innocent flirting became more. It felt good to have someone looking at me like a woman, a sexy woman, rather than as their mother, or wife. Sometimes I feel like I've become too settled, and it felt good to recapture a little of the wildness of my youth. Danny stared at my tits and his desire came off him

in waves. It made me horny and reckless. It turned into a game of *I showed you mine, you show me yours*, and the next thing I knew, I was going down on Danny.

Not only am I really good at blow jobs, but I really enjoy giving them. I like when a man takes charge during sex, but when I'm going down, I love knowing that for a few minutes, I'm in control. I'm the center of his universe. And I like knowing I made him feel very, very good.

"Thanks, I think," I replied. I kept my face static, but his saying that made me feel good. It also got me thinking about how good it felt to have his thick, curved cock sliding between my lips. And that was something I *could not* start thinking about, because I knew it would cloud my judgment.

"I was hoping, maybe, I could return the favor. If you'd like, I mean." The eagerness on his face melted away the years and he looked like that sweet eighteen-year-old again.

Suddenly, I couldn't *not* think about Danny going down on me. If he was as good at going down as he was at everything else, it would be my pleasure. Back then, I didn't really let guys do much of that. I saw myself as a skinny, gawky girl, maybe cute, but not sexy. Now that I am past thirty, I am far more comfortable with my body. And I've learned to love receiving oral sex.

"I know you want it too," Danny laughed. "It's written all over your face."

There's a reason I don't play poker. "Come on, Danny stop it. You can't be serious about all this."

"Oh, I'm serious, Kel. You just need to—"

I did not get to find out what Danny thought I needed to do, because just then my daughter was crying out for me and I glanced over to see there was trouble in the sandbox. I dashed off the bench to see what the hubbub was all about. Afterward, I stayed busy with the kids so Danny couldn't plead his case.

~ ~ ~

Seeing Danny in the park left me confused, and while I spent little time thinking about him the week before, I couldn't think about anything else afterward. I knew his arguments were just designed to get me to give in and fool around with him again. But they sank in, mostly because I guess I wanted them to. Going down on Danny was the hottest I'd felt in so long. My sex life with my husband was great and before that happened, I'd never thought anything was missing, but maybe I did need something else. I also considered it wasn't about sex at all, but just a need to act out, and prove to myself I wasn't just a boring suburbanite.

All my dirty thoughts left me constantly horny. My husband was the main beneficiary of that, but it usually hit me in the middle of the day, when I had a couple minutes to myself and he was at work, not just before bed when we were both exhausted.

One day, I was checking Facebook and saw that Danny had commented on something a mutual friend posted. That's all it took to get me thinking about him. I was sitting on the same couch where I'd leaned over and took him in my mouth. The second I started sucking, he'd lost control and was moaning my name. I gave it my all and had him coming in just a couple minutes. I snapped back to the present and, on a whim, I shot Danny a quick text telling him I was thinking about our "chat" on the couch the week before. He messaged me right back.

*-I think about it all the time. Happy memories?*

*-I'm smiling. We could have another chat if u were here.*

*-Now you're getting me worked up. Send me a picture like from our last chat.*

Danny wanted a topless picture, but that was not going to happen. I wouldn't even text my husband a topless picture. Women who do that are just crazy. You cannot trust a man to keep something like that to himself. The temptation to show off is too great.

*-Sorry. ur going to have to use your imagination.*

*-Aww. Good thing I have an excellent memory. I'm remembering how amazing ur tongue felt right now.*

I blushed deep red, but I don't know if I was flushed from embarrassment or arousal. I turned and lay back on the couch, unsnapping my shorts. I listened closely to the quiet house. The kids were napping upstairs and I prayed they would stay that way. My little white panties were damp before I even touched them. I lightly teased my mound and forgot all about texting until the phone chimed with a new message from Danny.

*-Still there? Are ur hands busy?*

How did he know? I shot back a message one handed.

*-Wouldn't u like to know? And just so u know, I can type one handed.*

*-That's hot Kel.*

*-r both ur hands free?*

*-It's not as good as ur mouth. I love ur lips.*

Damn, that got me. I pushed my hand inside my panties and rubbed my humid lips. I gasped and closed my eyes as the tingling spread throughout my body. I applied pressure above my clit, but didn't touch it, and enjoyed the building throb.

*-loved the way u touched me. Made me hot.*

*-not as hot as ur mouth. So hard, Kel.*

*-mmm, I'm wet. Wish u were here.*

*-I'd love to taste u.*

I've never been too comfortable with dirty talk. It just makes me laugh, really. But I was taking to it by text. I'd never even gone on like this with my husband, but now I wish I had. It was hot. I finally touched my clit and loudly voiced my pleasure. Biting my lip didn't help, so I turned and buried my face in the couch cushion to muffle my moans. My fingertip traced circles on my clit and in my mind's-eye I was back on that couch with Danny, but this time I was on my back and his face was buried between my legs. His tongue was remarkable in my imagination. I just managed to force out a fresh text.

*-plz. Do it.*

It was all I could manage. My climax was rushing toward me and I was ready to surrender to it. I dropped the phone and rubbed my breasts through my white tank top. It was the kind with the bra built in and my rigid nipples poked right through the stretchy material. I heard the phone chirping with new texts, but I ignored them. My moans would have flooded the house if not for the cushion in my face. I could hardly breathe, but it was worth it. I came hard. It deeply throbbed through my body, all the way to my core, and

I twisted and tensed on the couch, lifting my hips in the air. Usually when I touch myself, it's for a quick stress relief. It's not intense like that. I was left sweaty and gasping for air. I weakly reached for the phone.

*-What's going on over there, Kel?*

*-Kel? Still with me? Come on, I'm almost there.*

The last text was a couple minutes old. I wiped my soaked fingers on my shorts and answered.

*-Sorry. Got VERY distracted. Back now.*

*-Really? :) Finished?*

Embarrassment set in and I almost didn't respond.

*-Yes. U?*

*-I did. Can't wait for the real thing.*

*-We'll see. Gotta go.*

I immediately cleared all the texts from my phone and lay back with the biggest smile. I still floated on the afterglow when I heard signs of stirring from upstairs.



We didn't have any play dates scheduled over the next couple weeks, but we stayed in contact. We repeated our racy sexting, leading to some awesome orgasms, and Danny started sending me suggestive texts at other times. I warned him to be cool about things. The last thing I needed was Danny sending a text about licking my pussy when my husband was home and might glance over at my phone before I saw it. Danny had to confine his dirty mind to the daytime.

Thoughts of being with Danny were always in the back of my mind. When I thought about seeing him again, I was excited and scared all at the same time. It finally set in that we were going down a bad path—one where we could both end up doing something really wrong—and I wasn't sure I would be able to resist temptation. The prudent course would be to stop this thing in its tracks. We were playing around like a couple of horny teenagers, but I think that was largely the appeal. Danny had always been a bit of a boy in a man's body, but I didn't have such an excuse. I'd had my kids early, both by the time I was twenty-six, and I think I was just chafing at being a responsible grown up for too long. While most of my friends were still staying out all night and partying in their early twenties, I was home with midnight feedings. It's not nearly as fun a hangover.

A Friday night came and I had plans to spend the night out with the girls, while my good hubby stayed home with the kids. We do this as often as we can, which is not nearly often enough. A lot of couples would be too jealous to let one partner go out and have fun while the other stayed home, but we've never been like that. We both understand we need space. The only downside is that we rarely get to go out as a couple.

I met my friends for drinks and dinner at a new bistro we'd been dying to try. The six of us were all dressed to the nines in our little party dresses. I'm not as wild as some of the girls—one worn a skintight halter dress, another an off-the-shoulder LBD—but I knew I looked good. I was in one of my favorite dresses, a lightweight, loose dark blue dress with little polka dots all over it. One might say that it's more cute than sexy, but it is very short and not hard to look down when I lean forward. Although I've got

great, long legs, I still wore black leggings with my knee-high boots, because I'm just too modest not to with a dress that short. Yes, apparently I'm a woman who will cheat—I was still in denial that we were really cheating—but I'm not comfortable showing too much skin. I run at least five miles every day and I have a nice, firm butt—my husband's favorite feature—but I do it for me, not to show off my body to anyone who wants to look. That's reserved for someone special. No one is more special than my husband. But Danny was becoming very special to me, too.

By 11:30, we'd been dancing and drinking for a couple hours, but I was careful to keep myself safe to drive. Throughout the night, all of us had been hit on by a number of guys—some cute, some not. Wedding rings didn't seem to deter anyone—neither ours, nor the ones adorning some of the guys' fingers, which made me feel better about my situation. Not only that, but it got me thinking about Danny anew. I knew he was out with his friends, too, at their favorite bar watching the game. I whipped out my phone and shot out a quick text.

*-You guys having fun?*

*-Yeah, but I know how I could be having more fun.*

*-Really? Sounds like you have some ideas for that.*

*-Done with the girls yet?*

*-I could be persuaded to slip away.*

*-Meet me by St. Maggie's in 45.*

*-Why there?*

*-Just do it.*

St. Maggie's was local slang for St. Margaret's, the parochial school we'd attended through eighth grade. It was also around the corner from his parents' house. It would be fun to meet up in the old neighborhood, but I couldn't figure out why there. Unless he wanted to go really old school and hook up in the car, I didn't know where we could go. I'll confess, I am amazingly flexible, but I wasn't looking forward to contorting in the back of a car, not unless he had the family minivan. I was out in our compact, and Danny's wife's Acura wasn't much bigger.

I feigned exhaustion, and over the complaining from the girls, I ducked out of there. I shivered at an unusual chill in the air for a summer night, and was glad for my leggings. With Ryan Adams dialed up on the iPod in the car, I leisurely headed for St. Maggie's. I wanted to leave ample time to chicken out. But by the time *Answering Bell* was coming on, I arrived and

stopped my car curbside behind Danny's Acura. So it wasn't to be the minivan. I switched off the engine and took a deep, cleansing breath. Any doubt about whether I could really do this evaporated when I hastily pulled off my boots, and then my leggings.

The muffled sounds of Pearl Jam bumped from the Acura, while sweet-acrid smoke floated from the cracked window. I rapped on the window. He was so startled he banged his head on the roof. The electric window *whirred* down and he grinned up at me.

"Hey, Kel. Wanna hit?"

I shrugged and took the pipe and lighter. I glanced up and down the street and seeing no one about, took a hit off the pipe. That familiar thick smoke filled my lungs and I fought the urge to cough as I held it in. It had been quite some time since I'd gotten high. I could tell right away it was potent stuff and only took one more drag before handing the pipe back to Danny.

"So is this the plan? We're going to sit around in the car and get high?" I asked.

"No, I just thought smoking a little weed would be a nice bonus. I remember that it used to get you in the mood." He opened the door and tapped out the burned remains from the pipe and stowed it in the car before locking up.

"It does not. It just relaxes me," I replied. "I get laid back, that's all."

"I like the 'get laid' part," he chuckled.

"Very funny."

But that could have been his point. Back in high school and college, I was into doing a little bit of everything, so it was hard to tell what had what effect on me. Too much pot made me sleepy, but just the right high made me very chill, and in that state, I was very agreeable. Hooking up, fooling around is a lot of fun, especially when you're a teenager, so if someone wanted to have fun, who was I to say no? I'm not saying I was a slut, but I very much enjoyed fooling around.

"Come on, let's go."

"Where?"

Danny refused to answer, so I just followed him into the night. Cutting through backyards in the middle of the night really took me back, especially since I was following Danny. It really was like all those years had melted away. He was still tall and thin, like he was back then. His dark brown hair



was not quite as long as then, but it still brushed the collar of his t-shirt, a concert shirt which he would have worn as a teen. Danny's a handsome guy with an easy charm, and he's never had any trouble meeting women. I'm not much different than I was back then either, tall and slender, except I was probably more toned now and a bit curvier, thanks to two kids. My butt is definitely nicer, and my tits, while still small, are a touch plumper. I still wear my dirty blonde hair pretty short, but it was teased out for the night. I was also made up, lipstick, blush on my pale cheeks, eye liner, while I normally just went natural day-to-day.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

We had emerged from a wall of high bushes into his parents' backyard. My stacked boot heels sank into the soft grass sod. He shushed me and pointed up to the giant maple which supported the impressive treehouse that had been there since we were kids. Danny's dad is a contractor and put his considerable skills to use building his kids a fortress in the sky. A plank ladder climbed to a hatch in the floor up above.

"Are you serious?"

Danny turned and pressed his hand over my mouth. I kind of liked the way he grabbed me. "Keep it down. My parents are probably asleep and we don't need to wake them up. It would be a little hard to explain what we're doing here."

"I would say so," I replied, once he took his hand away. "Why are we here at all then?"

"We used to party up there all the time without getting caught. I figure we should be safe. Let's go."

I was dubious, but I followed. The treehouse was at least fifteen yards or so from the house, so he was probably right, as long as we were careful, we should be fine. I can't count the nights we spent up there getting drunk and stoned and listening to music. We thought we were so slick back then, but I think his parents just chose not to notice. At least we were close to home, not gallivanting around the neighborhood looking for trouble.

"Ladies first," he said, gesturing to the ladder.

"You just want to look up my dress."

He was mock offended. "Would I do that?"

"Mm-hm."

I tested the ladder, curious about how sturdy it was after all these years, but it seemed solid enough. Still, I was glad I'm still trim. I was about

halfway up the twenty foot ladder when Danny started up behind me. A quick glance down and yes, he was looking right up my dress. I pretended not to notice and began to climb more slowly, not that he could probably see much, despite the bright, full moon. At the top of the ladder, I pushed the hatch upward, careful not to let it slam open, but the rusty old hinges squealed loudly and I froze in my tracks.

"Shit!"

"It wasn't that loud, don't worry about it," Danny reassured me. "But take your time, I'm admiring the view."

"Danny!" I hissed. I was poised with one foot up on a higher step, opening my legs for an optimal peek. I jumped when I felt his warm hand on my leg, just above my boot. I stayed still when that hand started caressing upward, curious how far he would go. It was crazy to stop there on the ladder in plain view, but the risk made my heart beat even faster. It was a soft, gentle caress, both relaxing and arousing. He moved up past my knees, and then under my dress. His fingertips felt much warmer on my thighs, and I trembled. He touched my cheeks, where my butt was left exposed by little, lacy black panties, but then his fingers traveled back down, between my thighs. He brushed the gusset of my panties so lightly I barely felt it. Danny pressed firmly, leaving no doubt he was touching me. I moaned, leaning forward. I was half in, half out, of the treehouse, enjoying the rush of pleasure from my old friend touching my pussy.

"I love your boots. You look hot tonight," Danny said.

"Mmm...thanks..."

"You'd better get up there before someone sees us, Kel," he whispered.

Like it was my fault! Danny stopped touching and I climbed in. Shutters were closed over the windows, so only slivers of moonlight pierced the darkness where the walls were interrupted by thick tree branches. I crawled forward and felt a rough cotton pad. I hoped it wasn't the same old, dirty pad we used to lounge on fifteen years ago. I was still on my hands and knees when Danny climbed in behind me and closed the hatch. He shuffled over and opened the shutters on the sides facing away from the house. Moonlight filled the treehouse and my eyes adjusted, filling in detail.

The treehouse seemed so much bigger when we were kids. It was best described as cozy. Three or four adults could fit comfortably, but more than that and it would be cramped. There wasn't enough headroom to stand, and I was close to a tree limb, where I almost bashed my head. I crawled over

and found where I'd carved my initials, "KC" into the wall when I was sixteen. And then there was the space where I used an eyeliner pencil to try and draw what my big brother looked like to me when I was tripping on mushrooms. Everywhere I looked brought back a fresh memory, and I sat back with a big smile. I could feel my high moving through me in gentle waves, just slowing things down enough to really savor the night.

"Make yourself comfortable. The pad is from the futon that used to be in my basement," Danny said. The pad was bigger than the original, taking up half the floor. A couple cheap, folding beach chairs were against the far wall. It really was the perfect hook-up spot for teenagers. Except that Danny and I were far removed from our teen years.

"Is this where you bring all your women?" I leaned back against the wall, and when my dress fell high on my thighs, I didn't bother to adjust it.

"Just the important ones." He sat beside me and put his hand on my leg.

Danny kissed me. It was a nice, relaxed kiss, familiar, but new. Except for a brief one right before I went down on him, I hadn't really kissed him in almost fifteen years, not like that anyway. In keeping with the nostalgia of the evening, there was something innocent about that kiss. We were like two teenagers kissing for the first time, both excited, but neither in a hurry to move too quickly. I just enjoyed the feeling of Danny's soft lips on mine, the way he ran his fingers through my hair. But when I flicked my tongue against his lips, our kiss went to the next level.

I held the back of his neck and tickled, while his hand moved up my thigh, under my dress once again. I willingly opened my thighs for him and gasped into our kiss when he touched my pussy. Only a few seconds of his massaging brought out a wet spot on my panties and I subtly moved my hips at his hand. My heart raced, and I was disappointed when he pulled his hand away and began unbuttoning the front of my dress.

"I'm not going to fuck you," I warned him. I hoped I sounded more convincing than I felt.

"Then why are we here?" he breathed in my ear.

"You've been making pretty big promises about making me come, Danny. I want to collect." I kissed and nibbled at his neck. I pulled at the bottom of his t-shirt.

"So this is about me paying you back for before?"

I nodded. "That's exactly it."

"And what about me? I'm not going to be able to walk out of here without some help," he complained.

"We'll see. Maybe you can earn a repeat performance," I cooed, lightly patting his crotch. He was already hard as steel.

"Now you've given me some incentive."

Danny pushed my dress open and tenderly caressed my breasts, thumbs teasing my nipples to tingling hardness through my black lacy bra. I wasn't wearing my usual, boring underwear tonight. On some level I must have been planning on someone seeing me without clothes. My alabaster skin seemed to glow against the black lingerie in the silvery moonlight. He flicked open the front clasp like an expert and spread my bra open in advance of his wonderful mouth. Danny circled my nipple, then flicked it with his tongue, teasing until I was shaking and gasping.

"Ohhh...Danny..."

I held him to my chest while he went from one breast to the other, sucking my nipples and flicking that tongue. The tingling spread from my tits to my pussy and I wanted him so badly. He massaged my tits and kept teasing my nipples until I really couldn't take it anymore. My nipples were so sensitive they ached. I pulled his mouth back to mine and kissed him hard with his face between my hands.

"You're driving me crazy," I panted. "You've got to make me come."

"I plan on it," Danny replied, between kisses. "But I'm not in any hurry."

"Don't make me wait too long," I warned.

"I'll take care of you, Kel. Don't worry."

"You'd better... Oh!"

Danny pressed his fingers to my pussy again, rubbing through my panties, and spread me wide. I plunged my hand into his baggy cargo shorts and rubbed him through his tight boxer-briefs. I grasped his shaft and felt a drop of precum soak through his underwear.

"You shouldn't be doing that if you don't plan on fucking me," he warned, while kissing down my body.

"Should I stop then?"

"I didn't say that."

I had to stop when he laid me back on the pad, though. I lifted my butt so he could slide my panties off, pulling them past my boots.

My dress ended up around my waist when he took my legs over his shoulders and I watched Danny slowly kissing his way up my thighs. I

trembled in excited anticipation. I thought he was going to kiss my pussy, but I just felt his warm breath as his lips passed over me. I lifted my hips, but he didn't take the bait. Oh God, I wanted him! I know him so well. He was really enjoying making me wait. It wasn't fair. When I went down on him, I got him off quickly. Finally his lips brushed mine. I was mostly shaved down there, except for a tiny, downy V right above my lips.

"Ohh...Danny..." I moaned.

Danny softly kissed me down there. It was as intimate a kiss as I've ever had. So many guys have no idea what to do when they go down. Even my husband, who I love, seems in a rush sometimes. Danny, however, seemed like he could stay down there forever. As he kissed me, his lips pressed more and more firmly, and the building pressure sent the tingling from between my legs throughout my body. I almost can't describe what he did to me. He was simply, softly kissing me there. He just did it perfectly.

"Danny...ohhh..."

I tightly held fistfuls of the pad and tried to keep control. Danny was sucking, massaging my pussy with his lips, and his tongue darted between my lips. He slowly spread my lips enough to drive his tongue deep inside me. God, he had amazing control of his tongue! He speared it in and out like he was trying to fuck me with it. While his tongue explored me, his upper lip pressed against my clit and I cried out, twisting on the pad. I knew I had to try and stay quiet, but I couldn't help it. I wanted to shout into the night. So often, sex with my husband was rushed, first thing in the morning, or late at night, and I had to hold back, stifle myself because I didn't want to draw the kids' attention. If I was having an illicit encounter, I wanted to do it right. I wanted to let go. I wanted to scream if so moved.

"Danny...don't stop...ohhh...don't stop..."

My pussy was soaked and I heard him slurping as he kissed and sucked it. His tongue flicked upward, focusing toward my clit. His two fingers slid inside me so easily. I couldn't help thinking how easily his cock would do the same, especially when he crooked his fingers and massaged my g-spot. The tingling was everywhere, from my head to my toes. It filled my brain like a crazy buzz. I know the pot only made it more intense. Danny rubbing my g-spot added a throbbing pleasure to the tingling. My climax built stronger and stronger, filling me. It was a wonderful, slow burn.

"Ohhh...yes...please make me come...Danny" I begged him, stammering. I felt like a tramp, which I guess I was. I would have begged all night. I

*needed* to come. It was that simple.

Danny's tongue criss-crossed my clit. I wailed his name. I didn't care if the entire neighborhood heard me. I really hoped his parents weren't light sleepers. He worked his fingers in and out of me in a corkscrew motion. God, that was amazing. He kept stopping to rub my g-spot. I bit my lip. I tossed my head. I humped my hips at him.

Another of his fingers teased down below my pussy and then he was rubbing the tight rosebud of my anus. I didn't know about this. I didn't allow any playing around back there. But I really had lost control. Danny could do what he wanted to me. He licked my clit in a crazy pattern and sucked my lips. His fingers invaded me. My tingling built to a fever pitch. I was so close to coming. And then he started humming. It sent vibrations through my entire pussy, lighting me up like a Christmas tree.

"Danny...yesss...yesss..I'm..."

And just when my orgasm exploded, he pressed his finger against my rosebud, just nudging his fingertip inside me. It only hurt for a second, and then that wriggling digit felt amazing. It was like my climax went right through my body. My brain tumbled through space. The next thing I knew, Danny was on top of me, kissing me deeply. That I could taste myself just turned me on more. He still had fingers inside me, and he massaged my pussy.

"You'd better keep it down, Kel. You're going to have someone calling the cops," Danny warned me, with a smile.

His fingers inside me, his thumb lightly rubbing my clit, kept me from completely coming down from my orgasm. "You're not making that very easy," I moaned helplessly.

"Sorry. Should I stop?"

"No!" I answered, a bit too quickly. I was going to come again. I could feel it building.

The sound of a screen door slamming closed paralyzed us both. It was from Danny's parents' house. He shushed me and crawled over to the window facing the house. He parted the shutters a crack, just in time for a beam of light to play over the window. He ducked down and I held my breath.

"Is anyone out here? Hello?" It was Danny's father. "Hello?"

We both stayed perfectly still. Those few minutes stretched like an eternity. I was sure he could hear my heart beating from down in the yard.

My heavy breathing was loud as hurricane winds and I held it. I only started again when we heard him go back into the house. Danny turned back to me, looking relieved.

"I'm sure he thinks it was just a couple kids and he scared them off," he said.

"He sure as hell scared me," I whispered.

Danny crawled back over and kissed me, his hand going right back between my legs. "Oh!" I moaned when his fingers entered me. He pressed me down onto my back. Our kiss was passionate. I pulled frantically on his shorts. Danny kicked them down, and I reached into his boxer-briefs. His prick was hot and hard. He was ready for me.

"Yes...Danny" I moaned.

"I thought you said no fucking," he taunted, as I rubbed his cock.

"I...I...we can't..."

"But you want to come again?"

"Yesss..."

Danny smiled. "Okay."

He redoubled his efforts, expertly rubbing my pussy while kissing me and I came for a second time. After that, I had to push him off of me. I was just too sensitive down there. He was on his side, beside me, and I reached out and rubbed his cock. "Don't worry," I said. "I'm not going to leave you like that. You earned a reward."

"I hope so!"

"Very funny. Lay down."

Danny rolled onto his back and got rid of his underwear. His cock sprang up and I took it in hand. I stroked his hot flesh and cupped his balls, sitting back on my heels beside him.

"Mmm, Kelly. I love your hands. Take off your top. I want to see."

I was not going to take off my whole dress, but I did pull it down to my waist and took off my bra. He stared at my tits and reached out for them. I pushed his hand away. "Nope. It's my turn to take care of you."

I leaned over and my hair brushed his cockhead. Danny groaned. I rubbed the soft head on my cheek, and then rubbed my closed lips all over it, keeping my eyes locked on his. His mouth hung open as he stared at me. I have to admit it. I'll never grow tired of him looking at me like that.

"I should torture you and drag this out, like you did to me," I said. "But you would like that too much."

"You can take your time."

I grabbed his hand and sucked on the two fingers he'd had inside me, licking them clean. His cock surged in my other hand. "Oh shit, Kel. Goddamn it."

"Maybe you won't last too long," I teased. It was the last thing I said.

I held his thick, slightly curved cock and plunged my mouth down on it. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked him, taking him as deep as I could without choking. I glided up and down, and he pumped his hips at my mouth. Only my fist wrapped around his base kept Danny from shoving himself down my throat. He reached toward my pussy, but I swatted his hand away. I would never be able to concentrate on getting him off if he started that.

"Ooo...Kelly...your fucking tongue..."

I guess he liked the way I worked my tongue against his shaft. I pulled back, slurping, and licked his head like an ice cream cone.

"Kelly...Christ! Goddamn, suck it!"

I sucked his head, smacking my lips. I trailed my tongue around the head. "Tell me again," I breathed.

"Suck it, Kelly! Suck my goddamn dick!" He ordered.

I loved it! I would have probably thrown something at my husband if he did that, but I loved Danny demanding his blow job. It made me feel wild and dirty. And that's why I was doing this. I sucked him again, bobbing frantically. I wanted him to come for me. I wanted him to fill my mouth.

"Ooo...suck my dick...suck it Kel...Ooo...shit..."

He exploded in the back of my throat, and I swallowed his load right down. I kept sucking until I was sure I'd gotten it all. Danny kept moaning my name and stroking my hair until I finally let him go.

"Shit, Kel. That was even better than the first time," he panted.

"I'm glad I could please," I said, licking my lips.

I reached right for my bra and then fixed my dress. Finding my panties in the dark treehouse was more of a challenge. I had no idea where he'd thrown them. I didn't want to crawl all around, so I just gave up. "You'd better come up here in the light and find my panties," I said.

"Sure," he agreed.

We hugged each other hard and shared a last kiss. I went down the ladder first, and he secured the hatch. There were no lights on in his parents' house, so we figured we were safe and stalked back to our cars. Danny stood beside me when I opened my car door and suddenly, things got awkward. I



didn't want him to kiss me goodnight, not there in the open. Being out of the cocoon of the treehouse, everything felt different. It was like we were back in the real world. I couldn't look him in the eye. Was I just embarrassed about begging him to make me come, or was this the beginning of guilt?

