



HIS

Wife's

ARRANGEMENT

A HOTWIFE STORY

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Contents

1.Foreword

2.1.Chapter 1

3.2.Chapter 2

4.3.Chapter 3

5.4.Chapter 4

6.5.Chapter 5

7.6.Chapter 6

8.Afterword

9.About The Author

10.Also By The Author

11. Find Me On Social Media

Foreword

Hello readers,

I wanted to write something raw and honest about marriage, the kind of story that explores what happens when comfortable becomes suffocating, and when love isn't enough on its own.

Nick and Lily's story isn't pretty, and it's definitely not conventional. It's about two people who love each other but find themselves completely lost when it comes to desire and satisfaction.

Their solution is extreme, risky, and might destroy everything they've built together.

I hope their journey provokes some thoughts about relationships, honesty, and what we're all really willing to sacrifice for the people we love.

Chapter 1

The afternoon sun beat through the windshield as Wayne pulled his truck into our driveway. I rubbed my eyes, exhausted from the morning's drama with the car breaking down and the hassle of getting it towed to the garage.

"Thanks again for this," I said, reaching for the door handle. "I owe you one."

Wayne waved me off with his usual easy grin. "Don't mention it. That's what friends are for, right? Besides, it's not like I had anything better to do on a Thursday afternoon."

I chuckled despite my tiredness. "My boss was surprisingly cool about me taking the afternoon off to sort this mess out. Said these things happen and to take whatever time I needed." I paused, gathering my work bag from the floor. "I hope your

boss was as understanding. Seriously though, I appreciate you helping me get the car to the garage and then giving me a lift home. You didn't have to do all that."

"Of course I did. I'm not going to leave you stranded somewhere, can I?" Wayne shifted the truck into park and glanced toward the house. "Speaking of which, tell Lily I said hi, yeah?"

And let her know that I'll probably see you both sometime this weekend. Might swing by Saturday or Sunday, depending on what's happening."

"Will do," I said, climbing out of the passenger seat. "Drive safe."

Wayne gave me a mock salute through the window. "Always do. Catch you later, Nick."

I watched him reverse out of the driveway before trudging toward the front door, my shoulders aching from the stress of the day. The house looked peaceful in the afternoon light, Lily's flower boxes adding splashes of colour to the front porch. After fifteen years together, this place had never felt more like home.

The front door clicked open, and I stepped into the dimly lit hallway, immediately noticing the quiet. Usually, I'd walk into the sound of the television, music playing, or Lily talking to one of her friends. Today, nothing.

"Lily?" I called out, dropping my bag on the hall table. No response.

I made my way through the living room and kitchen, checking each room as I went. Empty. The dishwasher was on, humming quietly, and I noticed she'd left her coffee mug on the counter next to a half-read magazine. Everything looked normal, lived-in, but no sign of my wife. She must be upstairs.

Climbing the stairs, I loosened my tie and tried to shake off the day's frustrations. She was probably upstairs with her head-phones on. Lily was a massive music buff, always listening to the latest singers and bands or revisiting her old favourites. Or maybe she was in the shower. Either would explain why she hadn't heard me come in.

The floorboards creaked under my feet as I reached the land-ing, and I paused for a moment, listening. Still quiet, but now I could hear something faint coming from our bedroom, a soft, humming sound I couldn't quite place.

I reached the top of the stairs and moved toward our bedroom, the soft sounds becoming clearer. My hand was almost on the door handle when I noticed it was slightly ajar, just a narrow gap that revealed a sliver of our room.

What I saw through that crack stopped me cold.

Lily lay sprawled across our bed, her blonde hair fanned out against the pillows, completely lost in her own world. Her jeans and panties were crumpled on the floor beside the bed, and her favourite green t-shirt was pushed up above her breasts, which had been pulled free from her black lace bra. Her body looked incredible; all those hours at the gym kept her curves exactly where they should be, her skin smooth and inviting.

But it wasn't just the sight of her naked from the waist down that made my breath catch. It was what she was doing.

In one hand, she gripped an enormous black vibrator easily twice my size and thick enough that her fingers barely met around it. The toy glistened as she worked it slowly in and out of herself, her freshly shaved pussy stretched around its girth.

Her other hand squeezed and kneaded her breast, rolling the nipple between her fingers as soft moans escaped her lips.

I should have knocked. I should have cleared my throat to announce my presence. Instead, I found myself frozen in place, mesmerised by the sight of my wife fucking herself on our bed.

Her eyes were closed, her head tilted back, and I could see her lips moving slightly as if she was whispering to someone, lost in some fantasy that probably wasn't about me. The realisation hit me like a punch to the gut. This was the woman who'd been claiming she was too tired for sex of late, too stressed from work, too busy with everything else in our lives.

Yet here she was, in the middle of a Thursday afternoon, wholly absorbed in her own pleasure with a massive sex toy that I had no idea she even owned. My heart pounded as conflicting emotions crashed through me. Arousal at seeing her like this, naked and uninhibited. Hurt that she'd been lying to me about having no libido. And something else, something darker that I couldn't quite name as I watched her arch her back, the massive black vibrator disappearing

deeper inside her as she gasped and whispered words I couldn't make out.

I knew I should either walk away or announce myself, but I couldn't move. All I could do was watch my wife chase an orgasm with more passion than she'd shown me in months. I stayed glued to the doorframe, watching as Lily's movements grew more urgent, faster and harder. Her hand gripping the vibrator moved faster now, the massive toy sliding deeper with each thrust. I noticed it had a raised section on top with a nub .

that pressed on her clit, stimulating it at the same time as her pussy. She bit her bottom lip and threw her head back, her chest rising and falling with ragged breaths, then, without realising I was there, she began speaking in a low, breathy voice that sent shocks through my system.

"Yes... fuck me with that big cock... give it to me harder... don't stop... I need it so deep... fill me up... more, more..."

The raw hunger in her voice, the dirty words spilling from her lips — words I couldn't remember her saying to me in fifteen years of marriage — hit me like a physical blow, but I didn't move. I continued watching as her movements became frantic, almost violent, as she worked the enormous toy in and out of herself, rubbing the vibrating extra piece against her clit.

Finally, her body went rigid, every muscle tensing as a massive orgasm crashed through her. She cried out, her voice echoing off the walls, her hands gripping the sheets as waves of pleasure consumed her. The vibrator remained buried deep inside her as she shuddered and gasped, completely spent.

The moment broke something inside me. A surge of anger and hurt welled up, threatening to overwhelm the desire still coursing through my veins. How many nights had she turned away from me, claiming exhaustion or stress? How many times had she assured me

nothing was wrong when I asked if there was something more she needed?

I forced myself to step back quietly, my mind reeling. As much as part of me wanted to storm in and confront her, I couldn't bring myself to embarrass her like that. Whatever was happening here, she didn't deserve to be upset in such a vulnerable moment.

I crept back downstairs and slipped out the front door, standing on the porch for a full five minutes while my heart rate slowly returned to normal. The afternoon air felt cool against my sweat-dampened skin as I tried to process what I'd witnessed.

When I finally opened the door again, I made sure to jingle my keys loudly and call out as if I'd just arrived home.

"Lily? I'm back early! The car's in the garage and Wayne gave me a lift home."

My voice sounded surprisingly normal, but inside, everything had changed. Things would never be the same after what I'd seen. The only question now was what we were going to do about it.

"Oh, hey," I heard her call out. "I'm in the kitchen, just... prep-ping for dinner later."

I found her in the kitchen when I walked in, leaning over the counter with fresh herbs spread across the cutting board. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a loose ponytail now, brushing her neck. If she'd been truly doing what she said she was doing, the scent of basil and garlic should be filling the room, but it wasn't.

"Did you hear what I said?" I asked, trying to sound casual as I dropped my jacket over a chair. "The car's in the garage. I'll be taking the bus to work tomorrow until it's sorted."

I'd texted her earlier to tell her what had happened, but I expected some sort of reaction. However, I didn't get one. She didn't even look up immediately, her fingers rhythmically chopping through the green herbs. "How was the rest of your day?" she asked, her voice carrying that familiar gentle tone.

"Until the car broke down, it was fine." I hesitated, watching her work. "I should've called you earlier, let you know I was coming home, but I thought I'd surprise you." My eyes drifted to the refrigerator, where photos of two sandy-haired teenagers smiled back at us, our kids, now freshmen at different universities, their empty bedrooms upstairs a constant reminder of this new phase of our lives.

She glanced up and followed my gaze, a soft smile touching her lips. "I was thinking of sending them a care package next week. Emma mentioned she's been living on instant noodles."

"Sounds like her," I said, forcing a smile. The domesticity of the moment felt surreal after what I'd witnessed upstairs just hours ago.

The evening passed in familiar fashion. Dinner, conversation about work, the car and the kids, Lily curled up on the couch with a book while I flipped through sports news and TV shows.

But underneath it all, I couldn't shake the image of her pleasuring herself with that enormous vibrator.

Later, in bed, the evening gone by, I reached for Lily, horny for my own release after secretly seeing Lily get hers. The bed sheets were cool against my skin, as my hand found her waist in the dark, fingers tracing the curve of her hip through the thin cotton of her nightgown. She stirred slightly at my touch, her breathing changing but not quite encouraging.

"You feel tense," I whispered, moving closer until I could feel the warmth radiating from her body. "Maybe I could help you relax."

My palm slid upward, finding the soft swell of her breast through the fabric. God, she felt incredible, her tit full and warm, her nipple responding to my gentle touch. I cupped her breast more firmly, thumb brushing over the hardened peak, remembering how she used to arch into my hands like this.

Emboldened by her soft intake of breath, I let my other hand drift lower, gathering the hem of her nightgown in my fingers. I pushed it upward, exposing the smooth expanse of her thigh.

My fingertips traced higher, discovering she wasn't wearing panties beneath the thin fabric.

When I reached the junction of her thighs, I found her shaved pussy, the skin soft as silk beneath my touch. For a moment, I felt her legs relax slightly, as if she might part them and welcome me in. My cock throbbed with desire and anticipation.

But then she shifted away from me, closing her thighs and pushing my hand aside with a gentle but firm motion.

"Not tonight, Nick. I'm really tired."

The same excuse. Always the same damn excuse. The rejection stung worse because I'd felt her body responding, had sensed that moment of possibility before she shut it down.

"Lily," I said softly, my hand settling on her hip with careful restraint, "is everything okay? I mean, really okay? You seem..."

distant lately. If there's something wrong, something you want to tell me—"

She was quiet for so long, I thought she'd fallen asleep. The silence stretched between us, and just as I was about to give up and roll away, she spoke, her voice barely audible in the darkness.

“It’s nothing. Just me. Don’t worry about it.”

But I was worried. The way she said it told me that it was the end of the conversation.

Lying there in the darkness, listening to her breathing even out, I couldn’t stop replaying what I’d seen earlier. The contradiction between the woman who claimed exhaustion and the one who’d pleased herself so lewdly, with such abandon, made my head spin.

Sleep eluded me for hours, but I eventually managed to fall asleep, albeit fitfully, tossing and turning, and I felt groggy the next morning. I forced myself out of bed while Lily’s shower was running, and was about to head downstairs for a coffee when I had an idea. The sound of water cascading behind the bathroom door gave me maybe ten minutes before she’d emerge, wrapped in her towel with that post-shower glow I’d always loved, and I decided to use the brief period to my advantage.

I shouldn’t be doing this. The rational part of my mind screamed at me to stop, to respect her privacy, to act like the husband I’d always been. But the image of her writhing on our bed, that massive black vibrator stretching her as she moaned words she’d never said to me, had been eating at me all night.

My hands trembled as I pulled open her dresser drawer, the bottom one where she kept her more personal items. Beneath neatly folded lingerie and a few old jewellery boxes, my fingers found something that made my heart sink a little in my chest: a large cosmetics bag, powder blue with silver zippers, tucked away in the back corner. I knew what was in it, but I wasn’t prepared for the whole truth.

I lifted it out, surprised by its weight, and carefully unzipped it on the bed. What I found inside made me sink onto the edge of the mattress in shock.

Toys. So many toys.

There were vibrators of different sizes, some realistic, complete with veins and a ridged head, while others were sleek and smooth and shapeless. Dildos in various colours and girths, including the one I'd seen her using yesterday. Small bullet vibrators, a curved one that looked designed for specific anatomical purposes, and bottles of lubricant in different flavours. Some items I couldn't even identify, their purpose mysterious but undeniably sexual.

These weren't recent or spontaneous purchases. This was a collection, carefully curated and well-used. The bottles of lube were half-empty, the toys showed signs of regular cleaning and care. My wife had been living a secret sexual life right under my nose, and I'd been completely oblivious.

The shower was still running, but I could hear the water pressure change as Lily moved around. Quickly, I placed everything back in the bag, zipped it almost closed, leaving just a half-inch gap, and carefully positioned it exactly where I'd found it in the drawer. My hands shook as I smoothed the lingerie back over it.

By the time she emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, her hair up, and her skin pink from the heat, I was downstairs, making coffee and trying to look normal.

"Morning," she said, kissing my cheek as she passed. Her skin smelled like vanilla and something floral, the same shower gel she'd used for years. "How'd you sleep?"

"Fine," I lied, pouring her a mug. "Though I need a quick shower. My bus leaves in forty minutes."

Sitting on that morning bus, watching suburban houses roll past, I couldn't stop thinking about her collection. How long had she been using them? Did she have favourites? The black one from yesterday had seemed well-practised in her hands, like she knew exactly how to use it to get herself off. It was huge, and yet she had bigger ones. Wasn't my dick enough for her?

At my desk, I tried to focus on quarterly reports and client emails, but my mind kept drifting. What was she doing at home right now? Was she thinking about last night, about how she'd turned me away again? Or was she upstairs, naked on our bed, working herself toward another explosive orgasm with one of those toys?

My boss stopped by my cubicle around lunch, looking concerned. "You seem distracted today, mate. Is everything alright?"

"Just tired," I said, which was true enough. "Didn't sleep well."

The day passed by steadily but slowly, the thoughts of Lily never left my brain. Even the bus ride home felt interminable.

Every stop, every red light, stretched the anticipation until I thought I might snap. By the time I walked through our front door, my pulse was racing with a mix of anticipation and dread.

"Lily?" I called out, dropping my bag.

"In here," came her voice from the kitchen. "How was your day?"

"Long," I said, forcing a steadiness into my voice that I didn't feel. "The bus takes forever. Thank God I'll have the car back on Monday."

We made small talk over dinner, her day, my work, and the disappointment that we couldn't see the kids this weekend due to the car situation. Normal couple conversation, but I felt like I was performing a role while my real thoughts churned else-where.

Later, while she was downstairs watching television, I slipped back into our bedroom. My heart pounded as I opened her drawer and found the cosmetics bag. It had been moved, not much, but enough that I could tell. And now it was completely zipped shut, whereas I'd left it slightly open.

With shaking hands, I opened it again. The toys were all there, but they weren't in the same arrangement. Where before everything had been neatly organised, now things seemed hastily replaced. And there, loose in the drawer beside the bag, was a small bottle of flavoured lubricant that I was certain had been inside the bag that morning.

