

The "Honey" Series

HONEY, HE KISSED ME



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By
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Over 70% of married women said they would gladly have sex with another man if they knew for certain their husbands approved and it would not be held against them in the future...

CHAPTER 1

“Honey, he kissed me!” I gasped in shocked outrage.

I wasn’t mad.

However, it paid to act so.

I was raised the old fashioned way: wives didn’t accept kisses from other men, even if that man was the best man at my recent wedding.

Hank scowled at his friend. “Benny, if you don’t knock that shit off, I’ll chain you up behind my truck and drag you back to your wife.”

Benny was all smiles and moved away from me. He was shiftless, without much direction, and married. Also my husband’s best friend and as different from him as night and day. My husband was ultra-focused. Benny always looked dazed.

I didn’t want to get my husband’s friend in trouble, though. With a mental sigh, I tried to walk a middle ground. “Well, it was just a cheek kiss...”

Hank gave me a serious look. “Did he hurt you?”

It was a ridiculous question, but I dared not laugh at the man who was only four months my husband. I didn’t want to go through another divorce. I touched my cheek where the scratch of Benny’s stubble could still be felt. “No.”

My husband, always so serious that I never knew when he was joking, pointed a dire finger at his friend. “Watch it.”

Benny looked around for something to catch his attention. “Watch what?”

He grabbed his friend’s shoulder and spun him around. “Try watching this...” His fist cocked back.

Stunned by the sudden suggestion of violence, I almost screamed, “Hank! No!”

They both looked at me as if I was an intruder.

Except that they both smiled and my husband dropped his fist. Hank muttered, “Was just kidding, Rachel.”

My heart tapped harshly in my chest. It had looked so real and immediate.

Hank adjusted his cowboy hat. “Need to run into Dillon and pick up some chicken wire.”

Benny did not offer to go.

My husband left our little ranch without any further commentary or suggestion.

I tried to make nice. I swished my long dark hair back and said to Benny, “Do you think you’ll get back together with Paris?” He was staying with us after having lost his job and been kicked out of his home by his wife.

Benny’s eyes looked as glazed as always – sort of distant and not all there, but not mentally handicapped in any way. “Nah, I don’t know.” He scuffed his foot in the dirt and shrugged. “She’s a Whitaker. Don’t know what I was thinking. Never should’ve married a Whitaker.”

I wanted to laugh. It wasn’t like the Whitakers were anything better than middle class, though Paris liked to think of herself as a wealthy socialite. She had even hyphenated her name when she married him: Paris Whitaker-Lee. “She really kicked you out because you lost your job?”

“My fourth job...” His shoulders shrugged forward and he made a slack face of disinterest.

“Bring your bags; I’ll show you your room.”

“Yeah...” He bent to pick up his three suitcases.

Inside the house, the television was set on a music channel and some upbeat new age song was playing with violins in a western setting.

I barely paid attention to it all – it was just noise.

I showed him his room and pointed out the closet shelf with the extra blankets, though it wouldn’t be cold until later in the year. I turned to look at him in the doorway.

He had set down his suitcases and was leaning absently against the door frame, tapping his fingers on the wood and resting his head against his hand.

I started to say something but stopped, puzzled by the tapping. His gaze was entirely unfocused, but his fingers tapped a slow rhythm I couldn’t fathom. Also, his chin moved one way, and then gently the other – moving in a counterpoint waltz to his tapping.

I realized he was subconsciously reacting to the music playing on the television. I said, “Do you like that music?”

My question seemed to startle him. “Hmm? Music?” His eyes cleared a little. “Oh, I hadn’t noticed. It’s nice, I guess.”

I blinked at him. *You hadn’t noticed? Are you kidding?* I pursed my lips shut.

He looked down. "Sorry, I was thinking..."

I touched his arm. He was a very nice man and my husband's friend. "I need to look up something on the internet: our dishwasher isn't cleaning as well as it should. If you need something, just holler. I'll be in the other room."

"Maybe I'll just sit out and watch the chickens until Hank gets back."

I patted his arm. "Whatever suits you."

Through the entire conversation, his fingers did not stop tapping and it wasn't until I walked away that I heard the deeper underlying bass of the violin song that was ending.

The timing of the tapping and the bass...

Curious.

CHAPTER 2

I brushed out my long hair. I was unhappy with it and considered dyeing it one way or the other. It annoyingly alternated between black swaths and hints of brunette patches.

It reminded me of my mother's.

I despised my mother.

She had abandoned the family when I was three. My father raised me. I never knew the whole story, except that she had left us to go be with some sex-control freak.

Maybe mother would've had some advice on my first marriage to the Man of Jealousy and Threats. My ex had never hit me, but he had grabbed me and shook me several times. After the threats turned uglier, I had left.

What would mother have said?

My father would've told me to study up on it – which is all I ever did when faced with a problem.

Hank laid his hand on my shoulder. “Are you going to be all right with Benny in the house?”

My husband was a gentle man sometimes, most especially with me and the chickens. But otherwise, he was blunt, brusque, and brutal.

I said earnestly, “Of course I'll be fine. It's a shame about Paris; she seemed so nice.”

“That was just what she wanted you to see. I warned him about her.” I saw his frown in the mirror. He said, “The boy can't keep a job, though. Too unfocused.”

“You think he'll work out okay here with the chickens?”

“For certain. I'll keep him focused, and the work isn't something that requires maximum attention. Shoveling and refilling the water containers is mindless work.”

“Maybe he'll be the worker you've been talking about.”

His voice dropped severely. “Well, we'll see.” He changed the subject. “That kiss didn't really bother you? You sounded panicked.”

I most definitely did not want to appear that I was setting myself against his best friend. I waved him off. “No, really. I was just surprised.”

His frown deepened. “I didn't think much about your ex at the time. I suppose I can understand—”

I cut him off. “You’re not like him, Hank. Not in any way, shape, or form. I’m... I’m sorry if for a moment I had a flashback to all that jealousy.”

He squeezed my shoulder. “Easy, girl. It’s all right.”

I imitated my husband’s method of assertive determination. “Benny Lee is not a problem.”

A flicker of a smile ghosted my husband’s handsome, rugged features. “He was the best man, after all. I suppose a peck on the cheek is his due.”

I was relieved.

For a second, I felt the memory of the brushing kiss across my cheek: the soft lips; the warmth of his breath; and the rough scrape of his whiskers. I reached up and touched my husband’s hand to reconnect with reality. “I fixed the dishwasher.”

“You did?”

“The hardest part was finding the right size hex screw driver.”

“I had one?”

“Yep, but it was in the smaller tool kit, not your bigger one.”

He muttered, “Lucky. I thought that smaller kit was useless. I’ll make sure to get some better ones. Eventually.”

“It’s no rush; it’s all fixed.”

He squeezed my shoulder again. “Saved us the cost of a repairman.”

“No reason to spend it if I can do it myself.” All it had taken was a simple YouTube that showed everything. My father had taught me to learn things on my own to be self-sufficient. Was there anything I couldn’t learn? Even about my husband’s only real friend?

CHAPTER 3

“How’s Benny working out?” I asked my husband a few days later. I lifted my toast.

“Like he was born to it.” But his expression was disappointed.

His hesitation made me curious. “What?” I prodded him.