"So, what now?" Danny asked.

"I don't know. This doesn't really mean anything. I love my husband."

"And I love my wife. I think I understand what it means. And I love it."

"It was great," I agreed. I wasn't a hypocrite. I wasn't going to lie about it.

"This doesn't have to be the last time. I know you don't want it to be." He touched my arm and I shrank back.

"I..."

Danny grabbed my arm, held me to him. "Kelly, I know you loved hooking up as much as I did. Do we have to pretend you don't want this again?"

"It's not about what you or I want, Danny. It was hot. It was amazing. Is that what you want me to say? Fine. But we're not doing this in a vacuum. There are other people to consider."

"No one finds out. This is just you and me, Kel. We're just fooling around. I know the rules. No fucking."

"And that makes it okay? I don't think our spouses would agree."

"Hey, Bill Clinton wouldn't call this sex."

I had to laugh. "Well, I guess if we have presidential permission."

"Seriously, Kelly. I know you. You're going to over-think this, and you're going to psych yourself out. Just relax and allow yourself to enjoy it."

"Okay. I'll try," I finally agreed.

Danny shocked me with a passionate kiss, out there on the street. I know no one was around, but it still felt dangerous. I only resisted for a second.

"I hope we get a chance to sneak away again soon," he said.

"We'll see, but don't count on it."

We parted, and I raced for home. My house was silent. The kids were in bed, as was my husband. It was almost two in the morning. I dropped my clothes in the hallway bathroom and took a quick, hot shower. I scrubbed away until my pale skin glowed pink and walked to my bedroom with a towel wrapped around me and my hair soaking wet. My husband didn't stir

when I dropped my towel and climbed into bed beside him, naked. I don't usually go to bed naked.

"Huh? Kel?" he mumbled sleepily when I kissed his neck. I rubbed his chest, trailing my fingers through the sparse, dark hair, on my way down. He turned onto his back, still not fully awake. I threw back the sheet.

"I want you, babe. Make love to me," I whispered between kisses.

I pushed his boxers down and rubbed his cock, which was already growing.

"Kel, babe, you're drunk," he murmured, opening his eyes for the first time. The room was dark, but he could see enough to tell I was naked. His cock perked up even more.

And stoned, I could have added. "It doesn't matter. I want you."

Once I'd stroked him to full life, I swung a leg over him and impaled myself. I was ready before I'd even started touching him. I leaned down and kissed him while I worked my pussy muscles around his shaft. He loves that little trick. He tried moaning my name, but I kissed him again, and started rising and falling on him. His flesh filled me. I pulled out to keep just the tip, and then plunged back down. The bed creaked under us as we moved faster.

"Babe, you must have had some night..." he grunted.

"I couldn't wait to get home to you...Ohh..."

"Must have been all the hot guys hitting on you...mmm...babe..."

"Ohh...something like that..."

"I guess all that attention made you horny..."

"Yes...ohhhh..fuck me...ohhh..."

"Yeah, babe...mmm...you're fucking me..."

"Yes..."

I rode harder and harder.

"You girls flirted back, didn't you..."

"Yes..."

"And...mmm...now you're here...mmm...to fuck your husband..."

"Yes...yes...ohh...fuck me..."

He flipped us, turning me on my back. His cock never slipped out. He grabbed my wrists, pinned them to the bed above my head. He drove his cock down into me.

"Good thing I can trust you..."

"Yesss..."

He took one of my legs, pinned it back so my ankle was by my ear. I felt him so much deeper. Oh God!

"I know you'll always come home to fuck me..."

"Yess...yess...ohh..."

"Babee...mmm...fuck..."

He came just seconds before I did. It was so close it hardly mattered. For a fantastic third time that night the tingling overtook me and I climaxed.

We lay there, intertwined, and I was more conflicted than ever. Danny was right about one thing. I did want to fool around with him. As great as the sex with my husband was, and we'd just had crazy good sex, I got something else I needed from being with Danny. I fixated on what my husband unwittingly said. *I know you'll always come home to fuck me.* And as long as I did that, and kept my heart for my husband, was meeting up with Danny on the side really so terrible? It's amazing what you can convince yourself of, when you want something badly enough.

## **kelly crosses the line**

Danny and I stood in the window, looking out at the backyard, where all our children played, some running around and laughing, while two of the girls sat with serious expressions playing with their dolls. I could only imagine what was going on in their fantasy world. It was a beautiful, warm day, the kind where you could just send the kids to the backyard to play and keep an eye on them from the window. The kind of day where the grown-ups can grab a moment of peace.

Peace was not quite what I felt that moment. Actually, I kept closing my eyes, because what I felt at that moment was incongruous with any kind of parental feelings. I swayed on my feet and gripped the windowsill, which caught me just above the waist. My pretty sundress, with a tiny pattern of wildflowers, was pulled up to my waist and Danny's hand was in my yellow boyshort panties. Normally, because I'm usually chasing kids around, I would have worn something like bike shorts under a dress that loose and short. But I had dressed for Danny's benefit. His middle finger stroked slowly up and down between my slick lips. He lingered over my clit, pressing the hard little nub until my breath caught in my throat and I moaned softly.

"I could take you over to the couch and really make you feel good," he whispered in my ear, taking time to nibble my earlobe before kissing my neck.

The tingling that started between my legs had spread through my chest and to the tips of my toes. I felt it building to something more powerful, a buzzing through my nervous system that threatened to take over my brain. I wanted nothing more than to let Danny take me to the couch, pull up my dress and go down on me. But it was too risky. We could be walked in on at any moment. Yes, it was a risk we'd taken before, but we needed to be careful in these stolen moments. I did not want to be caught by any of the kids. How would we explain that?

It was further complicated by the fact that Danny wasn't my husband.

“We can’t,” I replied haltingly. It was hard to speak when he was doing that to me. I wasn’t exactly clear-headed. “The kids...”

“You weren’t so worried about that when you sucked my dick that time, or last week when all the kids were supposed to be down for a nap.”

Danny pushed his finger fully inside me, and added a second. It was just for a moment, but he curved them and found my g-spot. My legs felt rubbery and I sagged against the windowsill. My pussy throbbed, adding to an expanding sun of pleasure that grew within me.

“I...Danny...” I whimpered. He probably could have dragged me to the couch then. I did not want to resist.

But the last time we were too reckless, when the kids were napping, disaster nearly struck. The kids were all in the den, in Danny's basement, sleeping in the L formed by the sectional sofa, while Danny and I were in the living room with the shades drawn. We'd wedged one of his dog's squeaky toys under the basement door, figuring it would alert us if one of the kids came upstairs. Danny and I were on the couch and things were hot and heavy. Lately, whenever Danny was around, all I could think about was getting naked. The layered tank tops I'd been wearing were thrown on the floor and my black yoga pants were down around my knees, just like his shorts. I was bent over his lap, on my knees on the couch, with a mouthful of cock. He'd gone from rubbing my firm butt, my husband's favorite feature, to playing with my pussy. I was moaning so much from his expert touch that it was hard to breathe. It was difficult to concentrate on making Danny feel good because when he touched me like that, all I could think about was how hard I was going to come.

Anyway, we were so engrossed in each other that we never heard my daughter come up from downstairs. When I heard the water running in the kitchen I froze and nearly choked on Danny's cock. I moved quickly as possible, pulling on my clothes, ignoring my bra, and ran back to the kitchen to find my daughter getting a glass of water. I kept her distracted until I was sure Danny was fully clothed. After that, Danny and I swore no more fooling around on play dates, but here we were again, tempting fate.

"Danny...ohhh...we can't..." I gasped.

"Okay. It's your call. We'll just stay here."

I didn't know how long I'd be able to stand at that window. Now that he had me soaked and trembling, he went in for the kill. The heel of his hand pressed the mound above my clit, adding sweet pressure while his curved

fingers fringed me faster. I was panting and laid my forehead against the window. No, this was not ideal, but we could not be surprised either. I rubbed my butt back against him and could feel his hardness through his shorts. I felt bad for the poor thing. I was getting off, but he had no chance. I wondered if I could give him a quick blowjob, but no, that was too risky, wasn't it?

"Come on, Kel. I want to feel you come. Do it for me, baby..." he breathed in my ear. It was cheesy. It should have made me laugh. But just then, it was so hot.

"Yes...yes...Danny...make me come..." I pleaded. My husband and I rarely got into dirty talk like that. "Soooo close. Please don't stop." I bit my lip. It was so difficult to keep from yelling.

"Kelly, you're so fucking hot! You know it, don't you? You know we all want to fuck you!"

"Ohh...Danny..." I didn't know who this we was, but his taunting made me feel so sexy, and that's just not me. Anytime I make an effort to be sexy, I just feel silly. I felt anything but silly then.

The tingling lacing through my body turned to the buzz of an angry beehive that filled my brain, overwhelming my senses. My climax throbbed through me and for a moment I was floating there in a void of pure pleasure. I didn't quite lose my mind the way I did when he went down on me, but it was an intense orgasm. A deep breath made me shudder, and then I pushed Danny back, flattening him against the wall beside the window. Leaning up on my toes, I kissed him, snaking my tongue into his mouth while I wrestled with the snap holding his shorts closed.

"Shit, Kelly," he rasped when I pulled him away from the wall and pushed him further into the kitchen.

"You'd better pay attention to that door," I said, falling to my knees in front of him. The small island in the kitchen just about hid the top of my head, and I decided to be reckless once again.

"I—I promise."

Danny looked like he was going to pass out when I grabbed the hand he'd been using on me and licked and sucked his wet, sticky fingers clean. I thought he was going to come without me even touching his prick. But then I had him between my lips, swirling my tongue against his head. He held the back of my head and placed a steady hand on the counter. His fingers combed through my soft, light brown hair and I pulled out the scrunchie

holding it in place, letting it fall to where my hair just brushed my shoulders. I moaned around his shaft and my hard sucking sounded so loud in his kitchen.

In the last few weeks since we'd met at the treehouse we'd been together a handful of times, but I hadn't felt as slutty before as I did on my knees in his kitchen in the middle of the morning. From the corner of my eye, I saw a dishtowel, printed with different fruit, dangling from the counter. It was a reminder that I was doing this thing in another woman's house. Danny and I never really discussed the fact we were both cheating on our spouses, except to rationalize why no one would get hurt. But it was hard to deny we were doing something wrong when I felt the cold kitchen tiles hard against my knees.

"Oh...Kel...oh shit..." Danny gasped.

And all that wrongness, the danger and the sluttiness of it, just made me hotter. I wanted to make Danny come like he never had before. Part of me knew I was doing this because I was afraid I was becoming some boring, suburban housewife. I was just past thirty, had two kids, and the house I'd always wanted. Somehow, as happy as I was, it also made me feel trapped. I didn't want to let go of the girl who stayed up all night partying, who would just go out on a whim and take a drive to god knew where. The girl who got stoned and flirted with handsome boys. Hooking up with Danny was my way to reconnect with all that. It was a way to rebel against what was expected of me. And in that moment, my rebellion took the form of giving my best blowjob.

"Kel...I..I...I'm..."

I knew that he was warning me, and I grabbed that dishtowel from the counter. I bobbed on his cock until the very last minute. I jerked his cock as his load shot into the dish towel. I'm not a huge fan of swallowing, I will when necessary, but I'd rather not. And I thought it was funny to do something so dirty to such a banal symbol of domesticity.

Danny looked down at me with his cock in one hand and the dishtowel in the other and said, "Nice, Kel. Good thing I do the laundry."

I couldn't help laughing. "At least I didn't have you splooge all over the cabinets."

"I guess you have a point." He offered a hand and pulled me to my feet.

"If you don't like the ending, we can always skip the blowjob next time."

"No, it's okay. You can have me come anywhere you want."

"I'll keep that in mind."  
We kissed.





I could not keep up the denial. Danny and I were having a full-fledged affair. I still insisted on the “No Fucking” rule, but how much did that really matter? It was like the girls I knew back at my Catholic school who insisted they were still virgins even though they gave everything else up—and I mean *everything*. I don’t think either of our spouses would have been comforted that we were all over each other like horny teenagers, but at least we’d never fucked. I mean, I would have had my husband’s head if the roles were reversed.

Although the guilt crept in, it didn’t stop us from carrying on. I don’t know about Danny, but the forbidden nature of our tryst made it hotter for me. And as it carried on, I was having more and more trouble sticking to the “No Fucking” rule. When Danny and I were pulling each other’s clothes off, or when I had his cock in my hand, it was hard not to remember how good he felt inside me all those years ago, during our brief teenage relationship. He was great at licking my pussy, but I’m a woman who needs sex. It’s why I jumped my husband’s bones whenever I returned from seeing Danny. But that was one of the ways I assuaged my guilt. I may have been fooling around with Danny, but my husband received a benefit, too. It was a win-win for everyone! That’s what I told myself.

Our discretion and willpower were tested later that month. Every year the group of friends I’ve known since grade school plan a weekend away at a campground. We’ve been going to this getaway since forever. It’s up in the mountains, about an hour away, close to the river, so it’s a great site for swimming and fishing and hiking. The campground had volleyball nets and horseshoe pits. It was the perfect place to keep children occupied, which was good, since the excursion had become a family affair as we’d all grown older and had children. There were well over a dozen kids between the five or six couples that are usually there. It’s a social event our still-childless friends usually avoid. My husband and I are both outdoorsy, so we look forward to it every year.

“Dammit. I’m not going to make the trip,” my husband said, putting down the phone.

“What? Why?” I asked. It was Thursday night and we stood in the basement, mopping up the last of the water that gushed from our failed hot water heater. He’d called an old friend who was a plumber.

“Tommy can do it, but not until Saturday. He’s going to do it for cost, so I can hardly complain.”

“I understand, but that sucks. Maybe you can drive up when he’s finished.”

“I’ll try, if it isn’t too late. There’s no point driving up Saturday night just to drive back on Sunday.”

I had wondered if Danny would want to try and sneak away that weekend. I thought it would be too risky, but if my husband was not there it would be harder to convince Danny of that. His wife, Nikki, never went camping with us. It just wasn’t her thing, and she used it as an excuse to have a girls’ night out. Danny would want to sneak away if he thought there was any opening.

Danny’s recklessness was a problem. No matter how many times I warned him to play it cool, he just couldn’t help himself. He would send me sexy texts in the evening, or when all the friends were together he might try to grope me when we had a second alone. I always told him to stop, but I’ll admit it: I like that he can’t keep his hands off of me.

Friday night, while we were packing, my husband surprised me by bringing up sleeping arrangements. He wanted to know how it would work without him there. The unspoken question was, would I be sharing a tent with someone?

“I don’t know. All the kids will be in our big tent. I’m afraid I’m going to get stuck with them since I’ll be without you. Then Danny can have our other tent,” I said. Usually, it worked out that Danny slept with the kids, since Nikki wasn’t there, but I figured he would pass that on to me. It didn’t matter too much, we were all usually drunk and exhausted by the time we turned in.

“That should work out. Good.”

I heard something in my husband’s voice that suggested it was not just an idle question. “Why? Where did you think I’d be sleeping?” I asked.

It took him a moment to respond. He’s not the reticent type, so I knew it was not something he was entirely comfortable bringing up. “It’s just, I don’t want you sharing a tent with Danny.”

My heart froze. What did he know? Did he suspect something? Oh God, we'd been too reckless. I was dizzy and tried to sound as innocent as possible when I said, "I wasn't planning on it. Does it really matter?" He was always very understanding about my having so many male friends, even more so than most men would have been. Most of my group is guys, and there have been many times I've gone to hang out with them, or go to a concert, while he's stayed at home with the kids. We alternate nights like that so we both get a chance to go out. It just happens that a lot of my friends are guys. Trust had never been an issue in that department—until now.

"I don't know, not really. It's not that I don't trust you, hon, and you're with these guys all the time, but it's just a little bit different with Danny. If you were going to share a tent with Big Ger I wouldn't mind, but you and Danny dated. It just makes me a little uncomfortable."

"I—I mean, okay. The thing with Danny was like a thousand years ago. We were kids."

"I know, it's not like I really think anything is going to happen. Christ, you spend so much time together, everyone already calls him your other husband. If something was going to happen, I think it would have, but you'll both be drunk and in the middle of the night you might not remember where you are. I know I sound crazy. I would just rather you didn't."

I gave him a reassuring hug. He wasn't crazy at all. Had I been throwing out some kind of vibe? I knew he was a little less comfortable with Danny than my other friends because we'd briefly dated, I didn't think he'd ever felt threatened before. "Does it bother you that Danny and I spend so much time together? I mean, it's just that we're both home and—"

"No, it doesn't bother me. The kids love playing together, and I know it makes being home less boring for you when you're not on a project. Really, don't make this more than it is. I just don't think getting drunk and sharing a confined space is a good idea. That's all it is."

"Okay," I said, kissing him. "I would never leave you for another man. I could never love anyone else."

Unfortunately, lust was another matter.

I set off in the minivan with the kids early Saturday morning feeling guiltier than I had since I'd started things with Danny. For the first time in weeks, I thought we should stop. My rationalization did not stand the morning light.

A video kept the kids occupied in the back. They sat quietly with their headphones on, which let me turn up the Elvis Costello and drown out my thoughts. I was drumming my fingers on the steering wheel to “Tokyo Storm Warning” when I pulled into the parking lot. Our site was about a hundred yards down the trail. I led the kids down to mingle with the other children while the guys helped me unpack my gear.

“Where’s your ball-and-chain?” Big Ger asked. “He didn’t think he could hang?”

“No, our hot water heater busted, so he had to stay behind while it’s getting fixed. He might come up later.”

Danny grabbed me around the waist and pulled me against him as we walked back to the parking lot. “So we’ve got you all to ourselves then.”

“He’ll be here,” I said, pushing away from him.

“Christ Almighty. You two should share a tent tonight and just get it over with,” Big Ger laughed.

“Not going to happen,” I protested.

“Yeah, I’m not her type,” Danny said.

“True. You’re a big goofball, but if I spent as much time with a chick as you two do together, Tammy would have my balls.”

“That’s because you’re not trustworthy,” I replied. Big Ger winced and I immediately regretted my words. He was a good guy, but he was known for his roving eye, and we all felt sorry for his wife. I don’t know if he’s ever slept with another woman, but he’s been seen drunkenly hanging all over a bar slut more than once. But I was just teasing. I didn’t mean anything by my comment.

Big Ger snorted. “I’ve got my eye on you, Kel. You can’t always be a goodie two-shoes. You’re going to do something wrong one of these days.”

“Yes, sir,” I said. Yes, in my group I was considered the ‘good girl’ just because I wouldn’t drunkenly skinny dip or let someone catch me under the mistletoe for more than a peck. It’s quite the incestuous little group we have. Before we were all married, I’d hooked up with at least every guy in the group, but Danny was the only one I’d ever really *dated*. And all that stopped when I met my husband. No more drunken hook-ups.

Until now.

After lugging our gear to the campsite and setting up the two tents I’d brought, we rounded up the kids for a short hike. They were antsy after the long car ride to the campsite and it was a great way to get them to burn off

some energy before lunch. The dozen kids got along during the hike, which was a minor miracle. Big Ger led the pack and we adults were staggered through the group to make sure everyone stayed together. I brought up the rear with Big Ger's wife, Anita and we chatted amiably, until her boy stumbled over a root and she rushed forward to grab him. Danny took the opportunity to drift back to me.

"You're solo this weekend, huh?" Danny said, sotto voce.

"Yes, I am. But don't get any ideas. It's way too risky."

"You don't think we could find a chance to slip away?"

"We'd be missed, I'm sure." I forced a smile so it appeared we were discussing anything but our affair, though I was being overly paranoid. There was nothing unusual about Danny and I having a discussion on our own. We probably even could have slipped away without raising any eyebrows. We'd just take the normal ribbing, but I felt it was too crazy a risk to take.

"I don't know about that. There are a thousand excuses we could find," he teased. His hand brushed mine, drawing my attention to how closely we walked.

Just that seemingly innocent, simple touch and I was thinking about his hands on me. He brought out my desire that easily. *No!* I told myself. *You are going to behave this weekend. You need to go home with a clear conscience.*

"You're going to have to keep it in your pants this weekend," I said, hoping it sounded firm.

"Kel, you're not making that easy." Danny's eyes tracked down my body, lingering on my legs, and back up again.

"Thanks," I said, hoping the bright sun hid my blush. I wore short, snug cutoffs, because I know my long legs and butt are my best features. I also wore a tight red tank top and loose, flowered shirt over my bikini. Sunglasses and a straw hat protected my fair skin from the sun. I didn't really think my look was particularly sexy, but I was glad Danny liked it. "But keep your mind out of the gutter."

We stopped for lunch at the head of the trail and I joked around with the guys while tending to the kids. I know it's probably paranoid, but sometimes I get the feeling the guys' wives aren't thrilled with the ease I have with their husbands. It's not that they don't like me, I don't think, it's just that protective instinct. I can understand it, but they have nothing to

worry about, crazy as that sounds in light of my behavior with Danny. I see most of those guys like brothers. We just get along and joke together. We've all been friends for so long, it's like we have our own language. In many ways, I'm more one of the guys than one of the girls.

After lunch, we all headed back toward the campsite at a more leisurely pace than we hiked on the way up. The kids kept trying to run ahead, because we'd promised them swimming when we returned, but the adults wanted to wander and take our time. We spent a brief time at the campsite gathering towels, sunscreen and other supplies. The only guys who came down to the river to swim with us women and the kids were Danny and another guy named Harmeyer. They took quite a lot of ribbing for choosing to go with "the women." The other men went up river to drink and get some fishing in, while the rest of us took the five minute walk to the river.

The hot sun felt great on my skin when I peeled off my t-shirt and shorts. I wore a bikini, but it was not one of those tiny ones barely held together by a couple pieces of string. It was not immodest. Two of the other women also wore two-piece suits, but I can proudly say my lean body looked best, except I wish I filled out the top more. I only have about a palmful, but Anita had to be a double-D. She looked like she was going to burst out of her top. It didn't matter, though. My flat tummy and toned ass are way nicer. Danny tried not to be obvious, but I could see him checking me out while splashing in the water with the kids. I could only guess what dirty thoughts might be running through his mind.

"Hey, this is our last beer," Harmeyer said, fishing a bottle out of the cooler.

"I'll head back and grab another couple six-packs," I offered. I was stretched out on a towel on the riverbank, applying a fresh coating of lotion to my pale skin. A ten minute break from the kids would be nice. I pulled on my shorts and then my tank top, which clung to my wet bikini top.

"I'll go with you," Danny piped up. "I could use a walk."

*Right*, I thought. "Okay. We'll be right back, guys."

We were only about halfway up the trail when Danny was grabbing at my ass. I kept swatting his hand away, but my laughter probably undermined my denials.

"Danny, stop. What if someone sees us?" I protested.

"We're in the middle of the woods. No one is around." He tried to grab me around the waist, but I pushed him off and jogged ahead.

Danny caught me at the campsite, grabbed me around the waist, and swung me in the air. When my feet touched the ground I was in his arms and we kissed. My first reaction was to kiss him back, and I closed my eyes while the humming started deep in my body. His lips were soft and warm against mine, and I wanted to melt against them, but as his tongue flicked into my mouth I regained my senses.

“Stop it,” I said, pushing on his chest. I stumbled back and looked around, relieved we were alone in the campsite. We wouldn’t know if one of the other guys had come back early from fishing.

“It’s cool. We’re alone.”

“But what if we weren’t. You really need to be more careful, Danny. You’re going to get us caught.”

“I didn’t, though, did I? You need to calm down, Kel.”

He was right about that. I did need to calm down, because really all I wanted was for Danny to kiss me again. “Maybe we should quit this. We both know it’s wrong. We should stop before anyone gets hurt.” I took a couple steps back to put more distance between us, but he followed.

“No one is going to get hurt. We’ve been cool. We set rules and we’re following them, as hard as it is.” I knew he was referring to my No Fucking rule. He pulled me to him again. I barely struggled. He brushed a stray light-brown lock from my cheek and softly kissed me. “Besides, I know you don’t really want us to stop.”

“I don’t know, Danny. It’s complicated,” I offered, weakly.

“Is it really, Kel?”

“It’s so hard to think when you kiss me like this.”

Danny kissed me once more and this time, even though I knew it was wrong, my willpower abandoned me. I nibbled on his lip and flicked my tongue across his. My hair was pulled up in a clip, giving him easy access to my neck and earlobes. I was breathing heavily when his lips returned to mine. I barely noticed when he untied my bikini top at the back of my neck. I dragged my lips along his neck, kissing and whispering his name while he forced a hand up under my t-shirt and pulled my bikini top aside. My pale nipples drew tight and darkened when he touched them. God, they’re sensitive. His gentle touch made my pussy tingle and I squirmed against the rush of sensation.

I plunged my hand into Danny’s baggy, Hawaiian-printed board shorts. He was already erect when I curled my fingers around him. He really does

have a perfect cock—at least for me. He’s long and thick—without being too big—and it’s got this slight curve to it. When we dated back in high school, it hit me in all the right places when he was inside me. It’s been almost fifteen years, we were just eighteen during our brief romantic fling, but I can still remember how great the sex was. I stroked up and down his shaft, and Danny’s advances slowed as I took control.

“Kel...Kelly...” Danny moaned.

“That feels good, doesn’t it?” I whispered, kissing his neck. I pressed my advantage. “I bet you’d love me to get right down and suck your dick.”

“Shit, Kelly. *Please.*”

I kissed him again, thrusting my tongue into his mouth. “Or better yet, we could go into one of these tents and we could finally do it. You want to fuck me, don’t you, Danny?”

“Yeah, Kelly. Come on,” he said eagerly.

I kissed him one more time and pushed him away with a rip of laughter. He looked rather silly with his hard-on tenting the front of his board shorts. I took a deep breath and shivered. Yes, I was only teasing him, but part of me—a big part—wanted to do it. Even if we didn’t have sex, we could still have a lot of fun. We hadn’t been together in over a week, and I craved him.

“You’re a terrible person,” he laughed. Danny reached into his board shorts and adjusted himself.

“Poor baby. Good thing the river’s chilly today.” I fixed my bikini top under my t-shirt and retied it.

“I’m going to get you later.”

“I’m sure you’ll try,” I said.

I flipped open a cooler and pulled more beer. While I was bent over, Danny came up behind and held my hips. He ground into my butt and I wiggled back at him. Feeling his bulge against my ass filled my head with dirty thoughts, and it took a deep breath for me to clear my head again. I stayed bent over for a few moments and enjoyed the contact, waiting for him to pull away. I pushed the beer into his hands and gave him a final, hot kiss.

“Come on, big boy. We’re going to be missed,” I said.

“Damn, Kelly. You’re so fucking sexy.”

Danny’s words made me glow.





We spent the rest of the day exhausting the children, but they still didn't want to go down when we sent them to bed. They were having a good time with the adults and entranced by the fire. After much caterwauling and complaining, we finally shuffled them all off to the big tent they would share. I expected to be joining them, but I wanted to have a couple more beers and stay up with my friends. It wasn't unusual for us all to stay awake until the wee hours, and whoever retired early was mocked mercilessly. The children's tent was well within view, so there would be no sneaking out and wandering off.