The evidence was unmistakable. While I'd been at work, riding buses and pretending to focus on spreadsheets, my wife had been here, using these toys, pleasuring herself in ways she wouldn't let me even try.

The betrayal hit me like a physical blow. Not just that she was doing this, but that she was lying to me about it. Night after night, she claimed exhaustion, disinterest, that there was nothing wrong. But clearly, there was plenty she wanted; she just didn't want it with me.

I carefully replaced everything exactly as I'd found it and closed the drawer, my hands trembling with a mixture of rage and arousal that I couldn't untangle.

Something had to give. This couldn't continue.

But as I sat on the edge of our bed, staring at the drawer that held my wife's secret desires, I realised I had no idea how to begin that conversation. How do you tell your wife you've been spying on her? How do you ask why she'd rather fuck a piece of silicone than be intimate with the man she married?

The questions spiralled through my mind as I heard her footsteps on the stairs, coming up for the night. Whatever was happening between us, whatever had broken in our marriage, it was only getting worse.

Chapter 2

The next morning, I woke with the same sick feeling in my stomach that had kept me tossing and turning all night. Lily was up before me, making breakfast in the kitchen when I joined her. Any other Saturday, I might have tried to lure her back to bed, tried to steal some morning sex, but another rejection last night — another headache, another claim of tiredness — I couldn't bring myself to try.

"I need to go to work for a few hours today," I said, buttering toast I didn't really want. "They called me and offered some overtime."

Lily looked up from her coffee, surprised. "On a Saturday?"

"Extra pay," I shrugged, hating how easily the lie came. "Just a couple of hours to catch up on some reports. I should be back by lunch."

She nodded, already distracted by something on her phone.

"Alright. I was thinking of doing some cleaning anyway, maybe tackle that untidy closet we've been putting off clearing out."

Shortly afterwards, I kissed her cheek goodbye, grabbed my jacket, and left. But instead of heading toward the bus stop, I walked in the opposite direction, toward the row of shops and cafes that lined our neighbourhood's main street. My mind churned with every step, replaying the last two days like a broken record.

The contradiction was driving me insane. The woman who claimed to be too tired for sex, who turned away from my touch night after night, was the same woman who owned an arsenal of sex toys and used them with abandon while I was at work.

What was I supposed to do with that knowledge? How was I supposed to pretend I didn't know?

I wandered aimlessly for over an hour, buying a coffee I only half-drunk, browsing magazines I wasn't really reading, trying to work up the courage for what I knew I had to do. Finally, around ten-thirty, I started the walk home, my heart hammering against my ribs.

The front door was locked when I arrived. I slipped my key into the lock, turning it as softly as possible, then paused in the hallway, listening. No sounds from downstairs, which meant she was probably upstairs. Just as I'd hoped.

My pulse thundered in my ears as I climbed the stairs, each step deliberate and careful to avoid the creaky spots I knew by heart. The bedroom door was closed, but I could hear faint sounds coming from somewhere, faint rustles of movement.

I was so focused on reaching the door, on catching her in the act again, that I completely missed the sound of the bathroom door opening behind me.

"Nick?"

I spun around, my heart nearly stopping. Lily stood in the bathroom doorway, frozen like a deer in headlights. In each hand, she held a dildo, one the massive black vibrator I'd seen her with two days ago, the other a smaller, realistic-looking flesh-colored one. Both glistened with water droplets, clearly just washed.

For a moment, neither of us moved. Her face underwent a rapid succession of emotions: shock, embarrassment, and panic. My mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water.

"I thought you were at work," she stammered, quickly moving her hands behind her back as if I hadn't already seen what she was holding.

"They... they called it off," I managed, the lie burning my throat. "The job that needed doing got cancelled, so they sent everyone home."

"Oh." Her voice was hoarse. "I was just... cleaning the bathroom, so I'd better get back to—"

"Lily." My voice came out gentler than I expected. "What do you have behind your back?"

Her face flushed deep red, and she shook her head quickly.

"Nothing. Just... personal things. I should put them away." She tried to move past me toward the bedroom, but I stepped slightly to block her path.

"Can we talk about this? Please?"

"There's nothing to talk about," she said, but her voice cracked on the words. "It's embarrassing enough that you... God, Nick, can we just pretend this didn't happen?"

"No," I said quietly. "We can't. Not anymore."

Something in my tone must have gotten through to her because she stopped trying to get around me. Her shoulders sagged, and for the first time since I'd known her, Lily looked truly defeated.

"Why does it feel like you already know?" she whispered.

"Because on Thursday," I admitted. "I came home early and saw you... using one of those. And yesterday morning, I found your collection."

Fresh mortification washed over her features. "You went through my things?"

"I'm sorry. I was trying to understand what was happening."

Why you keep telling me you're tired when clearly..." I gestured helplessly at the toys in her hands.

Tears started to well in her eyes, and my chest tightened with guilt and frustration in equal measure.

"Can I see?" I asked softly. "The toys, I mean. We can talk about it. Maybe if I understood..."

She stood there for a long moment, wrestling with herself. Finally, she nodded and walked toward our bedroom door.

"Promise me we can still be us after this," she whispered, her hand on the door handle.

"We'll always be us," I said, though I wasn't sure either of us believed it anymore.

She opened the door, and what I saw took my breath away.

Every toy from her collection was laid out across our bed in neat rows, like she'd been taking inventory. But there were more than I'd seen before — things that I didn't remember seeing in that bag. Vibrators in various shapes and sizes, realistic dildos in different skin tones, and smaller toys whose purpose I could only guess at.

It was like discovering my wife was living an entirely different life.

"Jesus, Lily," I breathed, sinking onto the edge of the bed.

"How long has this been going on?"

She moved slowly into the room, setting the toys down on the dresser with shaking hands. "My libido disappeared for a while.

You remember — after Emma left for university, I was in that weird funk."

I nodded. I remembered those months when she seemed distant, distracted. I'd attributed it to empty nest syndrome.

"Then it came back," she continued, wrapping her arms around herself. "Maybe... eight months ago? And my sex drive was suddenly stronger than before. Different. I wanted things I'd never wanted before, fantasised about things that surprised me. But when it came to us..." She trailed off, unable to meet my eyes.

"You couldn't get aroused with me," I finished for her.

"It's not your fault," she said quickly. "It's something wrong with me. I don't know why, but when we'd start to... when you'd touch me, my mind would just go blank. But alone, with these..."

She gestured helplessly at the bed.

"So you started collecting them instead of talking to me."

A tear spilled down her cheek. "I'm sorry, Nick. I know I've been neglectful of you. Of your needs. I know you must feel rejected, unwanted. I never meant for it to go on this long."

I looked at her standing there, so vulnerable and broken, and felt my anger warring with sympathy. "Were you about to use one just now? Before I came home?"

She nodded miserably. "I was cleaning them because..." She sighed. "Yes. I was going to use them."

Something snapped inside me. "So you were horny? Then have sex with me instead," I said, unzipping my trousers and pulling out my dick. It was semi-hard for some reason. "Let's fuck. Right here, right now. Choose me over those damn toys for once."

Her face went pale. "Nick, I can't. I told you, I just can't seem to—"

“Can’t or won’t?” My voice was rising despite my efforts to stay calm. “Because from where I’m standing, it looks like you’re choosing pieces of rubber and silicone over your own husband!”

“That’s not fair,” she said, not looking at my dick while she backed toward the door.

“Fair?” I laughed bitterly. “You want to talk about fair? How about lying to me for months, telling me you’re too tired while you’re up here fucking yourself with toys the size of baseball bats? How about making me feel like I’m not enough, like there’s something wrong with me, when all along you’ve been getting off just fine without me?”

“Stop it,” she whispered, but I was too far gone.

“Do you know what this feels like, Lily? Do you know what it’s like to find out your wife would rather masturbate with a collection of dildos than let you touch her? That she gets more satisfaction from a piece of silicone than—” I gestured vaguely at my wilting dick.

“Stop!” she shouted, her voice cracking. “Just stop!”

The room fell silent except for both of us breathing hard. Lily’s face was streaked with tears, and she looked smaller somehow, diminished.

“Please leave,” she said quietly, not looking at me. “Just...

please leave the bedroom and let me put my things away. Stop embarrassing and humiliating me like this.”

The fight drained out of me all at once, replaced by a sick feeling in my stomach. She was right. I was being cruel, attacking her when she was already mortified and vulnerable.

“Lily, I—”

“Please, Nick.” Her voice broke on my name. “I know you’re hurt. I know I’ve screwed everything up. But I can’t handle this conversation right now, not with... not like this.” She gestured at the toys scattered across our bed.

I wanted to apologise, to take back the harsh words, but my own hurt and confusion were too raw. Instead, I nodded stiffly and walked out, closing the door behind me.

Downstairs, I slumped onto the couch and put my head in my hands. The sound of dresser drawers opening and closing drifted down from above, along with what might have been muffled crying.

I’d handled that terribly. Whatever was going on between us, whatever problems we needed to work through, attacking her like that wasn’t going to solve anything. But God, the pain of seeing all those toys, of knowing she’d been satisfying herself in ways she wouldn’t even try with me, felt like a betrayal that cut deeper than I knew how to handle.

The house fell quiet above me, but neither of us came looking for the other. We were both nursing wounds now, and I had no idea how we were going to bridge this gap that seemed to be widening with every conversation.

I sat on the couch for maybe an hour, the silence upstairs gradually eating away at my anger and replacing it with guilt.

Whatever was going on between us, whatever Lily was struggling with, I’d handled it like a complete bastard. She’d been vulnerable, embarrassed, trying to explain herself, and I’d attacked her for it.

I was halfway up the stairs to apologise when she appeared at the top, coming down. But instead of the broken, tearful woman I’d left in our bedroom, this version of Lily had her chin raised and her eyes flashing with something that looked like defiance.

"I was coming to find you," I said, stopping on the middle step.

"Good," she said, her voice steady now. "Because we need to talk."

We met in the middle of the staircase, and I could see she'd been crying, but there was steel in her expression now that hadn't been there before.

"Lily, I'm sorry," I started. "I was cruel up there. I was hurt and angry, but that doesn't excuse—"

"You're right to be hurt," she interrupted. "And angry. I understand your reaction, even if it stung. But I'm hurt too, Nick. Hurt and angry that you think so little of me, that you'd assume the worst instead of trying to understand what I'm going through."

"I know. I'm sorry."

She studied my face for a moment, then nodded. "I accept your apology. But I meant what I said. We need to talk. Really talk, not just you attacking me for having needs you don't understand."

We went to the kitchen, both of us moving carefully around each other like we were afraid of setting off another explosion. I poured us each a glass of wine, even though it was barely noon, and we settled at the kitchen table.

"If I'm being completely honest," Lily said, staring into her wine, "I've been feeling fed up with my life lately. Not just our sex life — everything. I love you, Nick, truly I do. But I need excitement. Adventure. Something that makes me feel alive again."

My stomach dropped. "What are you saying?"

"I've thought about..." She paused, seeming to choose her words carefully. "Now that the kids have flown the nest, I've wondered if maybe we should separate. Start fresh."

The words hit me like a physical blow. "Wow. Lily. No, I don't want —"

"But I can't," she cut me off quickly, reaching across the table to touch my hand. "I couldn't actually do it. I love you too much, love the life we've built together. But I'm itching for excitement, especially sexually. I feel like I'm suffocating in our routine."

I pulled my hand back, anger flaring again. Was she saying I was boring? "So you're reverting to your old college days? Is that it?"

Her eyes flashed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You know exactly what it means. I remember everything.

You, dating James, then dumping him for Ben, until Ben found out you were fucking your professor — a married man nearly thirty years older than you. That's why James dumped you, remember, when he found out? And Ben gave you another shot when you ended it with Malcolm, until you cheated on him with how many other guys? Ten?"

"It was four," she snapped, her face flushing. "Stop exaggerating to make your point."

"Four, ten, what's the difference? You had quite the reputation back then."

"And maybe I'm rediscovering that high sex drive. The sex drive that I buried when I settled down with you," she shot back. "Maybe I'm realising I got married too young, before I really knew what I wanted."

The words stung, but before I could respond, she dropped the real bombshell.

"Speaking of Malcolm," she said, her voice getting quieter, "I've been talking to him recently."

I stared at her, not sure I'd heard correctly. She'd kept in touch with her old professor over the years, but I knew what she was about to say. "Talking to Malcolm?"

"Yes," she nodded, her face full of resolve, though her voice was small. "About... about what I've been going through."

"You've got to be kidding me." I stood up so fast my chair scraped against the floor. "You've been discussing our marriage problems with your ex-lover?"

"He's been a friend to this family for nearly twenty years, Nick. A good friend. He's helped us through rough patches before."

"Financial rough patches, not sexual ones! Christ, Lily, do you have any idea how this makes me feel? You can't talk to your husband about your problems, but you can call up the man who used to fuck you when you were barely legal?"

"This is exactly why I didn't come to you first," she said, her voice rising to match mine. "Because I knew you'd react like this. Malcolm listened without judgement. He tried to help."

"Help how?" I demanded, though I was afraid I already knew the answer.

She looked down at her hands. "He's the one who suggested I try some toys back when my sex drive first came back. He said it might help me figure out what I was missing, what I really wanted."

The room spun slightly. My wife's collection of sex toys — the massive dildos, the vibrators, all of it — had been recommended by her former lover. The man I'd always felt inadequate around, who'd always made me feel like the consolation prize, was now giving my wife advice on how to pleasure herself.

"You've been talking to him about this all this time?" I asked, my voice deadly quiet.

She was quiet for so long that I thought she wouldn't answer.

"As I said," she finally whispered, "I knew you'd react like this, so I had to talk to someone, and Malcolm was the one person I knew would understand."

While I'd been lying awake wondering what was wrong with our marriage and why she never wanted me, she'd been on the phone with Malcolm, sharing details about our sex life — or lack thereof — and following his recommendations and ideas about vibrators and dildos.

"Unbelievable," I muttered, sitting back down heavily.

"Nick, it's not what you think—"

"Then tell me what it is, Lily. Because from where I'm sitting, it looks like you've been having an emotional affair with your ex while shutting me out completely."

"A what? Don't be ridiculous," she hissed at me. "It's not an affair, emotional or whatever else you suspect me of. Malcolm's been like family to us. The kids call him their uncle. He cares about our marriage, about both of us and the kids. He just wanted to help me work through what I was feeling."

"And what exactly are you feeling?" I asked, though I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer.

She met my eyes for the first time since we'd sat down. "Like I'm dying inside, Nick. Like I'm disappearing a little more every day into this safe, predictable life that doesn't challenge me or excite me or make me feel like the woman I used to be."

The honesty in her voice cut through my anger, leaving behind something rawer and more painful. This wasn't just about sex toys or even Malcolm, the professor who she'd confessed taught her everything she knew about sex. This was about the fundamental question of whether the life we'd built together was enough for her anymore.

"So that's it then?" I said, my voice getting harder. "You feel like you're dying inside, so you turn to Malcolm instead of working on our marriage with me?"