“It’s like he can do the work fine, but he’s not all there. He deserves something better.”

I was at a loss. “So... you’re going to tell him it isn’t working out?”

He scowled. “Did I say that? The boy just deserves better, is all. He can shovel chicken shit just fine.”

I paled, fearful I might have said something to upset my husband.

His scowl deepened. “Knock that off; we’re just talking.”

“What?”

“Going all pale and shit. You act like I’m about to hit you.” His fist clenched.

“Why are you making a fist then?”

He leaned towards me across the table. “Because I’d love to beat the holy shit out of your fucking ex-husband.”

I wasn’t sure who would win in that fight, but I was leaning towards Hank.

Benny interrupted us, coming into the kitchen, hair still wet from the shower. “Mmm, smells good.”

I got up and retrieved his plate out of the oven. “Scrambled eggs and toast.”

He laughed. “Eggs, again.”

I explained, “It’s a chicken farm.”

He nodded. “Right... What are my choices?”

I blinked innocently. “Well, let’s see: eggs fried; eggs scrambled; hard-boiled eggs with mayonnaise...”

He chuckled. “Stop. I think I’ll just have some eggs.” He leaned in quick and pecked my cheek.

My eyebrows shot up and I covered my surprised mouth with my hand.

Hank growled at his friend, “You son of a bitch, I warned you about that.”

“Sorry.”

“Do I have to take you out back and beat you senseless?”

“Sounds like fun, bro.”

I paled in panic. I didn't want to be the one who broke up a good friendship. I stammered, “It was my fault.”

They both looked at me as if I had four heads and tentacles.

Benny looked like he was going to laugh, but it was my husband who captured all of my attention. He reddened dangerously and got up from the table. He shoved his finished plate into the dishwasher a little too hard and left the kitchen.

Benny muttered under his breath, “Ohh... he's mad.”

I gasped, “Maybe you shouldn't be kissing me.”

“It's fun.”

I looked at him aghast. “How can you say that? I'm your best friend's wife, not some cheap girl at a bar.”

His face crumpled into hurt.

I realized I had implied he was cheap enough to go for cheap girls. I swallowed and said, “I'm sorry.”

He looked away. “It's no matter.”

Trying to find the ground between my husband and his best friend was so difficult – considering their differences. My shoulders slumped and I hung my head. I rubbed at my forehead and muttered, “I can't seem to do the right thing...”

Benny's voice turned all sympathetic and soft. “Aw, now, don't get all down about things...” He got up out of his chair he had just taken seconds ago and came around behind me. His hands landed on my shoulders and began kneading.

I tensed right up and asked, “What are you doing?”

He drew breath to answer but paused. Three deep rubs later – enough to drive sensational uncertainty into my knotted muscles – he said, “I don't know...”

His uncertainty mixed with mine and I was at a loss to pin him down on anything. I let him rub more and closed my eyes. I let out a sigh and tried to relax. Tried to think of anything except how good this really felt.

Tingles raced down my back and up my arms.

His thumbs worked up the back of my neck, pressing at the buried tension reaching up to my head.

I let out a small, wordless moan of quiet acknowledgement. After my initial reticence at letting my husband's friend give me a neck and shoulder rub passed, I began to feel the stirrings of pleasure – not sexual – that my muscles were receiving the kind of contentment and satisfaction they needed. Stress and worry slowly melted away.

I had reacted defensively; maybe it wasn't so bad letting Benny rub my neck?

My only warning was the briefest touch of heat against the right side of my neck. His warm lips, moist with sensitivity, touched my neck in a kiss. At the same time, his hands dropped down in front of my shoulders and slid right down over my miniscule boobs. The hot slide of his hands over the fabric of my dress raised my nipples instantly.

I shot up out of the chair and guarded my chest with my forearm. "What are you doing?" I almost screamed at him, but I was particularly breathless with panic and outrage.

He answered me with a sheepish smile. "I couldn't help myself."

I stared at him, astonished and stupefied. How could I tell this man – my husband's best friend – that he was way out of bounds? I tried, despite my bewilderment. "You can't be doing things like this. I'm married to your best friend. You'll wreck everything."

He looked for a few seconds like he was going to kick his feet and relent to my obviously valid point. But then he grinned crookedly and said, "Sure is fun, though."

I looked up at the ceiling in a huff and stomped my foot. *Men!* I marched out of the kitchen.

CHAPTER 4

I didn't tell my husband and I didn't think that was a mistake.

It wasn't.

Surely.

I kept a cold, stern barrier of will between us over the next couple of mornings and avoided a repeat of the neck incident.

Keeping my defenses up kept me thinking about it and despite my obstinate and successful refusal to give in to Benny's advances, I couldn't help but think about it.

No, I dwelled on it.

Incessantly.

The feel of his grip on my shoulders.

The impression of his thumbs against the back of my neck muscles.

The touch of his lips on my neck.

I couldn't shake any of it from my mind because I was constantly on guard against anything dangerous with him.

Fortunately, he didn't make any moves.

Had it all been a prank from my husband's breezy, flighty friend?

Was I a joke to him? Or did he take me seriously? Over the past few days, he had kept his distance. It looked like he took me seriously. If so, as it appeared to be, was I safe from him now?

Sunday was a day of rest for us, but in name only for my husband. Nevertheless, he got up much earlier on Sundays to get his work done by breakfast. I was afforded time to lie in bed for an hour or so before getting up at my normal time. Then we would spend the rest of the day together.

I drifted in and out of sleep.

I was blissfully untroubled with not a thought of the tingles Benny's attempts gave me. I sure had dreams about it all though: the temptation of the forbidden kiss; the terror; the torment. I would fall asleep and wake up with it on my mind.

I should have been enraged and offended. Disgusted, even.

Period.

And I was, except...

Why did I also get so wet when I thought about it?

This was all too dangerous.

I had been there with the jealous husband thing.

Gawd, no more of that, please.

But I was married again now and I had my new husband to consider. Hank was a good man: strong; loving; considerate. He had dismissed my previous marriage as a mistake and didn't hold it against me. He had assured me that it wasn't me that had failed, but my horrible, jealous ex, Phil.

Hank was back inside early. His noises were solid and soft, as usual.

Sometimes he would sit on the bed and waken me with a soft touch.

The bed sank with familiarity and he leaned over me. His lips nuzzled my ear and sent shivers all down my back and legs.

Alert enough to remember Benny, I opened my eyes just to make sure the familiarity was indeed my husband.

Except it wasn't.

I scrambled away, eyes wide and heart beginning an all too familiar drumbeat inside my chest. I failed to control my reaction. "Dammit, Benny! What are you doing in here?"

He winked. "Giving you a wake-up kiss. I saw you and couldn't resist."

"Get out of my room!" I shouted. Then I realized that if Hank was anywhere near, he would hear it.

Can't have that.

I clutched the sheets to my nakedness and bolted from the bed. I grabbed his arm and hauled. "Get out!" I hissed.

Benny genuinely looked distressed. "I'm sorry..."

Moving with all the force I could muster, I pushed him out of the room. Even if he was contrite, I wasn't going to relent. This was just way too dangerous. "Out!"

He hung his head and went.

I slammed the bedroom door and turned, leaning back against it so as to try controlling my shaking. I leaned my head down into my hand and rubbed at my forehead.