The fire burned low when I checked my watch and was stunned to see it was almost 3 a.m. I couldn't believe how the time had flown by. A couple of the wives had gone to bed, and when I tried to stand I realized I'd had more beers than I should have and decided it was time for me to hit the sack too.

"Are you really going to pack it in, wuss?" Big Ger teased.

"Your wife will be getting up with your kids. I have to take care of mine, so I don't want to hear it," I retorted. As soon as I stepped away from the fire I felt the chill in the night air and zipped my hoodie closed.

"I thought you never ran out of energy," he said.

"She doesn't. Kelly can go all night," Danny said, adding a knowing wink. The collection of guys laughed.

"Haha. It's not like I'm going to get any sleep in the tent with the kids anyway," I said.

"Tammy went in with the kids when she went to bed. You're in the clear this time," Big Ger said.

"Awesome. I will see all you boys in the morning."

I went to the smaller, two person tent I'd pitched earlier in the day for Danny. I had no idea where he was going to sleep now. And as terrible as it sounds, I finally remembered my husband. I was having such a good time that I'd never noticed he did not show up. I checked my phone and found a message saying it was getting late and that he didn't feel like driving up. I'm sure he was taking advantage of the free Saturday night to go out drinking with his friends, so I didn't feel too guilty about not missing him.

The boys were still laughing around the fire, trying to be quiet, when I peeled off my clothes, down to my panties, and pulled on a plain blue cami and snuggled into my sleeping bag. I was so buzzed and tired from playing in the sun that I was asleep in seconds.



"Come on, stop, baby," I murmured, struggling to fight off consciousness. My head was stuffed full of wool and I was warm and contentedly curled up. I'd been in the middle of a particularly pleasant dream, but the details slipped away as the real world demanded more of my attention.

I knew it was a pleasant dream because the warm tingling that was spreading through my body had penetrated my subconscious. My husband was snuggled in—spooning me from behind—and his hand was pressed between my thighs. Somehow my sleeping bag had been thrown off, but I wasn't cold, despite the night's chill. He touched me through the smooth cotton of my patterned little bikini panties and a wet spot grew where his fingers touched me. His lips were on my neck, then my shoulder, then his teeth dragged my cami strap from my shoulder. I shivered from his soft kisses and realized it was impossible to stay asleep. It had been so long since he woke me up like this I'd almost forgotten how much I loved it. When you have a couple of kids, neither of you is waking up in the middle of the night for sex anymore.

"Mmm, actually, don't stop. It feels good," I cooed. I leaned back into him, rolling more onto my side. He must have already pulled his boxers down, because I felt his hard shaft nestled between my buttocks.

"I was hoping you'd say that," he whispered, kissing my ear.

My eyes snapped open in the dark tent. Shadows of trees, cast onto the sides of the tent by bright moonlight, created spectral images. I was still buzzed from drinking, and sleep was clouding my mind, but I realized in an instant that was not my husband's voice. It was Danny touching me. The facts didn't change how good it felt.

"Danny...we shouldn't..." I whimpered. I know how weak it sounded. I think we both knew we *shouldn't*, but we both wanted to anyway.

"It's okay, Kel. Everyone is asleep. No one saw me slip in here."

Danny's hand glided up my body and he cupped my breast, his fingers teasing me. My nipple puckered and strained through the thin cami, begging for his attention. He pinched and rolled the tender flesh as pleasure burst

through my body, building inside me. He pulled down the side of my cami, exposing my breast to the cool air, but his warm hand covered it. I bit my lip against a moan when he rolled my nipple again. Danny was more aggressive than usual, but not too rough. His other arm snaked around me and he touched my pussy again. I bit my lip harder, but keeping control became more and more difficult.

I reached back and found his cock. He was indeed naked behind me. He was already so hard. My horny brain only had one thought. *I want it.* Danny groaned in my ear, never pausing his kisses, but my reaching for him was clumsy. It was an awkward angle, and I really couldn't concentrate on what I was doing. Danny had control of my body and mind. How long had he been touching me? How could I be so horny, so fast?

My soaked panties were plastered to my pussy and his fingers traced the outline of my lips. He teased my clit through the drenched material, my body hitched and I gasped. Danny teasing my clit and nipples at the same time made my entire body throb. I couldn't think about anything but how aroused I was. I turned my face into the pillow, hoping to muffle my growing moans. The tents weren't far enough apart that we wouldn't be heard if I lost it. In the back of my mind, a tiny, rational voice screamed that we had to stop, but my desire was a runaway train. There was no stopping until I came.

"You're so sexy, Kel. I've wanted you like this all day," he whispered.

"Ohhh...Danny...it feels so good, baby..." I cooed. I ground my ass back into his erection and felt a wet spot from his dripping precum on my panties.

I took hold of his hand to push it inside my panties, but Danny misunderstood and instead pulled them down my legs. I wriggled them down to my ankles and kicked them away. When he pulled on my cami, I raised my arms so he could remove it. For the first time since our affair began, I was totally nude with Danny. Usually he pulled up my skirt, or I pushed his pants down. It felt dangerous without the barrier of clothing. My heart pounded even harder. I knew the situation was out of control, but I didn't try to stop. I just didn't want to.

Danny's fingers grazed over my mound and when he found me shaved, he commented, "That's new."

"I wanted to be bikini ready."

"It's hot." His fingers curved inside me, finding my g-spot. I cried into the pillow. His fingers stroked inside me and, as he rolled my nipple, I came on the spot. It was quick and sharp, blasting through my body like a rocket. It seemed to clear my mind for a second, but it didn't leave me any more rational. I only wanted more. I twisted my head back, and despite the awkward angle, Danny and I kissed. I think our tongues clashed more than our lips touched, but it was hot. It made me think about what that tongue was capable of. I reached for his cock once again, rubbing it against my smooth ass and felt his sticky fluid all over my skin.

"That feels fucking good, Kelly," Danny moaned. He lurched forward, sliding his cock between my thighs. I trapped him there and felt his hot shaft pinned against my pussy. He slowly rocked, rubbing his hot length against my slippery lips. I trembled and buried my face in the pillow again to stifle my constant stream of moans. "Fuck, you're pussy's hot," he groaned. He focused on teasing my clit while his cock rubbed my lips.

"Danny...we can't," I whimpered. How easy would it have been for him to just pop inside me? It would just be an accident, wouldn't it?

"Kel...Kelly...I need you, babe..."

"Danny..."

It felt like I had no control of my body. I will always swear what happened next was a total accident. I tilted my hips—just a little bit—but it was enough. It was enough for Danny to pop inside me. Once his head was past my lips there was no going back. He pulled my leg back over his to get a better angle and then he held my hip as he slowly pushed into me. Oh my God, it felt good. Danny's thick cock was every bit as amazing as I remembered. His fingers returned to my clit and I literally had to bite the pillow to try and keep quiet. I worked my hips back against him and the tent filled with our heavy breathing and the wet sounds of our fucking. I was so soaked, I felt it on my thighs.

"Kel...Kel...ohhh...Kelly...shit...fuck...ohhh..." he breathed against my neck. Danny was much better than me at keeping it quiet.

"Danny..." I grunted into the pillow.

Danny turned us so that I was face down, and then pulled my hips up so he had some leverage. He pumped that cock into me faster and he went so deep, taking me from behind. That perfect little curve to his shaft meant his head rubbed my g-spot with every thrust and I went to that place where I lose all sense, like when he goes down on me. My brain buzzed with

pleasure, leaving no room for anything else. He was on one knee, leaning over me from behind. My face was pressed into the pillow and I gasped for air, but I couldn't turn my face away. I would have been way too loud. The throbbing inside me seemed to contract, concentrating into a tight ball at my core. For a second it was so intense I couldn't handle it. A moment later, that ball exploded and I climaxed as rarely before. I know my pussy was rippling around Danny's prick, contracting and releasing as the waves of bliss tore through me.

"Kelly..."

I was only vaguely aware of Danny moaning my name and then I felt him coming with me. His cock was buried in my pussy and it pulsed as he lost it. He wrapped an arm around me and pulled me with him as he fell onto his side. We were still locked together, his cock inside me. Just when I thought my orgasm was subsiding, an aftershock rocked me and I whimpered and trembled. Climax is always so intense for me—but it only rocks me like that on rare, wonderful occasions. As my climax receded, exhaustion overwhelmed me. I've always been like a guy when it comes to that. I come, and I want to roll over and go to sleep. His spent cock slipped from my pussy, but I kept it trapped between my legs as I snuggled back against him.

"You know you have to go," I whispered contentedly.

"I know. Just give me a minute. I don't know if I can I stand right now," Danny chuckled.

"Isn't that supposed to be my line?"

"You have no idea how amazing that was. I remember you being good, Kelly—but Jesus. Have you learned some new tricks?"

It was funny. I was so swept away I really didn't do much but move with him. There are a couple tricks I know my husband loves, but I never got the chance to pull those out. "I think it's just the anticipation, babe."

"Maybe."

Danny turned me onto my back again and we kissed. It was slow and tender, sweet, everything our sex was not. As we kissed, his prick rested on my thigh and I felt life pulsing back into it. I didn't think I had it in me to go again! I reached his cock and it jumped in my hand.

"You really do have to go. We have pray no one's heard us already," I sighed. He was kissing my breastbone.

"I know. It's just that I don't want to." He covered my tits with kisses, but ignored my nipples, making me whimper. My skin was on fire, so every kiss was a tiny moment of ecstasy. I'm so sensitive after coming. I jumped when he touched my pussy.

"Really...Danny...you have to go...don't start this again..."

"Only if you promise you're not going to wake up and freak out, Kel. Promise me this isn't the last time."

"Danny..." I gasped. I couldn't promise him I would not freak out in the cold light of day, but I was ready to promise him this wouldn't be the last time. When he touched me like that all I could think about was the next time we would be together. It was more than just sex with him. It couldn't be otherwise. Danny was my best friend—we had years of history. As much as we kidded ourselves, it was never just fooling around.

"Promise, Kelly."

"I promise. This is so not the last time." I pulled his mouth back to mine to share another sweet kiss. It left me breathless. "Go now, before I change my mind," I ordered.

Danny quickly dressed and slipped out of the tent. All I wanted to do was curl up and sleep, but I forced myself to find my panties and cami and put them on again. And then, I crawled into the sleeping bag and went back to sleep.



The sounds of laughing children woke me. The sun through the tent seemed impossibly bright. I buried my face in the pillow and tried to center myself before facing the day. My first thought was of Danny, of how amazing it was with him. I purred and stretched and wished I could pull him back into that tent with me. But then I heard my daughter calling out for me, and the real world came crashing in. Ice filled my veins and guilt crushed my contentment.

The one thing I'd been clinging to was that whatever else Danny and I were doing, we weren't fucking. As long as we stopped at that line, I could tell myself that we were just fooling around. I couldn't keep that illusion anymore. With a sense of dread, I dressed and emerged from the tent into the warm morning sun.

"Damn, Kel. How many beers did you have last night?" Big Ger asked. "You're never the last one up."

"I don't know. I was just exhausted," I yawned. I really was the last one out of bed. Danny was by the fire, tending breakfast. I purposely looked away.

"I was about to come in there and drag you out. Hope you were decent."

"I'll let you use your imagination," I replied.

After breakfast, we took our time breaking down the campsite. We were all sluggish from too much fun the night before. It was a couple hours before we were back on the road. I avoided Danny that entire time.

I wasn't sure I could act normal and casually around him—not after that night. And when we were alone, I didn't know what I was going to say. I knew what I should say, but I no longer had any confidence in my willpower. If he touched me, if we got close, I knew I would want him. It was best to avoid him until I had my head straight. Besides, I had to figure out how I was going to face my husband.

The kids and I returned to find the house empty. I shot my husband a quick text and he replied he'd gotten drunk and passed out at his friend's house, but he was heading home. There was hot water, though, and I took a long, scalding shower. Luckily, the kids were worn out from the camping



trip and sat quietly in front of a video. When my husband returned, I forced myself to act normally, despite the gnawing guilt in the pit of my stomach. It didn't help that he was extra sweet and affectionate. I could tell he'd missed me.

We were both exhausted by the time the kids were in bed. From how he'd been acting, I thought he'd want to make love, but fortunately he just pulled me close and we went to sleep. If I'd been behaving awkwardly, he didn't seem to notice.

Thank God, the world seemed normal Monday morning. I was up before everyone else and felt like my normal, rested self. I'm really a morning person, which just proved how much Saturday night took out of me. I felt even better after a long run and a hot shower. My night with Danny seemed distant, and helped compartmentalize my guilt. Seeing everything normal in my house, I was able to rationalize that my night with Danny existed in a vacuum, and everything would be fine. The world was not going to end.

My husband came down while I was starting breakfast. The sun was just coming up, and the kids were still in bed. He snuggled me from behind and kissed my neck. Why does every man in my life go right for my neck? Probably because they know how it makes me melt. I sagged back against him and slowed beating the egg in the bowl in front of me.

"Good morning, babe," he said, squeezing me tight. One of his hands settled on my breast. I was only in a loose t-shirt and shorts, with only panties underneath. His touch made my nipple spring to attention.

"Good morning to you, hon. You're in a good mood," I cooed. He pushed me against the kitchen counter and pressed his bulge against my butt.

"I hardly saw you all weekend. I missed you."

"Does that mean you want to talk over coffee?" I asked. He responded by pushing his hands under my t-shirt and rolling my nipple. "Ohhh..."

"Only if you mean dirty talk."

I turned in his arms and looked my pale eyes on his. "Oh? You want me to beg you to fuck me, maybe?"

"That would be a nice start." Horny as he was, he seemed a little surprised by my boldness.

He had my body humming, my mind went right into the mood. The dirty talk with Danny seemed to be spilling over into my love making with my husband. It was too long since we'd been playful with each other. Although

the kids could wake up at any minute, I unbuckled his belt. He was dressed for work in khakis and a nice shirt. I pushed his pants to his ankles.

"Do you want to hear how much I want your cock?" I asked, sliding my hand into his boxer-briefs. He quickly came to full mast.

"Mmm, babe, you're perky this morning," he moaned.

I thrust my tongue into his mouth and mashed my lips to his. Both his hands were under my t-shirt, thumbs circling my nipples in that way that makes my knees weak. That seemed like the perfect time to go to my knees. I kept my eyes wide and innocent as I took out his cock and licked it up and down.

"Kelly...babe...ohhh..."

He smelled clean, like soap, as I kissed his balls and then licked back up to his head. I plunged him into my mouth and would have enjoyed taking my time, but just like a lot of my sex lately, going slow was not an option. I released his cock and stood again, pushing my shorts and panties down. I touched my pussy, and I was damp. Luckily, I don't need that much foreplay. Besides, being rushed and being in the kitchen in the early morning had me hot.

"Come on, fuck me," I urged.

He effortlessly lifted me onto the counter, stepped between my legs, and I put him inside me. He buried his cock with one thrust. Neither of us wanted to take our time. We kissed and he pounded his cock into me, rattling all the containers on the countertop.

"Kelly, I don't know what's gotten into you lately, but I like it," he moaned.

"Oh, shut up and fuck me," I demanded.

"That's what you want?" he grunted. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, fuck me! Fuck me, babe! God, please fuck me!" I whimpered. I was better at staying quiet this time, and somehow my intimate, whispered pleading seemed hotter than shouting.

"Mmm...fuck Kel...fuck..."

"Fuck me...fuck me babe...ohh..."

I grabbed onto the cabinets behind me, almost ripping the doors off. I wrapped my legs around him and pulled him into me. "Yes...yes...fuck me..." I begged. God, I wanted him. There it was, that familiar throb. I could feel those vibrations climbing my body, turning to an angry buzz as they reached my brain. There was that ball of need, tightening inside me.

He slammed into me over and over, that sweet friction between my legs driving everything. I purposely rippled my muscles around his shaft, grasping him inside me so he had to tear away. I wanted him trapped inside me. When he finally buried himself he was coming, and seconds later that knot inside me exploded, and I climaxed too. I bit his shoulder and he cried out. And then we held each other so hard it hurt. My arms and legs were wrapped around him, like I was going to crush him.

"I have to be the luckiest man in the world. I love you, hon."

I kissed him. "I love you too, babe. Remember you said that next time you're annoyed."

"That should be by dinnertime, so I'll try."

"Dick!" I said, playfully punching his shoulder.

I hopped off the counter and pulled my bottoms back on while he fixed his pants. Once we were respectable, I was right back to being mother and wife, making breakfast and his lunch, while he went up to get the kids moving. A deep sigh wracked my body. I was so content in that moment, it was inconceivable I could ever want anything more.

A couple hours later, my phone buzzed and I lifted it from the coffee table. A text from Danny.

*-I need to see u*

What did he mean by *need*? He hadn't done something stupid like confess, had he?

*-Y? What's wrong?*

*-Nothing. I just need to see you. Miss u*

*-u just saw me.*

*-and now I want more*

*-I'll see you soon.*

*-can't stop thinking about Saturday night*

*-me neither, babe*

*-when can u sneak away. I need to feel you.*

I was typing without even thinking. It all just poured out of me, but once I paused, I realized I meant every word. The morning with my husband had been wonderful, but it didn't change how I felt about Danny. The way I awoke, soaking wet, to him touching me flashed through my mind, and I shuddered. I did need him, even if I was ashamed to admit it. I sent one more text.

*-soon. I promise. I need u 2. I'll see you soon.*



## kelly can't help it

I sat at the computer trying to get some work done, but all the numbers and letters just blended together on the screen. Our family computer is in a hutch in the corner of the great room at the back of the house. My husband was playing with a Lego pirate set with our son on the floor, while our daughter sat on the couch with her nose buried in a book. Mostly, I'm a stay-at-home mom, but I do some bookkeeping on the side to help pay the bills. One of my clients expected a report Monday morning, but my brain just didn't want to go into that gear. It's a shame, because it was the most tranquil our house had been all weekend. Friday night, we got together with another family and all day Saturday was spent at the in-laws for a cousin's birthday. One of the biggest adjustments you have to make when you become a parent is that so little of your time is your own. When I think about it, I really miss the carefree days when I was single, or when we were just married in our early twenties. Our world was an ocean of time.

Thankfully, my phone chimed with a text message. When I saw it was from Danny I glanced around and was relieved no one seemed to have noticed. Not that it would have mattered. It would hardly be unusual for Danny to text me. We are best friends. But my guilty mind made me tense.

*-what r u doing?*

*-home with everyone*

*-what r u wearing?*

*-stop it! Told u not to do this stuff when he's home*

*-can't help it. Can't stop thinking about u and that makes me horny*

*-danny!*

*-don't u feel it 2?*

I hadn't been thinking about him, but now that I was, that now-too-familiar tingling started between my legs. I couldn't think about Danny any longer without thinking about his hands all over me—thinking about him inside me. I saved my work on the computer and told the family, "I'll be right back." No one even looked up. I retreated to the laundry room, in the

corner of the basement and slid the door closed behind me, leaving the room pitch black—but for the glow of my iPhone.

*-that's not the point. What if someone else picked up my phone?*

*-just relax and have fun with it. no one else picked up ur phone. So have u been thinking about me?*

*-maybe...what have u been thinking?*

*-answer my question first. What r u wearing?*

I wished I had a more exciting answer, but I don't generally dress to the nines to hang out with the family on a Sunday afternoon.

*-shorts, white stretch cami and a pink t-shirt over it. nothing sexy.*

*-no bra or panties? That's sexy!*

*-of course I'm wearing panties. Cute cotton ones with colored stripes*

*-but no bra? Hot!*

*-weirdo. The cami has support built in.*

Not that I need much support. I have not been blessed with a mountainous chest. Simply put, I have small tits. Both Danny and my husband say they love my breasts, because even though I am in my early thirties and have had two kids, they are still perky and cute. I take some solace in that, but sometimes I think if I had the money, I'd get them improved. My husband is a butt man anyway and he loves the effect running five miles almost every day has on my body—my rear in particular. I'll admit it—I do have a pretty nice ass.

*-u have a 1 track mind. So tell me what u were thinking.*

*-u should know if I have a 1 track mind.*

Danny loved to tease me, something I'm not generally fond of, but it was fun when he did it like this. I was enjoying a lot of things with him that I don't usually do. I liked how I felt out-of-control with him.

*-tell me anyway*

*-ever since that night in the tent all I can think about is fucking you again*

My mind flashed back to the camping trip a couple weeks ago. A group of us went camping with friends and family, but neither of our spouses could attend. That Saturday night, Danny snuck into my tent and started touching me. Next thing I knew, my clothes were coming off and my *No Fucking* rule went right out the window. I'd humored myself to that point, reasoning that since we hadn't actually had sex, we weren't really having an affair, but I can't cling to that delusion any longer. Danny had me

worked up until I was almost begging him to put it inside me. And God help me, it did feel good! In the dark laundry room I easily pictured Danny slipping inside me from behind. I sighed and realized the hand resting on my leg was lightly caressing my thigh. My phone chimed with another message, refocusing my attention.

*-still with me?*

I should have told him I had to go. I didn't.

*-yes...sorry...distracted...*

*-u were thinking about it, weren't u?*

*-yes*

*-when am I going to see u again?*

*-let me think. We've just been really busy.*

There had been no play dates since the camping trip. I met Danny at the park with the kids once, but it was only for an hour or so, and there was no chance to be alone. I know he was frustrated that there were so many people around, but I was relieved, because I was afraid to see him alone again. I knew we would likely fall into bed if given the chance, and I had to be sure I wanted that before we went any further. Thinking about sex with Danny made my whole body tingle, but the reality of having an affair with my best friend was so wrong. I never thought I was a person who could do that. But now, whenever I have a few moments to myself, I think about being with Danny.

*-u can't be that busy. I know u want it again*

*-I do...but I don't know...this isn't easy*

*-because ur making it hard. We both want it and as long as it's our secret it's all good*

*-u know it's not that easy*

*-just think about how it feels when we're together. Think about my hands on u...my lips on yours. I love the way u sigh when I kiss ur neck*

*-mmm...I do love that. I love when I feel how hard u r*

*-I'm so hard right now just thinking about u*

*-if only we could sneak away*

*-what would u do?*

I liked it better when Danny took the lead, but I did my best. I was pretty horny at that point.

*-take it out and suck on it. make ur knees weak*

*-I wish...u always make my knees weak*

*-but I wouldn't let u cum first*

*-no?*

*-no. it's been too long since u ate me*

*-now ur talking. I love tasting u. I'd pull ur shorts and panties right down and go to town. You'd be the one who couldn't stand*

I unsnapped my shorts and pushed them down far enough that I could easily rub my mound through my panties. The little wet spot down there spread quickly under my fingers and the sounds of my heavy breathing filled the tiny laundry room. For a moment I wondered what my excuse would be if I were caught, but I didn't have to worry about that. My husband never came in the laundry room.

*-I'd pull u on top of me so we were 69ing. I'd lick u until u were screaming.*

*-but u wouldn't hear it because ur cock would be in my mouth*

*-I can almost feel it, Kel*

*-ur tongue is so good*

*-ur so wet, Kel. R u touching yourself?*

*-yes. U?*

*-yeah...hiding in the bathroom upstairs*

*-I'm in the laundry room*

*-so I could just bend u over the dryer*

*-yes*

*-maybe turn it on so it vibrates*

*-yes...plz...danny*

*-r u gonna cum, Kel?*

*-yesss*

*-me 2. Getting close. Cum 4 me*

He really got me when he mentioned bending me over the dryer. I could see it so easily—him grabbing me, forcing me forward, and yanking down my panties. I actually turned around and bent over, resting my elbows on the top of the dryer, and forced my hand into my panties. Three fingers rubbing my lips felt amazing and I sagged against the dryer. My clit buzzed, though, demanding my attention. I dipped one finger between my lips, and just nudging the slick little bud made me cry out. I prayed no one could hear me all the way down there in the basement. My hips bucked—I imagined Danny thrusting deep inside me. The iPhone thumped on top of the dryer as I dropped it and gripped the control panel at the back of the



dryer. It felt flimsy and I was afraid I was going to rip it right off. I rubbed a tight circle over my clit and the buzzing down there became a throb that shook my core. I tried to stay quiet, I fought my moans, but when I climaxed, I know I yelped loudly. My knee jogged uncontrollably against the front of the dryer while I held on and forced deep breaths to try and calm myself. When my hands stopped shaking, I snatched up my phone.

*-I came*

No reply. I waited a couple minutes and tried again.

*-it was so good. did u finish? R u there?*

Still no answer and I gave up. Something must have happened. For the briefest moment I worried he'd been caught. But if his wife, Nikki, had caught him, she would be calling right now to scream at me. So I just put it out of my mind. Danny would let me know what happened when he could. In the meantime, I was left smiling and still a bit shaky. Small aftershocks kept shooting through me like lightening, and I realized that the quick orgasm did not quite satisfy me. I wanted more than just my hand. I went to the bottom of the basement stairs and called up to my husband.

"Can you come down for a minute? I need your help with something," I called.

"Yeah, be there in a sec."

I paced while I waited for him. Most of our basement was finished as a playroom, but most of the toys and furnishings had been destroyed when the hot water heater went. It was now stripped bare while we waited for the insurance check. The only things that had been replaced so far were the washer and dryer. When I heard him at the top of the steps, I moved into the laundry room and stripped off my t-shirt and shorts. Would he notice my panties were already soaked?

"Babe, where are you?" he called.

"In here."

"What's up? Don't tell me something's not working. That stuff was expensive."

He stopped dead in the doorway when he saw me. He looked confused, but couldn't help smiling when he noticed my nipples poking through the cami.

"Babe," he asked. "What are you doing?"

"Everything's working fine in here, but I think you should check the equipment anyway," I said, trying my best seductive smile and sexy pose. I

felt silly, but was so horny I powered my way through it. It was time to spice things up with my husband. It wasn't that our sex life wasn't good—it was great—but it had become routine. If I could make things more fun, maybe my mind wouldn't stray to Danny.

"Kelly, the kids are right upstairs," he said.

"That didn't stop you that morning in the kitchen." I pulled him into the room and slid the door closed behind him.

"But they were still asleep then."

"I don't think this will take too long," I said, pulling on the waist of his baggy cargo shorts.

"Gee, thanks."

"I just need you to fuck me. The longer we talk, the less time we have."

I mashed my lips to his and held his head in place with one hand, while fighting with the snap on his shorts with the other. His hands went right to my breasts, grazing my nipples, but as usual, he didn't spend enough time there and instead grabbed my ass with both hands. Luckily for him, no foreplay was needed.

"Babe, I really think we should wait until tonight. I promise it will be worth it," he said in a low voice.

"If you had a few beers in you, you'd be all over me," I cooed in his ear.

"That's because I wouldn't be thinking."

"Then stop fucking thinking. And start thinking fucking."

"What's gotten into you lately? You've never been like this."

Okay, that pissed me off. No sooner was his growing hard-on in my hand than I was pushing him away. "Like what?"

"I don't know. It's like you want sex all the time now."

"Most husbands wouldn't be complaining," I spat. My temper rose to match my horniness.