"It's not that simple—"

"It is that simple!" I slammed my hand on the table, making her wine glass jump. "You made a choice, Lily. You chose to confide in him instead of me. You chose his advice over trying to fix what we have."

"Because what we have isn't working!" she shouted back. "I've been trying to tell you that, but you're too busy being jealous of Malcolm to actually listen to what I need!"

"What you need?" I laughed bitterly. "What you need is to remember that you're married to me, not him. What you need is to stop running to your ex-lover every time you have a problem in our bedroom."

"He's a friend. Stop referring to him as my ex-lover. He's—"

"He is your ex-lover!" I stood up again, pacing now. "He will always be the man who taught you everything you know about sex. And now he's in your head again, telling you what toys to buy, what fantasies to explore. Can't you see what's happening here?"

"You're being paranoid and controlling," she said, but her voice wavered slightly.

"I want this to stop," I said, turning to face her. "Tonight. I want you to try having sex with me, later in bed, actually try, not just lie there thinking about your toys in the drawer. And I want you to stop talking to Malcolm about our private life. Any discussions about our sex life are strictly off-limits between you two."

Her face went white, then red. "You can't dictate who I talk to."

"I'm not dictating anything. I'm asking my wife to prioritise her marriage over her relationship with her ex-lover."

"And I'm telling you no," she said, standing up so fast her chair fell backwards. "I won't be controlled like this, Nick. Malcolm is my friend, and he's been more help to me in the past few months than you have in years."

"Where the hell are you going?" I called as she stormed toward the hallway.

"Out," she snapped, grabbing her keys from the hall table.

"And it's none of your goddamn business where."

"Let me guess," I said, following her. "Running to Malcolm's house? Maybe you can cry on his shoulder about what a terrible husband you have. Maybe he can comfort you the way he used to."

She spun around, her eyes blazing. "You're pathetic, you know that? So insecure and threatened by a man twice your age. I mean, the poor man can't even get it up anymore."

The words hung in the air between us, and I saw the instant regret flash across her face.

"Lily—"

"I shouldn't have said that," she said quickly. "His health issues are private, I didn't mean to—"

"But you did say it," I said quietly. "And you know what? If he wasn't too old to perform, you'd probably be fucking him right now instead of collecting toys and complaining about our marriage."

Her face went completely still. For a moment, I thought she might deny it, might tell me I was wrong.

Instead, she looked me straight in the eye and said, "You're probably right."

The admission hit me like a punch to the gut.

"If Malcolm was twenty years younger and wasn't suffering with impotence," she continued, her voice deadly calm, "I'd probably be fucking him and his massive cock, bigger than yours by the way, right now."

She grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

"That's what you wanted to hear, isn't it, Nick? The truth?"

Well, there it is." She glared at me over her shoulder. "Lucky for you, I'm not that type of woman. Although, maybe I should be."

The front door slammed behind her with such force that the windows rattled. I stood in the empty hallway, her words echoing in my head, feeling like the foundation of everything I thought I knew about my marriage had just cracked wide open.

Through the window, I watched her car pull out of the driveway and disappear down the street, probably heading straight to the one man who apparently understood her better than her own husband ever had.

And for the first time since we'd gotten married, I wondered if our marriage was over.

Chapter 3

I spent the next hour pacing the house like a caged animal, replaying every word of our fight. The silence felt oppressive, broken only by the tick of the kitchen clock and the back-ground noise of the TV.

By two o'clock, my anger had burned itself out, leaving behind a hollow ache in my chest. I pulled out my phone and stared at it for several minutes before finally typing: I'm sorry. That was cruel and unfair. I was hurt and lashed out.

Please come home so we can talk properly.

The response came back within minutes: I'm sorry too. I said horrible things I didn't mean. And don't worry, I'm not going to fuck Malcolm. You don't need to be concerned about that.

Despite everything, her bluntness made me smile slightly.

Even in the middle of a crisis, Lily was still direct in that way I'd always loved about her.

I'm sorry about what I said about his health problems. That was private, and I shouldn't have thrown it at you like that.

She didn't answer right away, so I sent another message to try to get her to engage with me.

Is it true, though? What you said about his dick being bigger than mine and that you'd fuck him?

There was a longer pause before her next message appeared: Yes. But it doesn't matter because he's old now and has health issues that prevent him from doing anything anyway. So you see, it wasn't just me sharing personal information, Nick. He's told me things, too.

Private things about his marriage, his divorce, his struggles. It wasn't all one-way.

I stared at that message, processing what she was telling me.

Their conversations had been deeper, more intimate than I'd realised. They'd been confidants for each other in ways that went beyond just her seeking advice.

Can you come home? We need to talk about this properly.

No. I need some time to calm down and think. I suggest you do the same. I'll be back in a couple of hours, and we can try this again without screaming at each other.

Where are you?

Just driving around. Maybe I'll go sit by the lake for a while.

Clear my head.

I knew the spot she meant, a small park about fifteen minutes away where we used to take the kids when they were young. It was peaceful there, the kind of place you went when you needed to think.

Okay. I love you, Lily.

I love you too. That's never been the problem.

I set my phone down and sank onto the couch, her last message echoing in my head. She was right, love had never been our problem. But as I sat there in the empty house, waiting for my wife to come home from working out whether our marriage was worth saving, I wondered if sometimes love wasn't enough.

I was nursing my third cup of coffee when I heard her car pull into the driveway a couple of hours later. Through the window, I watched

Lily sit in the driver's seat for a full minute before finally getting out. Her face was composed, but I could see the tension in her shoulders as she walked to the front door.

"Hi," she said quietly as she entered the living room, where I was waiting.

"Hi. I'm glad you're home."

She stood there for a moment, studying my face, then took a deep breath. "I've made a decision. About us, about everything."

My stomach dropped. "Okay."

"I went to see Malcolm."

"Of course you did." I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice.

"Nick, please. Just listen." She moved closer, her hands clasped tightly in front of her. "I ran an idea past him, and I think it could work. You're not going to like it, and you need to listen.

Hear me out."

I knew from her tone of voice that this was one of those things you need to be sat down for. I was already sitting, but I gripped the arms of the chair tighter. "Go on."

"I have an idea for an arrangement," she said, the words hanging heavy between us. "Something I think could save our marriage and give us both what we need. But you have to let me finish telling you about it completely, before you react."

"What kind of arrangement?" My voice sounded strained even to my own ears.

"If you don't agree to it, I won't do it," she continued, ignoring my question. "But if that's the case, I also don't know where our

marriage goes from here. I can't keep pretending to be satisfied with what we have."

The implications of that statement hit me like a cold shower.

"Lily, what are you talking about?"

"Malcolm knows someone. A life coach who also does marriage counselling. His name is Evan. I called him, explained our situation, and he gave me some advice. Together, the three of us came up with this idea."

"Three of you?" I stood up abruptly. "You discussed our private marriage with two strangers?"

"Malcolm isn't a stranger, and Evan is a professional. They helped me see a possible solution that could work for both of us."

"What solution?" I was getting impatient, fear and frustration building in my chest. "Stop talking around it and just tell me what this arrangement idea is."

She looked me straight in the eye, and I saw something there I hadn't seen before, a kind of determined calm that was almost scary.

"I want to start going out on Saturday nights," she said, her voice steady. "I know — through Malcolm — some... places where I can go. And maybe get the excitement I've been craving, with other men."

"Wait," I said, the words coming from my throat like a croak.

"You mean—"

"Sex clubs," Lily nodded. "Yes."

The words hit me like a physical blow. I opened my mouth to object, but she held up a hand.

"In return, I'm offering you something I've never given you before. I will be yours on Sundays. All day, however you want it.

I will do absolutely anything you ask— including things I've never let you do before."

"Such as?"

"You need me to say it?" Lily's eyes opened wide, and she waited until I nodded. "For example... anal sex."

My breath caught. In fifteen years of marriage, she'd never let me have her ass. The few times I'd tried to initiate it, she'd shut it down immediately, telling me it hurt too much, that she'd tried it once in college and hated it.

"I know you've always wanted to do that with me," she continued, her cheeks flushing slightly. "I did it with Malcolm when I was young, and because he was... well, because of his size, it was painful and put me off it completely. But I'm willing to let you do that, and anything else you've ever wanted. You can have me all day Sunday, anyway you want. Tie me to the bed.

Do whatever you like to me. I'll suck you, let you have sex with me. No limits, no complaints, no 'I'm too tired.' Whatever you've fantasised about but never asked for, it's yours. I promise. In return for letting me do whatever I want on Saturdays."

The room spun slightly. "You're talking about cheating —"

"It's not cheating if you know about it. It's just sex. Malcolm would take me to these places — he knows all the reputable clubs in the area. He'd keep me safe, watch out for me, but he wouldn't touch me or participate. That's a promise. He'd just be there to make sure I'm protected and guide me through it all."

"This is insane," I whispered.

"Maybe," she said softly. "But it's the only solution I can think of that gives us both what we need. You get to explore every fantasy you've ever had with me — anal sex, all-day sessions, free use of my body for a full day. And I get the sexual adventure I'm craving without having to leave our marriage."

She stepped closer, her voice dropping. "Think about it, Nick.

Every Sunday, you could fuck me however you want, for as long as you want. I'd be completely submissive to you. Isn't that worth one night a week of letting me explore with others?"

The silence stretched between us, heavy and charged. Part of me was horrified by what she was suggesting. But another part — a part I didn't want to acknowledge — was already imagining what those Sundays might be like.

"And this Evan... and Malcolm, think this is a good idea?" I asked weakly.

"Yes, all three of us do. We all think it could work if we establish clear rules and boundaries. The question is whether you're willing to try it."

I stared at her, this woman I'd been married to for fifteen years, who was offering me sex I'd only dreamed of in exchange for permission to sleep with other men.

"I need time to think about this," I said finally.

"Let me be completely clear about what I'm offering," Lily continued, her voice gaining strength. "Sunday would be your day completely. From the moment I wake up until I go to bed at night, I can't say no to anything you ask. Anything, Nick." Her cheeks flushed deeper. "I know what I'm risking here. You could ask me to do things I might not want to do. You could cum on my tits, on my face, in my ass — wherever you want. I could lap dance for you, let you watch me use

my toys on myself, tie me up, whatever fantasy you've had that you've never dared ask for."

The explicitness of her words sent blood rushing through me despite my shock. "You must really want this."

"I do," she said without hesitation. "I've thought about it the entire drive home. But it's nothing crazy that I want, Nick. I just want a good fuck. An exciting, naughty fuck with someone new.

Some variety, some adventure. That's all it is, I promise. Then we can move forward with trying to make our marriage better, both of us satisfied with what we're getting."

I ran my hands through my hair, my mind reeling with images of what she was describing. The thought of having her completely at my disposal for an entire day, of finally being able to take her ass, to have her submit to anything I wanted —it was intoxicating and terrifying at the same time.

"I still need time to think about this," I repeated.

"No," she said quickly, shaking her head, her long blonde hair trailing over her shoulders. "There's no time to think."

"What do you mean, no time to think?"

"Because if we take time to think, you'll talk me out of it. Or I'll talk myself out of it. We'll overthink it until we're right back where we started, with me dying of boredom and you feeling rejected every night."

"Lily —"

"I want to start tonight," she said, the words tumbling out in a rush. "I get to do this. See if it's something I can do. Tomorrow will be yours — to have me however you want me."

The room went completely silent. I stared at her, certain I'd misunderstood.

"Tonight?" I repeated.

"Malcolm's already made some calls. There's a place called Velvet that has parties on Saturday nights. Very exclusive, very safe. He can have me on the guest list within the hour."

"You want to go to a sex club tonight. And then tomorrow, I get to..."

"Fuck me in the ass," she finished bluntly. "Among other things. All day Sunday, I'm yours. Starting tomorrow morning and lasting until we go to sleep tomorrow night."

My cock was already responding to her words, but my mind was spinning too fast to keep up.

"This is insane, Lily. We can't just —"

"We can," she interrupted. "We have to. If we're going to do this, if we're going to save our marriage, we need to commit completely. No hesitating, overthinking anything. Either we trust each other enough to try this arrangement, or we admit that what we have is probably doomed."

She moved closer, close enough that I could smell her perfume, could see the determination mixed with fear in her eyes.

"What's it going to be, Nick? Do you want to watch our marriage slowly die, or do you want to try something that could save it?"

I looked at this woman — my wife, the mother of my children, the person I'd shared my life with for fifteen years — and realised she was offering me a choice that would change everything between us forever.

The question was whether I was brave enough to take it.

"I need a minute," I said, my voice hoarse once again.

I left the room, getting up and walking to the downstairs bathroom. My hands were shaking as I closed the door behind me and turned on the cold water tap. I splashed water on my face, then gripped the edges of the sink and stared at myself in the mirror.

The man looking back at me looked older than his thirty-five years, with lines around his eyes that hadn't been there this morning. Was this really happening? Was my wife of fifteen years actually proposing we open our marriage so she could fuck other men while I got to use her like my personal sex toy on Sundays?

The thought should have disgusted me. It should have sent me running, should have had me calling a divorce lawyer. Instead, my cock was already half-hard just thinking about what she was offering. All those times I'd fantasised about taking her ass, about having her completely submit to me, about exploring every dirty thought I'd ever had but been too afraid to voice.

She was handing it all to me on a silver platter.

But the price...

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine it. Lily getting dressed up tonight, going to some exclusive club with Malcolm. Men touching her, kissing her, doing things to her that I hadn't been able to do in months. The thought made my stomach clench with jealousy.

But was our marriage fucked anyway if I said no? She'd made it sound like this was her last attempt to save what we had. If I refused, where would that leave us? More months of rejection, of her lying there like a statue while I tried desperately to have sex with her? More midday discoveries of her fucking herself with toys while claiming to be too tired for me?

I could go out tonight myself. Get drunk somewhere, distract myself, pretend none of it was happening. Maybe even find a woman. If Lily was going to fuck other men, why shouldn't I find someone to have sex with too? But she'd never agree to that, would she? This arrangement was about her getting what she needed, not about us both playing around. And if I did it without telling her, then I'd be deceiving her. If I cheated, I wouldn't be any better than her.

The confusion swirled in my head. Maybe I'd go out, and if some horny woman crossed my path, I'd decide what to do then and there. But honestly, did I even want anyone else? Not really.

What I wanted was to fuck Lily in the ass. What I wanted was to do all the depraved things I'd fantasised about for years but never had the courage to ask for.

Could I really share my wife with strangers in exchange for one day a week of sexual control? The man in the mirror didn't have answers, but he looked desperate enough to try anything.

I splashed more water on my face, dried it with a towel, and walked back to the living room, where Lily was pacing near the window. She turned when she heard me, and I could see the nervous energy radiating from her.

"Well?" she asked, and I heard the tremor in her voice despite her attempt to sound calm.

I looked at her, really looked at her. This beautiful, complicated blonde-haired woman who'd been slowly suffocating in our safe, predictable life. The woman who was willing to risk everything, including our marriage, for a chance to feel alive again.