From just the other side of the door I heard him mutter sadly, "I'm sorry, Rachel..."

I closed my eyes in sympathy at the hurt tone of his voice. But I dared not say anything.

The audacity of the man!

I hugged myself tightly to get a grip on my churning emotions.

Benny had faced my irate husband and his threats of beatings and all sorts of violence. Couldn't he see that he was playing a game where he could get hurt? All because of me?

The weight of that reality bore down on my shoulders until I stumbled away from the door.

A hot shower would help.

And then I noticed the warmth between my thighs and the hardness of my nipples as the sheet rubbed against them.

Yeah, okay, fine, it's sort of a turn on, I guess, to get that kind of attention, but this is ridiculous! I grabbed fresh clothing for the day and made sure it was enough to cover me like a tent.

The shower didn't help.

I had hoped it would rinse away the event and the resultant stress, but it only made it worse.

I made breakfast and developed a headache. The tense muscles in my shoulders and neck gripped at my skull and began throbbing. A hint of pressure developed inside my head.

This was not going to be a good day.

Hank and Benny came in.

I said nothing.

I froze when I felt lips on my cheek.

Fortunately, they were Hank's.

I barely relaxed before shooting Benny an accusatory glare.

I instantly deflated when I saw his forlorn look. At any second, I expected him to start crying.

Oh, gosh. Poor Benny. He doesn't deserve... I sighed in exasperation. I had reacted too strongly, I guess.

Hank murmured with disgust, "Eggs again?"

I looked at him, Benny forgotten, in utter astonishment.

His eyes twinkled at me.

I let out a long breath and shook my head. "Henry Puckett, how am I supposed to know when you're kidding around?"

He made a stressed mouth expression and sat down. He grumped, "Sorry. I guess you'll get used to me... someday."

"I'm already," I shot a glance at Benny and continued, "used to you. I just..."

"Haven't figured out my sense of humor, obviously."

“I’m sorry; I’m just a little tense this morning. I’m getting a headache.”

Benny looked up at me. “Do you need another shoulder rub?”

I almost dropped the spatula in panic. I looked at my husband with fear and horror that he was going to find out a secret. What else would he think?

Hank sat down, considering me. His expression was not happy or joking, now. “You got a shoulder massage?”

I stammered, “A small one, a few days ago. I...” I felt helpless.

His face darkened and his eyebrows drew down.

I busied myself. I doled out the scrambled eggs with a hand that shook so much, some of it fell off the plates. “I’m... sorry... I...”

Hank sighed with patience and it wasn’t a good sound. “Woman, sit your ass down before you drop everything and make a bigger mess.”

“I’m sorry...”

His scowl was ferocious.

I didn’t know what to say or do to make things better. I didn’t want to be a burden to my husband; I wanted to be an asset. I wanted to be his partner. I wanted there to be all the wonderful love we felt between us during our engagement. I wanted all of that permanently. I didn’t want it to go away with stupid mistakes or misunderstandings.

I was becoming a mess.

Distracted as I was, Benny’s hands landed on my shoulders and squeezed.

I tensed up so suddenly that his fingers were caught between my shoulders and neck.

Hank growled, “Relax, would you? For shit’s sake, let him give you a shoulder massage.”

He was okay with that? I was overreacting? “Okay... y-yes, okay.” I tried to relax, but the memories of Benny’s lips, the tingles, my hardened nipples, and the attempt to keep it all secret from my husband kept the tension high. I rubbed my forehead.

I couldn’t tell him. I mean, I should, but to blurt it all out would just wreck everything. Surely Benny would back off now, right? I didn’t want to be a new focus for trouble; I wanted to be Hank’s loving, devoted wife. I wanted to fix his dishwasher and whatever else I could in his life, not make things harder.

Not let Benny maul me when Hank wasn’t looking.

And why did my pussy think it was such a hot thing?

How dare it betray me!

Benny's massage wasn't working; I was way too tense. He made it even worse in an instant. He said to my husband, "I think it's my fault, bro. I keep trying to kiss her."

My husband slammed his hand down on the table, hard. "Dammit, Benny! Are you going to leave her alone, or do I have to beat the holy living shit out of you?" His shout echoed in the house.

"Sorry..."

I heard the hurt in his voice. I felt it in the twitch of his fingers on my skin. I tried lamely to play the mediator between the two. "It's okay..."

Hank growled, "It's not okay. Look at you." He launched a booted foot at Benny's leg. "Apologize and make it right."

Benny's soft voice said, "Make it right?"

"That massage better do the trick or I'm going to haul you out and give you bruises that look like full body tattoos."

I stuttered, "He r-really doesn't have to—"

Hank said angrily, "Quiet, you. This asshole does it right and makes it up to you or he's getting his ass beat." I knew the last part was a warning to Benny.

I snapped my mouth shut and decided to just suffer it all at my husband's request.

And that's how the shoulder massages began in front of my husband. I had thought Benny's moves were torture before; I was in for utter hell.

CHAPTER 5

I tried suffering the morning breakfast massages.

I succeeded, for my husband's sake.

Unfortunately, it was the massages and the resultant conflict within me that kept me tense. I was in a no-win situation and the prospects looked dim. But I allowed Benny to place his hands on me every morning to keep my husband calm.

It was Friday at breakfast when Benny made a move that brought doom to my fragile acceptance.

Hank got up and turned to the dishwasher.

Benny's face suddenly came down next to my ear. His hot tongue reached out and licked a quick, scalding trail from the bottom of my lobe to the top of my ear.

I dared not scream or react – not with my husband just three feet away. I flinched hard, squeezed my eyes shut, and shivered.

Hank said to Benny, whether he noticed my reaction or not, “Need to change bedding today. Make sure you take care of her neck, first. Then meet me out at the coops. I'll show you how it's done.”

Benny squeezed my shoulders. “Sure thing, boss.”

Hank stared down Benny for a few seconds. “If she doesn't respond and still has headaches, then we'll need to get her into the doctor.”

What? No... I didn't need a doctor and pills. I tried to sit up straighter. “I don't need a doctor.”

My husband was a no-nonsense kind of person. “You've had headaches for a week. It isn't the flu and it isn't your time of the month. Something's up and I don't like it.”

“It's just stress.”

Hank's voice deepened with concern and a desire to get to the bottom of it all. “Stress over what? That Benny tried to kiss your cheek? Good God, woman, get over it.”

I tried desperately to make sense, and took my chance. “But... he's your friend and I'm your wife... It... He... shouldn't try to kiss me.”

“For shit's sake, is it so hard to accept a peck on the cheek? Benny doesn't mean anything by it. Do you not like him or something? Is his presence here bothering you?”

“N-no, I...”

“Then get over it.” He shook his finger at Benny now. “Make it right, dammit. I don’t like seeing her like this. Tickle her or spank her or something. Just don’t give her any more headaches.”

Benny murmured, “Spanking sounds like a lot of fun.”

Hank growled in warning, then left the house.

I twisted away and stood. Although hugely relieved that Hank wasn’t going to hold Benny’s attempts against me, I still didn’t want to give his friend any excuse. “What kind of friend are you?”

He appeared confused. “Huh?”