"I'm not complaining—not really. It's just we need to be a little careful, that's all. Remember when Colleen walked in on us last month? You turned lobster red."

"And remember late that one Friday night when we just did it in the pool? That wasn't so long ago."

"It was a couple years ago, and we were both so drunk I'm shocked you remember it. Listen, Kelly, I want you..."

"Forget it. You're right. It's too risky." I pushed him out of my way and stepped into my shorts, wiggling my hips as I pulled them up. I hoped he liked the view, because that was all he was going to get.

"Kelly, come on. We'll plan a date night. I promise we'll have fun."

I spun on him, corralling my temper at the last second and kissed him on the cheek. "You know, planning is overrated. Sometimes the hottest sex is just spur of the moment." I thought about how hard I came when Danny had gotten me worked up out of nowhere. When I thought about it, the best sex I'd had with my husband lately was only after I'd been with Danny. I had a perverse thought—was there something he sensed on me when I came back from seeing Danny? I grabbed my t-shirt off the top of the washer. "I'd better get back to the kids," I said, leaving him flat-footed.

Things were cool for the rest of the day. I put Colleen to bed and he took care of our son. I was wondering if he was going to try and get lucky when my phone chirped. Danny finally replied to my last text.

*-sorry bout that. Almost got caught. But I covered.*

*-that's a shame. U missed my big finish.*

*-I'll catch it next time*

*-if ur lucky. btw, I will be seeing u this week. The kids have swim lessons together on Tuesday*

*-awesome! Wear something sexy.*

*-to the Y? what do you think is going to happen at the Y?*

*-u never know, Kel. There are a lot of places to sneak off to. When's the last time u had parking lot sex?*

I couldn't remember. It had been a few years, but there was no way I was going to fuck him in the backseat of a car in the parking lot at The Y in the middle of the day. But it turned me on that Danny was up for anything. I was typing to him as I walked into the bedroom.

*-we'll see. Gotta go. See u then.*

*-tease.*

I set the phone aside and started pulling the bedding back when my husband came in and closed the door. I pretended not to notice him. He grabbed my waist from behind and grinded against my butt.

"What do you think you're doing?" I asked.

"Making sure you don't feel neglected."

I laughed. "What if that ship has sailed?"

"I'll have to swim after it, because I can't leave you feeling all neglected. If I send you out into the world unfulfilled, who knows what might happen."

"So you're worried I'm going to go find it somewhere else?" Thank God I could tell from his tone he was kidding. I stayed bent over the bed. I had been ready to blow him off for the night to teach him a lesson, but then Danny's texts got my mind going again—thinking about all the possibilities.

"You're pretty sexy. I'm sure there are guys out there hitting on you."

"I really don't notice."

"Well, you don't dress to show it off, but I am sure they notice."

"Do you think I should dress sexier?"

His hand slid up my toned stomach and cupped my breast. I was only in the cami again and he easily found my nipple and pinched it. I gasped and pushed my butt back at him.

"I don't want any men stealing you, but I don't mind if they look a little. You don't need to wear so many layers all the time. You work so hard on that body—you should show it off, babe."

"So they can look, but they can't touch," I said. I turned around in his arms, putting mine around him. He plucked the straps from my shoulders and pulled them down. The cami only briefly hung up on my tits before they popped free.

"Something like that."

I knew when we dated that he liked it when other men checked me out at the bar, but I rarely thought about that stuff anymore. I like to look good, but attracting men is not on my radar when I am dressing up for a night out. Now, both Danny and my husband were telling me to dress sexy. I started thinking that they might be right.

"If you want to keep me to yourself, you have some work to do."

"Tell me what you want, babe."

After a slow kiss, I pulled his face down to my chest. I'd wanted him to ravish me earlier, and now he was asking me what to do. I like it when a man takes charge, he knows that, but I think he was sucking up to me. I was heating up again, so I was prepared to go with it. His tongue flickered at my nipple and I shivered and moaned. When his lips closed, he sucked hard—a little too hard in his excitement. But it felt good and I started breathing heavily. I was really getting into it when he pushed me back onto the bed.

I wished he spent more time teasing my tits, but I forgave that when he pulled my shorts and panties down. He got onto his knees on the floor and pulled me closer. With my butt on the edge of the bed, he spread my legs and glided his tongue over my lips. “You’re keeping it shaved. Nice,” he said.

“Less talking, more kissing,” I ordered. Normally, I only shaved completely down there when I knew I would be in a bikini, but ever since Danny had told me how much he liked it, I was bare all the time now.

He peeled my lips apart and his warm, gentle suction expanded that tingling from my pussy until it filled my body and became a buzzing in my brain. Every time his lips brushed my clit, a jolt shot up my spine. But he didn’t focus there. His tongue stroked inside me and kept me building and building toward climax. I probably would have cum on the spot if he’d really focused on my clit. I wasn’t making it easy for him. My hips were twisting and turning. I moaned encouragement, pleading for him not to stop, while I spread my arms wide and grabbed fistfuls of the sheets. The tension built inside me and I was so close to climax—when he stopped.

I wanted to shout in frustration, but I barely had time to react before he moved on top of me. He rammed his cock inside me and all was forgiven. This was what I was missing. It was what I wanted. It’s funny, even when we’re fighting, even when we’re not connecting, things always work so well in bed. I think it’s because after all these years, I want him as much as ever. And it helps that I’ve always been a horny girl. I don’t need an hour of foreplay to get ready. I think that would annoy me. Maybe that part of me has waned over the last few years. Life is always so hectic with the kids. But the last few months it’s all been coming back to me. When I get a rare idle moment, it’s frequently sex that pops into my mind.

“This was what you wanted?” he grunted. Sweat formed on his forehead and I brushed it back before it could drip down, running my hand over the stubble on his head. During the summertime, he likes to keep his thick, black hair buzzed down to almost nothing. His caramel eyes stared down into me fiercely.

“Yesss,” I gasped.

“You just couldn’t wait for it...”

“No... I wanted you... fuck me...”

I locked my long legs around him, jacking my hips up to impale myself on his driving shaft. As my husband filled me, my mind wandered

the halls of ecstasy and I couldn't help thinking of Danny fucking me—for just a moment. I was back in the laundry room and bent over the dryer while he took me.

“Yesss...fuck...yesss...” I cried.

“Fuck, Kel...ooooo...”

“Fuck me, hon...fuck me...”

The tension that had been building in me exploded. The buzzing in my brain made me numb to everything but my orgasm and I let the waves crash through me and fill me to the brim with warm pleasure. He was still fucking me even as I came down, and it drew my orgasm out, making it seem endless.

“Kelly...I...”

I knew he was trying to warn me and I pushed on his chest. Just before he finished, he pulled out and his hot, thick cream shot all over my stomach. I've never liked the idea of taking the Pill and messing with my hormones, so we practice the rhythm method. It's been successful for us so far. Of course, the results were pretty messy.

He rose up over me on his knees and I regarded his body, from the sparse, dark hair on his chest to his strong arms. Yes, my husband was just as sexy to me as the day we met. Yes, we had both changed after twelve years together, but staying active kept us both fit. I'm sure most women would take one look at my handsome husband and think I'm crazy for cheating. Maybe they're right. It's not the logical choice.

“Worth waiting for?” he asked, smiling.

“I guess.”

“Hey!”

“Just kidding. You're always worth it. Now move so I can go get cleaned up before I fall asleep.”



The Y was crowded at 7:00 pm that Tuesday night. The gym was filled with the after work crowd, the rooms for spin classes, yoga and Zumba were all filled and children and their parents seemed to be running around everywhere. As I steered the kids through the busy hallways, my stomach went all fluttery knowing I was about to see Danny. I'd been thinking about him during the whole drive to the gym, wondering just what he had in mind, and what he expected from me. The shame from my adulterous thoughts was overshadowed by the palatable excitement of seeing my lover. And it was not just about the sex. Knowing I was going to do something bad was an adrenaline rush—the kind I'd thrived on when I was younger.

We met up with Danny and his little ones by the pool.

"Hey, you look nice," he said, stealing glances while prepping his kids for the class.

"Just nice?"

"Mommy always looks nice," my daughter chimed in.

"That's right. Your mommy does always look nice," Danny agreed.

Once the kids were ready and handed off to the instructors, there was nothing left but to hang out for the next hour. A lot of the parents stayed to watch the swimming lesson, but many of them were paying more attention to their phones, Kindles and iPads than they were to the pool. Even more parents, who didn't like the humidity and chlorine lined the hallway, sitting on the floor with their backs against the cinderblock walls. Danny and I wandered out into the hallway and he took my hand, leading me away. "Come with me," he said.

"Where are we going?" I allowed him to pull me along.

I moved closer and whispered, "I am not going to fuck you in the backseat in the parking lot. There are way too many people around."

"So where will you fuck me?" He turned back and winked.

"Ha ha."

I know he was looking for a quiet corner where we could be alone, but everywhere we turned there were people. We found a couple of

darkened classrooms, but they were both locked. As the idea sank in that we were about to fool around in some dark corner of The Y, where we may get caught made, I felt that familiar tingle fire up from down below. But my cautious, practical side thought Danny was crazy.

"You're not going to find anywhere private in here," I warned.

"Have faith."

It seemed we'd been down every corridor when we came around to the back, where the large play rooms were. The rooms were used for indoor recess on rainy days and babysitting most nights, so parents could workout in peace, but they could also be rented for events like birthday parties. One was open, and through the door window, we saw people milling around inside, but the other was dark, with a sign taped to the small window in the door, which read **Closed for Maintenance**. I figured it would be locked, but Danny twisted the knob and to my surprise, the door opened. "Here we go," he said, pulling me into the darkened room before I could protest.

"Danny, it's closed. And there are people right next door," I protested.

"Then you're going to have to try to be really quiet."

Danny pulled me into the room and pushed the door closed behind us, clicking the lock. We left the lights off, but enough shone through the high-set windows so we could make our way around without bumping into anything. It was a huge cinderblock room with several long tables set up and a large rectangle of mats unfolded in the middle. Against one wall was a small kitchen area, and that looked to be the source of the problem. Two yellow wet floor signs were posted on the linoleum floor by the sink. Pushed into the far back corner was an indoor moon bounce. The inflator hummed loudly. They must have forgotten to turn it off.

I was spun and the cool, rough wall pressed into my back. Danny held my face and kissed me, sucking on my bottom lip. My mouth opened to him and my tongue sought his. I grabbed his butt and pulled him closer so he pinned me to the wall. I was breathless and not thinking clearly. Only when I felt him going for the buttons at the front of my blouse did I stop him.

"We can't do this here. We're going to get caught," I gasped. He kept trying for my buttons, and I kept pushing his hands away.

"I locked the door, we're not going to get caught. And that inflator is so loud, no one will hear us. Come on now, we only have a few minutes." He kissed me again, trying to distract me. It worked.



"For someone who thinks I'm just looking 'nice,' you're all over me." I said playfully, squeezing the words between kisses.

"What was I supposed to say in front of the kids? Should I have said that you look fucking hot?"

"Probably not a good idea," I breathed. His soft lips on that spot right behind my ear were doing their magic. The little resolve I had wavered and he flicked a couple buttons free. My blouse was open to just below my breasts.

"You do. I love your skirt. And I love how easily this shirt unbuttons." His lips travelled over my shoulder as he was able to pull my collar back.

I'd picked the loose, berry-colored chambray shirt because I liked the way it looked against my soft, pale skin, not because I thought it would be easy for Danny to remove. But once he did remove it, I knew he would approve of the lace-trimmed, see-through peach bra underneath. I did think he would like the green denim skirt, though, because it showed off my long legs. And taking my husband's advice—though I am sure this is not what he intended—I resisted the urge to wear a cami under the blouse or leggings with the skirt—which fell a few inches above my knees.

"Danny..." My protests grew weaker by the second. Another button released and his hand was inside my blouse, cupping my breast. The bra was barely padded and the warmth of his touch brought my nipple to a hard point. He circled and flicked with his thumb. My breathing grew heavy. My perky tits may be small, but they are so sensitive. A guy who knows what he's doing can turn me to a moaning, quivering mess without even touching my pussy. And Danny most definitely knew what he was doing. When I whispered his name again, it was a plea that begged for more.

"Let's get more comfortable," he said, pulling me away from the wall. I followed willingly. The tiny voice in my head still protested this wasn't a good idea, but I did not listen. I think that's precisely *why* I wanted to do it. But I couldn't help laughing—breaking the erotic tension—when Danny led me to the moon bounce in the corner.

"You can't be serious."

"Why not? It's more comfortable than the counter or a table." He pulled back a flap. "And it offers a little more privacy."

"But..."

Before I could object further, he lifted me by the waist and tossed me inside. I whooped with laughter when he dove in after me and the mesh flap

fell closed. I was still laughing and bouncing when he kissed me and flicked open the remaining buttons on my blouse. The cool vinyl was firm beneath us, but we sank deep every time we moved. It was difficult to keep in one position. I kissed him back hungrily as he played with my tits and made my nipples throb. It felt truly awesome when he freed the front clasp of my bra and the cups popped apart. Danny drug his soft lips down my chest, between my breasts, before kissing to the right and flicking the pale bud of my nipple with his tongue. I cried out and twisted my fingers in his shaggy brown hair. I pulled his Pearl Jam t-shirt high enough that I could rub his bare back. I wanted to feel his skin. Danny has such a nice body, but very different from my husband's. Danny is tall and lean, smooth and hairless, but not as toned as my husband. Really, he hasn't changed very much since we hooked up as teenagers. The shift of position nearly tumbled Danny right on top of me. I giggled until he attacked my nipple with renewed fervor.

"Danny...ohhh...that's..."

He glanced up at me with his mouth full of my breast, his tongue flicking while he sucked, and he released it with a smack. "I know that inflator is loud, but don't start screaming here, or you will get us caught."

"You're not helping," I gasped. He still rubbed my nipples with those soft lips, and electricity went straight to my pussy, which buzzed with need.

"I can stop." His fingers teased the breast his tongue currently ignored, but both my tits were shiny with his saliva.

"Don't you dare."

"If you insist. I'm here to please."

"How selfless," I said. My words came out as moans, as he never stopped teasing me. It was the opposite of making love with my husband the other day. He was so rushed—like all he wanted was to fuck—whereas it seemed Danny would be content to tease me all night. I think that would have killed me. My pussy was already soaked. I so needed to cum.

"I never said I was selfless."

"So you expect something in return. Something like this?"

The unstable moon bounce made it easy to shift and turn Danny onto his back. I straddled him, pushing the short skirt up past my butt. My blouse and bra hung open. I kicked off my ballet flats. He stared up at me with raw emotion and it scared me. For the first time I felt something pass between

us, something that made me feel this was about more than just sex. It was frightening. He reached up and brushed the hair back from my face.

“I love your new hairdo. It really shows how beautiful you are,” he said.

My hair had been down past my shoulders and I hadn’t had it cut for months, so when I went in to the stylist, she said it was a hopeless cause. I like my hair shorter anyway, so I didn’t mind when she cut my light brown hair back to a sleek bob, with layers that fell forward to frame my face. I’d had nothing but compliments, but I didn’t think the haircut was why Danny was looking at me like that.

“Shut up,” I told him.

I leaned forward and when we kissed, his hands slid to my tits. His hands were so warm. He touched me tenderly, but not too softly. My tongue pressed into his mouth. His hands massaged my flesh and his fingers plucked at my tortured nipples until I was moaning into his mouth as much as kissing him. I pulled at his t-shirt again. I still could not get it off, but now it was out of my way so I could scoot down and kiss his chest. I’ve always been very flexible, so it was easy to flick my tongue over his nipples—turnabout is fair play—while grinding down onto him. His hard-on pressed through his shorts, yearning to be free. Danny moaned quietly, scarcely louder than his heavy breathing. His fingers ran through my hair and he toyed with my small, dangling earrings. I successfully unsnapped his shorts, but the draw-string knot on the pants stymied me. When I tried untying that, he took the upper hand again.

We bounced uncontrollably as we wrestled for control. It was sexy and fun. Finally, Danny had me on my back, pinning my hands down while he lay on top of me. I was breathless and fought his kiss, but he wouldn’t relent and his tongue slithered into my mouth. His bulge pressed between my legs and in that moment I wanted him to fuck me more than anything else in the world.

“You can’t always be in control, Kelly,” he said. “Just let me take over.” He released my wrists and moved downward. His lips slithered down the length of my body.

“Mmm...Danny...”

He had me pegged. I really need to be in control. I am a stickler with my work, I run the house and I don’t like not getting my way. And I think that’s why I couldn’t resist Danny—because I always felt out of control

with him. As he pushed up my skirt and yanked down my panties, I knew we shouldn't be doing this. It was wrong and dangerous and time was running short, but despite all that I didn't stop him. I couldn't stop him. When I felt his hot breath on my thighs, I was totally his.

I twisted and turned, biting my hand to keep from crying out when he kissed my pussy. My butt sank down into the moon bounce, so I was tilted up and able to look right at Danny, licking away between my spread legs. His fast-lapping tongue kept taunting me, flicking up toward my clit, but then he would ignore it, instead plunging his tongue deep inside me with a sucking kiss. It was otherworldly, but he kept me right on the edge, kept me from climax, and I wanted to tear his hair out. He thrust two fingers into me and I pushed my hips at him. God, his oral skills are unmatched.

"Yes...Danny...don't...stop..." I pled. I tried keeping my voice down and hoped the noise in the hallway and the inflator would mask whatever sounds I made.

Danny kept slurping away like he didn't hear. The pressure inside me felt like it would burst me apart when I finally came. He parted my cheeks and a slick finger pressed at my tight anus. He had done this before while licking my pussy up in the tree house. I was unsure about it then. I've never done anything anal and I had been skeptical about it, but now when Danny played with my ass, it felt sensational. So instead of clenching this time, I trusted him and relaxed back there.

My entire body trembled. While he softly rimmed his slick fingertip around my rosebud, his tongue flicked back at my clit. His finger popped past the tight knot of my anus and he pushed it inside me. A quick flash of pain was followed by something else, something I wasn't quite sure how to describe. On its own I don't know how pleasurable it would be, because it was intense. But with Danny's tongue criss-crossing over my clit hood that intensity melded with that pleasure to produce an intoxicating cocktail that pushed all thoughts out of my head. I could feel my brain sliding toward the edge already as he pressed his tongue right on my clit and my brain tumbled into an abyss of pure pleasure. Danny slowly fingered my ass as he licked and sucked my clit. And in the moon bounce, I felt truly weightless as reality faded away. With my eyes closed, wave after wave of bliss crashed through me and I was only vaguely aware of the way I shook and twisted. The unstable moon bounce added to the lack of control I felt. It was only when I had trouble breathing and opened my eyes that I realized Danny's

hand was pressed over my mouth. I must have been getting pretty loud. I tore that hand away so I could suck in a lungful of air.

Danny was on top of me and I only briefly caught a smile before he rammed his cock inside me. I grunted and instinctively wrapped my arms around him. I'd only just barely stopped cumming when his thick cock inside me reignited my orgasm. A quick shockwave went through me and I heaved my body at his. Danny was trying to hammer away at my pussy, but his rhythm was irregular and frustrating. The moon bounce was not helping. Every time it bounced back at us, it threw him off. I bet we could have used that to our advantage if we'd had the time, but I had no idea how much time had passed since we left the pool. We had to get back soon.

"C'mon, baby, let's turn," I moaned, twisting so Danny rolled onto his back. We were locked together so tightly that his prick stayed inside me.

"I like this view much better," he said. I'd pushed up with my hands on his chest. My short hair fell forward to frame my face and my blouse hung to expose me.

"Just lay back and have fun."

Instead of trying to ride him, I gyrated my hips on top of him. I closed my eyes and concentrated on working my muscles down there. I have excellent control and when I use the trick on my husband it usually makes him lose it quickly. I locked my pussy around his shaft, giving a good squeeze, then rippled my muscles, like I was jerking him off while barely moving. As I worked my hips and muscles, I leaned down and kissed him. He had my butt in both hands, kneading it and pulling me harder against him.

"Fuck, Kelly...oh fuck that's good," Danny moaned.

"Mmm...you feel so good...I couldn't stop thinking about this," I cooed. I knew the dirty talk made it hotter for him, and I liked playing up how dirty it felt being with him. I almost felt like a different woman when I was with him.

"Really, Kel. That's fucking awesome. Christ...you're going to make me cum."

I kissed his neck and nibbled his ear. "Good, baby. I want you to cum. Cum for me, baby."

"I want you to cum again too, Kel."

Danny's hands were on my tits again and he lightly massaged my flesh while his fingers played my nipples like a maestro. He rolled my

nipples and my pussy tightened around him. Although I was on top, it was like he was controlling me, making my body react and squeeze his cock tighter with just that simple touch. I had only been thinking of making Danny cum before we got caught, but now I wanted to cum again, too. I wanted it badly.

Pressing into his hands, I leaned forward and began to slide back and forth, pushing on his cock. By sliding like that, I avoided bouncing too much and having the contraption throw us off our rhythm. I even found a way to make the gentle sway of the moon bounce to work with us. As long as I kept it to smooth, fluid movements, the moon bounce moved with us and I was able to push back onto Danny harder. I slipped back down and he filled me so wonderfully. He's big, but not huge. He feels perfect inside me—especially because of that subtle curve to his shaft that makes him drag across my g-spot when he thrusts into me. It didn't work perfectly at this angle, but there was more than enough friction there to make my pussy throb around him. And my clit mashed on his base with every move. That exquisite buzzing filled me once again. I moved as fast as the moon bounce would allow, and hung my head, surrendering to the power of my impending orgasm.

"Danny...Danny...yesss...yesss..."

"Shh...c'mon, babe...you're going to get us caught."

"I don't care...god...I...I...need..."

"Fuck, Kel! C'mon, fuck me! Fuck me!" Danny growled right into my ear insistently. It made me feel so hot. Danny's hands returned to my butt. I thought he was trying to force me onto him harder, but then he was playing with my rosebud again. He must have sense how close I was to climax, because he didn't waste any time with subtlety. He pushed that finger right up my ass and I cried out his name. He fingered my ass steadily—just like I fucked his cock—and it pushed me right back into the abyss. I came and collapsed on top of him.

"Danny..." I cried, tensing and shaking on top of him.

"Fuck, Kelly! Fuck, I'm almost there!"

Danny kept thrusting in and out of me and even though the moon bounce worked against us, he had enough momentum to get the job done. He stopped fingering my ass to dig his fingers into my flesh and held me jammed down on him while he blasted inside me. I felt his thick load

spurting away when I realized our mistake and I was yanked right out of that sea of bliss.

"Danny, stop, let me go," I cried, in a panic. He didn't get it right away and I had to fight him, but I pulled off of him and rolled away. By then, it was too late.

"Kelly, what's wrong?"

"Shit. I'm not on the Pill, Danny."

"Fuck, Kel! Why didn't you say anything last time? I thought we were safe because you were fine with it before."

"I just track my cycle, or he—y'know—pulls out. Last time, I knew I was safe." I stared down at my body, like I could will his jizz out of me. It brought me right back to the reality of what we were doing.

"But you're not now?" He sounded genuinely worried.

Crazy, panicked thoughts flew through my mind. Could I pass Danny's baby off as my husband's? They are so different physically. And I could never live that lie. Could I get rid of it if I had to? I didn't think I could. I closed my eyes and willed myself to calm down. I was right at the end of being fertile, so I was *probably* safe, I just wasn't positive. I told Danny that, adding, "So we're probably good. We don't have to worry about it."

After tucking his cock in, he rolled over and embraced me. Being in his arms calmed me and I clung to him. He rubbed my back, and I was impressed that he resisted groping me when I was still half-naked.

"You could warn a guy, Kel."

"I wasn't exactly thinking clearly, babe."

"Like that's my fault?"

"When you kiss me like that there's only room in my brain for one thing."

"Oh? You mean like this?" Danny planted a slow, sensuous kiss on me and I began to swoon before forcing myself back to reality.

"Yes, and you know it, so stop." I snuggled to his chest.

"But I don't like to stop."

"Me neither, but we can't stay in the moon bounce all night."

Suddenly, the door rattled against the lock as someone outside tried to pull the door open. The stranger tried again, shaking the door harder, and I was afraid he might be able to force it open. I felt panicky again. What if it was the maintenance staff? What if they had a key? I scrambled away from

Danny and started buttoning my blouse without even hooking my bra. Finally, whoever it was went away.

"See, we've got to get out of here," I said as I fixed my bra.

"You're probably going to want these," Danny said, dangling my panties from his finger. When I reached for them, he yanked them away. "What if I want to keep them?"

"And what if Nikki finds them?" There was no way his wife would confuse my panties for hers.

"Good point." He tossed them over. "Tonight was awesome, though."

"It was. Thanks." I didn't know what else to say. "It's like when we were kids and we kept sneaking away just so we could get a quick fuck in."

Danny crawled out and then helped me to my feet. "Yeah. God, I couldn't keep my hands off you. All I wanted was to be alone with you."

"Me, too." Thinking back, I realized I really had been horny all the time back when we were teenagers. I was almost like a guy.

"But it was better when we could go somewhere and take our time," he said wistfully.

I caressed his face and kissed him. "I love that, too, babe. I don't know, maybe we'll be able to find some time, but I don't know when."

"Remember when we got high on E and fucked? Jesus, that was incredible."

"Yes, but I thought it would never end." I remembered that night well. The fooling around had been like nothing else. When Danny touched me I wanted to absorb him, but after a while all I wanted to do was cum and it seemed like it would never happen. If I hadn't been so high I would have been really pissed about that. "Come on, we've got to get out of here before whoever that was finds the keys."

Danny stuck his head out first. There were a few people in the hallway, but no one seemed to be paying attention, so we strolled out of that room like we'd belonged there. When we turned the corner, an angry janitor rattling a set of keys almost knocked us over. Danny and I burst out laughing.

We returned just in time for the swim lesson to wrap up. We dried our children and got them ready to go, acting like nothing had happened, but Danny kept glancing over and there was more than lust there. I knew he was still thinking about the past. We said our goodbyes and both headed out.



After our intense fuck in the moon bounce, I was totally satisfied, and a little worn out. For the first time since I'd started my affair, I didn't come home horny and make love to my husband. I just went straight into the shower, then helped my husband put the kids to bed.

It was so strange, but I felt like he could tell something was different just by looking at me. The first time I fucked Danny, almost an entire day passed before I saw my husband, but there I was, just an hour from being with Danny, spending time with my husband. I felt like a whore, and I felt ashamed. I was resolved that I would call things off. But then I lay in bed that night, with my husband snoring softly beside me, and I thought about Danny, and how it felt when he touched me and kissed me. I smiled and hugged myself when I thought about how he made me cum. No, I wasn't going to end this. Even if I tried, Danny would touch me and I knew I would melt. No matter how wrong it was, I still wanted him. I would just have to deal with the worry, and the guilt. I wondered how Danny felt about all this. We never really talked about what we were doing—we just did it. I was curious, because judging by the way Danny looked at me, I was afraid it was more than just fucking to him. I insisted to myself that it was only sex for me, but deep down, I knew it couldn't just be that. I'd had a one-night stand or two—pure sex—and it never felt the way it did when I was with Danny. I buried that thought. I was only fucking with Danny.