"We'll try it," I said. "Yes."

The word hung in the air between us. For a moment, neither of us moved. Then I saw something flash in her eyes, delight mixed with

excitement and nervousness and something else.

Fear, maybe. The recognition that she was about to cross a line we could never uncross.

“Yes?” she repeated, as if she couldn’t quite believe it.

“Yes. We’ll try your arrangement. Tonight and tomorrow.”

She tried to hide her reaction, but I caught the brief smile that crossed her face before she composed herself. The excitement was there, barely contained, along with relief and terror in equal measure.

She stepped forward and kissed me. Not passionately, but softly, almost gratefully. When she pulled back, her mask was back, firmly in place, but I could see everything she was feeling in her deep blue eyes. She knew she was risking everything we’d built together. And so was I.

“I should make us some lunch,” she said, her voice carefully neutral. “It’s getting late, and we’ll both need to eat something before... You know.”

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. As she walked toward the kitchen, I remained standing in the living room, wondering what the hell we’d just agreed to and whether our marriage would survive what was coming next.

The die was cast. There was no going back now.

We ate lunch mostly in silence, but it wasn’t the uncomfortable quiet that had been hanging over us for months. This was different, charged with anticipation and nervous energy that crackled between us like static electricity. I found myself stealing glances at her across the table, noting how she seemed suddenly relaxed, as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

She was happier already, I realised. Just the prospect of tonight had brought a spark back to her eyes that I hadn't seen in ages. It was both encouraging and unsettling. Was I really that inadequate that just the promise of other men could transform her this way?

"I should start getting ready," she said eventually, pushing her half-eaten sandwich away.

I nodded, following her upstairs without asking permission.

She glanced at me but didn't object as we entered our bedroom.

My pulse quickened as she began to undress, peeling off her jeans and sweater with deliberate movements.

Lily's body was sexy, fifteen years of marriage and two kids hadn't diminished that. Her breasts were full and natural, a generous C-cup with pale pink nipples that hardened slightly in the cool air. Her stomach wasn't flat like a teenager's, but it was soft and feminine, leading down to hips that flared perfectly from her narrow waist. Her ass was round and firm from all those gym sessions, and between her legs, her pussy was freshly shaved smooth, her slit just a tight line between her thighs.

She moved to her dresser and pulled out lingerie I'd never seen before, a matching set in sheer black lace that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The bra pushed her breasts up and together, her nipples clearly visible through the transparent fabric. The panties were little more than a suggestion, a tiny triangle of lace that barely covered her mound.

Then came the stockings. Black hold-ups with lace tops that she rolled up her legs, sexy without meaning to be. When had she bought those? I wanted to ask, but didn't dare break the spell.

My cock was already straining against my jeans as I watched her transform herself. This wasn't the comfortable wife I'd been married

to for fifteen years. This was a woman preparing herself for seduction, for adventure, for the excitement I couldn't give her.

She pulled on a short black mini-skirt that barely covered the lace tops of her stockings, then a red blouse so sheer I could see the outline of her bra through it. She looked like sex incarnate, and she was getting dressed for someone else.

"I'll be downstairs," I said, my voice rough with arousal and jealousy. In the living room, I pulled out my phone and called Wayne.

"Hey, Nick," his familiar voice answered after two rings.

"Are you going out tonight?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"Yeah, I was thinking of hitting the pub, maybe that new place downtown after. Why?"

"Mind if I tag along? I could use a night out."

"Of course not. Is everything alright? You sound a bit off."

"I am feeling a bit that way. I thought a few drinks and some distractions might be good," I said, which was more honest than he knew.

"Fair enough. Meet me at the pub around eight? We can start there and see where the night takes us."

"Perfect. See you then."

I hung up and looked toward the stairs, where I could hear Lily moving around, putting the finishing touches on her preparations. In a few hours, she'd be at some exclusive club with Malcolm, letting strange men have their wicked way with her, perhaps. But tomorrow... Tomorrow she would be mine completely. Every fantasy I'd ever had, every depraved thought...

she'd already promised it all to me.

The question was whether I'd survive tonight knowing what she was doing to owe it to me.

About thirty minutes later, I heard a car pull into our driveway. Through the window, I watched Malcolm get out of his silver Mercedes. Even though his age had caught up with him, his hair was completely silver now, and he moved with the careful deliberation of someone in his sixties, you could tell he was probably a very handsome man when he was younger.

The doorbell rang, and I opened it to find him standing there in an expensive dark suit, looking every inch the sophisticated gentleman he'd always been.

"Nick," he said warmly, extending his hand. "Good to see you."

I shook it, feeling awkward and exposed. This man knew exactly what we'd agreed to, knew that in a few hours he might be watching my wife with other men.

"Malcolm," I managed.

"I want you to know that I understand how difficult this must be," he said, his voice gentle but direct. "I promise you, I'll look after Lily. Nothing will happen that she doesn't want, and I'll make sure she stays safe."

Before I could respond, the woman in question appeared at the top of the stairs. The sight of her took my breath away all over again. Now her makeup was done and her hair, she looked stunning, as sexy as the Lily I first started dating all those years ago.

"Ready?" Malcolm asked her, and she nodded in response.

Something rebellious and spiteful rose up in me. If I was going to be humiliated, if I was going to spend the night knowing my wife was fucking strangers, I wanted to make sure everyone understood what I was getting in return.

"I hope you have a good time tonight, Lily," I said, my voice carrying an edge. "Because tomorrow I'm going to enjoy every single hole you have. All day long."

I expected her to blush, to look embarrassed or shocked by my crudeness. Instead, she just looked at me with something that might have been pride mixed with anticipation.

"I know you will," she said simply.

Malcolm smiled approvingly. "Good man. You're absolutely right to do it. Lily is a beautiful woman, and you should enjoy her very thoroughly every opportunity you get. Just as I would in your position."

The casual way he said it, the implicit acknowledgement of what he'd once had with her, stung more than I expected. But there was also something in his tone that was almost... respect-ful? As if he approved of how I was handling this impossible situation.

"We should go," Lily said, picking up her small purse. She walked over and kissed my cheek, her perfume surrounding me. "I love you, Nick."

"I love you too," I said, though the words felt strange in my mouth.

I watched from the window as Malcolm opened the passenger door for her, ever the gentleman. She slid into the seat, and I caught a glimpse of her stockings and the curve of her thigh before the door closed. Then they were gone, leaving me alone with the knowledge of what was about to happen.

I'd already changed into my best jeans and a button-down shirt while Lily was getting ready, but now I went back upstairs and splashed on my favourite aftershave, the one she'd bought me for Christmas two years ago. If I was going to spend the night drowning my sorrows and trying not to think about what my wife was doing, I might as well look and smell good doing it.

Grabbing my wallet and keys, I headed out into the night to meet Wayne. Whatever happened at the pub, whatever distractions I could find there, it had to be better than sitting at home imagining what was happening at Velvet.

The real test would come tomorrow, when I'd find out if what Lily was offering in return was worth the price I was paying tonight.

The pub was crowded for a Saturday night, filled with the usual mix of locals and weekend revellers. I found Wayne at our usual table near the back, already nursing a pint with two other guys from our old workplace, Dave and Chris, both good lads I hadn't seen in months.

"Nick!" Wayne called out, raising his glass. "Look what the cat dragged in."

I forced a smile and shook hands with Dave and Chris, accepting the pint Wayne had already ordered for me. The cold beer felt good going down, and I told myself I could do this, just drink with my mates and pretend my wife wasn't at an exclusive sex club right now.

"How's Lily?" Chris asked, and I nearly choked on my beer.

"She's... out tonight," I managed. "Girls' night."

The conversation flowed around me — work gossip, sports, the usual pub banter — but I found my attention drifting. Every time someone walked through the door, every time I heard a woman

laugh, my mind went straight back to that club. Was she there yet? Had it started? Was some stranger touching her right now?

"Another round?" Wayne asked, and I realised I'd already finished my pint.

At the bar, I found myself face to face with Mina, the pretty Asian barmaid who'd started working here a few months ago.

She had glossy black hair that fell to her shoulders and dark eyes that seemed to sparkle when she smiled.

"I haven't seen you in a while," she said, pulling our pints, sliding them across the bar. "How've you been?"

"Good," I lied. "Just busy with work and... life."

She leaned across the bar slightly, giving me a better view down her low-cut top. "Work and life? That's no excuse. I was starting to think you'd forgotten about me."

Was she flirting? The old me would have been oblivious, but tonight, with everything that was happening, I felt hyperaware of every gesture, every lingering look.

Later, when we'd moved to the pool table, Mina kept finding excuses to come over, collecting glasses, wiping down nearby tables, asking if we needed anything. She stood close when I was lining up shots, her hip occasionally brushing against me.

"Nick," Wayne said quietly as I chalked my cue, "I think you're in there with a chance."

He said it jokingly, the way friends always did, but something about the casual assumption that I'd want to pursue this, that I was available, made everything come rushing out.

"Wayne," I said, setting down my cue stick. "I need to tell you something."

The beer had loosened my tongue, but it wasn't just that. It was the weight of carrying this secret, of pretending everything was normal when my entire world had shifted today. And if I was going to keep flirting with Mina, Wayne deserved to know why.

"Lily's not having a girls' night," I said, my voice lower now.

"She's at a sex club. With other men."

Wayne nearly dropped his pint. "What?"

"We made an arrangement," I continued, the words tumbling out faster now. "She gets Saturday nights to do her thing. With other people. And in return, I get her on Sundays. Complete control of her, anything I want."

Dave and Chris were still playing, oblivious to our conversation, but Wayne had gone completely still.

"Jesus, Nick. Are you serious?"

I nodded, surprised by how relieved I felt to finally say it out loud. "Right now, she's probably... I don't know. Being fucked by someone else. Sucking another man's cock. Whatever."

Wayne stared at me for a long moment. "And you're okay with this?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I mean, tomorrow I get to do whatever I want to her. She's promised me everything, anal sex, complete submission, anything and everything, all day long. But right now..."

"Right now you're going mental thinking about what she's doing."

"Exactly."

Wayne drained half his pint in one gulp. "Wow. That's... that's actually kind of awesome, isn't it? I mean, if you can handle it."

"Can I handle it? I have no fucking idea. But the alternative was watching our marriage slowly become increasingly boring.

At least this way, we're both getting what we need."

Mina appeared at my elbow again, this time with a tray of empty glasses. "Everything alright over here?" she asked, her eyes lingering on mine.

I looked at her, young, pretty, clearly interested, and for the first time tonight, I wondered if Wayne was right. Maybe I was in with a chance. Maybe I didn't have to spend the entire evening torturing myself with images of my wife with other men.

"Everything's fine," I said, meeting her gaze. "It gets better every time you come over, Mina."

She smiled and moved away, and Wayne raised an eyebrow at me.

"Well," he said quietly, "looks like the night just got more interesting."

I soon found my rhythm at the pool table, sinking shot after shot with a precision that surprised even me. Maybe it was the beer, or maybe I was channelling my nervous energy into something productive, but I was playing better than I had in months.

"Where did this come from?" Dave laughed as I cleared the table for the third time. "You're like a different person tonight."

I was feeling good. Better than I had any right to, considering what was happening across town. Somehow, I'd managed to push the reality of Lily's situation to the back of my mind. The beer helped,

and so did the easy banter with the lads, but mostly it was just survival instinct kicking in.

It was past ten when I finally checked my phone. Without really thinking about it, I sent Lily a quick text: I hope you're okay and not having too much fun without me. What time will you be home?

The response came back almost immediately, but it wasn't from her.

This is Malcolm. Lily is with someone right now, and I'm keeping her phone and belongings safe. She'll be back before midnight, I'll personally make sure of it.

She's with someone right now. The words hit me like a physical blow. The carefully constructed wall I'd built around my thoughts crumbled instantly. She was with someone. Right now.

Some stranger was enjoying my wife, kissing her, probably inside her at this very moment.

"Nick?" Mina's voice cut through the sudden fog in my head.

She was standing next to me, concern in her dark eyes. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

I quickly shoved my phone back in my pocket, forcing a smile.

"Just work stuff. Nothing important."

She didn't look convinced, but she didn't push it either. Instead, she moved closer, her hand briefly touching my arm.

"Well, whatever it is, don't let it ruin your night. You were having such a good time."

Wayne appeared at my other side, reading my expression easily. "Everything alright?"

"Malcolm texted back," I said quietly, so only he could hear.

"She's... busy."

Wayne winced slightly but kept his voice steady. "Come on then. Let's get another round in."

As we moved back to our table, Wayne leaned in close. "Look, I can't pretend to understand what you're going through, but you said it yourself. Tomorrow you get your turn."

"Yeah," I said, but the word came out flat.

"No, seriously. Whatever she's doing with some random bloke tonight, you're going to do the same with her tomorrow. But better. More intense. For hours."

I looked at him, seeing the genuine support in his expression despite how crazy this whole situation was.

"You're right," I said, and I could feel some of the fire returning to my voice. "Whatever he's doing to her right now, I'm going to do it to her tomorrow. And she's going to love every second of it."

Mina returned with our drinks, and this time, when she smiled at me, I smiled back properly.

"Who's going to love every second of what?" she asked with a playful smile.

"Aww." I felt heat rise in my cheeks, but didn't answer directly. "Are you jealous?"

She laughed, a sound that was both innocent and knowing.

"Maybe I am. Seems like everyone's getting laid tonight except me."

The flirtation that had been building all evening suddenly felt more charged. We continued talking, and before I knew it, we'd somehow drifted to a darker corner of the pub, away from the main crowd. The conversation became more intimate, her hand resting on my chest as we talked.

"You know," she said, looking up at me through her lashes, "I don't usually do this, but..."

Before she could finish the thought, I leaned down and kissed her. She tasted like mint chewing gum, her lips soft against mine. For a moment, I forgot everything else, Lily, the club, Malcolm's text. There was just this pretty girl who was happy to flirt with me, who found me attractive enough to break her own rules for.

When we broke apart, she was breathing a little harder.

"I have to finish cleaning up and serve last orders," she said quietly, "But you could come back to mine afterwards. For a drink. Or... whatever."

The offer hung between us, tempting and dangerous. Part of me wanted to say yes, wanted to lose myself in her for a few hours and forget what my wife was doing across town. But I knew I couldn't.

"I can't," I said, backtracking, hating how the words sounded.

"I need to be home tonight. But maybe... next time?"

She grinned and gave my ass a playful smack as I turned to go back to the main bar. "I'll hold you to that."

Wayne was waiting by our table when I returned, a knowing look on his face.

"Ready to head home?" he asked.

I nodded, suddenly eager to get back before Lily returned. As we walked toward the exit, Wayne clapped me on the shoulder.

"You know, mate," he said with a slightly drunken grin, "I wish I could be a fly on the wall tomorrow when you finally get to fuck Lily in the ass."

The crude directness of it should have offended me, but instead it sent a ripple of anticipation through me.

"I've always thought she was gorgeous," Wayne continued, his voice lower now. "And knowing she's out there tonight, doing who knows what with some stranger... Christ, it's got me damn horny. I'll definitely be having a wank thinking about it when I get home."