“Trying to kiss me and then licking my ear? Hank’s your best friend. How can you do such a thing?”

He shrugged, grinned, and said, “You’re beautiful. I see a pretty lady and I want to lick their ears.”

I quipped, “And you got Paris.”

His mood fell. “Well, yeah, I guess so...”

“Didn’t work out so well, did it?”

“She was pretty?”

“But look how it ended – in disaster.”

He said quietly, “I know...”

“Thankfully, Hank doesn’t think your attempts to kiss me are anything to be upset about. Didn’t he tell you about my past?”

“No?”

“I was married before—”

“I know that—”

“To an abusive man.”

“Oh. What did he do? Did he beat you?”

I sighed and relaxed a little, shifting my inner turmoil to the past. “No, he didn’t physically abuse me, but I thought at the end he might. He was very jealous and suspicious. He wanted to see every text I got. He pored over the phone logs. He accused me of talking to guys I didn’t know. He called me at work constantly and I got fired for it.”

“I didn’t know all that; I’m sorry. But what does that have to do with Hank?”

“Hank’s such a good man. He’s honest and caring. He’s everything I want. I don’t want him to think I can’t be anything other than his devoted wife.”

“Oh, he talks the world of you.”

I smiled inwardly. “He does?”

A nod. “He says you’re the best thing that ever happened to him.”

I collapsed backwards against the counter, letting it hold me up at the small of my back. “Whew.”

“What?”

“I was worried that all of this was going to damage everything. I’m newly married—”

He advanced on me. “I’m really sorry it all bothered you; I just really like you.”

I sighed, letting go. “Thanks.”

“And you’re so pretty.”

“How can you be certain I’m not another Paris Whitaker?”

His finger came up and brushed my cheek. “Never. Hank wouldn’t pick a Paris. He’d only pick a Rachel.”

His finger burned a trail along my jaw and I shivered. At least I knew that my husband wasn’t going to think badly of me if Benny tried something. I didn’t think his touch was dangerous, so I said nothing.

He motioned. “Turn around and let me work those kinks out of your neck.”

I hesitated for a few seconds, but then thought that maybe it sounded like a really good idea. Besides, my husband had asked him to do it. Wordlessly, I turned.

Benny’s hands clamped down on my shoulders and began to really work magic. Now that I wasn’t all tensed up with fright and fear that my husband would disapprove, I relaxed and let him drive away the stress. After just a minute, I moaned as the pressure was lifted by his probing fingers.

His thumbs pushed up the back of my neck on either side of the bone. The tips of his other fingers dug into the area below my clavicle. Knots of tension heated until they hurt, but that was always the case right before the tension let go.

Slowly, I melted to the point I was almost slumped forward over the counter. That’s when I felt him follow me forward and begin pressing up against my backside.

I said nothing.

His breathing accelerated and he pressed forward a little harder.

I blushed, feeling the heat of embarrassment rise up my neck to heat my face. *Should I say something?*

But this felt good – his hands and the pressure against my butt. Something manly about the position had me silent and my own breathing became labored.

He pressed more firmly and ran his hands down my arms.

I shivered and gasped.

His hands came to my waist and he gently pulled, pressing his hips forward into my butt.

It was wildly erotic and I was flushed into total silence. I didn't want to say anything that might spoil the mood or cause him to go further. I was wary, but I was also very much enjoying what was happening. It was just a hug after all, right?

His hands traveled up my back, smoothing over tense muscles on either side of my spine. He breathed, "Oh, Rachel..."

I thought maybe he was getting a little heavy. Maybe time to stop him. I straightened so I could use my upper back to push him back a little – away from his grinding pelvis.

His hot breath descended on my neck and sent delicious shivers racing throughout my body. Tingles radiated up from my clit and a deep ache formed in my pussy. His hands slipped around me and clutched at my shoulders.

For a second, I hesitated, but it was just an embrace - a hug. And if a cheek kiss wasn't out of bounds, then a hug certainly couldn't be. I said nothing, just clasped my hands over his.

Again, I felt the press of his pelvis against my butt. His ragged breath puffed in my ear and warmed me from the neck down with realization that this man really was very turned on by me. It felt very good and I didn't want to move. Nothing wrong with a hug...

His hands slid down out of my grasp and brushed roughly over my breasts. I could feel the heat through the fabric of my dress.

"Benny..." I warned him.

But he wasn't listening. His hands slid up and down, rubbing my dress over my bare nipples underneath.

I gasped, suddenly overtaken by the zinging pulses that shot through me. I tried to lean forward and pull his arms away by the wrists, but he was stronger. I got very wet. "Benny..."

He moaned and pressed against my backside hard.

I felt his bulge.

I quivered with excitement, knowing this was forbidden, but overcome by the sensations coursing through me. I shouldn't be allowing this... But I felt myself press back against him – my body moving against my will. I felt his stiffness against me and it drove the churning ache in me wild.

His hands left my breasts and I heaved a sigh of relief. I began to straighten, but suddenly my dress was lifted. I had worn the baggiest tent I owned, hoping it would hide everything from Benny's eyes. However, it was a curse. He had deftly mauled my flat breasts until I was dizzy with excitement. The generous skirt offered absolutely not a speck of resistance. The hemline was up over my waist in a flash, exposing my panties to him.

He pressed back forward and I froze, overwhelmed by the sensations of panic and also arousal.

If I didn't move, then he would just grind at me, right? I was frozen, trembling with uncertainty and wariness – almost as if I were perched on a high ledge afraid of moving lest I fall. I liked it, was scared, and knew I should stop him. “Benny, you shouldn't do this.”

His harsh breathing was my only answer. His hands came around my waist and slid down over my panties in the front.

Over my covered clit.

I groaned and thrust back against him as my body reacted despite my reservations. I thrust my pussy forward, reaching for his hands as they massaged my pussy through the material. Oh, this is really bad. I collapsed over onto the counter, dizzy with a burst of lust.

He panted, “Yeah. So beautiful...” His masculine manhandling had aroused me to the point of speechlessness.

I moaned.

His fingers pressed in on that hot button of my pleasure. I ground my hips around and felt the tension increasing and spreading. A roll of force and fire churned through me. I gasped, “Oh... yes...”

It was the wrong thing to say.

CHAPTER 6

Benny removed his hands from my panties and I thought all was going to settle down.

Nope.

He pulled back not to let me go, but to yank my panties down to my ankles.

I almost screamed in panic. “Benny, no!”

He wasn’t listening. His hands gripped my hips in a scalding vice and pulled me against him.

I gasped, “Don’t...” I didn’t finish because he still had his jeans on. But I tried one more time to reason with him. “I’m your friend’s wife. We can’t do this—” Then his fingers found my wet pussy and all thoughts of stopping him were ripped away. I closed my eyes in ecstasy and shame as his fingers caressed my clit and then pushed up inside my hole.

Instant shoots of lava swirled inside me and threatened to become a volcano. I moaned deliriously.

His rough jeans scraped against my ass and I actually enjoyed it. I panted heavily against the counter and moved my hips back against him, pressing.

He pulled back and I wanted to follow him – to feel that pressure again. He was almost gasping.

I heard it – the unbuckling of his belt. “Benny, no.” I started to get up.