Because that's the way it had to be.

## **kelly's last date**

### **I.**

I glanced over at my phone every few minutes, but no texts or calls came. I was sitting at the computer. I should have been working, but I wasn't accomplishing anything. The spreadsheet stared back at me, as if daring me to input some data. It was the ideal time to get some work done, too, because the kids were unusually well-behaved. My daughter was occupied with a book and my son watched television. It was not ordinarily like this. Usually, the moment I tried to sit down and work was when they typically demanded my attention. It was the middle of a weekday and their father was at work, so I had to sneak in work when I could. But instead I kept checking out my phone, wondering what Danny was up to.

Danny was increasingly a distraction. I wasn't far enough gone that I didn't get why that was a bad thing, but that did not change the fact he was on my mind. A lot. I hadn't seen him in a couple weeks. He was constantly trying to entice me to sneak out, and it was tempting, but it wasn't like we could have sex anyway. I am not on the Pill. I hate the way it makes me feel, and as much as my husband—and now Danny—complains about the rhythm method, I keep warning him that we would be divorced if I had birth control scrambling my hormones.

And then there's Danny. He says that he just wants to hang out, but I know he's going to trick me into doing something. It's not like he has to work hard to convince me. I've crossed every line I've drawn for myself since we became involved. I even briefly considered giving the Pill a try. I know having an affair without birth control is insane, but neither of us wants to use condoms. I know it's wrong, but it just doesn't feel as good.

I checked my phone again. I did not want to be the one to contact him. Our pattern was that he would reach out to me. I think I liked the idea that he was chasing me. It reminded me of the old days, when I could freely flirt with boys and hook up and it was all harmless. My husband loves me, and I love him, but I wouldn't call our relationship flirtatious. Usually when he's looking for sex, he just starts groping me and hopes I'll respond. Luckily for him, I usually do. Ever since I was young it hadn't taken much to get me going, and especially since I started this affair with Danny, it feels like sex is always on my mind.

As the afternoon dragged on, I did accomplish something, but only through sheer force of will. I fed the kids lunch and got them running around in the backyard, which tired them out enough to let me plop them down in front of the television again and get a few minutes of peace. While they sat in the great room, I went into the living room to lie down on the couch, phone in hand. If Danny wasn't available, I decided to distract my husband at work. I asked how his day was going and he asked if everything was okay.

My reply:

*-bored. Laundry's running, kids r quiet*

*-nothing going on here today either*

*-I was thinking about those afternoons when we used to sneak away to a corner of the library*

*-haven't thought about that in a while. Wish we could now.*

*-yeah? What would you do if we did?*

*-you know*

*-tell me*

We occasionally shoot each other risqué texts, but sexting was not something we had really done before. It was Danny who introduced me to the joys of sexting. I'd been shy about it at first—talking dirty like that doesn't come naturally to me—but once I realized how hot it could be when I use my imagination, it became a regular part of our affair. Sleeping with Danny has gotten me thinking about ways to spice up my marriage, and this seemed like a fun way to go. I just needed my husband to take the bait.

*-I'd fuck you*

*-whoa. Slow down. Work into it, big boy*

There was a long pause and I could just imagine the wheels in his head turning. My husband is a pretty simple guy, and I love that about him. It

took him forever to work up the nerve to ask me out when we met in college. We did a lot of “hanging out” before we ever had a date. When he did finally get the nerve, though, he wasn’t shy about going after what he wanted. When we would sneak off to a secluded corner of the library, there wasn’t a lot of foreplay. Usually I’d put my hand in his shorts and he’d be hard in two seconds. My dress was hiked up—I loved those loose, floral print baby doll dresses in the 90s—and I was ready to go. The only real challenge was staying quiet enough to avoid being caught. But I wanted him to put some thought into it now.

*-I’d start kissing you and touching you*

*-mmm. That’s good.*

*-what would you do?*

*-maybe I would get on my knees and suck you*

*-that’s hot. You’re getting me horny*

*-me too. that’s the point*

*-wish I wasn’t here at work. Then I could do something about it*

*-maybe I already am*

*-really?*

I felt so decadent telling my husband I was masturbating in the middle of the day. I shot a glance at the doorway and pushed a hand into my shorts and under my panties. I was already moist.

*-would u like that?*

*-yeah! Send a pic*

*-no way. Use ur imagination*

*-come on. Just one.*

What is it with guys and texting pictures? Danny had been on me to text him sexy pictures, too. First of all, I would feel ridiculous trying to take a picture of myself like that. And secondly, I would never do it, even if I was comfortable with that sort of thing. You just can’t trust men. I would trust my husband with my life, but not with a naked picture of me on his phone. I just know he would get drunk and end up showing it to his friends. I know a couple of his friends already check me out when they think no one’s looking. That’s the last thing I need. Oddly, I’d trust Danny with it more because he would delete it out of fear his wife would find it.

*-no. use ur imagination. We’re in the library and I’m sucking u*

*-that’s hot, but just send me a pic, Kelly. Just your tits. Keep your face out of it.*

He was killing the mood. I changed my mind.

*-forget it. I'm not in the mood anymore*

*-come on*

*-I'll see u when u get home. Love u*

I put the phone aside and was tempted to finish on my own. I could easily transport myself back to that library. There was a little table all the way in the back, buried in the stacks. I'd sit on the edge and wrap my legs around him and we'd share a frantic, gasping coupling. I remember once I was having a lot of trouble keeping my voice down because I was high and he stuffed a book in my mouth. I bit down so hard when I came that I left permanent marks on the cover.

I was still rubbing myself when my daughter summoned me from the other room. With a sigh, I buttoned my shorts and got back to being a mother.



My husband was still turned on and handsy when he got home from work. Whenever the kids were out of the room, he went for a grope. I let him get away with it once or twice, but I was still annoyed that he hadn't played along better earlier. Even though I was horny too, I made him work for it. I let him kiss me, but when he moved his hands to my ass, I brushed it away.

"Aren't you worried the kids are going to catch us?" I asked.

"They're playing out back. We have a few minutes."

He reached for me again and nibbled on my neck. After over a decade of marriage, he knows my body intimately and exactly how to get me going. We've both kept in good shape, and I still find him as attractive as ever. He's about average height; if I wear a three-inch heel, I can look him square in the eye. He's pretty tight for a guy in his mid-thirties. His black hair is still thick, though he had it buzzed down because it was summertime. I ran my hand over his head, enjoying the way it shifted back and forth under my touch. I think it's a testament to our marriage that I still want him as much as I ever did. But the last couple years, we've fallen into a routine. I don't feel like I'm the same person I used to be, and I'm not sure I like the change. When I'm with Danny, though, I do feel exciting and daring—like anything could happen. So far, my efforts to find that magic with my husband have not been very successful.

"What is a few minutes enough for?"

"It's a good start."

When he pulled me into his arms and kissed me, I acquiesced, because really I didn't want to brush him off. I just wanted him to work for it. His hand on my hip slid to my ass and I let him knead it for a moment. He really loves my ass. It's his favorite part of me, which is good since I work out so hard to keep it up. Between running five miles a day and doing all those crunches, I feel like a good part of my scant free time is spent keeping the aging process at bay. I've always been thin, but now that I'm in my thirties it's just not as easy to keep myself up anymore.

“That was a nice surprise in the middle of the day,” he said, between kisses.

“A woman can’t just randomly want her husband?” I found it odd—and honestly, a little frustrating—that he was always looking for a reason when I came onto him. It’s not like we were at the point where we only ever did it late at night in bed. We’d never been that couple.

“I appreciate the way you’ve been lately,” he replied. “It’s just not like you.”

“I just feel like changing it up. Don’t you want to break out and try something new every once in a while?” I pressed into him, and felt his growing erection rub against me.

“Sure. We should get away one of these days for a date night.”

“I would love that.” I flicked my tongue at his.

“And in the meantime, feel free to send me sexy messages any time.”

“You should have stuck with it, babe. It could have gotten really sexy.” He started to speak and I interrupted him. “But don’t ask for pictures. It’s just not going to happen.”

“Aww, why not?”

I held his face in my hands and fixed my blue eyes on him. “Babe, do you really think I could trust you with that?”

“Sure...well, okay, maybe not. But still...”

“Good thing I love you so much.” I kissed him hotly and rubbed his package through his shorts. I really wished we had time for a quick snog, but we couldn’t count on the kids to cooperate and play nicely outside. I hoped we weren’t too tired to finish things later.

~ ~ ~

“Why do I always let you talk me into crazy things?”

My question was followed up by a contented sigh. I sat in the passenger seat of Danny’s car in the parking lot of The Y. The kids were inside taking their swimming lesson. We tried to find a vacant room like we did last time, but there would be no fun in the bounce house this time. When we could not find a private space in the busy gym, Danny suggested we just go out to the car. I made it clear I was not going to fuck him in the back of my minivan or his new SUV, but he swore he just wanted to hang out somewhere a little more private. I should have known he had ulterior motives. Even when we weren’t completely alone, Danny could barely keep his hands off of me. We sat in the front seat of his big Yukon with the air running. Even though the parking lot was busy, I didn’t refuse when he passed me a lit joint. After a couple deep puffs, I was quite relaxed indeed.

“Because it’s all stuff you want to do, you just need to pretend you don’t at first to feel better about doing it,” Danny said.

He leaned over and kissed me. I let his tongue dart into my mouth for a moment before pushing him away. Although the windows were lightly tinted, I didn’t feel safe.

“Danny, someone might see us.” I placed my hand over his, which was softly caressing my thigh, but he resisted my effort to pull his hand away and instead I ran my short nails over his arm. At least we were seated high enough in the big SUV that no one could see where his hand was without making a serious effort. And, I reasoned, if someone we knew did just happen by, it wouldn’t be so unusual for Danny and me to be seen chatting in a car.

“Who’s going to see us?” He did have a point. There were big minivans on either side of us to help further obscure the view, but still, there was a chance.

“Just try to behave yourself.”

“I don’t think you really want that, Kel.”

Danny advanced his hand up my thigh, pushing beneath the hem of my green polo shirt dress, which was already high on my legs. Even when I



stand, it's well north of my knees, which shows off my long legs. I also like the way the soft jersey material clings to my body. It's sexy without being obvious. I knew it would get a reaction from Danny without looking like I was *trying* for one. I just looked like any other preppy suburban mom at The Y, except I wore it better than most of them. Instinctively, I parted my legs, easing his path. When he touched my silky panties I trembled.

"Oh. Mmm, maybe not," I sighed. He'd been caressing my leg ever since we got into the SUV, and I was more than ready for him to touch my pussy. Quickly, my panties moistened.

"It's been too long since I've seen you. Too long since I touched you," he said.

I closed my eyes and just focused on the sensation of his touch. Fingertips lightly massaged me through my panties, and I tried to resist. My high had settled in, leaving me pliant for Danny. Dawes played on the radio, and the constant stream of air conditioning had raised goosebumps on my arms and hardened my nipples to barely-perceptible points through my lightly padded bra and dress.

"I know," I moaned quietly. "But we have to be careful. It's not so easy for either one of us to just sneak out." He pressed his fingers harder and I gasped. I tingled from head to toe, and I desperately wished we were somewhere more private. I remembered the last time he fucked me, in that bounce house inside The Y, and how good it felt. I wanted him inside me again, but I had to settle for him just touching me. It didn't help that he seemed content to just play with me and tease me.

"I know the reasons, but that doesn't mean I like it. We've got to get out together one of these days. And I don't mean just a play date with the kids. I want some time with you."

"I'll think of something," I said. "I'm just afraid of getting caught if I lie and say I'm doing something I'm not. Mmm, that feels so good." I tickled my fingers through the light, soft hair on his arm and then moved my hand into his lap. He was rock hard.

"Go out with the girls, then duck out early to see me again."

"I could do that, but we can't go back to the treehouse. Your parents almost caught us. I felt like I was a teenager sneaking out past curfew again."

And that's what made it so exciting, I thought to myself.

“We’ll think of somewhere to go.” He kept his thumb rubbing my panties between my lips, while his fingers picked at the trim of my panties. Finally, he told me, “Kel, take off your panties.”

I wasn’t going to do that. I opened my eyes and saw a young couple walking past. They were probably just going inside to use the gym. They didn’t even look over at us. I pulled my panties to the side. They pinched my flesh, but I didn’t care. I wanted Danny to have access. His fingers skidded over my slick lips, and I pushed my pelvis at him, but he still just kept rubbing my mound. I whimpered.

“I hate it when you tease me.”

“You *love* it when I tease you. You’re just impatient. It can’t always be your way.”

“Yes it can,” I protested. “Oh!” He skimmed between my lips, just brushing my clit. I bit my lip, stifling my moan, but that only worked until he really pressed down on the hard nub of my clit; then my voice filled the car. I fumbled with his shorts, but was too distracted to unfasten them. Danny thoughtfully lent a hand and I grasped his hot shaft. He was thick enough that my fingers just closed around him. His cock had this slight curve to it that made it hit all the right places when he was inside me. Suddenly, that was all I could think about. I reminded myself that we could not do that right here in the parking lot. Instead, I worked at making him as crazy as I was.

“Kel...”

“Being teased isn’t so fun, is it?”

“You kidding? That feels fucking great.”

I smeared the precum dripping from his head along his shaft, making it easier to stoke him. His body jerked and he breathed my name when I rubbed his oh-so-sensitive head, so I focused there. The game of one-upsmanship had begun. Danny plunged two fingers inside me and I tightened around him. I cried out and slumped in the seat, pushing myself at his invading fingers. His thumb flicked over my clit. I trembled as need buzzed through me. He was in control.

“Ohhh...Danny...” I gasped.

“You’re gonna cum, aren’t you?”

“Yesss...don’t stop...Dan...”

“Come on, Kel...”

My hand was still on his cock, but I could only think about my own impending climax. I kicked out of my sandals and drew my legs up, curling my toes. Danny fingered me faster and faster. A tight ball of energy glowed in my core and then exploded like the sun. I reached up and nearly ripped the hand-hold out of the ceiling. I did my best to stay quiet, but that wasn't possible. I hopelessly watched as a handsome older man walked by and I prayed he did not look over. The orgasm exploded through me in waves, and I cried out with each one. When I just couldn't take it any longer, I pushed his hand away and sucked in a deep, cleansing breath. Danny licked his fingers clean with a shit-eating grin.

"I will never get tired of seeing that," he said.

"I'll never get tired of you doing that," I sighed.

I fixed my panties and pulled my dress back down to cover me. I looked over at Danny's prick, its head red and angry, and I almost took the chance to lean over and blow him. But the clock on the dash told me we were running short on time. I found the small bottle of lotion in my purse and squeezed some into my palm.

"This is going to have to make do for now," I told him.

Danny looked disappointed. I know he was expecting at least a blow job. "Only if you promise we'll figure out a way to see each other this weekend."

"We'll figure something out. I promise. I really want to see you, too."

"Kel, I think about you all the time." He suddenly looked serious. My heart pounded, but it made me uncomfortable. I didn't want to think about feelings. This was about having fun.

"Well, stop it," I ordered.

This time, I leaned over and kissed him, throwing caution to the wind. I gripped his cock and jerked it rapidly. He held my head, mussing my short, light brown hair and tightening his grip as I stroked him. I knew he was not going to let me go until he came. He grunted into our kiss, which only burned hotter and hotter. His body shook, like he'd grabbed a live wire, and his cum erupted onto the steering wheel. With the pressure released, the last of it oozed down over my hand. I fell back into my seat. We were both breathless.

"Wow, Kel."

"Yeah, wow," I agreed. The kiss rocked me to my core, and my heart beat even faster than before.

The wet wipes came out of my purse and I took one before tossing the pack to him. “You’d better get cleaned up,” I said. Suddenly, I laughed. It really was like I was a teenager all over again, jerking off my boyfriend in his car.

“Don’t forget about this weekend.”

I kissed his cheek. “I promise I won’t.”



The truth is, I'm not comfortable lying. I know that sounds odd given the situation I was in, but I'm a nervous liar—always afraid I'll be discovered. I'm much more comfortable with the lie of omission. It's what I did when I was growing up. From a pretty young age, I was into things that would have given my parents a stroke, but my grades were excellent and I always appeared to be a good kid, so they never asked questions, and I never volunteered information. I'm sure being one of six—and lost somewhere in the middle—helped, but my strategy of avoidance has always served me well. That's why I had so much trouble coming up with an excuse to sneak off to meet Danny somewhere.

All of our other encounters had been convenient and within our ordinary activities. My husband never asked if I fucked Danny at The Y, so technically I never lied. I may have been subconsciously *hoping* something would happen when I saw Danny, but so far, I hadn't gotten together with him with that plan in mind.

This was it—the first time I was going out—with intent—to see my lover. My lover. The words sounded so exotic, like they shouldn't be in my life. People on soap operas have lovers. People in movies, like Diane Lane in *Unforgettable*. I'm just a normal woman living in the suburbs with my husband and kids. Even if this wasn't the life I had envisioned for myself, it was the one I had, and it made me happy—most of the time.

After days of rejecting different schemes, I finally decided to go with something simple. I waited to catch my husband off-guard, then asked if he minded my going to see a chick flick with my baby sister Saturday afternoon. Choosing my sister as my alibi seemed safest because he never talks to her, and she doesn't come around too often. She's six years younger than me, and it seems like we fight as often as not when we talk, so we don't speak regularly. But it was plausible that I would go out with her on a Saturday afternoon. He had no problem with it. We're both flexible about giving each other time to decompress away from the kids. He went right back to watching SportsCenter, but I had the creepy-crawlies. I couldn't help feeling that he was going to turn around and interrogate me.

I texted Danny and told him to meet me at the theater that Saturday at 1:00. I was wondering what he would tell his wife when he texted back.

*-wear something sexy*

Danny always had to push it.

*-I'll wear what I wear*

*-so where are we really going?*

*-we're going to the movies*

*- I hope you have more planned than that*

*-you'll just have to wait and see*

*-ur such a tease. U know the anticipation is going to kill me*

*-aww. Too bad. I think you'll live*

*-unless u can die from being horny. What r u wearing?*

*-stop it. I'm not alone.*

I was sitting in the backyard watching the kids play in the waist-high inflatable pool. The bright sun was a scorching ball, set in a dark-blue sky and the way it glinted off the pool was inviting. I planned to join the kids in the water in a second, but there was time to play with Danny first.

*-what are you wearing?*

*-a bikini. We have the pool set up.*

*-ur killing me. U know I love u in a bikini. Tell me it's the red and white one.*

*-sure*

It wasn't, but I liked letting him think it was. I'd had that red and white striped bikini forever. It tied behind the neck and little rings held the bottoms together. I do look great in it, but it's not practical for playing in the water with the kids or building sandcastles, so I rarely wear it anymore. I thought the turquoise-and-brown-paisley bikini with the boy shorts I actually was wearing was cute too—and really showed off my ass—but I knew Danny would prefer the one that flashed more skin.

*-now u really r teasing me*

He was right. It felt good to tease every once in a while. It made me feel sexy, which doesn't happen too often when most of your life is cleaning the bathroom and doing laundry for four people. Knowing Danny was probably hard at that moment made me feel warm all over and I squeezed my thighs together.

*-see you Saturday*

I set my phone down. Time to get back to real life.





The remainder of the week was hectic, but my “date” with Danny was on my mind at every free moment. My husband picked up on my increased libido, and we were intensely affectionate. We made love every night that week—something we hadn’t done in years. You’d think I would have been sated by the time Saturday afternoon rolled around, but I was more excited than ever to see Danny. It seemed that the more sex I had, the more I wanted.

That morning I could not shake a queer feeling. It took me a while to figure out it was guilt. As I was getting the kids up and fed, making coffee for my husband, something just felt wrong. It was a creeping, powerful sensation, and I had to take a moment to sit by myself and collect my thoughts.

There I was, playing the dutiful wife and mother, but all the while I was planning to sneak off and see my lover. Did every cheating spouse feel this way? I did some breathing exercises I’d learned at yoga, then tried to focus more on Danny than anything else. Shamefully, it never once occurred to me to cancel my date. And as I focused on Danny, that intense desire took over again, pushing the guilt and the shame out of my mind. I couldn’t remember the last time I’d been as excited about anything as I was about seeing him. Just thinking about misbehaving was a thrill beyond compare.

I gave everyone kisses as I headed out the door, and cranked the car stereo once I was on the road. I chose Prodigy because the pounding beat reminded me of going to raves when I was younger and partying until I couldn’t think straight. Even though I am living a more settled life now, I’ve always craved that loss of control.

The theater was crowded, but I made sure I arrived very early. At the box office I asked for one ticket for the latest science fiction blockbuster flop, something about Mars. I thought that after a couple weeks of terrible word-of-mouth, the theater would be empty at the matinee. The seating was stadium style and I took a seat in the back corner. In the old style theaters, the entrance was always in the back, which meant if you were fooling around, everyone in and out went past your row—not that I ever let that



slow me down. These kids today don't know how good they have it. I set down my popcorn and iced tea and texted Danny with directions.

The theater did not remain empty. An elderly couple sat near the front, and a couple heavy-set boys in their early twenties sat toward the middle. I would have preferred if they were farther away. Finally, Danny came strolling in and he bounded up the stairs. He squeezed past me, insisting on sitting closer to the wall.

"You look good," he said, leaning over for a quick kiss that lingered on my lips.

"I'm glad you approve."

I couldn't go out to a movie with my sister in anything over-the-top sexy, but I thought I did pretty good—high, wedge-heeled sandals that wrapped around my ankles, loose black-and-white striped skirt that just came to my knees when standing, and a semi-sheer, green printed blouse with a white tank top underneath. It did not show too much—that's not my style—but I hoped it suggested enough to pique his interest. Danny was just his usual self—a worn Ramones concert T, baggy cargo shorts and sandals—but I'd always liked his casual look and attitude. It was a trait he shared with my husband. Danny's shaggy, light brown hair was just past his collar. It was funny that his hair was now longer than mine. I'd cut my sandy hair into a short bob weeks ago, and had received nothing but compliments. I loved the no-fuss look.

"So what are we doing now?"

I smiled. "We're watching a movie."

"No, really. Where are we going?"

"We're really here for the movie. It'll be a date, just like the old days."

"I don't remember us going to the movies much."

Danny was right. We've been friends forever, but we only dated briefly in our late teens. And by dating, I mean we hung out in the woods—usually with our friends—and got drunk and high. Later we would go off on our own and fuck like rabbits anywhere we could find minimal privacy, though the risk of being caught never deterred us. It was a frenzied few weeks we were together. We couldn't keep our hands off of each other. But in the end, we decided we made better friends than a couple.

"Then this will be our first real date." I flipped up the arm rest between our seats and snuggled against his side, while he slipped his arm over my shoulders. We looked just like any other happy couple enjoying a movie.

The lights went down and the previews started. I planned to play it cool for a while and make him think we really were there just for the movie. It wasn't like Danny and I weren't used to just hanging out without having sex. I plopped the bag of popcorn down in his lap and picked at it. It was warm and familiar to be in his embrace, like all those years melted away. His fingers traced lazy patterns on my arm, giving me goosebumps. He wasn't the type for cologne, but he smelled fresh and clean and masculine, which only made it harder to take my time.

I started subtly—at least that's what I was trying for. I pretended to be paying attention to the film—it was truly awful—but when I reached for the popcorn I missed and lightly brushed his crotch. After a handful of the salty treat, I rested my hand in his lap. My fingers moved like I was just getting comfortable, but as I brushed his shorts I felt his cock twitch. Danny did not say anything, but his breathing changed. It was slow and steady. His hand dropped from my arm to my hip, where his fingers worked in a repeating massaging motion suggesting he wanted to pull my skirt up.

My heart raced and I grew more aggressive, throwing out all pretense. As I rubbed him through his shorts, he grew and grew, allowing me to curl my fingers around the outline of his cock. His fingers tightened, gripping my skirt. I stretched to nuzzle him. At first, my soft pink lips just brushed his neck, but I followed up with soft kisses. He sighed—or was it a moan? Another shift closer to him and I caressed the back of his neck and played with his hair while kissing his neck. My other hand stayed lower, still touching him. I half-turned, my hip on the seat, and smacked the popcorn off his lap. His touch on the back of my neck gave me chills. He pulled my mouth to his. I was more than ready to kiss him. Danny met the violent thrust of my tongue with a jab of his own and his hand moved upward from my knee, dragging my skirt and pushing beneath it. My thighs parted and soaked panties greeted him. I probably shouldn't have even bothered wearing them, but I just couldn't leave the house without them. Our kiss was convenient, as it stifled my moans when he applied pressure to my pussy. I tried pushing my hand up the loose leg of his cargo shorts, and Danny jumped as I tickled the light hair on his thigh. I went for the snap at his waist, but just could not get it undone.

"Danny..." I gasped. He planted tiny kisses all over my neck, just behind my ear. I felt my pussy tighten and my nipples throbbed to sharp points.

Kissing my neck is one of the fastest ways to get me onto my back. "...get it out..."

"What, Kel?" He breathed between kisses.

"Take out your dick, dammit."

"Shut up," he ordered. He always hated being teased.

Frustratingly, he had to stop touching me to unfasten his shorts. As soon as the snap was undone, I pushed his hand away and wrestled his shaft free. I was just able to close my fingers around it, and it hotly filled my hand. As I gripped him, Danny tangled his fingers in my hair and he pulled me back into a kiss. I actually like that he isn't always gentle. Sometimes I wish my husband would just take me the way Danny does. He doesn't *always* have to be so concerned about my feelings. Sometimes a girl just needs to be fucked. Danny's hand went right back between my legs and found my clit through my panties. I squeezed him harder and dug my nails into the back of his neck.

I was panting, dizzy with need when our kiss broke. We just stared at each other, my blue eyes wide while he seemed to be searching for something in my face. It was another of those slightly uncomfortable, emotional moments.

"Christ you're beautiful, Kel."

Instead of answering, I pushed my hair back behind my ears and buried my face in his lap. We were both still seated in the double-chair as my lips stretched around his red, smooth head, I sucked as my tongue captured his salty precum. He tried pushing into my mouth, but I held him back. He desperately moaned my name. Instead of sucking him deeper, I licked him up and down like a Popsicle, appreciating that he was well-groomed. He shivered when the tip of my tongue darted over his balls. I don't know if that's so great for guys, but it's always felt naughty to lick and suck a guy's balls. I've always been proud of how crazy I can make a guy with my mouth.

Danny punished my teasing with his own, rubbing my mound firmly until I could hardly think, then backing off. I got the message and took him fully in my mouth. Down and down I went until he was at the back of my throat, my nose pressed to his groin. I sucked hard when I drew back, and then slowly descended again. I've found the breathing exercises I've learned in yoga really help me to deep throat. I wish I'd known about it years ago. Breathing easily through my nose, I leisurely bobbed up and

down on his cock. He stroked my hair back from my face, his touch on my cheek gentle. He held my head, but let me move at my own pace. But I knew he was getting impatient because his hips rose from the seat, pushing up into my mouth. I quickened, bobbing faster, but shallower. He constantly cooed my name, telling me how good it felt. That was fuel for my fire. I massaged his balls as I sucked harder and faster. With any other man, I would have stopped just then, but I knew Danny had a quick recovery time. I was feeling very bad. I wanted to finish him right there in the back of the movie theater.