His honesty was both shocking and oddly comforting. If Wayne could be turned on by the situation, maybe I wasn't completely insane for agreeing to it.

"Tomorrow's going to be interesting," I said.

"Too right it is. She's going to be so ready for you after tonight.

Make sure you give her everything you've earned."

We parted ways outside the pub, and I walked home through the quiet streets, my mind churning with anticipation and anxiety in equal measure. In less than two hours, Lily would be back, and then tomorrow... tomorrow would be the litmus test of whether this was going to work or not..

Chapter 4

Even with the buzz of beer and a night out in my veins, the house still felt different when I walked in. I turned the TV on, grabbed another drink and tried to relax watching the foot-ball. All I could do now was wait.

It was just past eleven-thirty when I heard Malcolm's Mercedes pull into the driveway. I'd been alternating between sitting in front of the box, half-watching the goals, then getting up and pacing the living room or looking out of the window, my mind spinning with questions I wasn't sure I wanted answered.

The front door opened, and Lily walked in first. She looked slightly dishevelled. Her clothes were creased, her hair was slightly mussed, her lipstick gone, and there was something in her eyes I couldn't quite read. Satisfaction? Relief? Guilt? Maybe all three.

Malcolm followed behind her, ever the gentleman, his expression calm and composed.

"As promised," he said to me, his voice warm. "Home before midnight, safe and sound."

"Thank you," I managed, though the words felt strange in my mouth.

Lily stood there for a moment, looking between Malcolm and me, uncertainty flickering across her face. The silence stretched until Malcolm stepped forward.

"Why don't you both sit down?" he suggested gently. "You need to talk about how you're feeling. Both of you."

It was surreal, this man who had suggested my wife fuck new men, now acting as a marriage counsellor in our living room.

But I found myself sitting on the couch anyway, Lily settling beside me but not quite close enough to touch.

"How are you doing, Nick?" Malcolm asked, settling into the armchair across from us. "You haven't been sitting here waiting all night, have you?"

"No. I..." I started, then stopped. Should I tell them about Mina? No. How was I doing? "I just got back from the pub. I don't know how I feel until I know what you guys did."

"I'm sorry if tonight was hard for you, waiting for me to come home." Lily's hand found mine, squeezing gently. "I had sex with someone."

My stomach tightened. She'd gone through with it. Even though I knew deep down that it would happen, hearing the confirmation still stung, deeper than any cut I'd ever suffered.

I took a moment to digest it, waiting for my heart to stop hammering in my chest, for the flare of jealousy to subside a little.

"Was it good?" I asked, surprising myself with the directness of the question.

She nodded slowly. "Yes. It was... exactly what I needed."

Malcolm watched us both carefully, and I could see him evaluating whether we were going to explode into another argument. But the fight had gone out of both of us, replaced by something more complex, exhaustion mixed with resignation.

"You know," Malcolm said after a moment, "If you ever wanted to visit a sex club, Nick, I could arrange it. Most clubs cater to couples,

including Velvet, where we went tonight. Next time, you could explore together or separately.”

The suggestion hung in the air, and I felt Lily tense beside me.

“Thanks, but no,” I said, trying to keep my voice polite.

“That’s... that’s not really my thing.”

“No,” Lily said quickly, her voice firmer than mine. “The club scene is my thing. Tomorrow is Nick’s thing. That’s how this works.”

Malcolm nodded approvingly. “Fair enough. The arrangement only works if you both respect each other’s boundaries.”

Lily shifted beside me, and I caught a whiff of unfamiliar cologne mixed with her perfume. The reality of what she’d done hit me again, but this time it was accompanied by a surge of anticipation for what came next.

“I’m nervous,” she admitted quietly, as if reading my mind.

“About tomorrow, I mean.”

“You should be,” I said, and there was no anger in my voice. It was more of a promise than a threat.

Malcolm stood up, straightening his jacket. “I should leave you two to talk privately. But remember, work on your marriage. Be open about everything. Honest communication is the only way this arrangement will succeed.”

He moved toward the door, then paused. “Lily, I’m glad you enjoyed tonight. Nick, enjoy tomorrow and know this old man is extremely envious of you.”

With that, he was gone, leaving us alone in the charged silence of our living room. Tomorrow was one sleep away, and everything

between us was about to change again.

"Are you okay?" Lily asked softly.

I looked at her, my wife, who had just had sex with another man and was now offering herself completely to me in return.

"Are you?" I countered.

She took a shaky breath. "I'm... More than okay. I'm excited because of what I did tonight. But I'm also waiting for you to react. You seem... quiet."

"I don't quite know what to say," I admitted.

We sat there for several minutes in loaded silence, both of us unsure how to navigate this new territory. Finally, I broke the quiet.

"Maybe we should talk about what happened," I suggested.

"About what you did at the club."

Lily shifted beside me, tucking one leg under herself. I noticed then that the hold-up stockings were gone. "I don't know. Do you want to know?"

"I'm not sure," I admitted. "Do you feel like you want to tell me?"

She was quiet for a moment, considering. "It feels like I should be able to talk to you about anything. You're my husband."

"You should be able to," I agreed. "But this is... different."

"Maybe we can compromise," she suggested. "I tell you the ba-sics, but not all the gory details?"

I nodded. "I think I can handle that."

She took a deep breath. "It was... not what I expected. The club, I mean. There were more women there than I thought there would be, maybe half of the crowd, and they weren't all in couples. There were people of all ages, all ethnicities, different professions, but everyone was classy. Well-dressed, well-spoken. It's expensive to be a member there, so it attracts a certain standard of people."

"Were you nervous?"

"Terrified," she said with a small laugh. "But also excited. I was approached by a lot of men, more than I expected. I guess being new made me interesting."

I felt a stab of something, pride mixed with jealousy. Of course men would be drawn to her. She was beautiful, and tonight she'd been dressed to kill.

"I chose a guy I liked," she continued. "He was maybe mid-forties, attractive but not intimidating. Since I was so nervous, I started... gently."

"What does that mean?"

She blushed slightly. "I sucked his cock. Let him finger me and... use his tongue on me. Malcolm watched the whole time, from a distance, but he was there, making sure I was safe."

The image hit me harder than I expected. My wife, kneeling in front of a stranger, taking him in her mouth while Malcolm observed.

"Did you...?"

"Cum? Yes. On his tongue."

"And the man?"

"Yes," Lily nodded, her cheeks glowing pink. "I let him finish in my mouth."

My stomach twisted. "But that wasn't all. You had sex?"

"Yes." Her voice was getting quieter now. "After that, I felt more confident. Hornier. When another man approached me, I went all the way. I let him take me to this room, furnished with several beds. We chose one by the corner and fucked while another couple watched. Malcolm waited outside the room, watching through the doorway."

"Wow, Lily."

"That's not all," she said, and I could hear both embarrassment and something like pride in her voice. "The first man came back, this time with a friend. I let him fuck me on all fours while I sucked off his friend. I didn't go all the way with the friend, but I let him cum on my breasts."

"So... in total," The room was spinning slightly. "You did something with three men?"

"Only two of them had sex with me. And they both used con-doms," she said quickly. "Everything was safe. And I... I came with the second man, during the sex, and again during the...

when they were both..."

"Spit-roasting you," I finished, the words feeling foreign in my mouth.

She nodded, her cheeks burning red, and then the full impact of what she was telling me hit like a sledgehammer to my chest.

Not only had my wife fucked two different men tonight, but I'd somehow naively assumed it would be just one, but she'd let them

use her simultaneously. She'd been on her hands and knees, taking one man's cock in her mouth while another fucked her from behind.

My mind couldn't help but conjure the image: Lily positioned between two strangers, her breasts swaying beneath her as they moved in rhythm, using her body for their pleasure while she moaned around the cock in her mouth. The visual was so vivid, so pornographic, that I felt physically sick and aroused at the same time.

"You actually did a threesome," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. It wasn't a question, the evidence was right there in her flushed face, in the way she couldn't quite meet my eyes.

But part of my brain was still struggling to accept that this was real, that it had actually happened.

"I never thought I could do something like that," she admitted, her voice small. "I mean, I told you about that time in college with Ben and his friend, but that was... different. I was young and drunk, and it just happened. Tonight was deliberate. I chose it."

The comparison to her college days made it worse somehow.

Back then, she'd been experimenting, figuring herself out, getting caught up in playful moments, making youthful mistakes.

Tonight, she'd been a married woman making calculated decisions about how far she was willing to go with strangers.

"But it felt incredible, Nick," she continued, and I could hear the wonder in her voice, the amazement at her own capacity for this kind of experience. "For the first time in months, I felt completely alive. Like every nerve ending in my body was on fire."

I stared at her, this woman I'd been married to for fifteen years, trying to reconcile the reserved wife who'd been too tired for

missionary sex with the woman who'd just described letting two men fuck her at the same time. The disconnect was so jar-ring that I felt like I was talking to a stranger myself.

We sat in loaded silence, the weight of her confession settling between us like a physical presence. My mind kept returning to that image, her positioned between two men, servicing them both, her body responding with an enthusiasm she rarely showed me anymore. The jealousy was crushing, but underneath it was something else I didn't want to acknowledge: a grudging amazement that she'd actually gone through with something so extreme.

My cock was rock hard despite the emotional turmoil, maybe because of it. The complexity of the situation, the betrayal mixed with the promise of tomorrow, the jealousy tangled with arousal, was overwhelming my system in ways I couldn't untangle.

"I'm struggling with this, Lily," I breathed, running my hands through my hair. "I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't... a threesome. It wasn't you making three different men cum in one night."

"Are you angry?" she asked, her voice small and uncertain for the first time since she'd walked through the door.

I considered the question honestly. "I don't know what I am.

Shocked, definitely. Jealous as hell, yes. But angry?" I paused, searching for the truth. "I'm not sure. I should be. But I agreed to this. You kept your end of the bargain. You went and got what you needed. Tomorrow, I get mine, right?"

She nodded slowly, relief flickering across her features. But I could see she was still processing her own actions, still amazed at what she'd been capable of when given the freedom to explore.

The woman sitting next to me wasn't just my wife anymore.

She was someone who could take two men at once and love every second of it. Someone who could pleasure multiple men in one night. Tomorrow, I'd find out if that same capacity for pleasure extended to what I had planned for her.

"How do you feel now?" I asked.

"Satisfied," she said honestly. "And guilty. And excited for you.

For what you get tomorrow." She looked at me directly. "So tell me. Now you know, are you okay?"

I tried to work through my feelings to better answer the question. For the first time in months, maybe years, Lily looked truly content. There was a glow about her from finally getting what she'd been craving, but also a vulnerability, a fear of my reactions, of this not working out.

"I guess it depends on how tomorrow goes. Let's go over the rules again," I said, my voice rougher than I intended. "From when we get up in the morning until we go back to bed at night, you won't say no to anything I ask?"

She nodded, though I caught a flicker of nervousness cross her features. "Anything. Within reason, of course. Sexually, whatever you want, however you want it, for the entire day."

The promise hung in the air between us as I considered how to reply. My body was responding to both her words and the vivid mental images her confessions had painted. The thought of her mouth around a stranger's cock, her body taking two men at once, should have disgusted me. Instead, it had me rock hard and desperate for my own turn with her.

"I'm horny now," I said bluntly, reaching for her hand. "Why don't we go upstairs? Start early?"

The rejection in her eyes was gentle but firm, and she squeezed my fingers apologetically. "I'm sorry, Nick. I'm a little worn out from tonight. Both the men I had were average-sized, but they both... they did it to me hard. Really hard, which is exactly what I needed."

There was that glow again, that satisfaction that came from finally being thoroughly fucked the way she'd been craving. I felt a complex mix of jealousy and arousal, watching her relive the memory even as she turned me down.

"I know it's not fair to tell you no again," she continued, her thumb tracing circles on the back of my hand. "Especially after everything you've let me do tonight. But it's better this way."

Save your energy for tomorrow. I'm going to be yours all day, and if you want to make the most of it, you're going to need every ounce of stamina you have."

The promise in her voice sent another surge of heat through me. She was right, of course. Tomorrow would be a marathon, not a sprint, and if I was finally going to get everything I'd fantasised about, I'd want to be at full strength.

"You seem different," I observed, studying her face in the dim light of our living room. "Is happy the right word? Or satisfied?"

"Both," she admitted without hesitation. "God, Nick, I know this is crazy and complicated and probably fucked up, but I feel more like myself tonight than I have in years. And I'm so grateful — incredibly grateful — that you're letting me explore this."

Her gratitude was both touching and unsettling. Part of me wanted her to feel guilty, to show some remorse for what she'd done. But looking at her now, seeing the life that had returned to her eyes, I realised this was exactly what she'd needed. The question was whether I could handle being married to a woman who required this kind of excitement to feel alive.

“One sleep,” she said softly, leaning over to kiss my cheek.

“Then I’m completely yours. I promise.”

I nodded, though sleep felt impossible with my mind churning and my body still demanding attention. We went upstairs without much conversation, both of us lost in our own thoughts. The familiar routine of getting ready for bed felt surreal after everything that had happened. Lily removing her makeup at the vanity, me changing into my pyjama bottoms, both of us moving through the motions like actors playing roles we no longer quite fit.

When we finally settled into bed, the silence between us felt different than it had in months. Not the cold distance that had become our norm, but something charged and uncertain. I lay on my back staring at the ceiling while Lily curled on her side, facing away from me.

After several minutes, I rolled toward her and pulled her against me, her back pressed to my chest. She fit against me the same way she always had, but something fundamental had shifted. My arm wrapped around her waist, and she immediately noticed my hardness pressing against her.

“Save that for tomorrow,” she murmured, her voice already drowsy. “The harder it is, the better.”

Within minutes, her breathing had evened out into the rhythm of sleep, but I lay there wide awake, hyperaware of every inch of her body against mine. This was still my wife, still the woman I’d shared a bed with for fifteen years, but she felt different now. Alien, almost. She’d been touched by other men tonight, kissed by them, filled by them.

I tried to push the images away and focus on tomorrow instead. Tomorrow, when she would be completely mine. I remembered Wayne’s words at the pub, that joking comment about whatever she

did tonight, I needed to do it to her better and harder. At the time, it had just been drunk bravado, but now it felt like a challenge I was determined to meet.

She'd sucked a man's cock tonight and made him cum in her mouth. Tomorrow, I'd make her do the same to me, but I'd take my time, make her work for it, maybe edge myself until she was desperate to taste me.

She'd had her pussy licked to orgasm by a stranger's tongue.

Well, I could do that too. I'd make her cum until she was shaking, until she was begging me to stop. She'd fucked a man while another watched. I couldn't replicate that exactly, but I could make her suck one of her massive dildos while I fucked her from behind. Or better yet, I could use one of those toys on her while she serviced me with her mouth.

The possibilities trailed through my mind, each more explicit than the last. But the ultimate fantasy, the one that made my cock throb against her back, was the thing she'd never let me do before. Her ass. Tomorrow, I was finally going to claim that last forbidden part of her body.

