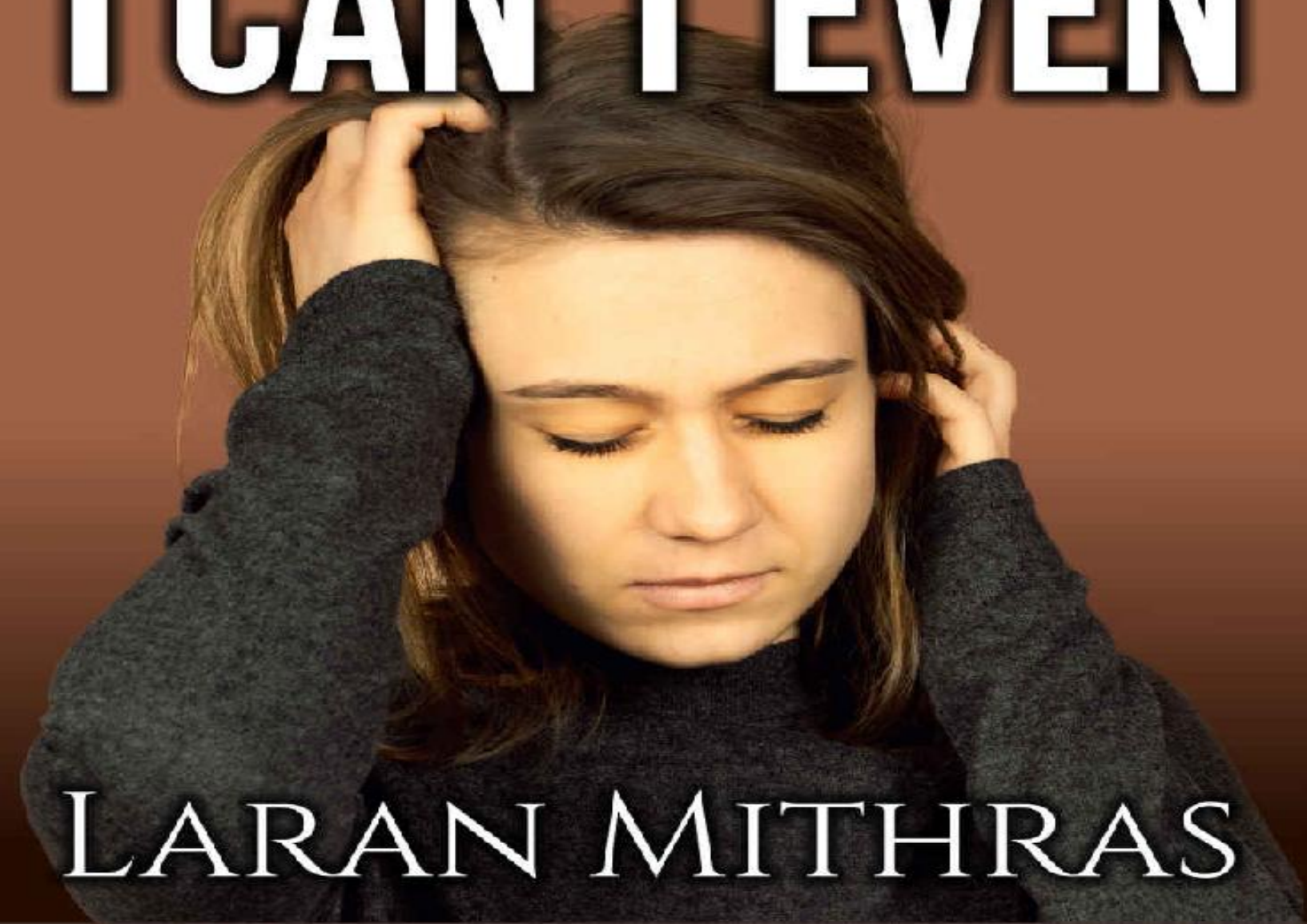




**I CAN'T EVEN**



**LARAN MITHRAS**

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By

Laran Mithras

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Sometimes, it is the way a pretty woman checks out my husband - and then looks at me -  
that does it for me...

A millennial **slang dictionary** can be found at the back of the book. Slang used within  
is rendered in italics where not part of thoughts.

# CHAPTER 1

I hated my uncle.

Sort of.

I held the phone away from my ear as he almost shouted at me, “*Don’t screw this up! Are you listening to me, Bree?*”

“Yes, Unc—”

“*We stuck our neck out for you on this one. You owe us...*”

I knew what he meant. I had caught him masturbating over my picture last Christmas and he had treated me like shit ever since. This was his way of earning my silence: buying me off with a gift job through a friend of the family.

“*Just don’t screw this up!*”

“I won’t. And thank you—”

The connection went dead.

Uncle Tommy owed my parents money. A lot of money. He was paying some of it back with favors.

Like this one.

Three years out of high school and married to geeky Shawn Robbins from the yearbook staff at our school, I was trudging through low-paying jobs.

McDonalds? Taught me scheduling and responsibility. Pizza Palace? Taught me social skills. Coffee kiosk? Taught me how to hold going pee. None of them gave me the pay I needed.

College was simply out of the question. My parents couldn’t afford sending me off and I wasn’t going to take student loans and bury myself in decades of debt.

Decades of debt. No way.

Shawn touched my shoulder. “Hey, you look lost. It sounds like you got the job?”

I nodded. My geeky husband had lost his acne and looked much nicer now. I was happy to have him. And of course, the sex was very nice.

“So you’re going into modeling, huh? Be in Victoria’s Secret?”

“No, not like that. I’m helping an agent, not actually modeling. It will all be office work.” I dropped the phone on the couch and turned to him, excited. “But the pay is awesome. I start at fifteen an hour!”

His smile was supreme. “*Yaas!*”

“Maybe we can afford a big screen now.”

Shawn’s expression moderated. “Let’s not get ahead of ourselves. I’m still getting established...”

And there he was: ever practical. His career in photography was slowly building but he still pulled in more than I did working almost full time between two jobs. My new pay would be almost double. I felt giddy with excitement, but Shawn was my tether to reality. “We should celebrate, at least.”

His previous smile morphed into something wicked. “Let’s try out those ribbed condoms.”

I had other things on my mind – material things – but his nasty suggestion made me insta-wet. “All right...”

The bed was behind the couch in our studio apartment. Despite being small, it was still home and the transition from the couch a few feet to the bed felt like a shift in mood and attitude.

This was where I became an adult. Not that it had all happened here; Shawn had first taken my virginity in our freshman year. That our relationship had lasted so long had shocked everyone. No one *shipped* more than a couple weeks in high school until their senior year. And then only maybe for a few months at a time at most. Shawn and I had essentially been in and out of our relationship over the entire four years, getting together, breaking up, and getting back together again.

It was fated.

Of course, he looked a lot better now – no longer *nastafied*. No longer a social embarrassment to be around.

He was my life now. My new future. He was far more a man than my father had been. Dad had left mom and me for his secretary. They had kids now and dad ignored me.

I watched my husband unroll the condom down his thick dick. I had ever despaired of fitting it inside me and the very first time we had tried when we were fourteen was painful and awkward. It wasn’t until the third time that I had managed to take the head inside. I thought I was going to rip apart.