He pushed me roughly back down onto the counter and pressed forward. The sexy, hot slide of his erection between the backs of my thighs stopped all of my breath. The top of his cock pushed through to the front, sliding along my labia, and poking out below my clit. I was sitting on his cock like the bar of a male’s bicycle.

Unconsciously, I moved my hips to start sliding. I just could not help myself.

He had the same idea, pulling back and sliding forward. His erection slid wetly at my opening and provided the most wicked delights I have ever experienced.

I moaned gutturally as the tension inside of me reached heights that left me wondering how I was able to stand. There was no way my legs would

support me if I tried to stand. I could only rest my upper body on the counter while my knees wobbled like they were filled with jelly.

It felt so good to have his hot hardness sliding back and forth through my labia. At least he wasn't actually fucking me...

And fortunately, he apparently had the same idea. He didn't try to enter me.

I melted further with relief knowing I was safe. But, this really had to stop. What if Hank stepped back inside for something? He never did once he went out, but what if today was the day? I wanted to say that, but instead I heard myself admit, "That feels so good..."

He laughed behind me, ruefully. "Too good."

I moved my hips counter to his, sliding my pussy against his cock as much as he slid against my pussy. I moaned louder. "So good... Just don't go inside..."

He gasped harshly, "No, I won't." He moved faster and increased our mutual lust tenfold.

I panted, "Oh yes, yes!"

His groan was loud and echoed in the kitchen.

I trembled in sudden fear. "Shh!"

"Sorry."

I moved more and felt the head brush at a slightly better angle against my hole. It paused there until it slid past. It felt so good that I felt a flush of extra wetness course through my pussy. I angled my pussy on his forward stroke again, hoping to feel that rush of tingles and heat again. The head stopped at my opening, the head pointing almost at the proper angle for penetration. Like a high strung guitar wire, I trembled there at the imminence of entrance, but knowing the angle was wrong. It felt too good not to enjoy.

I could feel him trembling, too. He sighed roughly, letting out a long breath of bliss. "Ahh, yeah..."

My head was hot with dizziness and urgency. "Maybe..."

"What?"

"Just put the head in. Just the head. Let me feel it – how thick it is." It was bad enough that my panties were down at my ankles and his bare cock was wet with my pussy juices. What would feeling the head hurt any now? Just a feel. I had to know.

Benny groaned desperately and shifted.

The head of his cock pushed back against me at the proper angle. The pressure was intense and began stretching open my wet hole. I whispered, “Just the head.”

“Yeah... ungh...” His hand gripped my hips and he pushed.

The head popped in and I wailed quietly onto the counter.

But Benny didn't stop. He pushed harder and harder, sliding his thick shaft forward and up. The thickness stretched me open and began going deep.

“Benny!”

He moaned, “Oh, fuck yeah.” His cock pushed all the way in, pinning me against the counter.

It felt incredible. It wasn't that his cock did anything magical, it was that this was so very strictly not right.

He pulled back and pushed forward.

I moaned with sexual delight as his thick man-cock pushed in and out of my pussy. I pressed backwards, trembling so badly that my hands were vibrating on the counter. I felt my pussy and his balls meet and indicate he was fully implanted inside me.

It was awesome.

He began pounding me.

I cannot describe how utterly forlorn I was that it felt so fantastic. There was no way I could stop, but the realization was enough for me to gasp, “You bastard. I'm your best friend's wife. How can you do this... Oh...”

He huffed harshly, driving his hardness in and out of my wet pussy.

I could feel my pussy clamping over and over on him. “How could... you do... this?” I groaned as a wave of tension twisted and tore at my balance inside. Then I was lifted. “Your cock is so hard... oh... I'm going to cum!”

He flailed at me from behind, his hips slapping harshly against my butt. My pussy was a willing hole for his pounding erection – accepting, wanting, and welcoming every driving thrust of his swollen manhood.

It didn't belong to my husband and it shouldn't feel this good, should it? But it did. I clawed at the counter as a huge wave rolled my insides into a tumbling ball of hot flashes and explosive releases. I grunted out of control and thrust back against him.

His cock expanded and pulsed. Hot splashes squirted into me. Each pulse sent a corresponding flash of brilliant light through my head. He was

cumming in me and the feel of his squirts was driving me into a sexual frenzy I could not control. I ground my hips up and down frantically, trying to help milk his cum out of him and into my waiting pussy. I was powerless to stop my desperate physical exertion to feel every squirt of his cum as deep as it could go.

My orgasm blinded me. I saw stars. Fireworks. Massive light explosions that robbed me of the ability to breathe. My body convulsed brutally against the counter as Benny held my hips tightly against his and unleashed streams of his cum into my deepest, most sensual sanctum.

I felt totally and truly violated...

And it had been amazing.

CHAPTER 7

I had done it and totally failed at being a good wife.

No longer could I look at my husband and know that I was going to be devoted to him. Just the one failure was enough to hang a stigma on my soul that I knew could never be removed.

But I was a practical woman. I fixed broken things on my own.

Since this level of broken couldn't be fixed, I would have to do the next best thing and hide it. I had to conceal all this from my husband and pretend nothing happened: it was the only reasonable answer.

I turned savagely on Benny. His cum was running down my inner thighs. "Don't you dare say anything to Hank!"

He was sweaty, exhausted, and his eyes were unfocused. He mumbled, "Yeah..."

I grabbed him and shook him. "Do you understand me? Not a word! I love him!"

He nodded. "Yeah, yeah, I understand." Then he got a cheeky look on his face and kissed my lips.

Stunned by his audacity, I didn't stop him. Suddenly, I was kissing him back. It wasn't like kissing was any worse than what I had done and besides... I wanted to kiss him. He was a very nice man and sensitive – so sweet it sometimes hurt just to be around him. We had just had sex; I wasn't going to protest a real kiss.

There, let him have it. Maybe now this is all out of our systems.

Unfortunately, over the next couple of hours, I went from tragically despondent over my failure to mildly certain that I hungered for more of it. I had failed once, why try to avoid more? If I was forever stained, why try to act like a nun?

Embrace the failure... or kill myself to erase it all.

I wasn't suicidal; I loved life.

I planned out an extra special dinner – meatloaf I had made for Hank once and he had loved. I felt obligated to be the best wife ever to him if I was going to try hiding this horrible crime against our marriage vows.

I found myself staring at my wedding ring and wondering how I could've let it all happen. It had to be my fault. I should've stopped him. I should've said something.

I changed out of my dress into shorts and a t-shirt. At least it felt a little better covered and armored against Benny if he should try again.

I gave Hank a hug when he came in. I gripped him tightly, trying to press away my stain and be one with him again.

He murmured, “My, you’re in a better mood now. Headache all gone?”

I released him and looked away. I just... could not... look him in the eyes. However, I forced myself to do so. “I... guess, yes.”

His smile came up one side of his mouth. “Then I guess we’ll have to have Benny keep doing that.”

Oh. My. God. No. I wrung my hands together. “I think I’ll be okay.”

“Nonsense. You look better than you have in days.” He leaned close. “He thinks you don’t like him.”

I protested, “I like him just fine!” I tried to banish the thought of his cock driving up into my hole and failed. “I mean... he’s okay. I don’t hate him or anything.”

He winked. “Give him a hug when he comes in – like you did me. I think he’ll appreciate that.”