Maybe I'd work her up slowly, use her toys to stretch her pussy while I prepared her other hole. Maybe I'd put that enormous black dildo inside her cunt while I fucked her butt, fill her completely in a way no single man ever could. The thought of her stretched around both me and that massive toy, helpless and overwhelmed by sensation, was almost enough to make me cum right there.

But I held back, just like she'd told me to. Tomorrow would be worth the wait. Tomorrow, I'd show her exactly what I was capable of when given complete control. Tomorrow, every fantasy I'd ever had about my wife would become reality, and she'd discover what it meant to truly submit to her husband.

As sleep finally began to claim me, one last thought drifted through my mind: by tomorrow night, we'd both be completely different people than we were right now. The only question was whether we'd still recognise each other when it was over.

Chapter 5

Sunlight was streaming through the bedroom curtains when I finally opened my eyes, and my first instinct was to check the clock on the nightstand. 10 AM. Shit. I'd completely overslept, which never happened to me. But then again, it had taken me hours to fall asleep, my mind churning with everything that had happened and everything that was about to happen.

Lily was still dead to the world beside me, her blonde hair spread across the pillow, breathing deep and even. She must have been exhausted from last night's activities. The thought brought everything flooding back, her confessions about the club, the spit-roast, the way she'd glowed with satisfaction when she'd told me about it. The surreal nature of our entire situation hit me again. My wife of fifteen years had spent last night fucking strangers, and today she'd promised to give me anything I wanted in return.

But would she actually follow through? Now that the alcohol and excitement of last night had worn off, would she change her mind? The doubt gnawed at me even as my cock hardened with anticipation. Today was supposed to be the day I finally got everything I'd been denied, everything I'd ever wanted.

I reached over and gently shook her shoulder. "Lily."

She stirred, her blue eyes fluttering open, looking confused for a moment before focusing on me. I could see the moment everything came back to her — a flash of memory, maybe embarrassment, but then something else. Acceptance. Resolve.

"Good morning," she said softly.

This was the test. Right here, right now. If she was going to back out, this was when it would happen.

"I want you to suck my cock," I said, my voice rough with sleep and desire. No preliminaries, no gentle requests. Just a direct order to see if she'd meant what she'd promised.

For just a moment, she looked surprised by my bluntness.

Then a small smile played at the corners of her mouth, and she nodded.

"Yes, husband," she said, and the formal way she said it sent a buzz straight to my groin.

Without another word, she shimmed down the bed, her hands already reaching for the waistband of my pyjama bottoms.

When she freed my cock, I was already rock hard, and she wrapped her fingers around me with the kind of enthusiasm I hadn't seen from her in years.

Then her mouth was on me, warm and wet and willing in a way that took my breath away. This wasn't the dutiful, occasional blowjob she'd given me in the past. This was loving, almost worshipful, as if she was genuinely enjoying herself. Her tongue swirled around the head before she took me deeper, and I groaned at the sensation.

I couldn't believe this was actually happening. After months of rejection, months of feeling unwanted, here was my wife hungrily sucking my cock without complaint or hesitation. The combination of physical pleasure and emotional vindication was overwhelming.

"Fuck, Lily," I breathed, my hands tangling in her hair.

She looked up at me with those blue eyes, her mouth still working on my shaft, and the sight was so erotic that I knew I wouldn't last long. When I finally came, it was with an intensity that caught me off guard, and to my complete shock, she swallowed every drop without pulling away.

When she finally released me, she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and gave me a satisfied smile.

“Would my wonderful, generous husband like some breakfast?” she asked, as if she hadn’t just given me the best blowjob of our entire marriage. As if this was the most natural thing in the world.

“Yes,” I managed, still catching my breath.

She kissed my cheek and slipped out of bed, pulling on her robe as she headed for the door. “I’ll make your favourite,” she said. “Eggs on toast.”

And then she was gone, leaving me lying there stunned and delighted, already planning what I wanted from her next. If this was how the day was going to go, I was in for the experience of a lifetime. The arrangement was working exactly as promised, and we were just getting started.

The smell of bacon drew me downstairs ten minutes later, and I found Lily at the stove, still in her silk robe, hair pulled back in a loose ponytail. She looked like she always did, a wife frying eggs in a pan, doing wifely things. But seeing her like that, normal, everyday Lily, only emphasised how crazy our arrangement was.

“Stop,” I said from the doorway.

She turned, spatula in hand, eyebrows raised in question.

“I want to see your body while you cook,” I said, emboldened by how easily she’d submitted upstairs. “Take the robe off.”

For the first time since waking up, I saw hesitation flicker across her face. She glanced toward the kitchen windows, even though our neighbours couldn’t see in, then back at me.

“Nick, I don’t know if—”

"You promised," I reminded her, my voice firm. "Anything I wanted, all day. No complaints."

Her shoulders sagged slightly, but she nodded and untied the robe's belt. The silk slipped from her shoulders and pooled at her feet, leaving her completely naked in our kitchen. In the morning light streaming through the windows, her body looked incredible, with curves in all the right places, her skin still smooth and taut, despite being thirty-five years old.

She turned back to the stove, and I watched her breasts sway slightly as she moved, the eggs sizzling in the pan. Her ass looked full and inviting, and I found myself moving closer, unable to resist.

"Keep cooking," I said, pressing myself against her back, my hands finding her waist.

She tensed but continued tending to the frying pan while my hands roamed over her body. Her skin was warm and soft, and when I cupped her breasts from behind, I felt her breath hitch.

But when I slid one hand down to squeeze her ass, she sighed, not with pleasure, but with something that sounded like resignation.

"I need to make something clear," she said, her voice quiet but steady. She didn't turn around, just kept cooking while my hands explored her. "I sucked your cock this morning, and yes, I'll let you fuck me later. I'll even do the anal sex you want. But you shouldn't expect me to enjoy it."

The words hit me harder than they should have. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'm doing this for you because I promised. I'll try to respond, I'll try to make it good for you, but I'm not going to magically start enjoying things I don't enjoy just because we made this arrangement."

I stepped back slightly, stung. "So last night was about your pleasure, but today is just... obligation?"

She finally turned to face me, her expression gentle but honest. "I got what I needed last night. Today is about giving you what you need. That's how this works, isn't it?"

It was exactly how it worked, but hearing it stated so plainly made me feel smaller somehow. Still, as I looked at her naked body, at the woman who was offering herself completely despite her reservations, I realised something: maybe her enjoyment wasn't the point. Maybe what I needed was simply to fuck her..

"I understand," I said finally. "And to be honest, all I really care about is the sex."

She nodded, seeming relieved that I wasn't going to make this more complicated than it needed to be. "Good. Then we both know where we stand."

She turned back to the stove, and I stepped away, giving her space to finish breakfast. But I kept watching her move around the kitchen naked, already planning what I wanted to do to that beautiful, available body once we were done eating.

We ate breakfast in surprisingly normal conversation, discussing the weather, whether we needed to call a plumber about the kitchen sink, mundane domestic topics that felt surreal given that my wife was sitting naked across from me. But after our earlier exchange, it seemed we'd both decided that overanalysing the arrangement wasn't as important as simply living it.

By the time I'd finished my eggs on toast, I was starting to feel recovered from the morning's activities. The combination of good food and the constant visual stimulation of Lily's bare body was having its effect.

“Let’s shower,” I said, standing up.

She nodded and followed me upstairs, her breasts bouncing slightly with each step. In the bathroom, I turned on the water and pulled her under the spray with me. The sight of water cascading over her naked body, her blonde hair darkening as it got wet, was almost too much to handle.

“Wash my cock,” I ordered, handing her the soap.

She lathered her hands and took me in her palms, stroking slowly and methodically. I was only getting semi-hard — still recovering from earlier — but the sensation of her soapy hands working over me was incredible nonetheless.

I returned the favour, running my hands over her slippery breasts, squeezing and kneading them until her nipples hardened under my touch. Then I handed her my razor.

“Shave your pussy for me.”

She looked down at herself, already smooth from yesterday’s grooming. “It doesn’t really need it.”

“I don’t care. I want to watch you do it.”

She positioned herself against the shower wall, one leg raised, and carefully ran the razor over skin that was already bare. But I wasn’t really interested in the practical aspect, I just wanted to watch her perform this intimate act while I observed. The vulnerability of the position, the way she had to expose herself completely to reach every area, sent blood rushing through me despite my recent climax.

After we dried off, I made it clear she wasn’t getting dressed.

“Stay naked,” I said. “All day.”

She wrapped the towel around her hair but left her body bare, and we went back downstairs. I was settling onto the couch when her phone rang. The caller ID showed Malcolm's name.

"Answer it," I said.

She picked up, putting him on speaker without being asked, a small gesture that showed she was taking the transparency aspect of our arrangement seriously.

"Hello, Malcolm."

"Lily, darling. How are things going today?"

"I'm naked," she said matter-of-factly. "Nick is making me stay unclothed."

"Ah, excellent. And you're following orders as promised?"

"Yes. So far, he's had his cock sucked and made me shave my pussy while he watched. He's definitely enjoying himself."

I felt a weird mix of embarrassment and pride hearing her discuss our activities so casually with her former lover. But Malcolm seemed pleased by the update.

"Good girl. And Nick, I trust you're making the most of your day?"

"I'm just getting started," I called out from the couch.

While Lily continued her conversation with Malcolm, I checked my phone and saw a missed call from Wayne, along with several text messages. The first one just said, How did it go? The second was more explicit: Did she actually do it? I've been thinking about your situation all night. The third made me grin: Please tell me you're getting to fuck her properly today.

I found myself typing back more details than I'd intended: She kept her word. Sucked some guy's cock, fucked another one, then did a threesome with two guys.

Why was I telling Wayne this? I questioned myself even as I hit send. But I realised I needed to tell someone, needed feed-back, needed to make it all feel more real somehow.

Wayne's response came back quickly: Holy shit, are you serious? Lily actually did all that?

Yeah. And today she's keeping her end of the bargain. Already sucked me off this morning and swallowed. And I'm making her stay naked all day, even when doing the chores.

Awesome. I wish I could be a fly on the wall today. You're going to fuck her in the ass, right? Make her pay for what she did last night?

That's the plan.

You should stick one of her massive dildos down her throat while you're fucking her. Give her the full treatment.

The suggestion sent a surge of arousal through me. That's exactly what I'm going to do.

Good man. Leave her feeling well used by the time you're done with her, Nick.

I was about to respond when Lily ended her call with Malcolm, setting the phone down on the coffee table. She looked over at me expectantly.

"I want some naked photos," I said, holding up my phone.

Her face immediately showed resistance. "Nick, I don't think that's a good idea."

"You promised," I reminded her. "Anything I want, all day."

She sighed, the same resignation I'd heard earlier creeping into her voice. "Fine. But just a few, and they don't leave this house."

"Agreed."

I took several shots. Her sitting on the couch with her legs slightly apart, standing by the window with the daylight highlighting her curves, leaning against the kitchen counter with her hands behind her back, pushing her breasts forward.

Each click of the camera felt transgressive and exciting, capturing my naked wife in poses she'd never allowed before.

"Satisfied?" she asked when I finally lowered the phone.

"For now," I said, scrolling through the images. "Maybe I'll take more later."

She nodded, accepting her fate with the same quiet compliance she'd shown all morning. The photos would be something to remember this day by, proof that I'd finally gotten everything I'd ever wanted from her.

Now it was time to take things to the next level.

"I want to see your toys," I said, settling back on the couch. "All of them. And I want you to tell me which ones are your favourites and why."

For the first time all morning, Lily's expression brightened slightly. "This might be something I actually enjoy," she admitted, heading toward the stairs.

I followed her to our bedroom, watching the sway of her bare ass as she climbed each step. In the bedroom, she went straight to her

dresser and pulled out that familiar cosmetics bag, the one I'd discovered just days ago but felt like I'd known about forever. She emptied it onto our bed with less embarrassment than I'd expected, arranging the collection with an almost clinical efficiency.

"These are the smaller ones," she said, indicating a row of sleek vibrators and bullet-style toys. "Good for quickies, but not really satisfying for longer sessions." She moved to the larger items, her fingers trailing over realistic dildos of varying sizes.

"These are better. They feel so good."

She picked up the massive black vibrator I'd first seen her using, the one that had started this entire chain of events. "This is probably my favourite," she said, hefting its considerable weight. "And this one." She selected another dildo, this one flesh-colored and equally impressive in girth.

"Why those?" I asked, though I suspected I already knew the answer.

"Because I like big cocks," she said with surprising directness.

"I was spoiled at a young age by Malcolm and a couple of the other guys I slept with back then. James and Ben were both more... average. Similar to you, actually. But those bigger ones?"

She looked down at the toys in her hands with something approaching fondness. "They just feel so good, almost real."

The casual comparison to my own size stung, but I pushed the hurt aside. This was about understanding her needs, about finally getting the honesty I'd been craving, even if it wasn't particularly flattering.

"Put the biggest one inside yourself," I ordered.

Her expression shifted back to reluctance, but she didn't protest. She positioned herself on the edge of the bed, spreading her legs wider than seemed comfortable. The massive black dildo looked almost absurdly large against her petite frame, and I watched with fascination as she worked it inside herself, her face contorting slightly with the effort of accommodation.

When she finally had it fully buried inside, her breathing had changed, become shallower. I could see her body adjusting to the intrusion, her pussy lips stretching around the enormous girth.

"Does it feel good?" I asked. "Being stretched open."

She sighed, that same resigned sound I was becoming familiar with. "Yes," she admitted quietly. "It feels very good."

"Show me how you use it. Fuck yourself with it while you suck my cock."

This request brought back some of her earlier hesitation, but she repositioned herself as I stood beside the bed, my growing erection at mouth level. She took me between her lips while slowly working the dildo in and out of herself, and the dual sensation of watching my wife pleasure herself with a toy while servicing me was almost overwhelming.

Her technique was different now than it had been this morning, more distracted, more focused on her own building pleasure than on mine. I could hear the wet sounds of the dildo sliding in and out of her, could see her hips beginning to move in rhythm with her own strokes. Despite her claims about not enjoying our arrangement, her body was clearly responding to this particular combination of activities.

"That's it," I murmured, my hands tangling in her hair. "Show me how much you love being filled up."

She moaned around my cock, and I couldn't tell if it was from the toy or from some genuine enjoyment of the moment. Either way, watching my wife use her favourite dildo while sucking me off was exactly the kind of fantasy I'd never dared ask for before today.

I could feel myself getting close, the combination of her mouth and the visual of her working that massive dildo pushing me toward the edge. But I pulled back, gently extracting myself from her lips.

"Not yet," I said, breathing hard. "I don't want to wait hours to recover again."

She looked up at me with glazed eyes, the dildo still moving slowly inside her. "What do you want me to do?"

"Make yourself cum," I ordered. "I want to watch you orgasm on it."

She nodded and focused entirely on the toy, her free hand moving to her clit as she increased the pace. Her breathing became ragged, her back arching as she chased her release. When it hit, she cried out louder than I'd heard from her in months, her whole body tensing around the massive intrusion.