My friends had shown me plenty of dick pics throughout high school and I was certain Shawn’s beat them all. Some of the pics my friends showed me were pathetically small in retrospect and sometimes I felt sorry

for them and then sometimes wished I had a boyfriend with something a little more comfortable.

Shawn had a weapon of mass destruction, as he called it. But otherwise, he didn't brag or show it off. He sent out no dick pics to chicks that I knew of. We were *tight*.

I stripped naked and settled back on my elbows for him. I spread my feet out.

He was always *thirsty* for me, despite my less than glamorous looks. I did not have killer breasts. At my age, I despaired of ever getting any further growth there. Fortunately, he was all eyes on my pussy.

He leaned over me and guided the thick head to my opening. As usual, I tensed up. Entry was always difficult. Even if it didn't hurt, the stretching always promised to be a potentially painful event.

Fortunately, these condoms were not only ribbed, but lubed.

My opening stretched wide around his pushing pole and allowed him in. The sliding of the lubed latex into my pussy was relieving and sexually luxurious. He packed my pussy with inch after inch of stiffness that swiped away all other thoughts and concerns. I closed my eyes, relishing the feelings as he began thrusting back and forth.

I collapsed off my elbows onto my back and wriggled my hips as much as I could to get more comfortable. Trying to move with that long thick thing in me was difficult. Only when he was pulling out was it easy. Sometimes I moved too much and he popped out, but not all too often, and re-entry was smooth. He never seemed to care if he slipped out.

Shawn was gentle with me, as he always was. His length could bruise me up inside if he really got going and it had taken several fucks in my freshman year of high school before I grew fearful enough of the bruising to tell him to go easier.

But it was all good now.

I slid my hands all over his arms and back and butt as he pumped me. Despite how good he looked now, I always had flashes of that first time. Seeing acne face over me was not the most appealing thing I wanted to recall during these times, but I couldn't help it. I was quietly thankful every time we had sex that he looked so much cleaner.

He was almost... beautiful now and sometimes I saw other chicks checking him out.

I would probably have to diddle myself later if I wanted to finish. I only came if he got rougher and really gave my clit a good pounding.

Unfortunately, that also meant getting bruised in my gut and I didn't like that. I was perfectly fine with fingering myself and finishing if I wanted to.

He knew and was considerate.

He would pump until he panted and tightened up all over, then I would feel the thickness pulsing inside me and the sudden hotness through the latex of the condom. He would pull out and strip off the condom and dispose of it.

We were comfortable, in love, and tight. He was my *bae*.

But I remembered his early ugliness.

## CHAPTER 2

“Hi, you must be Bree Robbins?”

I shook her extended hand in quiet awe.

Standing in front of me was a woman who *served looks*. Everything about her was perfect, *on point*. She made me cringe at how unworthy I looked as an adult woman. From her understated makeup to her perfect hair and poise, I felt like I was once again an ignorant *newb* freshman in high school.

I stammered, “Y-yes... Hi...”

Her smile spread into a pleasant, perfect grin. “No need to be uncomfortable. I’m Lexi Taylor and this is my agency.” She cocked her hips and held up a hand, looking to the side as if to indicate her surroundings. It was a model pose that erupted so flawlessly from the woman that my knees buckled.

*How do I get that kind of grace and poise?* I asked myself.

She gripped my hand gently and squeezed. “Come, let’s get you settled in.” She turned to some young guy standing behind her. “Make sure we’re not disturbed? Give us at least ten minutes.”

*Ten minutes to learn my job?* I gulped. I felt so out of my league that it hurt. I wanted to run and cry.

But Uncle Tommy had stuck his neck out for me – even if it was to buy my continued silence over our secret. *I can’t screw up this job; my entire family is depending on it. Mom, Uncle Tommy and Aunt Sue, Shawn...* I berated myself silently and followed her sleek form into a small office.

There were only a few rooms to the whole office suite and the one she led me into from the reception area was filled with filing cabinets and a computer.

She twisted around in a smooth pivot that looked as natural as a ballerina dance. “This is where we keep the hard files of our models and where we enter them into our portfolios for clients.” She indicated the computer. “How well do you know computers?”

I shrugged helplessly. “I do a lot on there... you know, Facebook and Twitter...”

Her lips moved in the suppression of a smile. She sat daintily in the swivel chair and said, “Let me show you; it’s not difficult at all.”

I was instantly swayed by a wave of relief. As long as I was shown something, I usually picked it right up.

Lexi mumbled softly as she showed me the program. “I’ve been using a temp agency for this position – as a favor to a friend who runs it – but the people she sends me don’t seem to care about work. They have their heads over their phones half the time.” She paused what she was doing and looked up at me. “You don’t have a problem working, do you? You can turn off your phone and not go into withdrawals? Or is this too much to ask?”

*Don’t screw this up!* I pulled out my phone and turned it off. I assured her, “No problem at all.”

My new boss heaved a silent, slow sigh. “Then we’re off to a good start.”

After she showed me the computer program, she indicated the cabinets. “I’m going to leave you in here for a while. I want you to get acquainted with our models,” she pointed to one wall of cabinets, “and our portfolios.” She indicated the other wall. “Most of our work is handled online, but there are plenty of times we still print up portfolios for certain clients. Check out what we do and how we do it. Take notice of the format and arrangement. Eventually, you’ll be doing most of the prep for them.”

I nodded, looking over the dozen filing cabinets.

“Good. I’ll check back on you in a while. There’s a restroom out the side door we share with another suite and a coffee machine in the conference room next to this one. Any questions?”

I remembered something my mother had tried to teach me and I used it here. “No ma’am.”

If Lexi’s instant smile was any indication, I had given her more than she expected for an answer. She touched my shoulder with a pleased expression and left the room.

An hour and a half later, I walked out to go find the bathroom...

And instead found myself in the beginnings of an ordeal that would test the limits of my endurance and sanity.

## CHAPTER 3

*Wait, what is going on?* I stood there, open-mouthed.

Certain things were obvious: Shawn had come to visit me on my first day; he carried a small bouquet of flowers in a vase; his camera bag was slung over one shoulder; and my new boss was touching him.

I got all that. Simple.

But why?

I blinked.

Lexi was squeezing his shoulders and smoothing his shirt. “My, absolutely wonderful. You came to apply? I hope you have some composites in your bag there – and flowers weren’t necessary.”

“Apply?” My husband sounded perplexed.

“Of course, silly. Everyone applies. You don’t just walk into a modeling job—”

“I came to see—”

Lexi peered at him from head to toe. “Have you modeled before? Are you with another agency? Please tell me you aren’t.”

He shook his head in confusion and saw me. He looked lost. “I’m not with any agency.”

Lexi clapped her hands together. “Perfect!” She grabbed his arm and pulled him close to her. “We’ll get you set right up. Did you say you have composites?” She saw the direction of his gaze and noticed me.

He said, “No, I don’t have any composites. I have a portfolio—”

“Same thing!” But her voice held a little uncertainty now as she flicked her gaze back and forth between us.

He finally said, “I came to see Bree.”

Lexi, still hugging his arm close to her, pulled her head back in confusion. She looked up at him with eagle-eyed scrutiny. “You’re here for her? Not to apply for modeling work?”

“No, I’m a photographer—”

I stammered, “He’s m-my husband.”

She blinked at me once. Her eyes snapped down to my left hand and her lips formed the word, “husband?”

I tried to curl my fingers up to hide that I didn’t have a ring: we were too poor to afford them.