My mouth stretched in stress and I showed my lower teeth. My fingers wrung more furiously together. “A hug? Are you sure?”

He stamped his feet on the mat to kick off the dust and dirt. “Yeah, be extra nice to him. He’s been feeling down all day. Probably Paris, you know.”

I felt a surge of sympathy for Benny. He had been depressed after we...? “Oh...”

“Pay some attention to him. Maybe tickle him or something. Get the bastard to laugh and forget about her.”

I was faced with either denying my husband or accepting it and suffering the consequences of being in contact with Benny. I shivered, feeling not just careful, but strangely saucy. “Playful? I think... I can do that.” *A chance to put my hands on him with my husband’s approval? What woman could say no?* I marveled at my luck. I said more confidently, “Okay.”

He stopped to kiss me. “That’s a girl.” He gripped my butt cheek and squeezed. “Gonna shower.”

I was glad he couldn’t see the stain I was hiding and still felt comfortable around me to grope my butt. “Okay. Where’s Benny?”

“Moping about like a beat dog in the barn.”

I always felt bad for beat dogs when Hank used the term. “Aw...”

He nodded at me. “Glad to see that headache’s gone.” He pulled off his boots and padded to the bedroom.

That went surprisingly well. And tease Benny? Make him happy? What’s not to like about that? I mused happily, forgetting my stain enough so that I was in a peppier mood. If my husband was going to approve of a little flirty play, then hiding my failure wasn’t going to be a problem.

If Benny just kept his mouth shut.

He did.

I hugged him when he came in and his sullen sadness became something much brighter and happier.

He murmured, “Oh? Are you wanting a repeat against the counter?”

I almost slapped him. “No!” I laughed and shook my head. “No, don’t even think it. Just keep your mouth shut about the whole thing. I’m supposed to cheer you up.”

“There’s only one thing that would do that for me...”

I coughed in indignation, but was also pleased that he felt that way about me. Then I noticed his head moving and his eyes unfocused. His chin did a little waltz in the air.

Puzzled, I heard the music in the background. I released him and moved into the living room. On the television was the music video channel and on it was that odd western violin song. The imprint said it was “Roundtable Revival” by Lindsey Stirling.

Unfocused? Or dreamy? I tapped my finger against my chin. *Google knows everything...*

CHAPTER 8

I cleaned up after dinner and joined the men in the living room.

Hank looked at me and his eyes shifted towards Benny sitting next to him.

I understood the look.

They were watching some guys fighting it out in a ring though. The bare fists and blood wasn't something I cared for and I wondered if I would be able to even tear Benny's attention away.

I plopped down next to him and scooted closer.

He looked. Then looked back at the TV.

I poked him.

"Ow."

I snorted. "That didn't hurt."

"No, but you have sharp nails." He was still watching the bout.

I poked him again. Then again.

He chuckled. "Knock that off, Rachel."

I tried poking again and he caught my wrist. I exclaimed, "Hey, that's not fair."

He made a raspberry. "Yeah, defending myself is unfair."

"Right." I twisted my wrist to get it away from him. "Honey? He's hurting me."

Hank's head snapped over, but his face softened when he saw my quirky smile. However, he played along. "Let go of her, you son of a bitch."

Benny released me and I used it as a prime opportunity to dig my fingers into his armpit.

He exclaimed in surprise and snatched my wrist again.

I used my other hand and poked at him until he was wrestling with me and laughing. I looked at my husband a few times just to make sure I was doing okay. He wore an amused smile that told me I wasn't crossing any lines and was doing what he expected.

Benny's finger dug into my armpit and I squealed in shock and a tide of ticklish shivers.

He said, "Oh, ticklish are you?"

I said promptly and petulantly, "No."

He tickled me again.

I tried desperately to work my fingers into his side until we were struggling against each other.

He panted, laughing, and pulled me across his lap. “What was that about spanking?”

I wailed, “Don’t you dare!” But I was laughing too hard to give it any force.

He paused.

I almost squirmed free.

My husband said, “Are you going to stare at her ass all night or spank it?” There was a hint of warning there.

Benny said, “Sorry, she just looks so good in shorts.”

Hank grunted. “She does doesn’t she?”

Benny was more breathy than firm. “Yeah.” His hand landed on my butt and I squawked. I flailed my legs as another landed.

Hank said, “Don’t hurt her.”

Benny was totally breathless. He could barely whisper, “I won’t hurt her.” His hand came down on my butt, but this time just laid there and squeezed. “She’s got such a beautiful figure.”

The heat of his hand on my ass alarmed me and I twisted to get it away from him. I poked at his side hoping my husband didn’t protest. After all, I had moved, right? I didn’t want this little play session to end. Getting to be in such close contact with my husband’s friend was making my pussy all hot again.

If my husband wants me to play like this, I’m going to play. I poked.

Benny reacted swiftly, and the struggle was on again. In a flail of arms, hands, and fingers, we went at it, both of us laughing.

Even my husband – when I looked – wore a delighted smile.

Several times, Benny was not very discriminating, and his hand grabbed at my chest or between my thighs. I squealed and tried to avoid those touches, but ended up taking my own revenge by gripping the bulge in his lap and squeezing really hard.

Benny froze and moaned.

Hank chuckled. “Looks like she hit the spot, huh? Are you down for the count?”

He grunted and said, “No!” He burst into action, twisting me over facing up. His hand slid down between my thighs and I instinctively

clamped them shut, trapping his hand there. He began moving his trapped hand and rubbed harshly against my pussy through my shorts.

I gasped and struggled to get away. This was not the kind of show my husband wanted to see - I was sure. *Dammit, Benny!*

He ground his wrist against my clit and a moan escaped my mouth. His other hand slid roughly across my t-shirt and dragged over my nipples.

The benefit to having almost no boobs was that I never needed a bra. The disadvantage to having no boobs and bra meant that any excitement could become obvious.

Normally, that wasn't a problem for me.

However, right now, it was.

A huge wave of tension turned inside me and I struggled harder – but that only served to twist me harder against his wrist and I moaned again with the lust that drove a spike of hollowness through my pussy.

I looked up helplessly.

My husband was standing over us. His hands were on his hips and his eyebrows were drawn down. “Am I seeing this right? Are you turned on by this tickling?”

I was frozen still, but Benny didn't have the sense. His hand twisted and wriggled frantically against my pussy without stopping.

I couldn't hide my very hard nipples jutting against my t-shirt. I opened my mouth as another wave lifted me and tightened everything inside to almost bursting. I was in a panic because I was certain I couldn't stop it. I stammered, “If he doesn't st-stop, I'm going to cum!”

Benny didn't stop.

Hank said, “Looks like you got her in the right spot, Benny.”

My eyes rolled back in my head and I convulsed shamelessly and shamefully. I tried to squeeze the orgasm back inside and hide it, but it was no use. The harder I tried to resist it, the harsher it came. I flopped like a grounded fish.

Benny said, “She got me all hard.”

I came down from the waves and felt the mortification of what had happened right in front of my husband set in. I struggled free and fled.

Hank came after me, hounding me like a hunter after his prey. I had nowhere to go to escape him.

CHAPTER 9

“Are you all right?” The concern in his voice quelled my imminent defensive burst of apologies.