“Kel...you’d better...” he tried to warn me. I ignored him. “Kelly...ohhh...Kel...shit...”

I stopped just then, keeping only his head between my lips and worked it with my tongue. My hand stroked his slick shaft. It was the finishing touch. He was so sensitive at the tip that in seconds he exploded in my mouth. Quickly, I pushed him to the back of my throat and swallowed his cum as fast as he could deliver it. My swallowing was a special treat. I sucked until I was sure he was done, then pulled up, wiping my lips on the back of my hand.

Danny looked blown away and I smiled. A job well done. I drank deeply from my iced tea. Sorry, but cum is not my favorite taste. A glance around revealed no one had taken notice of our antics so far. The two nerds who sat several rows in front of us were glued to the screen. Some big battle sequence was going on, full of computer-generated monsters.

“Just watching the movie, huh?” Danny chuckled. He began to put his cock away, but I stopped him and lightly stroked the spent tool.

“It’s not a very good movie. I was bored.”

“I hope I provided some excitement.”

“We’re getting there.”

Our lips crashed together with hunger and passion. I could already feel twitches of second life in his shaft, but he wasn’t there yet. His hand glided over my breasts before he pushed them under my loose blouse. He cupped my tit, and his thumb found my stiff nipple through my tank top and bra.

“Why do you always wear so many damned layers?” Danny cursed, before returning to kissing me. It was a question I’d heard from my husband before. I just like how it looks. I’m not trying to hide anything.

Danny worked at forcing his hand under my tank top, but it was pretty tight. I should have considered that when I was dressing, but I hadn’t left

with a concrete plan. He went back to groping me through my clothes. It felt good, but would have felt better with nothing between our flesh. My small breast easily filled his hand and I shivered when he flicked at my nipple. The right set of hands—or mouth—there can really get me going.

I moved back into my seat and Danny came with me, his lips and hands never leaving my body. He was semi-hard when his cock slipped from my grasp. His kisses returned to my neck, and his hand disappeared under my skirt again. My eyes closed as I just sat back and enjoyed him. His fingertips traced up and down my panties, following the cleft between my lips, pausing long enough at my clit to make me squirm. My moans grew louder and I struggled to keep them quiet thankful for the din of the loud audio effects from the movie. His teeth nipped at my earlobe.

“I wonder if I can make you scream in here,” he whispered. “I bet I can.” He returned to softly kissing my neck.

“Danny...please...”

I trembled as the building pressure between my legs took over my body. As he rubbed my pussy in circles, warm waves of pleasure rhythmically pulsed through my body. I wanted to scream. He easily had mastery over me. That knot tightened inside me and I was so close to detonating—but then Danny backed off. He loved to tease me—to make me wait for it—but I was not in the mood. I pushed him off of me, shoving him back into his seat.

“Kelly...”

I had to take another quick look to make sure attention was away from us, then I lifted my butt and reached under my skirt. My panties peeled away from my soaked mound, and I handed them to Danny. It felt so wrong—and so good. With a deep breath, I climbed onto his lap, facing away, and reached for him. As I’d hoped, he was ready for me again. My legs were spread wide, on either side of his, and his head slid across my lips. I speared myself on him and slowly descended. Inch after inch entered me until I was completely filled. Danny’s larger-than-average cock and its special, slight upward curve hit all the right spots—especially in a position like that.

“Oh shit, Kel. You’re so fucking crazy, and so hot,” he moaned. His hands were on my waist to steady me.

“Danny,” I gasped. I was overcome with just how good it felt. I don’t think I’d realized how much I missed being with him. It’s like I was getting a fix. Maybe I was addicted to illicit sex.

The movie flashed before me on the screen, but it was just random images for all I was paying attention. I fumbled in the air before reaching back and pulling down the armrest that had been between our seats. Now I could grip both armrests to brace myself. I still wasn't moving, just enjoying him inside me. He wrapped his arms around my body and pulled me back to lean against his chest, my head resting on his shoulder. I had to shift to keep him inside me. I didn't want to lose him. I'll admit it wasn't the most comfortable position, but it was worth it.

"I love your smooth pussy," he said, rubbing me where our bodies joined.

"I did it for you," I moaned. It's true. I don't keep my pussy shaved clean all the time, but I know how much he likes it, so I've kept it up.

"Thank you, baby."

Danny kissed the side of my neck, but instead of rubbing my pussy, he reached under my blouse again, and pulled my tank top up, rolling it until it was tucked above my tits. Both of his hands crushed my breasts, and I bit my lip, but my moan came anyway. The one smart thing I did do was to wear my soft, patterned black bra with the front hook. It gives me a little lift to fill out the tight tank top. He popped the clasp open and—finally—my warm tits were in his hands. When he pinched and rolled both nipples at the same time, my pussy fluttered around his cock. That only encouraged him to do more

"Ohhh...Danny..."

"All I do is think about being with you...fucking you...Christ, I can't stop thinking about you, Kel..."

"Yesss...Danny...yess..."

I braced my sandals on the floor, using my strong legs to rock on his cock. I couldn't get much movement, but it was enough. Just enough sweet friction to ignite my pussy. Then he was kissing my neck too, and he dropped one of his hands to rub my juicy mound. He massaged my clit, and it was all just too much. My core squeezed impossibly tight and then burst.

Fate was on my side; just as I climaxed and wailed, there was a massive blast on the screen. Still, someone had to have heard. I just did not care. The orgasm rocked me down to my toes and I squirmed so much that he slipped out of me. It didn't matter at that moment. Danny kept kissing and rubbing me, and I seemed to cum forever. He didn't stop until I smacked his hands away when it became too intense.

Before sensory overload could shut me down, I grasped his cock and, with a trembling hand, shoved him back inside me. I leaned forward, holding both armrests to steady myself. I slowly rotated my hips and worked the muscles in my pussy, giving Danny the gyroscope treatment. I've always been impossibly flexible, and all the running and stretching and yoga have given me excellent muscle control. I know how to work wonders with my body. He held my hips, dropped his hands then grabbed them again. It was like he didn't know what to do with himself.

"Kel...fuck me...goddam it..." Danny moaned in hushed tones.

I leaned forward and reached for the seat in front of me. I hadn't done anything like this in a long time—I think I was maybe twenty the last time I fucked in a movie theater—and I ended up bent further forward than I'd planned. The seat in front was far lower in stadium seating. Luckily, I have enough strength in my core to work my body. Sex at the movies was turning out to be more athletic than I'd planned. Danny held my hips and I rocked back and forth on his shaft, desperately trying to keep quiet.

On the screen, the hero was running across a desert at high noon, flooding the theater with light. I felt so exposed. Our seat noisily rocked with us, and one of the guys down in front of us glanced back over his shoulder. He looked annoyed at first, but then his eyes went wide. I tried to play it cool and smiled, even leaning forward as if I'd dropped something and hoping my blouse would hide the fact that my tank top was pulled up underneath it. Danny couldn't see that, though, and kept rocking his prick into me. I dug my fingers into the seat, gripped and gritted my teeth, but the moans still came.

Although I'd just climaxed a couple minutes before, I was getting close again. His prick just felt too wonderful in that position. Besides, I was so fired up it didn't take much to push me over the edge. I knew he was getting there too, because he was going faster and harder. As I hung my head, I saw the kid in front of us looking back again. It didn't matter. Nothing was going to stop this train. I shuttered from deep inside my body. I hoped the movie noise would swallow my long, low moan.

I pushed myself upright from the seat in front of me and sat straight up on Danny's cock. With my hands braced on our armrests again, I worked my hips and muscles down there. With his prick trapped, I worked my magic and in moments, he was shooting deep inside me. I sighed when I

felt Danny's shaft jerk as he came, and I lay back against his chest. He wrapped his arms around my body and held me tightly.

"Kelly, that was unreal," he whispered, kissing my neck. I felt his hot breath on my shoulder.

"That felt so good, babe. Are you happy you came?" I asked.

"You're kidding, right?"

I stiffly pushed off his lap and returned to my seat. I caught a motion in the corner of my eye, and all the way across the row, on the other side of the theater, one of the ushers was sitting with his back to the wall, obviously watching us. In all the commotion, I'd never noticed him come in. But if someone had complained about us, he'd never tried to stop us. Only the darkness hid my deep blush. I tried to keep my blouse down as I fixed my bra and then pulled my tank top back into place. Instead of putting on my panties, I just pushed them into my purse.

"We need to get out of here," I told Danny. He had already fixed his shorts.

"You don't want to see the end of the movie?" He laughed.

"I'm not walking past all these people with the lights on. Come on, let's go."

Danny shrugged in agreement, and after I gathered my things, he followed me to the aisle. I did not even look over at the usher, or the boys, as I took Danny's hand and dragged him out of there. I kept a laser focus on the exit. Once in the brighter lights of the lobby, I felt like everyone was staring at us. I didn't remember being so paranoid about this stuff when I was younger, but then I was usually high when I did it. And I wasn't cheating on my husband then, either. I didn't stop walking until we were in the parking lot, standing beside Danny's SUV in the bright afternoon sun.

"Kelly, calm down. You can stop."

"People knew what we were doing. Did you see that usher?" I dug my sunglasses out of my purse.

"Yeah, he came up about halfway through. I thought we were busted, but then he just sat back and watched. I think the little creep was probably jacking off."

"Really? Gross."

"He's a teenager. What's he supposed to do when he sees a hot woman like you?"

"Quit it. I wasn't looking for an audience."



“You should work on being quieter then.”

I finally smiled. “I just can’t help it when you touch me like that.”

“I guess I’d better stop then.”

“Don’t you dare.”

I let him kiss me, but not linger. I didn’t want anyone to happen by and recognize us. It was still early yet and we had more time. He asked if I wanted to grab something to eat. I agreed, as long as we went somewhere off the beaten path. Danny knew the perfect place. We left my car and he drove. I didn’t quite recognize the part of the city we ended up in, so there was no chance anyone would recognize us. The place was a small, dimly-lit bar, but he swore the burgers were great. I ducked into the tiny bathroom, ignored the questionable cleanliness, and cleaned up as best I could from the movies. I found Danny in a booth at the back. There was a pint waiting for me.

“Where does Nikki think you are?” I asked before draining half of the much-needed beer.

“I told her I was meeting up with some buddies.” He looked uncomfortable when I mentioned his wife.

“She was okay with you ducking out for a few hours on a Saturday afternoon and leaving her with three screaming kids?” That didn’t sound like Nikki.

“Hey, I have them all week. I deserve a little me time.” He said.

“I’m not complaining.”

“Did you have any trouble getting out?”

The mention of my husband brought a brief pang of guilt. “No, you know he’s really good about that stuff. And I let him go out and do his thing whenever he wants. I couldn’t imagine being one of those couples who always has to be attached at the hip.”

“Yeah. I love Nikki, but I need my space. It’s the one thing I never anticipated about growing up. You think you’re going to be independent and living life on your terms, but there’s always someone to answer to. You don’t get to spend much time doing what you want.”

“Amen to that,” I agreed. We toasted pint glasses, and then fell silent. Talking about our spouses led to an awkward moment. Since we’d started our affair, we had not really talked about our marriages or what was going on in our lives the way we used to. Our relationship had changed.

Danny quickly changed the subject to our high school friends, and our food came, along with a second round of beers. Although it was the middle of the afternoon, I was not taking it easy on the beers. After our intense experience at the movie theater, I needed a drink or two, and the amber lager was refreshing. A walk down memory lane lightened the mood, and before we knew it we were reliving past glories and adventures. Talking about getting high on mushrooms and wandering the boardwalk made me wonder what happened to that carefree girl. I like to think I'm still fun—but not *that* fun. That girl thought she would be somewhere in Europe with an exciting job right now, not raising kids in the suburbs. It only made me appreciate my afternoon with Danny—my escape from the everyday—even more.

“Somehow I don't think we're going to have that much fun at the Shore this time,” I said. Our conversation had turned to a plan our two families had to go to the Shore this summer. We were holding hands across the table, Danny's thumb absently playing against my palm.

“No, we probably won't get stoned. At least not on mushrooms. Nothing wrong with a little toké or two after the kids are in bed,” he said.

“You're right about that. I remember just throwing a towel, a book and sun block into a bag, grabbing my bikini and hitting the beach. Now it's toys and snacks and chairs and everything else.”

Danny gave me a knowing smile. “As long as you still bring the bikini, I'll help you carry everything else.”

I dug my short nails into his hand. “Do you ever think of anything else?” I laughed.

“What can I say? When I'm with you it's like I'm a kid again. Sex is all that's on my mind.”

“So you're claiming that stopped when you grew up?”

“Who says I grew up?”

“True. But I hope that's not *all* you think about when you think of me.”

“No, I think about a lot of things when I think about you, Kel.”

“Good,” I replied. As much as I love that Danny has the hots for me, and that we're sharing a hot affair, a girl doesn't want to just be nothing more than a good time to a guy. I didn't want him to forget that we're friends first. “Like what?”

“You've never been shy about putting a guy on the spot, have you?”

“I think the direct approach is best.”

He looked serious. “Honestly, I think about how lucky I am to have you in my life after so many years. We’ve got a great group of friends, and we’re lucky our group has stuck together, but I’ve always felt like there was something special between us. It’s different with us.”

“I think so, too.” I squeezed his hand.

“You were always so different than the others. You’re so smart and fun. I love the guys, but a lot of them are pretty much ‘what-you-see-is-what-you-get.’ But I’ve always had the feeling there was more going on behind those big, blue eyes of yours.”

“Stop it, you’re going to make me blush.”

“Kelly, you’re an amazing woman. Sometimes I can’t help thinking...”

“Okay, that’s enough of that.” I felt the color rising to my cheeks, and I was disquieted by the way he was looking at me. I did not want him to forget that this was just about two friends having fun with each other. It couldn’t be anything more.

I laughed, and added, “Go back to just thinking about sex.”

“Sure. Knowing you’re still not wearing panties is really hot.”

“Yeah, that’s more like it.”

I made sure to keep the conversation light through the rest of our lunch. When we finally emerged from the little hole-in-the-wall, the sun seemed impossibly bright. Even with my sunglasses, I shaded my eyes from the glare. I also realized that maybe three pints was too many. I wasn’t drunk, but I was giggly and swayed a tad on the walk back to the SUV. Danny thoughtfully held the door while I climbed in. As soon as he started the engine I was playing with the radio, looking for something upbeat. I finally found an old Joe Jackson song on the satellite radio and cranked the volume.

Before he could pull away from the curb, I leaned across the console and pulled Danny into a kiss. He thought it was just a quick peck, but responded in kind when I slipped my tongue into his mouth. It was fun to sit in the front seat, necking like teenagers for a little while. When he groped for my tits, I moved closer.

Between the beers and the kissing and his hands on my body, I was feeling warm and ready by the time we finally headed back to the movie theater, where my car was still parked. He had to pay attention to the road, but I was free to tease while he drove. I clung to his arm and rested my head on his shoulder, toying with the hair that curled by his collar and lightly

kissing his neck. My legs were tucked underneath me, and Danny lazily strummed his fingers on my hip. I don't know if he thought he was being slick, but he gradually moved my skirt higher and higher. I felt playful, so I let him get away with it. When we stopped at a light, he turned and kissed me full on. The hunger in that kiss left no doubt that my teasing had an effect.

"Are you trying to start something again, or are you just torturing me?" he asked.

"Sorry, I'll stop. I don't want to torture you." I moved to return to my side of the SUV, but he pulled me right back. I laid my hand on his thigh just as the light went green.

I resisted the temptation to blow him on the half-hour drive back to the theater, but I could feel through his shorts that he was ready for one. The change our affair had caused in me was palpable. If I'd had such great, intense sex with my husband as I had with Danny earlier, I would have been done for the day. I would have rolled over and taken a long nap. But now I just wanted more. I could see now how an affair could spiral out of control.

We pulled into the parking lot, but Danny drove past the theater, all the way to the far corner of the parking lot. The only cars out that far belonged to mall employees who were required to park there. No sooner did he shift into park than I was climbing across the console and straddling his lap. My fingers slid through his hair and as I leaned into our kiss, he tilted the seat backward. I rode him down and he kneaded my ass, slipping his hands under my skirt. I know he appreciated my lack of panties when he grabbed my bare cheeks. Under his shirt, I tickled through his light chest hair and he shivered when I teased his nipples. I loved how he massaged my back, and when I kissed my way down to his neck, he roughly held the back of my head to force my lips back to his.

"Danny," I gasped, kissing to his neck, where I had to remind myself not to leave marks as I nibbled on his flesh.

He was trying to force his hands under my tank top again—he never learns—but this time I pulled it up for him. My bra came open much easier this time. I buried my face in his neck and moaned when he pinched both my nipples simultaneously. I held onto the seat as my hips grinded against him. His touch telegraphed pure pleasure straight to my pussy. Danny lowered his face and I cried out when his tongue flicked over my taut nipple. His lips followed, lightly brushing me, then sucking as I dug my

nails into his scalp, holding him to my chest with an iron grip. He worked from one breast to the other, his thumb keeping the other, slick, exposed nipple occupied while he sucked and nibbled on its mate. Grinding down on him, I could feel how hard he was, and I wanted him.

“Danny...fuck me...”

“Are you sure?” he asked teasingly. “Someone might see.”

It gave me a brief reality check. A quick look around showed the occasional car cruising past, but there wasn’t anyone around to catch us in that deserted corner of the parking lot. “I don’t give a damn. Stop playing around and fuck me,” I demanded.

I scooted back and reached between us. This time his tricky button did not get in my way. I rose up just enough to slip him inside me and bumped my head on the roof. He laughed, but stopped when I sank down on his cock. I loved that startled look he got on his face every time he penetrated me. It was like he couldn’t quite believe it was happening. Teasing and drawing it out like I did in the movie theater was not on the menu this time. I wanted him quick, and I wanted him hard. More than anything, I wanted to cum. I held onto the seat on either side of his head and slid my body against his, riding his cock hard. The big SUV rocked with us and my cries grew louder, drowning out the early 80s David Bowie song on the radio. Unconsciously, I found myself matching the song’s driving rhythm, even tightening my pussy around his shaft as I rode harder and harder.

Danny had been groping my ass, so I wasn’t surprised when he made his move, spread my cheeks and traced his finger between them. His index finger nudged my backdoor, but I didn’t tense up the way I did when he went for it the other times. I’d come to enjoy the odd, intense sensation of his finger pressing back there. When he pressed harder and slipped his finger inside, I jammed down on his prick, burying it inside me while I paused for a moment I just worked my muscles around him. I whimpered his name.

“I love it when you ride me, Kel. It’s so fucking hot when you fuck me,” he groaned. “You look so beautiful.”

“Danny...oh...fuck...”

He slowly worked that finger in and out of me, which had me clenching more and more tightly around his cock. The sharp, powerful sensations he caused back there stabbed right through me and that familiar knot pulled tighter and tighter again. I came closer to the edge and rode him as hard as I

could in that awkward position. He kept up the pace, pushing his finger in and out of my ass in matching rhythm.

“Kel...Kel...I...love you...”

Danny’s words were like cold water thrown on me. If I hadn’t been so close, I don’t think I would have cum. Danny was first this time, and as I felt him expand, then explode inside me, I toppled over the edge too, my cries deafening in the confines of the SUV. I fell against him, squeezing tightly with my arms and legs as I gave myself over to the pleasure pulsing through me. But I was too distracted by what he’d just said to stay like that. I climbed off of him as quickly as I thought my trembling limbs would allow and fell back into the passenger seat, pushing my skirt down over my lap. I stared at him until he responded.

“What?” he said.

“You didn’t mean that.”

“Didn’t mean what?”

Didn’t he realize what he’d said? Maybe not. Maybe it was one of those in the heat of passion things that went straight to his lips without passing through his brain. Whatever it was, I couldn’t bring myself to repeat it.

“What you said.”

“What did I say?”

I kept staring at him and he stared back until he finally figured it out.

“Oh. Well, I *do* love you, Kel. You’ve been in my life forever. We have this incredible bond.”

It sounded like he was headed back into the mushy stuff he’d brought up in the bar. I did not want to hear it. There was no room in our relationship for those feelings. “So you mean you love me as your friend,” I said carefully. “You’re not saying anything else?”

He took my hand and I fought the urge to pull it away. “Yes, I love you as a friend. As my *best* friend.” Relief washed over me. “But, I’m not gonna lie. I’m *in love* with you, too. At least a little bit.”

“Don’t say that, Danny.”

“How could I not be? You’re my best friend, and we have incredible sex and you’re smokin’ hot. Something would be wrong with me if I wasn’t in love with you.”

I couldn’t handle what he was saying. I just couldn’t deal with it. “I have to go.”

“Kelly, wait-“

“I’m really late already. I have to go.”

I made sure everything was covered and grabbed my bag and jumped out of the SUV. We weren’t near where I’d parked, but I could walk. It felt good to stretch my legs after having them tucked under me for so long. He jumped out of the SUV too and shouted my name, starting to follow me.

“Just go home, Danny,” I shouted back over my shoulder.

He kept shouting after me, and I kept walking.



“Hey, babe,” my husband said when I came into the house. Everyone was in the family room and he had the game on. My daughter, who couldn’t care less about that sort of thing, was drawing at her little table. Our son sat beside his father, relishing the father-son time.

“Hi, hon.” I bent over the back of the couch and kissed him, then kissed our son. I tried so hard to seem normal, even though I was freaking out inside.

“What, did you two get lost?”

It was late evening, which meant that he’d had to feed the kids dinner, too. We only had an hour or so before the kids had to be in bed. “Sorry, we grabbed something to eat afterward and just lost track of time.”

“You weren’t lecturing her again.”

“She’s got to get her life together sometime,” I replied, going with him. “I’m going to run up and change.”

“Take your time. We’re all good here.”

I went straight to the shower and scrubbed myself raw. I couldn’t help feeling that if I didn’t scrub away every trace of evidence, my husband would somehow detect that I’d been with Danny and not out with my sister. It was irrational—he didn’t have a clue—but I felt dirty and wanted to be clean. I brushed my wet hair back and changed into shorts and a tank top. Looking in the mirror, I knew I looked normal again. But I felt anything but normal.

Back with my family, I drew with my daughter until the kids’ bedtime, then it was baths and stories, and after a mighty struggle they gave in to sleep. I busied myself straightening up downstairs while my husband got himself ready for bed and I found him reading when I went up. It was good to keep busy instead of thinking. I kicked off my shorts, folded and put them aside, and joined him. He reached out without looking away from his book, and I took his hand.

“They weren’t too much today were they?” I asked. I’ve always found it interesting that people assume it’s a bigger chore for a man to look after his children than for a woman. My husband did not defy the stereotype, but he



didn't try to shirk his responsibilities, either. He played it like it was a heroic act, but he also never gave me a hard time about going out for a few kid-free hours. "No, we had a good time. I took them over to the park and we hiked along the creek for a couple hours. It tired them out good."

"Sorry I lost track of time like that."

"It's fine, really, though I was going to text Carrie and tell her to send you home."

That was just the sort of thing I had been afraid of. "We were just hanging out. I decided to save the lecture on getting her life together for another day."

"Good for you. Maybe there's hope for you yet."

"What does that mean?" I smacked his arm.

"I mean that people are fine running their own lives and they don't always need your advice on how to do things better."

"But Carrie really needs to start being a grown up. She's twenty-six, still living with mom and dad, and doesn't have a full-time job."

"And you think she needs you to point out that she needs to get her shit together? All I'm saying is that sometimes, you're a little intense. Not everyone is Type A like you."

I didn't try to argue with him. I knew he was right—mostly. And I knew that I was hardly in a position to lecture my little sister about her life when I was at risk of destroying mine. I knew that if I was unhappy or bored with my life that fucking my best friend was not the way to fix things.

My husband closed his book and killed his light. He turned on his side to face me and traced his fingers over my stomach.

"Do you ever feel like we should go out and do something crazy? Like shake things up?" I asked.

"I guess. What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. Just something to break the routine."

"We'll plan that date night you were talking about, maybe when we get back from the Shore. I'll talk to my parents about taking the kids for a night. We can grab dinner, maybe see a movie or something."

I wondered how he would react if I initiated sex in the movie theater. Long ago, he wouldn't have been able to get his pants open quickly enough. I'm afraid now he would be too worried about someone seeing us. We needed to get back to some of the recklessness from our youth. "We should get dressed up and go into the city. We could go dancing."

“If you really want to,” he replied unenthusiastically. Getting dressed up for anything was not his idea of a good time. He only wore a tie at gunpoint.

“It’ll be fun.”

“Sure, if you really want to.”

It wasn’t as much fun if it felt like I was dragging him along, but I would take what I could get. And I knew that once he saw me dressed up to go out, he would be onboard. If I really tried, I knew I could make him want what I wanted.

And what he wanted at that moment was becoming more obvious. His casual, affection was drifting closer to my breasts as he touched me. I pretended like I didn’t notice. I don’t know how many times I came with Danny that afternoon, but for once, I was pretty sexed out. When I didn’t acknowledge what he was doing, my husband walked his fingers across my tits and circled my nipples through the tank top. My body did not consult my brain and my nipples puckered and rose to his touch. But just because my body reacted, it did not mean I felt like sex.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I asked.

“Exactly what you think. You looked pretty good today, babe. If I didn’t know better, I’d have thought you were going on a date.” He started kissing my shoulder.

“Just Carrie. But what if I was? What if I was going on a date?” Was it morbid curiosity that made me ask? Maybe it was my new craving for trouble talking.

“You know how I feel. If anything like that ever happens, I don’t want to know. But I do like knowing that you’re still so sexy, some guy would probably make a move. I bet guys were checking you two out at lunch.”

“I wouldn’t notice.” His lips gave me chills and I felt my resolve wavering. I had always been too easy to get going. Would it be too slutty to fuck my lover *and* my husband in the same day? I’d had sex after seeing Danny before, but not after fucking him.

“Bullshit, Kelly. You always notice that stuff. You love it.” His touch became more aggressive, and he rolled my hard nipples, making me gasp.

“Mmm, maybe,” I sighed. He was right. Just because I don’t usually like to be the center of attention, that doesn’t mean I don’t like being appreciated by men. I even play into it if I’m in the mood—usually when I’ve been drinking.

We shared a slow, sexy kiss and my hand found its way into his boxers. He was already hard and ready to go. I gripped his shaft, which made him kiss me harder, his tongue seeking mine. It was a good kiss, he'd always been very good at that—though it lacked the urgency I felt when kissing Danny. I'm sure that was just familiarity. My husband was one of the better kissers I've ever experienced.

I felt my body warming to him. But even though I'd showered and scrubbed myself, it just didn't feel right to make love to my husband after fucking my best friend. The first couple times I'd been with Danny—when it was still just fooling around—I'd come home unable to keep my hands off my husband. I thought there was still a line I did not want to cross, and I made the decision to stop before I got too heated. But I couldn't leave my husband in the lurch, either. I would take care of my husband.