Shawn said, “I came to give her some flowers for her desk... or wherever she works...”

Lexi started to laugh and let go of his arm. She took one step away and leaned back from him, regarding him with curiosity. “How sweet. I thought...” Her hand came up again in that flawless pose that told us everything she was thinking. Once again, she took his arm and hugged it to her, but she spoke to me. “Please tell me you’d let him model.”

“Model?”

Her eyes widened as if surprised I couldn’t see it. “He’s perfect! Young, gauntly slender, but baby-faced. Oh my god, the clients will love him.”

Shawn smiled, delighted.

*Are you serious? My geeky husband?* I regarded them both in confusion.

She said to him, “No pressure, but I would love to represent you. Our agency is on call with several very big clients and the pay is... substantial.”

My husband said, “I’ve never modeled before; I’ve only worked behind the camera.”

“Then you have a leg up on your competition. You’d be a dream model. I could get you work to keep you busy for most of the year. We’re talking a couple thousand a week, at least.”

He looked very surprised.

She added, “Not right away, of course, but once we’ve broken you in on a few shoots and the clients see you out there... Definitely.” She looked at me. “What do you say? Or am I stepping on toes here?”

I shook my head, afraid to reject anything Lexi might suggest. *Don’t screw this up!* I ended up shrugging. “If... he wants...”

Lexi’s eyes half bugged out at Shawn. Her voice was silky. “Please tell us you’d love to make thousands...”

I asked, “Models really make that much?” She hadn’t cooed over me and I felt lonely.

Lexi straightened and released my husband’s arm. Her manner turned abrupt. “No. Most don’t. Most struggle to make any of their ends meet. They are good, but don’t have the perfect look. Or they aren’t naturally flexible in front of a camera. They’re too stiff. Clients don’t like stiff. Most scratch and claw just to pay the rent. I’ve seen it all.” She came over to me and grabbed my arm as she had his. She turned her head to my ear. “But your husband just explodes with potential. He moves right, slouches right, pouts right. Everything about him screams modeling success. I’ve seen

thousands of models come through these doors and looked over many more thousands of composites. Your husband could be in the top cream of those who make a career of this.”

I felt excitement rising in me at her certainty. “Really?”

She released me and lowered her chin. Her words were as certain as my shock. “I have better things to do than waste my time.”

Shawn was laughing silently, but I saw the same shock registered on his face that I felt inside.

*Modeling? Shawn?* I almost laughed at the silliness of the idea. But Lexi was studying both of us with serious eyes.

No, this was not the time to laugh and mock.

Apparently satisfied with our silence, she struck a more business-like pose with lightly clasped hands and a straight spine. “I can tell already, Bree, that hiring you was the right move. Let’s talk about getting a composite done up for him, and... let’s talk about getting to know each other better.”

The last was delivered while she looked up and down over my husband’s figure.

## CHAPTER 4

“I can’t believe she wants you to be a model.” I was still stunned.

Shawn grinned like a happy man on his side of the couch. He held the PS4 controller and worked the buttons. “What can I say? I got the looks.”

I ignored his racist mimicry. “You really want to model?”

His eyes never left the game and I didn’t expect them to. He said, “Sure, why not? Stand around, pout, and let people take pictures of me in different clothes? Perfect.” He made duck-lips for me.

I had a flash of his acne-riddled past and shook my head.

He caught it, looking over for the briefest of seconds. “What? You don’t think I can be a model? You heard your boss.”

“You’re just lit up that she was touching you.”

He laughed, embarrassed. “She was? I didn’t notice.” He pretended to be really involved in his Dark Souls game.

“Oh come on, her hands were all over your chest.”

“Were they?” He pressed buttons with more ferocity.

I knew he was trying to dismiss it. I asked suddenly, “Did you like her touching you like that?”

He didn’t answer right away. Instead, he shrugged.

“Shawn...”

He sighed quietly and logged out of his game.

“You didn’t have to quit playing.”

“I guess... it was nice getting complimented like that. I mean, me? A model? I never would’ve imagined it.”

“So you did like her touching you?” For a moment, I wasn’t thinking about his previous acne issues and I felt a surge of pride and satisfaction in him.

He colored a little, blushing and looking away. He shrugged again.

“I noticed you were hard in your pants.”

He reacted defensively. “I was not.”

“You were so. It was showing.”

He chuckled ruefully. “Hey, some beautiful woman was running her hands all over me. What guy wouldn’t react over that?”

“Yeah, well, don’t get your hopes up; she’s married.”

He waved his hand as if he wasn't considering it. "Nah, it was nice, but..."

Something inside of me shifted to a more comfortable spot. My husband was no longer an awkward teenager, but a maturing man who was pleasing on the eyes. "She certainly was... I mean, she just exuded essence of woman—"

"Essence?" He smirked. "What?"

"Everything she did was just so graceful and perfect. She could've been a queen or something. The perfect princess."

"Empress, maybe."

"Yeah, empress."

He tried to sound natural. "You don't think she was really coming on to me, do you?"

I picked up the Star Wars stormtrooper face pillow and smacked him with it. "She's married."

He grinned. "So are you."

I noticed his pants poking up somewhat. "Are you excited again?"

He scoffed. "It's barely hard."

"For her?"

"It gets like that sometimes."

I knew it did, but still... "Yeah, just so happens we were talking about her."

He shifted, tugging at his pants to make room for his hardening. "I can't help it..."

I was glad he liked my boss; it gave me a sense of proprietorship over my new job and helped to banish the insecurities I had that I might screw it up. "Would you really want to give up being a photographer?"

"Never. But... the kind of cash she's talking about..."

"I know, right? We'd be swimming in it."

He looked distracted and shifted again.

I laughed at him. "You're really worked up over her, aren't you? Should I be jealous?" Despite my kidding around, I was wondering if there was going to be a problem: Lexi was definitely more woman than I'd ever be. I had to hope her being married was enough to keep him from cheating on me.

He ran a hand back through his hair and shifted again. "Nah... Hey, let's fuck."

My nipples hardened rapidly and my breathing accelerated. “Yeah?”  
His eyes focused on me, but despite looking at me, he seemed far away.  
“Yeah...”

I watched him get up and strip off his clothes. I followed him around the couch and got naked.

He was rolling the condom down his bulging erection. He gripped it when it was covered and held it in his fist, watching me. Then he started stroking himself, panting, that distant, glazed look in his eyes.

Was he thinking of her?

My new boss?

He never played with himself once he got the condom on, but he was really massaging it now, mouth open, breathing heavy, and moaning quietly.

I settled back and spread my legs.

I had never seen him like this. If he had spurted cum into the condom right at that point, I might not have been surprised: he was totally enjoying himself.

I had never seen him get excited over some other chick before. But Lexi wasn't just some other chick; she was everything I wanted to be as a woman – and I hadn't known that until I had seen her. She had enlightened me on what I could be when I had never thought of it before.

Could I be as sexy as Lexi?

Could I be sexy enough to evoke the kind of reaction my husband was exhibiting?

Lexi was woman enough to cause Shawn to be masturbating right now. I wanted to be that kind of woman.

Maybe working under Lexi would give me some of that. I could learn, imitate, and become... something better.

Not a girl, a woman.

And then I could have that effect on men.

I watched my husband sway on his feet, stroking himself with his eyes closed.

My sexy boss had done that to him.

It made me hot.