I dropped my mouth open in shock. “I...”

We stood in the bedroom, the door shut.

I shook my head. “I... just came on your friend’s lap.”

Hank looked uncertain. “He didn’t hurt you, did he?”

My pussy was actually a little sore on the outside, but I didn’t want to sound like I was blaming his friend. “No...”

He smiled. “Good.”

I gaped again. “Good?”

“I thought that was kind of hot.”

My eyes bugged out even more. “Me cumming in his lap?”

He nodded. “And especially him admitting he was hard over it.”

“Wait, you liked that?”

He stepped closer to me and I flinched.

His eyebrows drew down in rage.

I flinched again.

He grabbed me roughly by the arm but instantly loosened his grip.

I said, “I didn’t mean to cum—”

“Stop it.”

“What?”

“Stop apologizing. Stop thinking I’m going to hit you. Stop being so afraid of me.”

Tears watered my eyes. “I just want to please you.”

“You do.” He pulled me into his embrace. “You very much do.”

“You’re not mad that I...?”

He laughed, deep and hearty. “Uh, no?”

“But I had an orgasm on your friend. I’m a lousy wife.”

He shook his head, laughing with ridicule. “Says who? I thought that was perfect.”

I went still. “You did?”

“I’ve... got something I should tell you.”

“What?” My heart hammered in my chest and I strained to hear him over the thundering.

“I always kinda hoped I might find a woman someday that I could share with Benny.” For once in our short history, I heard uncertainty in his voice.

I stepped back from him to look at him more closely. “Share?”

“Some folks around about swap wives. I never really thought I’d want that, but sharing with Benny is something I’d definitely view as good.”

My eyes went from suspicious slits to bugging out again. “Uh, you would? That wouldn’t make me a whore in your eyes?”

“For fuck’s sake, no. Benny and I...” He pursed his mouth shut and tried to look me in the eyes. It was then I realized that *he* was having a hard time looking at *me*.

I blinked. “I’ve only ever wanted to make you happy and you’ve looked so angry this past week.”

“Because you keep making excuses – taking all the blame on yourself and not being truthful. For thinking I’m anything like your ex. I love you, Rachel.” His hand reached out and stroked my hair.

“I love you, too.” I shivered with uncertainty and chill.

He looked down, kicked his foot, and said, “So...”

“So what?”

He blushed.

I had never seen Hank Puckett blush except when he had proposed.

He said, “So would you be willing to do a threesome with me and Benny?”

Normally, he waited for my answer.

I opened my mouth, but he interrupted me, talking quickly as if to convince me, saying, “He and I always talked about finding a woman who would do that for us. Paris was too snobby and I didn’t like her much. But Benny, he really seems to like you.”

I saw my way out in a beam of heavenly light that could only have been a divine gift. I whispered, “Yes.”

His eyes got large and lit up like a kid at Christmas. “R— You— Really? You would?”

I laughed nervously. “Yes, if that’s something that would make you happy.”

“More than you can imagine.”

I pursed my lips together, determined to let my duplicity remain a secret. Maybe I would tell him – much later. Instead I said, “I like Benny.”

My husband's smile was like sunshine, but it was quickly replaced by sexual interest. He held out his hand. "Come with me and follow my lead."

"Follow...?"

He crushed his mouth to mine, giving me a very passionate kiss that left me gasping for breath. He said, "Let me make a gift of you to Benny, first. He deserves it. Then me." His eyes were bright with happiness. "Hot dog, this is something I've wanted for years."

I allowed him to pull me along. "You want me to have sex with him?"

"A-yup."

"Tonight?"

Hank was panting with excitement. "If that's okay?"

"Why... yes, I guess, if you..."

"I do." He brought me out into the living room and stood me in front of Benny. "Got a gift for you, bro. Remember we talked about that ménage thing?"

Benny's eyes lit on both of us hopefully. "Y-yeah..."

Hank didn't respond. He simply pulled my t-shirt up and off of me.

I stood bare-chested in front of my husband's friend.

Benny's eyes approved and suddenly, I was all hot again.

Very hot.

CHAPTER 10

I trembled as Benny sat there, a very large tent in his jeans, and stared at my body.

My husband's rough hands caressed me from behind and drew tingles down my arms. His fingers circled my nipples until I gasped. Then he undid my shorts and pulled them down. My panties came down right after and I blushed in front of his friend.

Benny breathed, "Beautiful..."

I looked down at my feet.

Hank said, "Don't be shy, love." His hand smoothed over my shoulders. He said to Benny, "Get those jeans off."

His friend bounced up and removed his clothing faster than I thought possible. His thick dick flopped out and rose.

I hadn't been able to see it earlier in the morning and I looked at it now in admiration. It was long and thick, but not as thick as my husband's. But it was longer by a good inch or more. It gave it a skinny appearance, even though it wasn't.

I had that inside me? I instantly got wet and started to shake.

Hank soothed me like a skittish horse. "There, there, now. Shh. It's okay..."

I was staring at Benny's erection. It was gorgeous.

The pressure of my husband's hands on my shoulders startled me, but I understood. I knelt in front of Benny and took his hot erection in my hand.

Hank sighed and there was a quick rustle of clothing.

I knew he was undressing.

A great weight was lifted from me as I held his friend's cock in my hand. If my husband wanted this, then it wasn't cheating. Sure, I would eventually tell him what had happened – when we were all comfortable with it later on in years. If it all went well.

I took Benny's cock in my mouth and sucked.

Immediately, a groan from my husband startled me and I pulled off.

He said, "No, don't stop." He was handling his growing dick, stroking it and watching us.

I laughed nervously. "Oh..." I sucked him down again and looked at my husband.

Hank's eyes almost rolled back in his head. "More perfect than I imagined..."

I got to work, sliding my mouth on Benny's shaft, although I kept looking at my husband.

He finally laughed.

I pulled off. "What?"

"Did you ever do something like this with..." He hesitated, knowing I didn't like hearing Phil's name.

I was adamant and prompt. "No."

"Oh, because you keep looking at me while you're sucking him."

I froze. "Am I not supposed to?" I didn't know what was protocol in these nasty situations.

He shook his head frantically. "No, that's perfect. Drives me nuts to see you with his cock in your mouth and you looking at me."

I laughed with uncertainty. "Oh... if you say so." I made a point of keeping eye contact as I sucked Benny's shaft back into my mouth.

Hank's eyes looked delirious. "Oh yeah..." His hand moved up and down on his cock.

I think I like this... I made a show of licking and kissing Benny's erection.

My husband's hand moved faster and began shaking. "Yeah..." But he sat up abruptly. "Stop."

"What?"

"I have to see him in you."

Benny chuckled. "Oh yes..." He pulled me up and looked at my husband. "How do you want me to—"

"Just fucking take her." He sounded desperate. His hand was a blur on his shaft.

Benny pulled me around and lifted me, shoving me down onto the back of the couch.

Instantly, my legs opened and flailed on either side to maintain my balance. I was wide open.

He took advantage of that and pressed his cock against my aching hole.

I gasped and looked at my husband.

His face was slack-drunk with lust.

With a push, I felt my pussy take Benny's cock. With a long thrust and groan, my husband's friend slid his thickness deep into my wet pussy.