Afterwards, she lay there catching her breath, the dildo still buried inside her. "I could use a little nap," she said eventually, slowly extracting the toy with a soft gasp.

"Go ahead," I said, watching her begin to gather up her collection. "Put those away first."

She moved efficiently despite her post-orgasmic lethargy, returning each toy to its place in the bag. As she handled the black dildo one last time, I held up my phone.

"For the memory," I explained, taking a quick photo of the glistening toy in her hands.

She didn't object, just finished cleaning up and collapsed onto the bed. Within minutes, she was asleep, her naked body curled on top of the covers.

I went downstairs and, on an impulse I didn't fully understand, sent the photo to Wayne, zoomed in so he could only see her hand and the toy. I attached a message: Her favourite.

His response was immediate: Wow. That thing is huge. I bet it looks incredible inside her.

Something about his reaction, the way he was so invested in our situation, made me feel reckless. Before I could second-guess myself, I scrolled through the nude photos I'd taken earlier and selected one of the more explicit ones, Lily, her tits and pussy fully exposed, legs apart, everything on display.

I sent it with a simple message: Keep this to yourself.

Wayne's reply came back quickly: Holy fuck, thank you. She's so hot, Nick. I'm definitely going to be jerking off to this later.

I stared at his response, part of me horrified by what I'd just done, part of me strangely excited by sharing this secret part of our arrangement. I'd just sent a nude photo of my wife to my best friend, and instead of regret, I felt a weird sense of pride that he found her so desirable.

The day was making me do things I never thought I'd do, cross lines I never thought I'd cross. But then again, that seemed to be the theme of our entire arrangement.

I settled onto the sofa and let my mind wander, processing everything that had happened so far. The morning had been a revelation, finally getting what I'd been denied for so long, seeing Lily submit without the usual excuses or reluctance. Well, mostly without reluctance. She'd made it clear this was duty rather than

desire, but honestly, that distinction mattered less than I'd expected. What struck me was how I'd been unconsciously checking off experiences against what she'd done at the club. I'd gotten my cock sucked, just like that first stranger had. I'd watched her orgasm with her toy, which was sort of like the oral sex she'd received. And seeing her with that massive dildo in her pussy while she serviced me, that was as close as I could get to replicating the threesome she'd described.

But I wasn't done. Not even close. Next, I wanted to fuck her properly, pound her the way she'd described those two men doing at the club. She'd said they'd both done it to her hard, exactly what she needed. Well, I could be hard too. I could show her that her husband was capable of the same intensity, the same rough partner.

And then, later, when she was thoroughly used and softened up, that's when I'd finally claim her ass. The prize I'd been denied for fifteen years of marriage.

I poured myself a whisky, savouring the sour heat as it went down. The alcohol helped settle the strange mix of emotions churning in my chest. Pride at finally getting what I wanted.

Jealousy over what she'd done last night. Excitement about what was still to come. And underneath it all, a kind of amazement that we were actually going through with this insane arrangement.

I nursed the whisky slowly, letting my body recover and my mind settle. The clock on the mantelpiece showed that Lily had been napping for just over an hour. Long enough to rest, but not so long that the day would slip away from us. My cock was starting to stir again, ready for the next phase.

I set down my empty glass and headed upstairs, finding her exactly where I'd left her, curled naked on top of the covers, her blonde hair fanned across the pillow, looking peaceful and vulnerable. Her breasts rose and fell with each breath, and in the afternoon light

streaming through the windows, her skin had a golden glow that made her look younger than her thirty-five years.

For a moment, I just stood there watching her sleep, marvelling at how different she looked from the reserved wife who'd been rejecting me for months. This was the woman who'd let three strangers use her body last night. This was also the woman who'd promised to let me do anything I wanted to her today.

It was time to collect on that promise. I sat on the edge of the bed and gently shook her shoulder. "Lily."

She stirred, her eyes fluttering open, that momentary confusion of someone waking from deep sleep. Then awareness returned, and with it, the knowledge of what day this was and what she'd committed to.

"How long was I asleep?" she asked, her voice still husky.

"About an hour. Long enough." I brushed a strand of hair from her face. "I'm ready for round two."

She nodded, pushing herself up to sitting, her naked breasts swaying with the movement. There was no protest, no request for more time. Just the acceptance of what was to come next.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The question sent a thrill through me. What did I want? Everything. But I'd start with the fantasy I'd been building while she slept.

"I want to fuck you," I said simply. "Hard. The way those men fucked you last night."

Something flickered in her eyes, not quite fear, but wariness.

"Okay," she said quietly. "However you want."

Those three words were all the permission I needed. I positioned myself between her spread thighs, taking a moment to appreciate the sight I'd been denied for so long. Her pussy was still slightly wet from her earlier orgasm with the dildo, pink and inviting. When I pressed against her entrance, she was able to take me easily, and I groaned at the sensation of sliding inside her for the first time in forever.

The feeling was incredible, tight and warm and familiar, everything I'd been craving. I started moving immediately, pulling back and thrusting in with more force than I'd ever used with her before. She gasped and put her hands on my hips, and for a moment I thought she was going to pull me deeper, encourage the rough treatment. Instead, she seemed to be trying to control my rhythm.

I ignored her hands and continued pounding into her, determined to show her that I could be just as physical as those strangers at the club. I wanted her to cry out, to lose control the way she'd described doing with them. But instead of the passionate response I was hoping for, she lay there with a strained expression, not quite uncomfortable but not enjoying herself either.

After several minutes of increasingly aggressive thrusting, she finally pressed her palms against my chest.

"Wait," she said breathlessly. "Nick, this isn't you. You're just trying to outdo those guys last night, aren't you? I shouldn't have told you about them."

"You said I could do whatever I wanted," I replied, continuing to move inside her despite her words.

She pressed harder against my chest, forcing me to pause. "I know what I said, and I'll let you do whatever you want. But I don't want to sound cruel... You should just be yourself. Don't try to be something you aren't."

The words stung more than they should have. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Her face softened with something like pity, which made it worse. "This is the problem we have, Nick. It's why I need those Saturday nights. There's just something missing for me sexually when I'm with you. Your dick... I'm not sure what it is exactly. I love you, you're everything to me, but just be yourself and enjoy my body."

The honesty was devastating, but I tried to push it aside and adjust my approach. I slowed down, made it more tender, kissing her neck and moving with the gentleness that apparently came more naturally to me. She wrapped her arms around me and kissed me back, and for a few moments, it felt like everything I'd been missing.

But she still wasn't responding the way I wanted. Her body was compliant but not enthusiastic, present but not really engaged. I remembered her warning from earlier, that she wouldn't magically start enjoying things just because of our arrangement.

Frustration began building inside me, mixing with the physical pleasure until I couldn't tell them apart. If she wasn't going to respond anyway, if I was doomed to be the inadequate husband no matter what I did, then why was I holding back?

I grabbed her hips and started fucking her hard again, this time with anger driving me as much as desire. She gasped but didn't stop me, just held on as I used her body with increasing desperation. When I finally came, it was with an intensity born of months of frustration and the bitter knowledge that even getting everything I wanted wouldn't be enough.

I collapsed on top of her, breathing hard, feeling both satisfied and empty at the same time. She kissed my forehead gently and held me for a moment, and the tenderness somehow made everything worse.

"I should clean up," she said eventually, sliding out from under me.

I watched her walk to the bathroom, my cum leaking down her thighs, and realised that getting what I wanted might not be the victory I'd imagined it would be.

Chapter 6

While Lily was in the bathroom, I got up and grabbed my phone from the nightstand, checking it almost reflexively. But as I stood there naked, still processing what had just happened between us, I felt a restless energy building. I was happy, genuinely happy, that I'd finally had sex with her after all these months. But her words kept echoing in my head. Just be yourself. Don't try to be something you aren't.

The implication was clear: I wasn't enough for her. I would never be enough.

I needed to do something. Something that would prove I wasn't just some jaded husband she had to tolerate. Something crazy, maybe, but something that would show her I could be more than she expected.

My eyes fell on her phone, sitting on the dresser where she'd left it after talking to Malcolm. I found myself walking over to it, picking it up, pacing around the room with it in my hands. I shouldn't look. I knew I shouldn't look. But the curiosity was eating me alive.

I opened the messages with Malcolm, scrolling up to see their recent conversation. Most of it was from last night and this morning, but there were a few messages from before she'd napped that made my heart ache.

Malcolm: Hope you manage to enjoy today, for Nick's sake.

Lily: I won't. I love him, but unless he invites some other guys around, I don't hold out much hope. But I have to do it for his sake, I get that.

Malcolm: You're a good wife for trying.

Lily: I just wish he could be more like those men last night. But that's not who he is.

I stared at the screen, my hands shaking slightly. She'd been texting Malcolm while I was downstairs, confiding in him about how inadequate I was, how little hope she had for enjoying our arrangement. And that comment about inviting other guys around, was that what it would take? Bringing strangers into our bedroom for her to actually feel satisfied with me?

The sound of the bathroom door opening made me quickly toss the phone back onto the dresser, hopefully in the same position I'd found it. I tried to look casual as Lily emerged, a towel wrapped around her waist, her hair damp from washing up.

"Everything okay?" she asked, noticing my expression.

"Fine," I said, though my voice sounded strained even to me.

"Just thinking."

She didn't seem to notice anything amiss, just dropped the towel and climbed back onto the bed. But the damage was done.

I'd seen what she really thought about our arrangement, about me, about what it would actually take to satisfy her. Maybe it was time to consider giving her exactly what she'd suggested to Malcolm.

I headed to the bathroom to freshen up, splashing cold water on my face again and trying to process what I'd just read. As I was drying off, Lily called from the bedroom.

"Can I get dressed for a while? I'm getting a little chilly."

"Yeah, sure," I called back, spraying some body spray to freshen up. The normality of the request felt surreal after everything that had happened. I grabbed my phone and headed downstairs, my mind

churning with those text messages. Unless he invites some other guys around. The words kept repeating in my head, and with each repetition, a reckless idea began forming.

I sat on the couch, staring at my phone with trembling hands.

This was insane. This was crossing a line I could never uncross.

But maybe that's exactly what Lily needed, for me to stop being the safe, predictable husband and do something that would truly shock her.

Before I could second-guess myself, I found Wayne's number and started typing.

Want to come over? You said you wanted to be a fly on the wall...

His response came back almost immediately: Are you serious?

Dead serious. I'm about to fuck my wife in the ass, and I think she'd enjoy having an audience.

There was a longer pause before his next message: Holy shit, Nick. Are you sure about this?

She wants excitement. She wants something different. Maybe this is it.

What does Lily think about me coming over?

I hesitated, then typed: She doesn't know yet. But she promised she'd do anything I wanted today.

Fuck. If you're sure... I can be there in twenty minutes.

Come over. But park down the street and text me when you're here. I'll figure out how to handle this.

On my way.

I set the phone down and leaned back on the couch, my heart pounding. What the hell was I doing? I was about to invite my best friend to watch me have sex with my wife — anal sex, no less — without even telling her first. It was the kind of reckless, impulsive decision that could fuck things up, but maybe that's what it would take. Maybe I needed to stop being the boring husband who couldn't satisfy his wife and become someone who could give her the kind of sex she was craving.

Twenty minutes later, my phone buzzed with a text from Wayne: Outside. Last chance to back out.

I could scarcely believe I was actually going through with this.

My hands were shaking as I opened the front door to let him in.

He looked as nervous as I felt, running his hand through his short dark hair as he stepped inside.

"Are you absolutely sure about this?" he whispered.

"Yes," I said, though my voice had a tremor in it. "If she says no, we'll talk about it. See what happens. But I have a feeling she won't refuse."

"Why?"

"Because she promised she wouldn't say no to anything today.

She said I could do whatever I wanted. And besides, she had a couple watch her yesterday at that club. How is this any different?"

Wayne nodded slowly, though he still looked uncertain.

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs. Give me a second." I called up the stairs, trying to keep my voice casual. "Lily! Can you come down here?"

"Is everything okay?" she called back.

"Yeah, everything's fine. I want you to come downstairs now.

Just wear your panties, nothing else."

There was a pause. "Just panties?"

"That's what I said."

I heard movement upstairs, and Wayne's eyes widened as the implications sank in. I put a finger to my lips, motioning for him to stay quiet. We positioned ourselves on the couch, Wayne looking like he might bolt at any second.

The sound of Lily's footsteps on the stairs made my heart pound. When she appeared in the living room doorway wearing nothing but a pair of black lace panties, her hands immediately flew up to cover her breasts when she saw Wayne sitting there.

She jumped back, startled. "Oh my God! Wayne!"

"Drop your hands," I said firmly. "Show us your tits."

She looked between us, her face flushing red with embarrassment and confusion. "Nick, I... I wasn't expecting this."

Wayne managed an awkward, "Hello, Lily."

"Hi." She gave him a strained smile, her arms still crossed over her chest. "I presume Nick has told you what this is?"

"Yes. He knows about you going to the sex club last night. He knows what you did, and I told him we're doing today." I smiled at her,

acting casual even though my heart was pounding in my chest. "And that you wouldn't say no to anything I suggested."

"But..." she started, then seemed to run out of words.

"Wayne is going to watch me fuck you," I continued, my voice gaining confidence as I saw she wasn't immediately running away. "And then he's going to watch me take your ass for the first time."

The silence that followed was deafening. Lily stood frozen in the doorway, her eyes wide with shock, while Wayne shifted uncomfortably on the couch. Everything hung in the balance of what she would say next. The silence stretched between us, heavy with tension and possibility. I watched Lily's face as she processed what I'd just told her, her eyes darting between Wayne and me, her breathing shallow and quick. Her arms remained crossed protectively over her breasts, but I could see her mind working, remembering her promise, weighing her options.

Finally, she took a deep breath and gave a small nod. Her hands slowly dropped to her sides, revealing her full breasts to Wayne's gaze. Her nipples had hardened in the cool air, and I saw Wayne's sharp intake of breath as he took in the sight of my wife's naked torso.

"Christ," he whispered, then looked up at her face. "You're beautiful, Lily."

She blushed deeper, the colour spreading from her cheeks down to her upper chest, but she didn't cover herself again. She seemed almost paralysed, unsure of what to do or say in this unprecedented situation.

"Drop your panties too," I said, my voice steadier now that she'd taken the first step. "Show Wayne your pussy."

This request made her hesitate longer, her hands fidgeting at her sides. The intimacy of full nudity in front of my friend was clearly a bigger psychological hurdle than just her breasts. But after several long seconds, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her black lace panties and slowly pushed them down over her hips.

The fabric fell to her ankles, and she stood completely naked before us, her freshly shaved pussy on full display. Wayne's breathing had become audibly heavier, and I could see the bulge growing in his jeans as he stared at my wife's most intimate parts.

"Come closer," I ordered.

Lily stepped forward until she was standing directly in front of where we sat on the couch, close enough that either of us could reach out and touch her. Wayne's eyes roamed over every inch of her body, her firm breasts, her flat stomach, the smooth mound between her legs. The hunger in his gaze was unmistakable, and I felt a strange mix of jealousy and pride knowing my friend was so affected by the sight of my naked wife.