It made me wet.

## CHAPTER 5

I learned how to compile a hard file on applicants. The temp guy listlessly showed me how. He didn't care, didn't exert any effort, and just didn't give a fuck: he was a temp.

Lexi, on the other hand, positively bubbled around me with subdued excitement. She touched me frequently and instead of feeling toxic and compelling me to find a safe space, it comforted me. I am embarrassed to admit, it made my nipples harden whenever she did.

She was just so damned sexy!

She asked me after the temp had left, "Do you think your husband will keep his appointment today?" He was due late afternoon to get pictures taken for a composite. Lexi wanted something now, not later, and was going to photograph him around the office as if his composite was taken in a work environment.

"He will. He's not a flake."

"'Flake.'" She laughed delightfully. "I haven't heard that word in a long time."

*I'm using old words?*

She squeezed my shoulder. "You're understanding our files okay?"

"Sure, it's not hard." I didn't want to laugh at her and offend her, but it was fairly basic once I had seen a handful of them.

A guy poked his head into the office. "Hey, Mrs. Wass, where do you want me to set up?"

"Oh, hi Joseph. Anywhere. I was thinking an office shoot, so like everywhere."

He looked discomfited, but nodded and ducked out.

She said, "He's going to be working the camera for your husband: he owes me some favors."

I said the only thing that came to mind, "Oh."

Shawn's arrival was quiet, and I only knew he was in the office when he poked his head in and smiled at me. "Hey, Bree." His eyes caught sight of the vase and flowers. "So this is your office?"

I wasn't doing anything but studying previous portfolios on the computer and matching them to what Lexi called "call sheets." I stood and stepped towards the door with hesitation. "Are they shooting you already?"

He shook his head. “Nah, Lexi and the photographer are chatting—”  
“Shawn?” Lexi’s voice called out.

He smiled really big. “Gotta go...”

She called and he answered instantly. I was glad to see he was taking this seriously, even though I didn’t think he was really model material.

Though, he was certainly better looking than some of the models I had come across in the files.

Maybe he would make it big in modeling. Who knew?

I had to move once so they could set up some shots using my office, but other than that, he was gone less than two hours later.

Lexi leaned on the doorframe and frowned. “He seemed a little nervous.” It was a statement with feeling behind it, like a thoughtful assessment rather than criticism.

“I would be, too.”

It was as if she hadn’t even heard me and really, what did I know? She had been in the business far longer than I had. Seen thousands of models. Surely she knew her business.

I asked, “Was it bad?”

She shook her head slightly and her eyes lost their glaze, focusing on me. “Oh, no, not really. But...” She pressed her lips together and then sucked her bottom lip inwards. “Tell you what...”

I waited silently.

“Come with me.”

I followed her into her office. It was a very swanky space decorated in long metallic accents that reminded me of art deco. Yes, definitely art deco; one of the lamps had a base that was fashioned as a long, flowing woman. The deep plum-colored walls were set off with brass accents.

It had probably looked really nice when it had been set up. Now it just mostly looked messy.

She sat in her office chair and swiveled it towards a wooden filing cabinet. She paused and looked at me critically. “Are you a good wife, Bree? I don’t mean that as an accusation, understand...”

“I’m sorry?” I was confused.

She firmed her lips again and turned back towards me. Resting both elbows on the desk, she evinced a pose of resting her chin on her hands, but didn’t. “Shawn seemed a little tense. That’s really very normal for

beginners, but there are ways to... combat that. Would you be willing to help him?"

I answered promptly. "Of course."

"Even if it's a little... embarrassing?"

"Well, I... What do you mean?"

"There's a simple method... However, it works much better when another person is involved. Would you be willing to help your husband?"

"Of course, I would..."

She looked around as if searching for eavesdroppers, although the temp had left for the day and Sarah the receptionist was busily typing away on her computer. She leaned towards me. "Male models can pick up a good languid fluidity to their movements if they've... cum recently."

My face felt wooden with the switch to sexual matters.

She said, "He'd be good on stage as that kind of work requires more animation and expression. Movies require much less of it, and modeling almost none. In fact, the less expression the better. The more vacant the look, the more successful the model. At least in high fashion. He has the smile down for other brand promotionals, but for fashion..."

"He... came... last night."

Her eyebrows flashed upwards. "That's good, but..."

I waited.

"This is something he could do before any more composite shoots we do tomorrow morning, if we do, and before any real modeling jobs he might get. And it helps if someone else is involved. Would you be willing to help him?"

"I suppose, sure."

She lowered her chin in confidence. "Men can do it on their own, but it works better if they're being helped." She turned back to the filing cabinet and opened it. She began flipping through thick files. "Hmm... Yes, this one."

I was eager to be part of my husband's career, if this was going to help him, and also to show Lexi I was willing to work. I didn't want to give the impression like the temp had that I didn't care about anything.

She turned and held a magazine in both hands, eyebrows lifted suggestively. It was a nudie magazine in an archival cover. "This kind of thing works wonders, but guys who do it alone usually become glum after. We don't want glum; we want relaxed. Works best with a woman's helping

hand, if you catch my drift. Would you be willing to help him? Handle him while he looks at this? Or is that too dirty for you?” Her voice fell in expectation of dissatisfaction at the end of her question.

I shook my head, desperate to please her, not disappoint her. “No, I can help him.”

Her smile was fast and approving. “Excellent. Tomorrow morning, before you come in, I’d like you to... work with him. It’s not hard and actually pretty fun. I used to help my husband Dylan when he modeled.” She lifted the magazine. There was a buxom blonde on the cover. She waggled it side to side. “Just let him find something he likes seeing and,” she indicated my hand, “do it very slow.”

“Slow?”

“The longer the better, with men. Too fast and they’re actually uptight after. We don’t want that. Give him time to look at everything inside and settle on a picture he likes. I’m sure he’ll find something in there. And then once he has, try to make it last as long as possible. I know some men finish quick, but that would defeat the purpose. Can you do that?”

I took the proffered magazine. I felt trusted that she would hand me something that was an asset to her business. If it was saved in an archival cover, it must have had some kind of value. I said solemnly, “I will.”

“Be careful and see that gets back to me tomorrow.” She winked. “Promise me you’ll be involved in your husband’s future.”

I knew what she meant. She wanted to make sure I helped him not just succeed, but specifically with giving him a hand in the morning. “I promise.”

I left her office. Later, I left for home.

*Who knows?*

Helping him sounded naughty. And maybe a little fun.

## CHAPTER 6

I waited until he sat on the couch, freshly showered. I was kneeling on the floor, oil ready for the act.

“So this is supposed to help me with my modeling?”

I nodded. “Be careful with the magazine; she wants it back this morning.” I felt a little awkward and silly; guys playing with themselves were always a joke in school – such things only happened on webcam, not in real life. And yet, here I was about to help him do something embarrassing. For my job’s sake, I went along with it as if it was no different than putting away dishes.

“So... I just open this up while you...?”

A swell of impatience and scorn rose within me – to cover my own naiveté. “Oh come on, Shawn. You’ve never seen a nudie magazine before in your life?”

His face colored. “Well... yeah...”

I oiled his dick and began pulling on it. “Open it up and find something you like. That’s what Lexi said.”

“Okay, okay, gosh...” He couldn’t hide a flash of eagerness in his eyes.