"What are you doing?" He asked when I broke our kiss and pulled his boxers down. His cock sprang upward, but it was only out of my hands for a couple seconds. I pushed my hair back and took him between my lips. "Ohhh..." He sounded surprised.

"I'm just a little tired tonight. I hope you don't mind," I asked, looking up at him sweetly. I kept stroking him and kissing and licking his prick.

"Ah, no. How could I have a problem with this?" He chuckled. Like the other men I've been with, my husband's never had anything but praise for my blowjob skills.

He tasted fresh and clean. He was warm in my hand as I licked him, then hot in my mouth when I sucked. I bobbed, hollow-cheeked for a few minutes, then switched back to licking before sucking each of his balls. He's not quite as well-groomed as Danny down there, but he keeps clean enough. It was weird to be comparing one cock to another, because I hadn't done such a thing in so long. But I couldn't help it. I've found that cocks are as individual as the men they belong to. There's no other way to say it: my husband has a great cock. I may be biased, but he's long and just thick enough to fill me perfectly. The only thing Danny has on him, physically, is that special curve of his.

I watched my husband as I sucked on his balls and it looked like his eyes were going to roll into the back of his head. I know he likes it when I get a little dirty. Too many of his friends complain that their wives just go through the motions and blowjobs rarely ever happen. Their wives certainly aren't sucking on their balls. But I've always loved to control a man with

my mouth. I like the way they look at me—like, for just that moment, I am the center of their universe. However, I know I don't do it for him as much as I used to, which is funny, because it seems like I blow Danny a lot. I made a mental note to start going down on my husband more often. It wasn't fair to give my lover something my husband wasn't getting.

Sucking again, I was able to take him right to the back of my throat, then I started the quick work of bringing it home. I sucked hard and bobbed quickly. I watched him the whole time, just as I had with Danny. It isn't the same for me if I can't see their faces.

"Babe...ohhh...you're so good tonight..."

My hair flopped in front of my eyes as I moved faster and he pushed it back so he could keep watching.

"Ohhh...babe...I'm..."

That was my cue. Despite the fact I'd been swallowing for Danny recently, it was only because I kept giving blowjobs in places where there weren't many other options. It's not my favorite thing. My husband was trembling, tensing his legs and I knew those signs. I pulled back just in time to catch a blast across my cheek. I didn't want it in my eyes or my hair, so I quickly pointed him away and let him finish spurting on his stomach, lovingly stroking him until he was finished. He sighed deeply and looked ready to fall asleep. I fetched a warm washcloth from the bathroom and wiped my cheek clean, then my husband. I rejoined him in bed and snuggled against his chest once the lights were out.

"You really are the best wife, babe." That brought a stab of guilt.

"I love you." I squeezed him tighter.

"Love you too, babe."

He was asleep in minutes, but my mind would not shut off. Now that I had no distractions, I couldn't help but think about what Danny said in the car. Not when he said *I love you*. No, when he said that something would be wrong with him if he didn't. Did that mean something was wrong with me? I had an amazing time with Danny, but nothing had changed for me. It could never be anything more than sex. Was I damaged because I could do all that with him and not fall for him?

I glanced over at my husband sleeping beside me. I loved him so much. I may have been a little bored with our sex life, but I loved him just as much as I ever had. That's why I couldn't love Danny. All my love was for my husband. It was just that I could compartmentalize sex and love. That was

usually the guy's job! It was like my relationship with Danny was completely backward. I should be the one clinging to him and professing my love. But I wasn't. I just wanted steamy, risky sex. I wanted to climb on him and fuck him in the front seat of the car. And then I wanted to go home to my husband.

For the first time since we'd started this, I couldn't make excuses and reason the guilt away. My actions did have consequences. If Danny was feeling this way, it had to be affecting his marriage. And if my husband ever found out it would destroy him. I suddenly felt like I was going to throw up and took a deep breath. It was like a slap in the face. I knew what I had to do. I had to end things with Danny.

## II.

I was left so shaken by that conversation with Danny that I avoided him as much as I could while our families were at the Shore. I couldn't avoid him completely. Our families are close and the kids love to play, so it would have been weird if we did not see them at all. The only thing I could do was avoid being alone with Danny. He didn't make it easy.

Danny texted me constantly, starting with sexy texts, then turning to pleading when I did not respond. When our families met at the beach he tried his hardest to get me alone, but I avoided it. I could see the growing frustration on his face and hoped no one else noticed his odd mood. Luckily, Nikki was too busy chasing the kids to pay too much attention to him, and my husband would never notice that sort of thing away.

Spending time with Nikki was strange. It was the longest we'd been together since I'd started the affair with her husband, and I couldn't help feeling that she was going to sense something. I would like to think I would if my husband was fucking someone behind my back. But if anything, Nikki was even nicer to me, which only dredged up a mess of guilt. I'd reasoned that if it was only sex and my husband never found out, no one would get hurt. And I felt like I'd kept my part of that bargain. I know that's just self-justification, but I didn't feel that playing with Danny had affected my marriage at all. I didn't feel Danny was in the same place, and it made me feel like I was taking something away from Nikki. It did not feel good. Especially when she cornered me later that night for a little girl talk.

I sat on the front deck of their Shore rental with my feet on the railing and a beer in my hand. The kids were all sleeping, and everyone else was inside. It was nice to have some time to myself, but I was ready to bolt back inside the moment Danny came out. I tensed when I heard the sliding door, and did not relax when I saw it was Nikki coming out and not her husband. She took the chair next to mine and cradled a glass of wine in her hands.

"I had to get out of there. The guys are lighting up a bowl," Nikki said. My husband loved to light up just as much as Danny did, but Nikki did not smoke pot anymore, and I know it annoyed her that Danny did. I would

have been happy to go in and join the guys, but it would have been rude to get up and leave Nikki.

“Shouldn’t they be doing that out there?” All the windows inside were closed because the air conditioner was on. It was a sultry night, but I preferred the ocean breeze on my skin over the chilly AC.

“They’re afraid a neighbor might smell it and call the cops.”

“Or ask for a hit!” I laughed.

“Yeah. Danny hoards his stash. I’m surprised he’s sharing.”

Guiltily, I thought, *He’s always trying to get me high.* “Have you been able to relax yet?”

“Not until this moment. You know there’s nothing relaxing about taking kids to the beach. I feel like I’m running from the time we show up until we leave.”

“I know how you feel.”

“It would help if Danny lent more of a hand, but he only wants to do the fun stuff, like splash in the ocean.”

I couldn’t sympathize too much. My husband was helpful, if I kept after him. “Danny’s just a big kid. Sometimes I wonder if he’s ever going to grow up.”

“I know,” she sighed. “I really wonder about that man.”

“You should know him best. You’ve been married for nine years.”

“I think I do, but then he does something bizarre, or aggravating, and I wonder if I really know him at all.”

I didn’t want to, but I asked, “What do you mean?”

“Things are just a little strained between us. I want to talk to him about it, but it’s hard to bring some stuff up.”

“I’m sure it’s just a phase. But if you want to talk to him about it, just do it.”

“It’s not that easy. It’s about sex.”

*Oh boy, here we go,* I thought. Nikki had clearly had too much wine if she was talking to me about sex. She did not need more. I had to tread carefully here, because there were things Danny had told me over the years that I’m sure Nikki didn’t know I knew about.

“Danny hardly seems to want to touch me anymore.”

“That sucks.” What else could I say?

“I know part of it is my fault. I don’t know if Danny ever told you anything about this, but we were pretty wild when we first got together. I

mean, really wild. There were a few times when we brought girls home from the club. Our sex life was always great.”

“Um, that’s cool. Good for you guys.” I knew about all that. I think Danny first told me hoping that I would join them in bed sometime. I wasn’t adverse to hooking up with a hot girl, but I was with my husband by then, so that was not going to happen. “Sounds like you were having fun.”

“Yeah, Kelly, we *were*. Things only tapered off a little after Ashley and Mac, but with Hayden things went downhill. I didn’t lose the weight like before, I didn’t feel sexy, so I just didn’t really want him to touch me.”

“You look great,” I offered. Nikki was not a slender woman, but after a couple years she had lost much of the baby weight. If anything, I thought she looked better, curvier than before. She’s not my husband’s type, but he couldn’t help noticing the way she filled out to the top of her one-piece earlier on the beach.

“Thanks, but I don’t think Danny feels the same way anymore. I’ve made an effort, but he hardly seems to notice. Maybe I just put him off for so long that he’s not interested now. It’s weird, because he was always horny as a rabbit. You know that.” She gave me a conspiratorial smile.

I did know that, better than she suspected. Guilt pressed heavily on me. I knew that Danny had been very frustrated when his sex life with Nikki had dried up. I suspected it was a primary factor in our affair. Sex with my husband had never dried up completely, but it had become routine and less frequent. I don’t think I would have flashed Danny that day if I hadn’t been looking for excitement I wasn’t getting from my marriage anymore. But I didn’t know that Nikki had snapped out of it and he was the one putting her off now. Guilt weighed on me. If he wasn’t getting it elsewhere, Danny would probably be all over Nikki. Strangely, our affair had had the opposite effect on me. I was horny all the time, and if my husband noticed anything was wrong, it was that I wanted sex all the time—not that I was denying him.

“You really need to talk to Danny about this. I’m sure it’s something you guys can work out. He loves you,” I said, adding—in my head—*and me*. And I could do my part. Nikki pouring her heart out to me girded my will to do what had been in my head ever since that day in the backseat of the car with Danny.

“Do you have any suggestions? You guys seem to have a great marriage. How do you keep it hot?”



I did have a good marriage, which made my having an affair even more ridiculous. As for keeping it hot, I could hardly tell Nikki that it was fucking her husband in the backseats of cars and movie theaters that had reignited my libido. I tried to think of things I did with my husband—before the affair—but it was all the normal stuff. We would try for date nights, which usually came out more fun than romantic, and I would dress up in lingerie, but my husband wasn't the sort that went for that. He wanted me naked as quickly as possible. No, I didn't have any sage advice.

"Just keep doing what you're doing and talk to him," I said. "I'm sure things will work out."

Things would work out for Nikki and Danny because I was going to do what I had to. I knew in my heart it was time to end my affair. I was naïve to think it could just be this casual, fun thing. I could have keep going that way, but Danny clearly couldn't. And it was foolish to think no one would be hurt. If we kept going, bad things were going to happen. They were already happening. I was just lucky that it hadn't impacted my marriage the way it had Danny's. Our fun little tryst had run its course. Danny would not be happy, but it had to be done. I would wait until we returned home. I didn't want to drop that bomb into the middle of our vacation.

"You're right. I know you're right. I just need to do it," Nikki said.

"If you need us to watch the kids so you can go out one night, just say the word. You guys could even go out while we're down here."

"That's an idea. Let me see what happens."

Any further discussion of their marital woes was cut mercifully short when the guys came outside to join us. Danny sat with Nikki, but his attention was fully on my long legs. My shorts didn't cover much, nor did my little tank top. I should have, but I did not think about covering up when I dressed after the beach. I was simply thinking of comfort. He was so stoned he did not even try to disguise his interest in me. Fortunately, Nikki wasn't paying attention and my husband was too stoned to notice. And despite my feelings, I couldn't help reacting to Danny's attention. It felt like it had been forever since he touched me, and I craved it. Even as we sat there with our spouses, my pussy tightened when I thought about that last time he took me in the front seat of his car. I drank more quickly, but getting drunker wasn't going to help.

We were all wrecked, and the kids were all asleep in the back bedroom, so at three a.m. it was decided it was silly for Danny and Nikki to try and go

home. My husband was dead on his feet and collapsed into bed, while I pulled out the sofa bed and made it up. Nikki and Danny laid down, and she was out like a light. I went back and climbed into bed with my husband, but sleep would not come. I fidgeted in bed as long as I could stand before I slipped out of bed. I hoped to slip back out to the balcony quietly. When I looked over at the sofa bed, Danny and Nikki appeared to be asleep. I dropped back into my earlier seat and let the humid air bake the air conditioned chill out of my skin. I popped the earbuds attached to my iPhone in place and turned on Jack Johnson. Perfect for a late night by the sea.

I don't know how much time passed. I was deep into the groove of the music when a tap on my shoulders nearly sent me tumbling out of chair. Hands grabbed me to keep me from falling to the deck, and I opened my eyes to see Danny standing there. After he righted me, I shook his hands off and pulled out my earbuds.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you," he said. He leaned back against the railing.

"That's okay. I just thought you were sleeping."

"I heard you come outside, but I didn't know if I should follow. You're obviously avoiding me."

I avoided meeting his eyes. "We need to talk, but not tonight. Not here. I'm drunk, you're stoned, and we're both tired. I just want to go to bed." I stood, and he pulled me to him before I could walk away. "Danny, let me go."

"I think there's a reason neither of us can sleep."

"Danny..."

"Kel, how can you expect us to be under the same roof and stay apart?"

"Danny, stop." Despite my effort, I didn't even sound convincing to myself.

He pulled me closer, our bodies pressed together. I pushed against his chest half-heartedly. It just felt too good to be back in his arms.

"Can you seriously stand there and tell me you don't want me?"

"It's not about want." His hands were on my hips, holding me there, and I felt his erection growing against me. His board shorts hid nothing, and my tiny, flimsy shorts may have well not been there. "Christ, Nikki is just inside."

"She's dead to the world."

Danny kissed me, cutting off further protests. I felt that kiss all the way down to my toes, which curled as his tongue slipped into my mouth. I was still drunk from earlier, suppressing my reason even further. I greeted his kiss with gusto, flicking my tongue over his. I whimpered when his hands moved from my waist to my butt. I grinded against his hard cock. I couldn't help myself. I ran my fingers through that wonderful long hair of his. We kissed even harder, and all the passion I'd been building inside while I'd been avoiding him demanded to be released. But it was too dangerous. I could not fool around with him while his wife slept twenty feet away and my husband was just in the other room.

"We can't do this here," I panted.

"I think the risk makes it hotter." He tried kissing me again.

"You won't feel that way if someone wakes up. C'mon, let's go downstairs."

The summer rental was a second floor apartment. Quietly as we could, we picked our way past Nikki and eased down the steep flight of stairs in the dark, cringing every time the treads creaked. I didn't have a plan for once we were downstairs. I guess I thought we would just jump into the minivan, though I did not think to grab the keys on the way down. Instead, Danny grabbed my hand and pulled me into the outdoor shower. I barely had time to latch the rickety plank door before he was on me.

My tank top was quickly discarded. I wasn't wearing a bra under it. He teased my nipples while I pulled his shorts open and pushed them down. His cock filled my hand, hot and thick as ever. I generally don't think cocks matter as much as the men attached to them, but there really was something special about Danny's. It was just the perfect size and had that curve that hit my pussy perfectly. I might have been addicted to fucking him even if he was an asshole. I was lucky that he also happened to be my best friend. I kissed his neck and nibbled on his shoulder as he licked and sucked on my breasts. He teased my tits perfectly, and I was whimpering his name into the humid night.

"Fuck you're wet," he said, sliding two fingers inside me. My shorts were around my ankles, and I kicked my feet free. He slid those fingers in and out of me, I clung to his shoulders for balance. It drove me crazy and I just really wanted him to fuck me. I was wet the second he kissed me upstairs. I kissed him again, attacking with my tongue, hoping he would get

the hint that I didn't need foreplay. I wanted him inside me. I did not want to wait.

"Danny...fuck me..." I pleaded.

He did not answer, but spun me around and bent me forward. That shower stall was a tight space and he rubbed against my ass as he pulled it higher. I fitted my fingers between the planks and held on tightly. It was awkward, but he fit his prick against me and shoved forward. My cry pierced the night. I couldn't hold it in. It felt too damned good to have him inside me again. His fingers dug into my slender hips and he fucked me back and forth on his cock. Things seemed to work best that way. The night was impossibly quiet, which only made my cries and moans louder. I bit my lip, tried to keep them inside, but I couldn't contain them all.

"Yes! Fuck yes, Danny! Ohhh...yesss..."

"God, Kel, I needed this. You needed it! You're so fucking hot. How could you not want this?"

Danny was right. I did want it. I knew all the reasons it was wrong, and why it had to stop, but I wanted it. I didn't know where I was going to find the strength to end things. While he had me bent over in that outside stall, fucking the hell out of me, I didn't know how I could ever give that up. I felt that tightening in my core and knew I was going to cum quickly. In that moment, I didn't think I could ever give it up. My climax hit me and I banged my head against the rough wooden wall. Danny stayed hard and kept slamming me back into him.

"Yess...Danny...yesss..."

He pulled my head back by my hair and hissed in my ear: "Fuck, Kel! Fuck! Promise me this isn't the last time. I know you want to keep fucking."

I tried to nod, which was hard when he held me by the hair.

"Say it. Fucking tell me, Kel."

"Yes...I promise...yes, Danny!"

Danny thrust forward as he pulled me backward. It was almost painful. Our bodies slammed together and it felt like I was going to pull down the stall around us, but I needed something to hold onto. I dug my heels into the holey rubber mat under our feet. Between our moans, the clapping of the planks, and the wet sounds of our coupling, we made quite a racket. I don't know how we didn't wake up the family renting the first floor, even with their air conditioning running. Knowing we could be discovered at any

moment only made it hotter. It was like when we were in the changing booth at the mall, but this time there was no stopping us. There was no way Danny was going to stop fucking me until he came.

“Come on, Danny. I want you to cum. Do it, baby. Cum for me,” I grunted. As much as I loved our sex, we had to get back inside.

“Fuck, Kel...”

“Do it, baby. Fuck me! Fuck me, baby!”

Danny took my tits in both hands and pulled my nipples. It hurt a little, but felt even better. He lost his rhythm and I knew he was done. I was right there with him.

“Fuuuuck...”

Danny held me against him while he shuddered and shot his load deep inside me. I came too the second I felt it. We were safe. Since I only use the Rhythm Method with my husband, I am keenly aware of my cycle. I’ve thought about going on the Pill since I’ve been with Danny, but I hate what it does to me. And how would I explain that to my husband? I’d have to hide it.

We peeled apart, both slick with sweat. I was tempted to just turn on the shower, but the water was frigid and neither of us had towels. Instead, I put back on the little I’d been wearing and kissed Danny.

“That was hot,” I told him, adding another lingering kiss.

“We could be doing this all week.”

“No we can’t. I loved it—you know that—but it was way too risky. This will have to hold you over until we get back.”

He pouted like a three-year-old. “That’s not fair.”

“Life’s not fair. Now let’s sneak back up before we’re discovered.”

“Fine.”

He gave me a last kiss, the kind that almost had my clothes falling to the ground again, but I found a reserve of strength and pushed him away so I could flee the shower stall.

~ ~ ~

*-meet me for coffee @ 10a?*

*-where?*

*-starbucks by the mall*

*-ok*

I know Danny thought we were meeting for more than coffee, but I really did mean coffee. That did not keep me from putting an effort into my appearance. I chose my favorite pair of jeans and a nice, snug top. The armored bra helped me fill it out without looking too silly. I just wanted to look perky, not like I had a C-cup. There was no fooling Danny at this point. My husband hardly noticed my appearance when I left. I told him I had errands to run and was meeting a friend for coffee. He did not ask who, so I did not have to lie.

It was more than a month since our vacation, which was the last time I had sex with Danny. He behaved after that night in the shower stall, but I knew it took effort. And honestly, I craved him, too. At least once I know I could have snuck away to see him, but I didn't do it. Instead, I pounced on my husband that night after the kids were asleep. He was just sober enough to respond, and he didn't know what hit him. It was a hot night, but I missed the way Danny had taken charge in that shower stall—the way he pulled my hair while he fucked me from behind. Having to jump my husband just wasn't the same as being taken. I'd dropped subtle hints to my husband I'd like him to be more aggressive and surprise me, but he hasn't picked them up so far.

With the summer winding down, neither of us had much free time, so it was not difficult to avoid Danny. I know what I'd promised him that night, but once I was sober and not thinking with my pussy, my resolve came back and I knew things had to end between me and Danny. I would miss him—and it would take willpower—but it was the right thing to do. I just had to convince him of that. And that was why I chose Starbucks to meet him. It was a public place not far from where we lived. He would have to behave there. And so would I.

I fidgeted as I sat in the big, comfy chair in the back corner of the Starbucks. I arrived early so I could order my coffee and get a seat. I meant to signal Danny that we weren't just running out of there to get it on in his backseat. My fingers nervously drummed the side of my cup when I saw him arrive. He looked confused that I was sitting and actually drinking coffee, but he ordered a cup and came back to join me. The other chair sat at an angle to mine. We were close. He gave my hand a squeeze when he sat, but knew better than to try and kiss me somewhere so public.

"I don't have a lot of time," were the first words out of his mouth. "I'm running errands for Nikki, and I really have to do them before I go home."

"I don't either."

"So let's get out of here."

"You're starting to make me feel like a cheap floozy," I said, forcing a laugh.

"If we get out of here I'll make you feel all kinds of things."

Danny squeezed my hand again, and even that brief, innocent contact flooded me with warmth. I thought about how good his hands felt on other parts of me and my pussy tightened. I had to force my mind onto another track. Those thoughts were not productive.

"I asked you here to talk. We never just talk anymore."

"Uh oh. Whenever a woman wants to talk it can't be good."

"Come on, just chill out." My resolve slipped as soon as I saw him tense. I've always been a people pleaser. I hate confrontation and only usually go that route if all other options have been exhausted. I didn't want to destroy my friendship with Danny, but I knew he would be upset when I broke the news. I was further conflicted because a big part of me did not want to end things with him.

"I know you're about to say something I don't want to hear."

"Danny..."

"You can just say it, Kel. I'm a big boy."

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. I had to do it quickly, like pulling off a band aid. If I hedged, he would argue, and he might convince me to keep going. "We have to stop this."

"Meeting for coffee?" A hint of hope in his voice, behind the lame joke.

"You know what I mean. This thing we've been doing isn't working anymore."

"Seemed to work great at the Shore."

“Yes, the sex is great.” I realized I was too loud when a couple heads turned in our direction and lowered my voice before continuing. “I’m not talking about the sex not working. I’m talking about the things that go with it. It’s not fair to the people around us. Everyone is going to get hurt. They already are.”

“No one is getting hurt. No one will get hurt if they don’t find out. You’re not thinking of confessing, are you?”

“Of course not. Are you crazy? But Nikki talked to me. She knows you’re different. She just doesn’t know why.”

“You don’t need to worry about my marriage. It’s fine. Really.”

“Danny, you said you love me! How can you say that’s not affecting your marriage? You can’t be in love with me and not have it change things with Nikki.”

“Let me worry about that. Why don’t we talk about you? Are you telling me you feel nothing?”

I did not like having the tables turned on me. Talking about my feelings does not come easy, but I owed him the truth. “Of course I feel something. I have deep affection for you. I do love you, but not that way. I only feel that for my husband. I’d say my feelings for you are like a brother—except that we’re fucking. It’s just been fun and easy for me.”

I could see Danny was hurt. He was hoping for something else, I’m not sure what. I didn’t believe he wanted to leave Nikki. Maybe he honestly believed he could carry this on and love us both. But I couldn’t do that. I couldn’t lie to myself any longer.

We sat and stared into our coffee. Neither of us knew what to say. What could we say that wouldn’t hurt the other? It felt like we weren’t just losing our affair. We were losing each other. Danny finally spoke.

“So we’re done, aren’t we?”

“We have to be. For everyone.”

“So do we just avoid each other now?”

“It might be easier for now to have some space. We should let things cool down. But I still want us to be friends. I don’t want to lose that.”

“Neither do I.”

“It’s up to us. We can make sure we don’t lose that.”

“I know, Kelly. We’re both adults. We can do this. It’s just going to be tough for a while.”

I reached over and took his hand. “I know.”



“It was pretty great, though, wasn’t it?”

I smiled. “It was incredible.” That was an understatement. All I wanted to do was drag him out of there and get in the backseat of his car. I had to restrain myself. “But we can’t go on being selfish.”

“I guess you’re right. But damn, Kel, I’m going to miss your body.”

“We should try not to think about that.”

Danny and I fell into silence once again and just sat there holding hands. There wasn’t any more to say. I finally said, “I’d better get going. I have a lot of errands to run.”

“Yeah, I need to get going too.”

We both stood and shared a long, tight hug. It felt like a goodbye. I watched Danny walk out the door and wondered if he was walking out of my life, too.

## Excerpts from

### *Domestic Bliss*

*The following are excerpts from the upcoming Kirsten McCurran novel Domestic Bliss, which follows two couples on the verge cheating that find a unique solution to their problem.*

Gary and Alexandra arrived at The Hamiltons' at seven on the dot. Adam opened the door and greeted the couple, Gary with a handshake and Alexandra with a clench and a kiss on the cheek. While his wife ushered Connor down to the den to see Aimee and Tyler, Adam led Gary into the living room and fixed him a drink.

While it was not quite as large as Gary and Alexandra's, Adam and Maggie's house was yet another suburban McMansion, with a dining room off to one side of the center hallway and a small living room on the other. At the back of the house was a big den, which flowed into the open kitchen. Maggie's taste was rather different than Alexandra's and the house had more of a country, Laura Ashley feel. There was a large, soft couch and love seat in the den, both of which were turned toward a television, which was shuttered inside a dark wood armoire. Sweet smells and sounds of cooking floated in from the kitchen and Gary shouted a hello back to Maggie, who said she'd be right in.

"So Maggie tells me you're giving up the career to strap on an apron," Adam tossed out.

"Very funny. I am not giving up my career, I'm just taking a break and giving Alexandra a turn to go out and slave away."

"Hey man, you don't need to be defensive. I'm sure it wasn't an easy choice. I know I'm not cut out for cooking and cleaning."

"Don't listen to him, he's being an ass," Maggie said, smacking her husband playfully on the shoulder as she came in from the kitchen. She gave Gary a hug and stretched up on her tip toes to give him a kiss on the cheek. She was a petite woman, just a couple inches over five feet.

"Oh, I know. I expected some ribbing when I agreed to do this," Gary said.

"I think it's great, Gary. More men should be open enough to stay home with their kids. I know this one wouldn't last two seconds if he had to stay home with the kids all day."

"No, I would hire an au pair."

"Then how come I can't have one?" Maggie pouted.

"I'll get you an au pair anytime you want, honey. Say the word."

"Don't be fooled, Maggie. He just wants to move in some hot little nineteen-year-old Swedish girl. I wouldn't trust him for a second," Alexandra said, joining the conversation.

"Why does everyone think I'm such a snake?" Adam complained with a grin.

"If it hisses and rattles what else could it be?" Alexandra teased.

"If it's a snake you really want..."

"Watch it, you don't want Gary to have to take you outside. Be polite and make Alex a drink," Maggie ordered her husband.

"Do you want another, hon?"

"Not until after dinner unless you want me sloshed before dessert."

Gary took a seat while his wife joined Adam at the bar, in the corner of the room. He caught his friend sneak a peek at his wife's ass in her tight gray skirt, but he didn't pay it any mind. That was just Adam. He always aggressively flirted with Alexandra, but it was harmless. If he ever tried anything Alexandra could eat him for lunch.

"I forget, is that one olive or two?" Adam asked as he prepared her martini.

"You can't remember how to make my favorite drink? I think I'm hurt," Alexandra kidded.