"Pull down my sweatpants," I told her.

She knelt before us, her movements careful and deliberate, and tugged at the elastic waistband until my sweatpants and underwear were bunched around my ankles. My cock sprang free, already hard from the excitement and adrenaline of the situation. Wayne was sitting close enough that he could see everything—my erection, the way Lily's hands trembled slightly as she positioned herself between my legs.

"Suck it," I said, my voice rougher now. "Like you did this morning."

She leaned forward and took me into her mouth, her warm lips wrapping around my shaft. The sensation was incredible, but what made it even more intense was knowing Wayne was watching every

second of it. My best friend was sitting inches away, getting a perfect view of my wife performing oral sex on me.

It felt weird, exciting, crazy, and risky all at once. Part of me was embarrassed that Wayne could see my dick, could see how I responded to Lily's mouth. But the larger part was thrilled by the transgressive nature of it all, by finally doing something that would shock my wife out of her complacency. This was definitely not the safe, predictable husband she'd married. This was something else entirely.

"Wayne," I said, my voice thick with arousal as Lily continued working her mouth on my cock, "You can wank off while you watch, if you want to."

His eyes widened slightly, but he nodded. The bulge in his jeans had become impossible to ignore. I gently pulled Lily off me, her lips releasing my shaft with a soft pop. "Swap places with me," I told her.

She rose unsteadily and moved to sit on the couch next to Wayne, her naked body lightly brushing against his shoulder.

Wayne shifted slightly but didn't pull away from the contact. I could see him stealing glances at her bare skin, her breasts just inches from his arm.

I knelt on the floor between her thighs, positioning myself where I could look up and see both their faces. "Spread your legs wider," I ordered.

Lily complied, opening herself to me while Wayne watched from mere inches away. I guided my cock to her entrance and slowly pushed inside, groaning at the familiar sensation of her warmth surrounding me. But this time was different. This time I had an audience.

Wayne's breathing had become heavier as he watched my shaft disappear into my wife's pussy. I began moving slowly, pulling almost all the way out before sliding back in, making sure he could see every inch of the penetration.

"Is it okay with you if I..." Wayne asked Lily hesitantly, his hand hovering over his zipper.

Before she could answer, I spoke up. "She's not allowed to say no to anything today. Are you, Lily?"

She looked at Wayne, then back at me, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment and arousal. "Yes," she whispered to my friend. "You can wank if you want."

Wayne unzipped his jeans and freed his cock, and I heard Lily's sharp intake of breath. He was impressively thick, similar in length to me but with considerable girth that made my own size look modest by comparison.

I watched Lily's eyes focus on Wayne's erection as he began stroking himself, her pupils dilating with obvious interest.

There was something in her expression I hadn't seen during our earlier encounters today, a spark of genuine arousal that had nothing to do with duty or obligation.

I continued fucking her slowly, but I could tell her attention was divided between what I was doing to her and the sight of Wayne's thick cock in his hand just inches from her.

"You like watching him, don't you?" I asked.

She nodded almost unconsciously, her breathing becoming more laboured as Wayne's strokes matched my rhythm.

“Stand up,” I commanded, pulling out of her with a wet sound that made Wayne groan.

Lily rose on unsteady legs, her pussy glistening with moisture in the afternoon light streaming through the windows. I moved behind her, my hands finding her hips.

“Bend over,” I said. “Put your hands on Wayne’s knees to brace yourself.”

She hesitated for just a moment, then leaned forward, placing her palms on Wayne’s denim-covered legs. The position put her face mere inches from his thick, hard cock, which he was still stroking slowly. Her breasts hung beneath her, swaying slightly as I positioned myself behind her.

I entered her again from this angle, the new position allowing me to go deeper than before. She gasped at the penetration, her face so close to Wayne’s erection that her breath must have been warming his skin.

“Watch him wank,” I told her as I began thrusting. “Look at his cock while I fuck you.”

Her eyes fixed on Wayne’s hand moving up and down his shaft, her moans becoming more ragged with each thrust. The visual was incredible — my wife bent over between us, taking my cock while staring hungrily at my friend’s dick. I could feel her body responding differently than it had earlier, her muscles tightening around me with genuine arousal rather than just accommodation.

“Help him,” I said suddenly, the words coming out before I could stop them. “Wank him off.”

Lily looked back at me with wide eyes, then at Wayne, who had stopped stroking himself and was watching her with barely

contained desire, his cock standing straight up, throbbing in front of her.

After a moment's hesitation, she reached out and wrapped her fingers around Wayne's thick shaft, replacing his hand with her own. Wayne groaned deeply at the contact, his hips lifting slightly off the couch.

The sight of my wife's hand wrapped around another man's cock while I fucked her from behind was almost too much to handle. She stroked him slowly, inexpertly, but Wayne didn't seem to mind. His head had fallen back against the couch, his eyes closed in pleasure.

I increased my pace, slamming into her harder, making her breasts bounce and her hand jerk more urgently on Wayne's cock. The room filled with the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, heavy breathing, and soft moans from all three of us.

But just as I felt myself approaching the edge, I forced myself to stop. I wasn't going to waste this opportunity. Today was about getting everything I'd ever wanted, and there was still one frontier left to cross.

"Upstairs," I said, pulling out of her abruptly. "I need your ass."

Lily straightened slowly, her hand reluctantly releasing Wayne's cock. She looked dazed, caught between embarrassment and arousal.

"Wayne," I said, "Follow her upstairs."

He tucked himself back into his jeans but didn't zip up, then stood on unsteady legs. Whatever happened next, I was going to claim my wife's ass for the first time with my best friend watching every second of it.

We made our way upstairs, an awkward procession with Lily naked, Wayne with his cock still sticking out of his jeans, and me following

behind them both. As we entered the bedroom, I heard Lily mutter under her breath, "I can't believe I'm allowing this to happen."

"You fucked two guys last night," I reminded her sharply.

"Sucked one off, let people watch you, including your ex-lover.

So now I get to do whatever I want. And so does Wayne."

Wayne's eyes widened at this revelation, his mouth opening to say something, but I gave him a look that told him to stay quiet. This wasn't the time for questions.

"Fine," Lily said, her voice resigned. "Just understand that I'm not going to enjoy this. Don't expect me to."

"Whatever," I replied, my patience wearing thin with her constant reminders. "Now get on the bed and spread your legs."

"Just hurry up and do what you want to do," she said, moving toward the bed. "Take my ass. I promised you, so let's get it over with."

The clinical way she said it stung, but I was used to it now.

This was happening whether she enjoyed it or not. "Wayne, get undressed and join her on the bed," I ordered.

Wayne quickly stripped off his clothes while Lily watched with curious eyes, clearly wondering what I had planned. When he sat on the edge of the bed, his thick cock jutting up from his lap, she looked between us with growing understanding.

"Kneel on the bed, on all fours," I told her. "Suck his cock while I fuck your ass."

Wayne looked nervous despite his obvious arousal. "Nick, are you sure about this?"

“Dead sure.”

Lily sighed reluctantly but moved into position, her ass raised toward me while she lowered her head into Wayne’s lap. His impressively chunky cock was rock hard, and when she took it into her mouth, he groaned and his hands instinctively moved to her hair.

I positioned myself behind her, spreading her legs slightly to give me better access. I spat on my cock and her ass, using the moisture as makeshift lubrication. She tensed as I pressed against her tight entrance, and I had to push firmly to breach her resistance.

“Relax,” I told her as I slowly worked my way inside.

She grunted around Wayne’s cock, the sound muffled but clearly indicating discomfort. I continued pushing until I was fully inside her ass, marvelling at the incredible tightness after fifteen years of being denied this experience.

Wayne was in absolute heaven, his head thrown back as Lily’s mouth worked on him. Every time I thrust into her ass, it drove her forward onto his cock, creating a rhythm that had all three of us breathing heavily.

She whimpered and grunted with each of my thrusts, the sounds vibrating around Wayne’s shaft. The sight of my wife taking both of us at once, finally giving me the anal sex I’d craved while servicing my best friend, was beyond anything I’d ever fantasised about.

We continued like that for several minutes, the rhythm building between the three of us. But as I watched my wife service my friend while I took her from behind, something else reckless overtook me. If she thought I was boring, if she needed excitement and variety, then I’d give her something she’d never forget.

“Wayne, lie flat on your back,” I ordered, pulling out of her ass.

He looked confused but complied, sliding up the bed and lying down with his thick cock standing straight up. Lily lifted her head, looking between us with growing alarm.

“Get on top of him,” I told her. “Fuck him.”

The shock on her face was immediate and profound. “Nick, you can’t be serious.”

“You promised you wouldn’t say no to anything,” I reminded her, my voice hard. “This is what I want.”

“Do you really want this?” she asked, her voice small and uncertain.

“You’ve already had two new cocks in your pussy last night,” I said, fighting to keep my voice steady despite the churning in my gut. “A third won’t make any difference.”

She stared at me for a long moment, then slowly moved to straddle Wayne. I watched, transfixed and horrified at the same time, as she positioned herself over his thick shaft. When she sank onto him, both of them groaned, and I got my first real view of what she must have looked like last night with strangers inside her.

At first, she moved mechanically, clearly doing this out of obligation rather than desire. But as Wayne began thrusting up to meet her movements, something shifted. Her breathing changed, becoming more ragged, and her movements became more fluid and natural. She was starting to enjoy it. The jealousy hit me like a physical blow, but we’d come too far to turn back now. I didn’t know what this would do to our marriage, but there was no undoing what we were doing. We were all-in now.

“Lean forward,” I commanded, moving behind them both.

Lily’s eyes widened as she realised what I intended. “Nick, I don’t think—”

“Lean forward,” I repeated firmly. “Keep his cock inside you.”

She reluctantly bent over Wayne’s chest, her breasts pressing against him while his cock remained buried in her pussy. I positioned myself behind her again, lining up with her ass that was still slick from our earlier encounter.

When I pushed back inside her, she cried out at the overwhelming sensation of being filled in both holes simultaneously.

Wayne groaned beneath her as he felt the pressure of my cock through the thin wall separating us.

We were double penetrating my wife, hopefully giving her the kind of intense experience she’d described craving. And despite everything, the jealousy, the uncertainty about our future, I couldn’t deny that it felt incredible.

The sensation of being inside Lily while Wayne filled her from below was unlike anything I’d ever experienced. I could feel his thick cock through the thin wall separating her pussy from her ass, could feel him thrusting up into her while I moved in and out of the tight opening.

And then something happened that I hadn’t expected. Lily came. Hard.

Her whole body tensed, and she cried out, her muscles clamp-ing down on both of us as waves of pleasure crashed over her.

But what she said next cut through my satisfaction like a knife.

“It’s from Wayne’s thick cock in my pussy,” she gasped between aftershocks, “Not your cock in my ass, just so you know.”

This time, I didn’t care about her words as much as I should have. She was cumming, finally responding with genuine pleasure, and

that's what I'd wanted all along. It didn't matter that it was my friend's dick causing it rather than mine.

We continued fucking her in both holes, our rhythm becoming more frantic as we chased our own releases. Wayne was grunt-ing beneath her, his hands gripping her hips as he thrust up into her pussy. I could feel him getting close, his movements becoming more erratic.

"Can I cum inside her?" he asked breathlessly.

Before I could answer, Lily spoke up: "Yes. I'm not allowed to say no, remember? That's the only reason I'm saying yes." Her insistence that she was only doing this because of our arrangement was starting to ring hollow.

Even so, her blunt honesty about her being willing to let my friend cum inside her sent me over the edge. The combination of finally fucking her, watching my best friend fuck her, the way she'd cum on our cocks and her willingness to take his cum, all crashed together, and I exploded inside her.

At almost the same moment, I felt Wayne's cock pulsing through the wall between us as he emptied himself into her pussy. The sensation of feeling another man's orgasm while I was having my own was indescribable.

When we were both spent, Lily slowly lifted herself off Wayne and away from me. As she did, a river of cum began streaming from both her holes, his from her pussy, mine from her ass. The sight was both entrancing and disgusting at the same time, watching our combined fluids leak out of my wife's well-used body. She collapsed on the bed between us, breathing heavily, looking thoroughly fucked in a way I'd never seen her before.

Was this how she'd looked last night?

The aftermath was awkward in the way these things always are. Wayne sat on the edge of the bed, pulling his clothes back on with slightly shaking hands, clearly buzzing from what had just happened but uncertain how to handle the social dynamics of having just fucked his best friend's wife.

"I should probably leave you two to enjoy your evening," he said, avoiding direct eye contact with either of us. "I've got some things to do at home and..." He paused at the bedroom door, looking back. "Thanks, both of you. That was... incredible."

After he left, I lay down next to Lily, both of us still catching our breath. She was on her back, staring at the ceiling, cum still leaking from both her holes onto our sheets.

"Do you regret this arrangement yet?" I asked. "Do I need to remind you that it was all your idea?"

She turned to look at me, and there was something in her blue eyes I hadn't seen in months. Complete satisfaction and... pleasant surprise?

"No," she said without hesitation. "Last night was worth it.

Being fucked properly, getting what I need... being properly satisfied... It was amazing. And I'm going to do it again next Saturday."

The casual certainty in her voice sent a chill through me.

"I might even let a stranger at the club fuck my ass," she continued, "Now that you've loosened me up for it."

"Fine," I said, though the word came out tighter than I intended. "Aren't you worried about the things I'm going to do to you on Sundays?"

She smiled, and it was almost predatory. “No. Because the sor-did acts I’m going to get up to on Saturday nights — all the new cocks I’m going to fuck — will make whatever you do to me worth it.”

I stared at her, this woman I’d been married to for fifteen years, who was talking about fucking strangers like it was a hobby she’d just picked up. The arrangement she’d created and I’d agreed to had unleashed something new in both of us, and I wasn’t sure either of us fully understood what we’d set in motion.

But as I lay there next to my thoroughly used wife, planning what I’d do to her next Sunday, I realised I didn’t want to stop.

Whatever this was doing to our marriage, whatever lines we were crossing, the alternative — going back to months of rejection and frustration — felt impossible now. We’d opened Pando-ra’s box, and there was no closing it again.

And somehow, I’d never been happier.

Afterword

Thanks for sticking with Nick and Lily through their complicated arrangement. I know it wasn’t always comfortable reading — hell, it wasn’t always comfortable writing.

I wanted to explore the messy reality of long-term relationships and what happens when fantasy meets reality. Not every marriage can or should survive what these two put themselves through, but I found their willingness to risk everything rather than accept slow death fascinating.

Whether you loved it, hated it, or felt somewhere in between, thanks for taking the journey with them. Your time and attention mean everything to an author.

If this story stirred something in you — good or bad — I'd love to hear about it. Would you like to hear more of Nick and Lily's .

story? Did you recognise Mina and Evan from my other stories?

And what about Malcolm... Will we meet him again?

Thanks for buying and reading this book. As always, if you enjoyed it, please leave a review and I'll see you very soon (in less than a week) with my next release!

Paul Garland