In my hand, his dick responded like a champion. It firmed and hardened until it was stiff and throbbing in my hand. I began stroking him, reminding myself to go slow while he looked. Despite our awkward feelings, I began thinking this was rather fun. Feeling his body respond through my fingers as he looked was intoxicating. I could feel him trembling with excitement. I could feel the heat his shaft radiated into my grip. Each throb of his erection sent a pulse down my body to my pussy. I was getting warm and wet.

I kept to my task.

His mouth dropped open as he panted and he flipped pages.

“Are you finding anything good?”

He flipped his head to the side. “I dunno, I’ve seen tits before...”

I felt a little deflated. I wanted him to be a willing part of this and, in doing so successfully, please Lexi. I didn’t want to tell her it was a failure as that might implicate me. I needed this to be the success my boss expected. For my sake, at least.

“Lexi said to find something you like. Are they all ugly or something?”

His reaction was immediate. “No...” He left off with much unsaid.

I kept a steady stroke, testing with my fingers if I was getting him too close. But other than enjoying it and trembling, he wasn't close. I marveled at the length and thickness of his shaft. I couldn't understand how guys attained erections. So much blood was required to fill it - and then more to make it hard! Silky to the touch and rigidly stiff for penetration, just holding the hot rod in my grip was enough to have me breathing heavier.

He appeared to settle on a set of pictures, though I couldn't see them. His breathing became more ragged.

I slowed my stroking. "Found a good one?"

"Y-yeah, I guess so..."

My hand glided up and down his sexual excitement. The throbbing became more frequent. Pre-cum oozed from the tip. *What is he looking at? A blonde? A brunette?* I began to feel a little left out by my unanswered curiosity. I broke my silence. "What are you looking at? Let me see."

He flipped a page, shaking his head. He mumbled, "Oh, nothing."

I coughed to myself in aggravation. Like, duh! "I just wanted to see..."

He showed me the page he had flipped to - some article about cars. "See? Nothing."

I rolled my eyes. I hadn't thought he would be all defensive about it. "Well, find a good picture. I can't believe you're trying to read articles—"

"I wasn't."

I went quiet, knowing I was upsetting him. Whatever...

He kept flipping, finding another set of pictures he liked and stopped turning pages.

I kept up my slow up and down motion. My wrist was getting tired, though, so I shifted the force of my strokes. Instead of keeping my grip the same, I squeezed on the downstroke and kept going until I was fully at the base and could go no further. Then I loosened and lifted to the tip. The alternating pressure relieved the threat of cramps in my hand.

Shawn responded with his hips, lifting slightly as my hand came down, as if my fist was a pussy and he was fucking it.

That made me wetter and I made sure to use my hand to reinforce that feeling for him.

He flipped backwards through the pages, his eyes shifting slightly towards me with guilt.

So he had found some good-looking picture and he was going back to it. What was it? I waited until he stopped turning pages. I slowed my stroking.

I squeezed at the tip and drove my fist slowly down in a tight grip as if he was penetrating a tight pussy.

He moaned.

Chills drifted down my back and tingles radiated out from my pussy. Just feeling and hearing him respond with such lust was driving me nuts. What was he looking at? Did she have big boobs? My curiosity began burning out of control.

His eyes were locked onto the magazine. His hips shifted up with my downstrokes. Whatever the picture was, he was fucking the girl in it.

I whispered, "Is that a good picture?"

His response was ragged and hoarse. "Yes..."

I kept using my hand like a pussy, up and down on his cock. "Are you imagining doing her?"

He moaned loudly, stiffening.

I eased off immediately.

He panted, taut, and slowly settled down. He chuckled roughly. "Yeah, I guess so..."

"Is it safe?"

"Yeah, keep going."

I went back to stroking his shaft. Up and down I used my hand to be the pussy he was looking at in the magazine. The idea and knowledge of it made me burning hot with lust. I squirmed on my knees feeling the deep, twisting ache inside my pussy. "I want to see her, too."

He didn't jerk away defensively this time. He showed me the pages he was looking at. The girl in the spread was a young brunette. Small boobs and trimmed hair at her pussy, the look of the picture suggested a little age. I moved my head and looked at the outer cover. The magazine was printed in 2012.

He asked in curiosity, "What?"

"Was just looking at the date."

"Yeah, I think these were taken some time ago."

I stroked a little faster, then realized what I was doing and slowed down. I couldn't help myself at this point; I was almost as excited as my husband. Despite my earlier sense of awkwardness, I was having a lot of fun.

He settled back into staring at one side of the page while I fucked his cock with my fist. His eyes began closing and his moans became shallower. He kept looking at the left side.

I asked, "Let me see again."

He shifted the open magazine so we could both see. On the left was a full-page picture of the brunette kneeling. Her pussy was thrust forward and she had one hand up over a miniscule boob.

That's when I focused on her face. She was very cute.

And...

I looked closer, my hand frozen.

He gasped, "Don't stop." He shifted the magazine lower and to the side a bit so we could both see.

I started stroking again, looking at the girl's nose and eyes. I said hesitantly, "That almost looks like my boss..."

"Yeah, I guess." He flipped back a page and pointed at the introduction to the model. "It even says her name is Lexi. Coincidence, huh?" He flipped back to the kneeling picture and his eyes glazed over again.

I kept up the motions as if my fist were a pussy. He was fucking her in his mind – the girl that looked very possibly like a younger Lexi. And her name... Is that my boss? Did she used to model herself? With a growing certainty, I suspected my husband was using my hand motions to fuck my boss in his mind. The girl certainly did look like Lexi, and of course, the name... and the fact that Lexi had kept this magazine... That could really mean only one thing: the girl in the spread really was my boss.

Shawn moaned loud, close to the edge.

Was it so bad I was helping him with this particular picture? It was what I was supposed to do... and it was fun. But instead of some unknown naked girl, I was helping him imagine he was fucking my boss.

Swirls of tension twisted deep inside my pussy and the pit of my gut. I began to shake with uncertainty and potential loss as I stroked him. At the same time, fire flared in my pussy. I wanted to touch myself so desperately that my voice quavered. "Do you like that picture?"

"Yeah."

"Are you fucking her?"

He groaned heavily and lifted his hips. "Oh... yeah..."

I was mad with lust. And sick with betrayal. "Does her pussy feel good?" I asked it with a particularly tense sliding grip down his shaft. I was dizzy with the need to cum.

He called out airily and his hips quivered off the couch. Tension trembled in him as he hovered there, eyes squeezed shut. He slowly sat

back down and opened his eyes, immediately looking back at the kneeling picture. “Yeah... Do it. Fuck my dick to her.”

I pumped his shaft.

“Faster,” he panted.

I knew he was close, and I was going to make him cum while he stared at Lexi’s pussy. The grinding lewdness inside me was going to make sure my hand was a pussy for his imagination – her pussy.

I loved it.

I hated it.

My pussy might have been twisting one way towards climax, but my stomach was churning the other way. I felt like I was going to throw up. And yet, I fisted his shaft up and down faster, giving him what he wanted – and myself what my pussy needed. I gasped, “Fuck her, Shawn. Fuck her hard.”

His hips lifted again and he thrust his engorged cock up through my fist. His eyes were glued to Lexi’s pussy. “Oh yeah, fuck yeah... deep...”