I called out in surprise and excitement as he filled me with hard cock. Back and forth, he thrust into me, moving my entire body on the backrest of the couch. Each thrust drew a groan of surprise and desire from me. I moved my legs, trying to find purchase so I could use my hips, but to no avail. I looked at my husband less and less as I was overcome with the enormity of what was happening and the eroticism of the event.

My husband sat excited, watched with interest, and jacked himself happily.

Yes, I think I really like this.

Benny commented breathily to my husband, “She’s so snug and perfect.”

“Yeah, she’s a tight one.”

Is that bad? Or good? But by Benny’s comment, I felt it was a compliment. I was sore. It wasn’t a bad sore, but I had cum twice already today. Once feeling Benny cum inside me. Once with the constant rubbing Benny did while my husband looked on. One was physical, one was emotional.

However, this one tickled up a grudging hint of excitement. Not only did I feel Benny in me, but my husband had his eyes glued to us and was very approving. My bond to my husband vibrated within me, responding to the lust he displayed and the desire I felt. Slowly, with much ache and torment, that coil began twisting tighter inside of me.

I dared not cum. No, though I would normally have wanted to. No, this orgasm, if I did cum, promised to be painful.

I didn’t fight it, but I didn’t try helping it along, either.

Unfortunately, it began to overtake me. Having Benny use my hole like I was his personal fuck-toy right in front of my husband was too much to ignore. Add to that the fact that my new husband was desperately masturbating himself to the scene was just too much for me. Slowly, I began to tighten and lift. I shook my head in my delirium of fucking.

No, I can’t. No, it will hurt...

Benny seemed to sense something in me and leaned more onto me, driving his dick in with deeper strokes. I was filled with his moving cock – stuffed full to my furthest depths.

I began to moan uncontrollably as the swelling inside lifted me higher. My pussy clamped with spasms and my clit held a tight heat behind that

threatened to explode. It tickled and tormented, teasing me with release that I feared would bring more agony than ecstasy.

Hank gasped, “Is she good?”

Benny’s voice was husky, excited. “Very.”

“What about you, Rachel? Do you like it?” His voice shook with nervous hope.

I gauged it all in a split second, though it took me longer to reply. If this had all been a longtime fantasy of his – his and Benny’s – and he really seemed to be enjoying it, then he was really hoping that I would indeed like it. I panted brokenly, “Y-yes, very.” I instantly regretted my last word. Too strong.

But Hank reacted as if someone had stuck him with a lust needle and injected it directly into his veins. His hand moved faster, almost yanking his dick feverishly. “Is this... something we can do more often? You, me, and Benny?” His eyes were large with anticipation and hope.

I wasn’t going to let him down, even if the question had been different. I wanted to give him what he wanted. I nodded. “Okay, if th-that’s what you want...” I finished in a rush of air as Benny’s driving cock twisted that coil to the breaking point inside me.

My husband said, “Tell him you like it.”

I was barely able to hold on to the trembling, impending orgasm inside. I wanted to avoid the promised pain, but it seemed to hover there, thankfully just out of reach. I choked out, “I like it.”

“Do you like his cock, honey?”

“Ungh... I... like his cock...”

Benny groaned and fucked me deeper and with more ferocious pushes.

My husband said, “Then it’s okay if we make this a permanent ménage? Like, you can treat him like a second husband? Fuck him as often as you can?”

I teetered there, asking just over the impending tidal wave of an enormous orgasm, “Is that what... you want me to do?”

“Yes.” He added desperately, “Please.”

My eyes squeezed shut as the heavy roll pushed me over the edge. I began a long fall with explosive collisions. Lights concussed my vision. I barely managed to yell out, long and loud, “Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Benny! Oh...!” Explosions of heat rocked me. Painful bursts of release ripped through me, lifting and dropping me as I fell through the long, hot

unleashing of my third orgasm. It felt stuck on each pulse, but let loose with a vengeance, leaving me yelling out uncontrollably as I came.

I had no awareness of what was up, down, or what was happening around me. All I knew was that my orgasm edged on being painful, but wasn't. At the end, when I finally started to recover from the exertion, I became aware once again of my surroundings. I was hot, sweaty, and exhausted. I panted as if I had sprinted a mile uphill. My limbs felt leaden and heavy.

I was being held up on the back of the couch – steadied to keep from falling.

Benny was out of me, holding me. I felt his cum inside, hot and wet. He had cum and I had missed it.

I looked around in my delirium just as my husband took over holding me from Benny. He looked down at me with love and desire.

I lifted my head enough to look.

His cock pointed at me, ready.

I groaned. "I don't think I can... cum again..."

"Don't worry."

"Go easy..."

"I will." My husband entered my swollen, sore pussy. I was still throbbing and clamping in the aftermath of my orgasm and the insertion of his cock caused me to clamp harder.

Oh my gosh, more cock... no! I tensed, but he slid right in and took it easy. Within seconds, I relaxed and let the back and forth motion gently ease me into a stupor.

He leaned down onto me, moving very slowly. His breath was hot on my lips. "I love you, Rachel Puckett."

I laughed weakly. "I love you, too."

EPILOGUE

The doorbell startled me. It was late in the day and I was in just a t-shirt and panties. It was about all I ever wore around the house now for the last two weeks. I said, “Benny, could you get that?”

He rose from the couch. “Sure...”

“I’m not really dressed for it...”

He said over his shoulder, “You’re dressed perfectly.”

I warmed inside. My husband’s ménage thing was working... very nicely.

There was silence at the front door except for a thump and a couple of scuffles. The door shut.

I craned my head around the foot of the couch to see.

He came back, carrying a large Amazon box.

I brightened. “Oh, I know what that is...”

Benny didn’t seem to care.

I said, “It’s for you.”

“Me?”

Hank came in from the kitchen. “Who?”

I laughed.

Benny said, “Should I open it?”

I held up my palms into the air. “Uh, it’s yours? Do you want to muse over the box or do you want what’s inside?”

Inside had taken on a snarky new meaning all on its own over the past two weeks. I was getting very comfortable with my husband’s desires.

Hank said, “No, don’t open it. Just keep the box and you’ll always have the mystery of a surprise.”

Benny looked confused, but I instantly understood my husband’s dry teasing.

Hank sighed.

Benny’s face brightened as he must have grasped my husband’s joke. He set the box down and began opening it.

Hank looked at me with unspoken question.

I winked.

Benny pulled out the inner box. “A violin?” He worked on getting the packing box off it and opened the case. His eyes lit up in wonder as he

lifted out the violin. “How much did this cost?”

I shook my head. “Not all that much. Three hundred. It’s a starter violin.”

His eyes weren’t on me, but he spoke to me while his eyes and hands caressed the wood. “But I don’t know how to play.”

“You can learn.”

Hank grinned questioningly.

I explained, “Your friend isn’t unfocused; he’s got a musical ear. He thinks differently. He thinks in music.”

Benny looked at me skeptically, but his eyes returned to the curves of the wood. His fingers gently traced the lines and wood grain.

I felt very warm inside.

My husband said, “Maybe he can play for the chickens.”

I snorted.

Benny looked at us with that unfocused dimness in his eyes, but behind them I saw the possibilities dancing merrily. He held up my gift as if to fix it under his chin and play.

And then he smiled at me.

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