"I can't be expected to remember *everything*, can I?" He skewered two olives and added them to her drink.

"You seem to study me enough." Alexandra sipped her drink and enjoyed the surprise that flashed across Adam's face. "Don't worry, I won't

tell your wife, or my husband. A guy like you, I think I'd be offended if you didn't check me out."

"In that case," Adam said. He knew Gary couldn't see him from where he was sitting, so he took his time looking down the front of Alexandra's thin, clingy green blouse, which she'd left unbuttoned enough to give a healthy—yet discreet—view of her cleavage. In her three-inch heels, she was just a hair taller than her husband, but Adam still had a couple inches on her and consequently a better view down her blouse—right down to her lacy green bra.

Alexandra quite enjoyed giving Adam the peek, but warned, "Better enjoy the view while you can. Here comes your wife."

"Dinner's ready, guys. Alexandra, could you get the kids?" Maggie said. Gary may not have been able to see her husband looking down Alexandra's blouse, but it didn't escape Maggie's notice and for the millionth time she wished Adam would show some decorum.

"I'll do it, I guess I'd better get used to it," Gary piped up.

"Let me help ya, buddy. It'll show Maggie you're not the only one who can take care of his kids around here."

After the kids were deposited at one end of the living room table, with Maggie and Gary supervising them, the couples dug into the marvelous dinner Maggie had prepared. There was warm fresh bread and a vegetable soup, followed by lamb chops and big, tossed salad. Everyone complimented Maggie on her culinary skills—especially Gary—who always marveled that she could whip together such an amazing meal while chasing two kids around the house. The pretty brunette blushed under his praise, while Alexandra complained that he never talked about her cooking like that. There was a reason. Alexandra was competent in the kitchen, but simple, quick meals or take-out were more her speed.

When dinner, which the kids ended up wearing more of than eating, was finished, Alexandra and Maggie cleared the table while the men checked on the score of the game in the den room. The couples' dinners were like clockwork after several years and almost always followed the same pattern.

The Taskers—Alexandra was actually Markov-Tasker—and the Hamiltons met when they'd signed up for the same Lamaze class. While Alexandra and Maggie couldn't have been more different, the two women became fast friends and the couples began to spend time together. Although she had a newborn of her own—plus another child—to take care of, Maggie

was a godsend to Alexandra after Connor was born. Alexandra had said more than once that she would have been lost without her friend. Not long after Aimee and Connor were born, the couples started the tradition of their dinners.

At least once a month they got together at alternating houses for dinner and some grown-up time after the kids were put down for the night. When they were lucky, they found babysitters and were really able to relax, maybe even go out. They'd play games or watch movies together, whatever they felt like. No matter what the couples did, they always had a great time together. There were only two rules to the dinners. First, no talk of parenting after the kids were in bed. And second, they were to be dress-up nights. Not suits and cocktail dresses, but nice clothes were expected. It was a chance for the women to dress up and feel like real adult women.

Ordinarily the women cleaned up the kids after dinner and got them ready for bed, but again Gary volunteered, to the surprise of his wife.

"Are you sure, honey? You're going to have your hands full soon enough. Why don't you relax down here and I'll take care of it," Alexandra said.

"No, really that's okay." He pointedly looked at Adam and said, "I don't consider it a chore to look after my son." Gary held the stern look for a few seconds before breaking out laughing.

"Notice my sweet hubby didn't even offer," Maggie said, kissing Adam on the cheek. "Can we swap men? I think I'm getting the short end of the stick here."

Adam's eyes lit up at the word swap, but Alexandra gave her husband a big, deep kiss and said, "My man is one in a million. I'd never give him up, even for a night."

Gary snatched up Connor, careful not to get any of the mess on his dark blue polo and followed Maggie upstairs. They went into the master bath because it would have been tough to maneuver in the other, smaller one. The kids were all stripped down and deposited in the tub for a good scrubbing and Gary and Maggie were on their knees beside the tub, working side-by-side.

"Do you mind if I take off my sweater?" Maggie asked. "I'm going to get it soaked if I don't."

Gary could think of the sort of response her husband would have to that question, but knowing Maggie wasn't quite the flirt his Alexandra was, he

simply told her he didn't mind. It wasn't like she was naked under it. Maggie was wearing a maroon knitted sweater that nicely brought out the auburn highlights in her short dark hair, a black, pleated skirt that just about reached her knees and black tights.

Under the sweater was a matching stretch camisole and while it didn't show any more than a bathing suit would have, modest Maggie just didn't feel comfortable whipping her sweater off in front of Gary without asking him first. While she did catch Gary taking a quick look, he behaved like a gentleman as always. She'd always liked him and thought Alexandra was very lucky to have such an easygoing husband. And she was even more impressed when Alexandra told her of the plan for Gary to become a stay-at-home dad. There was no way Adam would ever consider such a thing, not that she would ask. Maggie loved being home with the kids and wouldn't want to switch roles. She really loved her husband, but sometimes she wished he shared some of Gary's qualities.

"Are you really okay with the staying home thing?" Maggie asked.

"At first I thought it was crazy, I'll admit, but I'm coming around. It will be good to spend more time with Connor. I felt like I barely saw him when I was working. I know I've got a lot to learn, so I hope Alexandra doesn't find another job *too* quickly."

"Anytime you need a hand, feel free to pick up the phone and I'll be over in a flash."

"Don't be surprised if I take you up on that."

"I mean it, any time. I really do think it's wonderful that you're open to trying something like this. Even in our generation too many men are old fashioned."

"Thinking of anyone in particular?"

"No, Adam's great, really. Yes, it would be nice if he lent a hand around the house every once in a while, but he does have his chores too. He takes care of the yard and the little maintenance things. I just think it's great what you're doing, that's all." Maggie's genuine warmth came through in her voice. He tried to remember the last time his own wife had such a sincere moment.

Gary was touched. "Thanks, Maggie. That really means a lot." He thought the way she blushed was very sweet. "At least there's one person I know won't be snickering behind my back."

"I'm with you all the way. Scout's honor," she promised, holding up three fingers, before she giggled and used them to splash Gary. He splashed back and they both ended up laughing hysterically.

Downstairs, Alexandra was working on an after dinner martini while Adam sat beside her on the couch with a drink of his own. She'd kicked off one of her heels and pulled up the leg underneath herself, flashing a good bit of thigh—which did not escape Adam's notice. The conversation had started out about home improvement and all the things he'd love to get done around the house, but wound around to Alexandra's eminent return to the workforce.

"I guess Gary's going to have plenty of time to get things done around the house now."

"Don't be so hard on him, you jerk. Chasing a kid around all day is a lot harder than you think. He's not going to have that much free time. He's got a house to maintain, too."

"You're going to have him doing laundry and cooking dinner too?"

"Well, it's part of what I've done while staying home, so I don't see why not. But of course I'll lend a hand."

"You really are wearing the pants over there, aren't you?"

Alexandra smiled and raised an eyebrow. "Do you have problems with strong women? Are we insecure?"

"I can handle a strong woman just fine, hon. But how would you handle a dominant man?"

"It's a shame you'll never find out, dear." She drained her martini and held it out, saying, "Refill, please?"

"I've gotten the last three. I think it's your turn. And while you're up..." Adam knocked back his drink and offered her the empty glass.

"Why yes, sir. I live to serve," she said with a mock Southern accent.

Smiling sweetly, Alexandra took his glass and walked to the bar, putting an extra swish in her hips. Adam's alpha male bullshit could be tiring, but she did enjoy playing with him. Men like Adam were so easy to wrap around her little finger, and she'd been doing it since college. Men underestimated her because of her looks, but she was not just another pretty face, and she'd always used it to her advantage. It annoyed her that Adam had trouble accepting the idea that a woman could be his equal, Alexandra did find his cocksure attitude something of a turn on. He wasn't malicious, he was just who he was. The sharp-edged back-and-forth she had with

Adam was something she'd always enjoyed with her male colleagues, and she'd missed it since becoming a stay-at-home mom. And as much as she loved her husband, it was something that had always been missing in their relationship. Gary was wired to avoid confrontation and while that made for a harmonious home life, Alexandra felt that you had to mix things up once in a while to keep it exciting.

Adam watched Alexandra's ass in that snug skirt and couldn't help fantasizing about bending her over the bar and hiking it up. He bet they could pound a quick one out before their spouses came downstairs. It was almost like that ass was taunting him. Alexandra's flirting was fun, but he always thought there was something more behind it. Maybe in another place and another time...

Alexandra mixed both drinks with a heavy hand on the booze. She'd always liked a strong drink and knew Adam could handle it. His gin and tonic had just a splash of the latter. Since she was mixing the drinks, she treated herself to an extra olive. When she carried the drinks back to the couch she noted how long it took Adam's eyes to make the trip up her long legs and over her tits to arrive at her face. It was obvious what he was thinking about. It was written all over his face. She smiled and bent deeply at the waist to present Adam his drink, giving him his second look down her blouse of the evening. She knew the teasing was mean, but it was fun, and having Adam so nakedly checking her out made Alexandra's pulse race. The looks she used to receive from men around the office were something else she'd missed about working.

Adam was so slow taking his drink from her that she asked, "Are you done yet?"

"Actually, if I could just have a moment more?"

"Sure," Alexandra laughed, tossing her hair back and leaning farther forward. She put a hand on his shoulder and came so close she could feel his breath on her chest. She could hear their spouses upstairs and felt so naughty. She reminded herself it was harmless fun.

"Memorizing things for later?" she asked.

"You'd love that," he shot back.

Alexandra straightened up and returned to the safety of the far end of the couch. They were both silent for a while, lost in their thoughts. Adam was past just hiking her skirt up and taking her. He wanted to see it all—rip open that blouse and fuck her right there on the couch. Alexandra was



pressing the flirting tonight and she had him more revved up than he had been in ages. Something had gotten into her—that was for sure. So was Alexandra was all show and no go? Was she only like this with him because she felt safe because of their friendship? Gary was lucky to have such a hot wife who put it out there, but if Maggie flirted like that he'd be pissed.

When Maggie and Gary came back downstairs the couples played Pictionary. Maggie had a great hand and led her and Adam to victory. Afterwards the couples switched partners and Alexandra and Adam easily crushed their opponents. Neither of them was a great artist, but it was like they read each other's minds.

Around midnight they decided to call it quits. Despite all the martinis, Alexandra did not appear drunk at all. Adam, on the other hand, had clearly had too much and was acting rather goofy. Knowing he'd have to drive, Gary was sober as a judge and the one glass of wine Maggie drank turned her cheeks rosy, but that was about it. Alexandra went upstairs and fetched Connor without waking him. There were quiet hugs and pecks on the cheek and the Taskers left.

Adam went upstairs and collapsed on the bed in his boxers while Maggie straightened up a few things before heading to bed. He used the time to flick over to Cinemax and see what they had to offer. There was some softcore show called *Black Tie Nights*. He thought the pretty blonde on the screen bore a passing resemblance to Alexandra, which set his cock to throbbing all over again. She was lying in a tub, touching herself, and he could just imagine Alexandra did a lot of that. He didn't see her as one of those women who didn't masturbate. He heard Maggie coming up the stairs and quickly shut off the television.

"Geez, I'm beat," she said as she came into the bedroom. She peeled off her sweater and put it in the laundry basket. Unclasping her skirt, Maggie let it drop to the floor and placed it in the laundry as well. "I just want to get a shower and go to bed."

"Hold on, Mags," Adam said pushing himself up and sitting on the edge of the bed.

Maggie stopped in the doorway to the bathroom and asked, "What is it?"

"Come here for a minute."

"Adam..."

"Just come here, babe."

Sighing, she walked over to her husband. He pulled her up against him and sitting he came to about her shoulders. He kissed across her shoulders and then the nape of her neck. Maggie tilted her head back and ran her fingers through Adam's thinning brown hair. As tired as she was, his lips did feel good.

"Sweetie, I'm not sure I'm in the mood. It's been a really long day," Maggie protested, but weakly. Her resolve melted as Adam kept kissing her neck. After nearly ten years of marriage he knew just how to push her buttons, but she was surprised he was so amorous. Usually when Adam had that much to drink he just passed right out.

"Come on, I know you're not *that tired*," he protested.

He pulled her lips to his and parted them with his tongue. Her pert breast fit nicely in his palm when he cupped it and though he was a tad rough with the sensitive flesh, her nipple still responded by burrowing into his hand. He moved his hands up and down over her breasts, dragging against her very tender nipples and Maggie moaned into their kiss while pushing her body into him.

Adam pulled her camisole down past her breasts and massaged her naked flesh. When he teased her nipples with his thumbs she shook from the jolts of pleasure. His lips traveled down her freckled chest until he caught a pale, pink nipple and sucked on it while simultaneously grasping Maggie between the legs. He forced the heel of his hand into her mound and she shoved back, grinding him through panties and tights. He was particularly rough, and while Adam had never been the most gentle lover he wasn't usually that aggressive. But Maggie didn't mind too much, she loved that she could still get such a reaction from her husband after all these years and two kids.

Lifting her off her feet, Adam turned Maggie and laid her on the bed. He yanked down her panties and tights while she pulled the camisole over her head and he crawled onto the bed between her legs. While they kissed, she pushed his boxers off and grasped his cock, feeling it hot and hard in her small hand. Adam put his hand over hers and moved it so the tip rested against her lips.

"Honey, wait," she breathed, breaking their kiss. She stretched her arm out, reaching for the nightstand, barely reaching the drawer to pull it open. Adam grabbed her arm and pulled it back.

"Not tonight, babe. I want you *now*." Adam nudged forward, but Maggie turned her hips so he couldn't enter her.

"It just takes a second. *Please*, Adam, no accidents."

Knowing he was defeated, Adam let his wife get a condom from the nightstand and then put it on him. The condom was always a mood killer for him, but she wasn't comfortable with the Pill and he loved his wife so he made do. And tonight he was so horny, nothing would have stopped him.

Once Adam was safely sheathed, he shoved hard into Maggie. She cried out and dug her nails into his shoulders. He was in a bit too much of a hurry tonight and she wasn't totally ready, so his thick shaft hurt when he entered her. Maggie took a deep breath, forced herself to relax and closed her eyes. Adam's weight pressed her down into the bed and she spread her thighs wider as she felt him trying to thrust deeper. Shifting, Maggie angled her hips so he rubbed her clit every time he entered her.

She moaned softly—she wasn't a screamer—and her pussy clenched around him. After just a few moments she was wet for him and pain turned to pleasure. The throbbing in her clit spread through her pussy and Maggie felt it growing larger still, ready to spread through her entire body. She opened her eyes and looked up at Adam, whose eyes were shut tight and teeth were gritted.

Adam felt Maggie's short nails digging into his back and he listened to her quiet moans, but with his eyes closed it was his friend's leggy blonde wife lying beneath him. He didn't always fantasize about other women in bed, but whenever he saw Alexandra he couldn't help himself. He imagined throwing her down on the bed and forcing her legs apart. He knew she'd be ready and willing—at least she was in his fantasy. He grunted as he pounded harder and harder into Maggie, thinking, *Take that you little tease!*

Usually a condom made him last longer, but not tonight. Maggie cried out beneath him and her whole body clenched up. Her pussy squeezed him tightly and he cried out and came. He opened his eyes, blinking the sweat out of them and stared down at Maggie, red faced and glowing from her orgasm.

*God, she's beautiful*, he thought, instantly guilty that he'd been thinking of another woman. He didn't really need anyone else. He said, "I love you so much, babe."

"I love you too, honey."





Although Gary told her there was no hurry because of his severance, Alexandra had a job in less than a week. As she predicted, her old firm jumped at the chance to get her back and said she could start immediately. She felt guilty running out on her husband without more prep time, but Alexandra was chomping at the bit to get back into the swing of things. She went on a shopping spree with Maggie to spruce up her work wardrobe and on the following Monday she was back at work. Alexandra fell right back into her groove as if the last three years hadn't happened.

Things did not go so swimmingly for Gary. Alexandra left him lists and instructions, but he still felt hapless every morning when he started. It was so weird to get up with Connor and then see Alexandra off to work when *he* should have been leaving. He found himself sitting on the couch staring at *Good Morning America* and wondering what the hell he was doing, but Gary had agreed to the arrangement and he was determined to make it work. After a week, he was at his wits end. He'd never been happier to see a weekend come around. Without an ounce of guilt he passed Connor off on his wife all weekend and did nothing but watch baseball and sit on the couch.

Monday came and Alexandra left again and Gary felt like the weekend had passed in the blink of an eye. He finally got Connor to play on his own so he could straighten up the kitchen when the doorbell rang. *The UPS guy's terrible timing*, he thought. He swung the door open and his annoyance melted away when he saw it was Maggie. Her short auburn bob was pulled back into a ponytail and she was wearing shorts and a baggy t-shirt, which made her look nearly ten years younger.

"Alexandra thought maybe you could use a hand."

"Please, come on in." Gary took the big diaper bag from her shoulder and she ushered her kids inside while pushing a stroller. He'd never been happier to see anyone in his life.

Maggie set Tyler and Aimee up in the den with Connor and then joined Gary in the kitchen, where he poured her a cup of coffee. She took in her

surroundings and commented, "It's not as bad as I thought it would be. Alexandra had me expecting a disaster area."

"If it doesn't look that way it's a miracle. Connor demands constant attention. I don't know how she ever got anything done."

"It's just because you're new at this and you haven't figured out how to manage his time yet. Alexandra had Connor in a routine. You just have to find yours. Besides, he can probably tell you're frazzled and he's taking advantage."

"Great, I'm being outsmarted by my three-year-old son!"

Maggie placed a reassuring hand on his arm and giggled sweetly. "They're like bears, they can smell fear."

They finished their coffee and then Maggie pitched in to clean up the kitchen. Afterward they took the kids out back and let them run themselves ragged while the grown-ups relaxed and took in the sun. Gary felt so much better with Maggie there. He'd truly felt trapped before. It was nice to have someone to talk to. He didn't feel comfortable telling Alexandra about how difficult he found things. It would be like admitting defeat. Maggie was a great listener, though he felt guilty unloading all his problems on her, but she didn't seem to mind one bit. When the kids were tired out, they made lunch together and then put all the kids down for a nap in Connor's bedroom. Maggie used the time to give Gary some tips that she promised would make his life much easier. After the nap, she headed home to take care of her own house.

The next day Maggie showed up on his doorstep again and Gary was just as happy to see her. She came by every day that week and by the end he felt like he finally had a handle on things. When she left on Friday he gave her a big, long hug and told her he didn't know where he would be without her.

"Thanks, but it's nothing really. Just common sense," Maggie said, blushing as red as her t-shirt.

"Really, having just Connor is rough, but you've got two to chase around all day. I bow before you."

"Stop it, silly. I'll see you Monday." She gave him a peck on the cheek and led the kids away.

Maggie was impressed by Gary's dedication to getting everything right. And she wasn't proud of it, but she was also happy to see him struggling like that. As good a guy as Gary was, she knew he didn't realize how hard a stay-at-home mom works before he had to do it himself. She hoped he

would tell Adam. Maggie couldn't have been happier to lend a hand and get Gary up and running. Not only was it nice to have another adult around during the day, but it was great to spend more time with Gary and really get to know him. It was unusual to spend so much one-on-one time with a best friend's husband.

Gary missed Maggie as soon as she felt, and not just because she lightened the workload. Alexandra was already working long hours and he was lonely. He'd forgotten just how brutal her schedule could be. Twice that week she was even later than she was supposed to be and he had to reheat her dinner. Gary was beginning to feel that if he didn't see Maggie every day he'd have no adult companionship at all.

Alexandra was so happy working, and so he didn't say anything. And there was a benefit to her being happy. Their sex life dramatically improved when she started working. Alexandra wanted to make love almost every night and in bed she was insatiable, like when they first met. The change in her was amazing. There was just one thing bothering Gary, and he had trouble keeping quiet about it.

Gary didn't know how to tell her, but some of Alexandra's work suits were too sexy. And he didn't know how to say that without sounding like a prude. She didn't dress inappropriately—she didn't cross that line. Her clothes were beautiful, all expensive, well-tailored suits, but the skirts were all hemmed at least a couple inches above the knee and when she wore pants they always clung to her ass. If she wore a blouse with her suit, it was unbuttoned perilously low, and if she wore a silk shell it was impossibly tight. Gary could just imagine the men in her office watching her all day, waiting for her to drop a pen. It's what the guys in his office did when the young, attractive receptionist came around in her little outfits. Gary appreciated that Alexandra wanted to be sexy, but he was afraid she was giving men at the firm the wrong idea, and it seemed like that was what she wanted. When he worked up the courage to say something, it provoked the expected response.

"Are you trying to say I look like a slut?" Her clear blue eyes bored right through him. Gary had followed her upstairs when she came home from work, at almost eight o'clock, and caught her just as she was about to undress. She'd just unbuttoned her jacket when she spun on him. She thought she had to be hearing him wrong.

"No, not at all, honey. You're taking this the wrong way."

"You said my clothes are too revealing, how am I supposed to take it. Should all my skirts go down to my ankles?"

"Uh, no, I didn't mean..."

"I don't think I dress any differently than I ever did. Have you always thought I dressed like a tramp?" She put her hands on her hips and her jacket hung open to reveal a pink satin camisole beneath. It was stretched tight over her breasts and her nipples were two prominent peaks. "You don't have an answer for that, do you?"

"Lexi, come on, you're blowing this out of proportion. I didn't say you dress like a slut and I don't think you're a tramp. I just think you're an incredibly smart woman and you don't have to, uhm, do anything else to get attention at work."

"Some things have changed, but it's still a man's world, Gary, and no matter how smart I am that's not always enough, so I believe in using all the assets I have. I know some guys at work check me out—I'm not stupid—but I use it to my advantage. If a partner wants me on a case because he likes the way my ass looks in this skirt that's fine with me. I don't care why I'm there as long as I am there, because when he's done looking at my ass he's going to look at my briefs and see I'm the best damn lawyer in the firm." Alexandra decided to ignore the rest of it—the part of her that just liked attention for the sake of it.

Gary recoiled from her anger. He hated to admit it, but she had some points. Alexandra had always dressed to get attention—this was not a new thing. And he'd never been thrilled with it, but maybe it bothered him more now that she was going out in the world and he was not. His insecurity was showing, and it wasn't pretty. Way back when Gary had asked Alexandra why a girl like her was going out with him when she had so many options, and she just said that he was cute and sweet and that was everything to her. So maybe he was being a little oversensitive, but could be more understanding about it.

"I just don't like it. It sucks that you think you have to use your looks to get ahead."

Alexandra slipped off her jacket and walked toward her husband. "We all do it, at least all the smart women. And as long as men are men, we'll have to keep doing it. Weren't there some women around your office whose blouses were always open a button farther than they should have been? No one who always found an excuse to bend over and pick up something?"



"Well..."

"And I'm sure you never looked because you wouldn't want anyone to look at your wife that way if the situation were reversed, would you?" Alexandra smirked when Gary didn't answer. She knew the truth. Gary was a sweet guy—but he was still a guy.

Alexandra reached down and felt his throbbing shaft through his shorts. He swallowed hard while she rubbed it and she leaned closer and whispered in his ear, "Even you like the way I dress—you just don't like that other men like it."

"I don't want those guys thinking they have a chance..."

"Who cares what they think? I know I'm coming home to you, and that's all that matters." She felt his cock twitch as she rubbed it. "Your dick doesn't lie, sweetie. You like the view just as much as they do. Or maybe you're thinking of some cute little secretary with a clingy sweater where you used to work." She went down on her knees, pulling his shorts with her.

"Honey, Connor's still up," Gary protested.

"This won't take very long," she promised, just before she swallowed him. Alexandra bobbed eagerly on his cock while he leaned back against the bedpost and wound her long blonde locks between his fingers. All sorts of things raced through his mind and she was right—a couple of the women from his old office did flash through his mind. He wondered if any of his wife's co-workers were thinking about her while they were fucking their wives.

Alexandra only sucked him long enough to tease and then pushed him back onto the bed. Gary groaned. Hiking up her skirt, she pulled down a frilly pink thong down her long legs and crawled on top of him without even taking off her heels. She was wearing elastic-topped thigh-highs and he felt their smoothness as she straddled him. He had no idea she wasn't wearing pantyhose. The thigh-highs made the outfit so much hotter.

Although he hadn't done a thing to her, Alexandra was dripping wet when she mounted him and she rode him hard. Gary was right. She didn't *have to* sex up her image for work—she was confident she would have been noticed anyway—but she did it because she *wanted to*. She counted the hard-ons she caused in the office the other day and it came to a baker's dozen. It made her feel sexy and powerful and horny as hell.

Alexandra couldn't believe Gary would complain because while the other guys may get to look at her, he was the one reaping all the real

benefits. She wondered if maybe she should sneak Gary into the office late one night and fuck him on the conference table. That would be hot.

"Oh God, oh God!" She cried and arched her back as her whole body locked up and she came. It took that little, surprising even Alexandra.

Gary was bucking off the bed—staring at his ridiculously sexy wife—thrusting right back into her and he came, too, digging his fingers into her hips.

Alexandra fixed him. Gary did not bring up the subject of her wardrobe again, even though it stayed in his mind as he watched her go off to work every morning. He just hated that one of those lawyers might think she would putting something out there. And what if one of those men tried to take it? He trusted his wife, of course, but with him staying home she might at some point feel she needs a real man. It was a ridiculous, archaic thought, but he couldn't help thinking it.

## **ebooks by Kirsten McCurran**

**Domestic Bliss (Coming Fall 2015)**  
**Her Other Husband: The Complete Series**  
**Hot Dates 2: Living as a Shared Wife**  
**Meghan is Wild**  
**Ana's Forbidden Fantasy**  
**Hot Dates: Becoming a Shared Wife**  
**Emma's Escape**  
**Blank Canvas**  
**The Wedding Party**  
**Devil's Bargain**  
**Sydney's Sin**  
**Truth or Treat**  
**Bound By Two**  
**The Coach's Wife**  
**Flirting With Trouble**  
**Swinging Saved Our Marriage**  
**Her Other Husband Series**  
*A Snap Decision/Kissing In a Tree*  
*Kelly Crosses the Line*  
*Kelly Can't Help It*  
*Kelly's Last Date*  
**Substitute Wife**  
**Swapping Around the Christmas Tree**  
**Sex Equity**  
**Stormbound: Seduced by the Neighbors**  
**Because He's Watching**  
**Eve & Friends Series**  
*It Started With a Joke*  
*It Started With Mistletoe*  
*It Started Over Coffee*

*It Ended With an Announcement*

## **about the author**

Kirsten McCurran has a vivid fantasy life which she uses to fuel her erotic fiction. She is especially interested in stories of couples who go to the edge of acceptable behavior and then step over. She firmly believes that one never knows what they would do in a given situation until they are put there—and she explores those sexy results. Kirsten is the author of over 20 ebooks and lives in the suburbs—where the neighbors would be scandalized if they knew what’s going on in her head—with her husband and two children. She would love to hear feedback on her work and can be reached at [kmccurran@gmail.com](mailto:kmccurran@gmail.com), [goodreads](#) or through Twitter [@kirstenmccurran](#).