I felt his shaft swell as the room shifted around me. I wasn’t even touching myself and the knot of heat behind my clit was ready to explode. His erection jerked and a small squirt of cum arched out. Then he grunted and a long stream of cum erupted, shooting into the air. He drove his hips up and down, fucking my grip and staring at the picture. He was fucking her and it drove my pussy to the edge of orgasm. I wanted to urge myself over the edge and said, “Yes! Fuck her!” But it didn’t come.

My husband grunted ferociously, cock jerking, hips thrusting, and cum spraying in fast squirts out of his dick. He kept his eyes glued to Lexi until he collapsed, drained. He gasped, “Wow... that was good...”

I agreed. I had never done anything hotter.

It was a sexy success.

My pussy loved it.

And it was a futile failure.

I was certain I was going to vomit.

## CHAPTER 7

Not an hour later, I handed the magazine back to Lexi. “It worked, I guess.” I couldn’t look at her. “He’ll be here in a few minutes.”

She touched my shoulder and said in a low, smooth voice, “Wonderful...”

I wanted to ask her if that was really her in the magazine, but wasn’t sure how to broach it without sounding stupid.

Shawn’s arrival didn’t alleviate my unease.

When Joe didn’t show up and Lexi produced a camera of her own, I felt just a little bit better. For some reason, I didn’t want any extra people knowing that my husband was getting a second photo set done after getting his dick yanked. I was able to watch this time and she had me turning on and off lights as we needed them. She had an umbrella-looking light thing that she kept me busy moving around.

She purred to me while he lounged in her office chair, “He’s perfect. See how it looks like everything just takes too much energy for him? Perfect, perfect, perfect. He’ll be a natural for our top clients.”

Shawn joined us while we set up an angle in the reception area. He asked her, “Hey, was that really you in that magazine?”

*Oh my god!* I wanted to hide my face, and I did – and closed my eyes.

Lexi acted surprised. “Oh, did I give you that one? I did a couple of spreads a few years ago, yes.”

*What?* She had looked through her file and declared that one to be perfect. She knew which one she had given him. I looked up at both of them.

Lexi was hugging his arm to her and looking up into his face with a sparkling curiosity.

He said, “Whoa, cool! I never met a playmate before.”

She admonished him, “I was never a bunny. Playboy... wants bigger busts...”

He colored with shyness. “Oh, uh, I thought... you looked fine...” His eyes flashed to me with a slightly guilty expression before returning to her.

Lexi beamed and led him closer to me. “Bree...”

“Yes?” I was hoping for anything other than our current awkward conversation.

“My husband and I are having a little barbecue Saturday. Why don’t you two come? I’d really love for you to join us.”

That didn’t sound bad at all, but I worried about what I would wear. “Sure, I guess...”

She released Shawn and embraced me from the side. Her mouth was close to my ear and sent shivers down my back with her response.

“Wonderful. Just dress casual. I’ll give you my address later.”

Shawn looked bored. I knew he was looking forward to sitting on the couch all Saturday and Sunday playing Dark Souls.

I moved so that Lexi couldn’t see his exasperating expression. I assured her, “We’ll be there. We haven’t been to a barbecue in...” We’d never been to one together. “In a long time, I guess.”

She gave me the most smoky adoring look that I blushed as if I had been the most perfect model. She leaned close, lips almost brushing my ear. Her hot breath made my knees waver and wobble as if I were standing on golf balls “I am so glad I hired you. We’re going to make a great team, you and I.”

Despite all my embarrassment over what I had done with Shawn a little earlier, and our subsequent discovery that Lexi was indeed the Lexi in the magazine, and that I had made him cum looking at her, I was filled with hope and comfort that all was well.

If she really liked me, then I was going to make my uncle happy and my bank account ecstatic.

For the first time in two days, I began to breathe as if success was within my grasp.

Now, if I can just keep from saying something stupid or screwing up what *I’ve got...*

## CHAPTER 8

My husband moped. “Do I have to go?”

I pulled on his arm to get him off the couch. “Please, Shawn. We can’t afford to lose this job. It’s free food, okay?”

He made a face of consideration and set down the controller. “Yeah... can’t deny free food, I guess.”

“Please try to act normal.” I needed him to be friendly, not sulky that his game was interrupted.

He blew out a breath and rolled his eyes dramatically. “Whatever.”

“You’re going to change, right?”

He looked offended. “What’s wrong with sweats? She said it was casual.”

I closed my eyes trying to find a well of patience I knew didn’t exist. “Sweats are for around the house. At least put on jeans and a shirt. Besides, your sweats show your package too much.”

He grinned wickedly and gripped his crotch. “What? You don’t like seeing it swinging around when I walk?”

I wanted to tell him it was gross and vulgar, but he wouldn’t understand. “Sure, but not other people. What if her husband is gay and wants to grab it?”

He flinched backwards. “Whoa, I’m not gay.”

“Then put on some jeans.”

He coughed in disgust and resignation. “Fine.”

And it was with that kind of harrowing morning that I stood with Shawn at the door of a nice little home with an immaculate lawn and very butchered rose bushes. It looked like someone had taken a chainsaw to them.

How could anyone other than boomers like a flower that smelled nice but had to put up with those vicious thorns? It was beyond me.

The man opening the door looked at us suspiciously – especially my husband. I grabbed Shawn’s arm protectively and said, “Lexi invited us...?”

His face cleared instantly into a relaxed smile. “Of course, of course, come in. I’m Dylan Wass.”

We both shook his hand.

Lexi appeared, floating out of nowhere as if she were lighter than air. She thrust her hips forward, leaned her shoulders back from her waist, and clasped her hands together. “You came, marvelous!”

How could I not?

How she took such instant control, I knew not. She gripped my husband’s shoulders in a squeeze and brushed his cheek with a kiss.

Shawn colored and glanced at Dylan.

Then she was all over me, arm around my shoulder, and leading me away from the men. “Bree, dear, I have a request.”

“Huh?” What? Was she going to put me to work?

She led me into the backyard and leaned her head close to mine. “Listen, I’m going to call in a favor... I want your husband to meet someone. Very important. One of our biggest clients. It may just break him right into a top spot or two to launch his career. Can I borrow him next Saturday for an hour or so?”

I hesitated to answer for Shawn knowing he liked his weekend time for playing games. But this would be no different than having a photo shoot arranged on the weekend. And if he was willing to work on a Saturday for someone’s wedding, then surely he could spend an hour meeting someone. He would be back to gaming in no time.

She misread my hesitation. “I’d ask you to come along, but I’m not sure Maurice would appreciate more than one—”

“No, I was just wondering about his photography. I’m sure he can go.”

She stepped back, lowered her chin and gave me a pointed look and smile. “Perfect.” She twirled delicately to a cart and poured liquid. In less than the time it took me to think of the offer or my response or even the pool in the backyard, she swung back to me and pressed a glass of orange juice into my hand. “Screwdriver?”

“Huh? Oh...” I looked at the drink. I had heard of them but never had one before.

“Vodka and orange juice. Simple and delightful. Just like Shawn.” She winked at me.

I took a small gulp of it and did not get some alcoholic blast I expected. My eyeballs didn’t cross, my throat didn’t burn, and my chest didn’t seize up – not like the time I had downed a tumbler of Scotch on a dare in my sophomore year. I had thought I was going to die. I took another drink and nodded to Lexi. “This is fine, thanks.”

I tried to be involved, but I found I had little to say around older people. We shared just nothing in common. I longed to take out my phone and scan Facebook. Or do a Google search on how to talk to older adults beyond saying, “Okay, boomer.”

For most of the time we were there, I sat with Lexi. The guys seemed to be having their own little convo that didn’t include us. It almost seemed like her husband Dylan was interviewing Shawn – really getting to know him.

I guess I was happy with that and why did nothing seem sharp anymore? I felt the pleasant smile plastered on my face as if nothing could remove it. Whatever this screwdriver was, it was good. And why was the yard and living room wobbling? My feet felt numb, but I walked back and forth between inside and outside the house as if I were floating like Lexi.

I reveled in my newfound poise and grace.

Until Dylan and Shawn joined us.

Apparently the boy-talk was over.

Sports, probably, no matter.

But Shawn didn’t like sports all that much.

I responded to some generic questions from Dylan. I say generic because as soon as he asked and answered them, I found I could not recall what they had been. I was trying to puzzle the last exchange – desperately trying to remember what he had just asked me – when Lexi offered to take my glass.

Her hand was a little unsteady and her words were slurred. “Would you like one more, Bree?”

I jerked my empty glass up with as much eager effort as I could. I wanted to show her I was as game as she was. “Oh, sure. These are really good.” I felt warm, fuzzy, and comfortable. Maybe my head wobbled a little and my eyes wanted to close, but the drinks had been very refreshing and smooth. “I think...” I looked around.

Lexi grinned at me knowingly. “That hall there at the very end. Can’t miss it. I’ll just put your drink here after I refill it.” She indicated the coffee table.

Relieved, I said, “Oh, sure, thanks.” Both for the drink and the directions to the bathroom.

I felt a little unsteady as I walked into the hall. The walls seemed to kind of loom in one way and then the other. Surely, I wasn’t drunk? Maybe a little buzzed? As I sat on the toilet, I heard a buzzing sound like a high

pitched feedback growing stronger and weaker, stronger and weaker, coming closer and receding. My flesh tingled with radiance and I hummed contentedly as I relieved myself.

When I came out of the bathroom, I went in search of my doom.

I was really only looking to get my last drink and relax on the couch, but I was running headlong into imminent dissonance.

## CHAPTER 9

No one was in the living room when I came out.

Swimming in the pool hadn't been offered, but the drink cart was out there. I saw that Lexi had placed my glass on the coffee table as promised. I scooped it up and headed to the open sliding glass door.

I heard mumbling or something, and stopped in the doorway in shock. Shawn was sitting on the steel-framed loveseat cushioned with weather resistant vinyl. But the patio furniture was the least of my concerns.

I blinked a few times to understand what I was seeing. At first glance and reaction, Shawn was almost raping my boss. But, no, not exactly. After a couple more blinks and a hand on the frame to steady myself, I saw that it was Lexi being the aggressor. She was practically draped all over his left side, kissing him madly and groping his crotch.

Of course, my dear husband was sitting open-legged just like men do and I could see she had a grip on his package.

It was then that she looked at me and stopped kissing him. But she didn't pull away or act as if she was caught. She just smiled suggestively at me and gave his package a very deliberate and appreciative squeeze.

My mouth was open and my hand holding the glass was trembling.

For Shawn's part, he sat there accepting all her advances as if he was a single guy at a party picking up pussy. He even had one arm around her. His expression when he saw me was happy pleasure and surprise.

I drew breath to put a stop to this, or tell him to knock it off, or... or... something.

Lexi's eyes were still locked on mine and her hand made a slow travel along the bulging length in his jeans – as if she were petting it.

Two things happened within me right away. First, I recognized that he most definitely had the man-parts that most women would probably appreciate and her public esteem of it actually made me feel good – validated, so to speak. But the second thing that happened at the same time was a selfish swell of resentment within me that said in my head, “Hey, that's mine.” I was at a momentary loss to reconcile the two.

Lexi purred and slurred, “He's so dreamy, Bree.” Her hand petted his crotch once more and then she got to her feet and staggered over to me.

She was obviously drunk. What could I say that wouldn't sound petty and rude?

That's when I saw the curtain move on the window of the wall facing the patio and the loveseat.

I barely had time to realize that Lexi's husband had been watching and had seen the whole thing. Was he about to stomp out here in a rage?

I tensed up.

Another thing happened in the split second before my boss reached me. I saw her eyes, glassy and unchanging, regarding me with warmth and interest.

Right after she had her tongue down my husband's throat.

My Shawn.

Had she liked kissing him? Had he liked kissing her? Was it as big a deal as the worrisome knot in my stomach said it was? But that was not the worst feeling. Wringing deep inside was a sensation of inferiority.

Lexi was a better woman in every way. She was more mature, graceful, poised, together, and knowledgeable. She was older and wiser. In everything, with everything, she was *based*. That caused a quelling of my objections to what had been going on. Did I even have any ground to stand on in confronting them? I was shorter than her with less womanly shape. My face was young-looking and immature. I felt as awkward as I had on entering high school as a freshman – as if I didn't even know how to walk and everyone else around me was so much more adults than I could ever be.

And then Lexi was on me, arm around my shoulders and leaning close. Suddenly her tongue was in my ear, hot and wet. Shivers cascaded down my arms and back at the surprise attack. She whispered scalding words into my ear, "Mmm, you must come back again soon. It was lovely having you here."

I was still reeling... and beginning to feel guilty. Just seconds before, she had her tongue in his mouth and her hand on his crotch. My pussy began aching as my brain connected how fun sex was with Shawn – despite his past acne problems. So maybe they didn't have sex, but just the sight of them had been...

I ground my teeth together as a wash of cold sweat ran down my back and a warm rush of tingles raced up from my pussy. Just the sight of them had been beautiful. I was forced to open my mouth and pant for air as my chest constricted and my nipples hardened. Shawn had hardened for her.

That beautiful man-part had become engorged in his jeans while it got rubbed and they had kissed.

It seemed so perfect.

So right.

So wrong.

And where was her husband Dylan?

*Oh, right behind...* I lurched forward, turning and lifting my glass in a gesture – any gesture – to look and try to appear cool. I stammered to her, “Oh, uh... M-maybe...”

Dylan frowned at me. His words impressed so much meaning into each syllable that I wanted to surrender to him and let him make decisions for me. “It was delightful having you here. Not this coming weekend but the next – come back and bring your swim suits.”

I was busy trying to swallow a gulp of the screwdriver. I croaked, “Two weeks?”

He made a slow nod of affirmation accompanied by a brief, solemn closure of his eyes.

*But, but... You saw...?* I gaped at him and then realized I was doing it. I gulped more screwdriver and finished it off as a way to keep my mouth from running off in wild, indecipherable directions.

Shawn came over to me and put his arm around my shoulders. I huddled into him. He said, “That sounds great. It’d be nice to swim...”

Dylan’s eyes dropped down, and then his eyebrows lifted almost imperceptibly. His lips widened noticeably. His eyes flicked up to him and then down to me. The sparkle there was interested, not angered. Surely he had seen his wife kissing my husband? Surely he must be angry?

But he wasn’t.

I felt... almost blameless because of it. With everyone acting so cool, I dared not stick my foot in my mouth and sound stupid with anything I might say. I just nodded.

Shawn asked, “You really think I have a shot at a modeling career? I’ve always worked behind the camera—”

Lexi moved to him, grabbing his arm and pressing herself against his free side. “Oh, Shawn, are you kidding? Your talents are wasted behind the camera. But, I mean, if that’s what you really like doing, then of course you should keep doing it. People should have hobbies. But modeling? Oh god,

yes. You were just perfect on the second shoot.” Her eyes found mine. “And you were... okay with helping him, Bree?”

I knew what she meant: the magazine and handjob thing. I gulped and tried to maintain some semblance of confidence and normalcy in my voice. “Oh, sure.”

Her eyes sparkled at me.

I felt a wave of sensation roll through me at her look, leaving my pussy tingling, my nipples aching, and the knot twisting tighter in my stomach. It was so humiliating and awkward while everyone was pretending nothing had happened.

I felt lost.

Lexi pulled on Shawn, away from me.

In the instant I knew it was happening, it felt right, wrong, and natural. Of course he pulled away from me, disengaging and moving toward her. She said, “I have something to give you, before you go. A small gift. Come on.”

I didn’t want him to go.

I wanted to scream it, but all I could do was shiver as if in shock.

She was so masterful in handling people that I just simply had no chance. And then there was the whole job thing.

Dylan looked amused.

Could he read my mind?

In any event, Lexi and Shawn were only gone for like not even two minutes. He was carrying a canvas file folder with a zip top. It bulged thickly.

I wanted to ask, but it seemed like we were being ushered out.

Dylan extended his hand to my empty glass I still clutched like a talisman of protection. “I’ll take that off your hands. It was nice meeting both of you.”

“Oh, uh, yeah...” I felt dumb and numb.

Lexi almost danced – moving as if she were shimmying – in front of Shawn. I could tell she wanted to grab him and hug him and more, but her hands gracefully twitched until she just gave him the kind of kiss she had in greeting – chaste, simple, and inoffensive.

Dylan did not touch me.

Did I smell or something? Was I just really that unattractive compared to his beautiful wife?

Would I ever look like a woman to someone? Attractive and worth a smile of interest?

We were out the door and heading to the car. Shawn handed me the canvas file folder and dug out his keys. The folder was heavy.

I asked, "What's this?"

"Lexi said it was practice material. She said you need to work with me as often as possible before next Saturday."

"Practice material?" I got in and shut the door, relieved to be in the ergonomically designed passenger seat of his Mazda. He shut his door and started the car. "Yeah, magazines."

A wave of nausea swept through me and the folder felt hot and wrong in my hands. "Oh..." I found myself staring down at it until curiosity drove me to unzip it and pull them out. Were they all Lexi issues? But none of the five covers were her. I opened one up under my husband's amused and approving gaze.

I flipped to the women with trepidation. Each and every one was an accusation at me and a demonstration of my unworthiness. No way could I ever be in one of these. My boobs were stupid. I had almost no hips. My shape was more like that of a boy than a woman – straight, blocky, and made me feel ugly.

I had never thought of myself as ugly before, but these women made me feel it. I asked him, "How do you look at these," my voice broke, "perfect women and then look at me?"

He made a scoffing sound and thrust his hand dismissively. "I don't love them."

A particularly attractive redhead caught my eye. She was fearless on the pages, confident and assured of her nudity. She had a perky face but not pixie-like. Her eyes were deep and seductive and her hair had that burnt red appearance. She was... sexy.

So very sexy.

My pussy tingled and the ache returned deep inside.

I wanted to be like her and have this kind of effect on other women. I wanted to be sexy.

I turned the page with a shaking hand, looking at her face, her eyes, and then her... very nice-looking pussy. I swallowed hard as my chest began vibrating to the thumping of my heart. Her breasts were well-formed but small compared to the few others I had passed as I flipped through.

Everything about this redhead named Zenna was playful and sexy. I could imagine her riding a motorcycle instead of posing in a long dress in front of cameras.

Why couldn't I be like her?

I skipped past, panting heavily, and searched the rest of the magazine for any sign of Lexi. The first one was... clean. My boss wasn't in it.

But I didn't get far into the second one before finding her. Lexi was the first spread after several tiny little pictures of nude women scattered throughout the opening of the magazine. She wasn't the centerfold, but I couldn't miss her. Her only clothed picture was on a farm backdrop with some real hay on the ground. She was wearing something of a sexy farmer's daughter outfit – cut jean shorts, rolled up plaid shirt tied under her small breasts, a straw cowboy hat, and boots.

She looked deliciously sexy.

Shawn noticed. “Whoa, Lexi is in that one, too?”

I tried to talk, but couldn't.

His sigh of satisfaction sent a shiver up my pussy. “Oh yeah, we're gonna practice to that one when we get home.”

I swallowed again - suddenly flush with saliva – and knew I was going to enjoy feeling him in my hands – hard for her.

I couldn't wait.

And I dreaded it.

## CHAPTER 10

Shawn sat on the couch with the magazines spread around him. I readied his cock with oil and felt it already hardening.

I was wet.

I was also still a little... dizzy, but also feeling a little angry now. For... whatever reason I had no clue as to why.

Clueless.

Except that I was determined to be a part of his success. After all, I was his wife and that had to mean something, am I right? A lot of people my age chose to dispense with the patriarchal form of oppression and sexism – heterosexual marriage - whereas lesbians and gays more often used marriage now as a political empowering statement of equality.

Who needed outdated marriage?

Except that Shawn and I had genuinely, shamefully, felt an attraction to it as cisgender heterosexuals. It just... seemed like the right thing to do. We both had expected to be vilified in social media for doing it, but had received no negative comments from our peers, only congratulations.

I was his wife.

I had a hold of his cock.

This was natural.

And should I forfeit my claim and let him go off on his own to relax himself with these magazines? I mean, everyone looks at porn. Come on, who doesn't? It's everywhere.

It's a safe option in an age of potential diseases. Maybe old people got all uptight over porn, but we grew up with it. What was the big deal?

I stroked him now as he began flipping through pages of the first magazine.

Nothing wrong with what I was doing, though I still felt angry.

Was Lexi assuming I had the mindset of a boomer? That I would get all puckered up over the idea of doing something like this? Did she think I had never masturbated by webcam to a guy before?

Well, I had only done it once with a cute guy named Pete Wilkins when I was seventeen, but I had done it, so let it be said.

Why might Lexi think I would hesitate to be a helping hand in my husband's success? Like I might be jealous or something?

I ground my teeth together and jacked his erection with full strokes up and down.

He really did have a beautiful cock for a man. I mean like, fuck, did some cocks look disgusting, or what? Bent, discolored, shriveled, unclean, misshapen... At least Shawn's was perfect in shape and form. It was just too huge for me if I had to *throw shade* on it for any reason.

*Lexi thinks I am too immature to do this?*

I stroked him angrier.

He moaned happily, lustily.

*I can do this.*

But I still felt angry.

I would show her that this was nothing.

I asked him, "Are you finding anything good?" Porn was a flood of rubbish and ugliness: there was something for everyone. Finding anything decent was often a tasteless journey through blaring and blatant fetishes that turned my stomach. At least with the archaic and outdated magazine finding something wasn't difficult. It was faster, cleaner, and didn't come with loud virus warnings.

He grunted, eyes focused on the pages. No, more like riveted.

"Let me see."

He showed me. A blonde, of course. Although at least it wasn't Lexi. But this was a cute blonde, not a glamorous boob-job with perfect makeup and bimbo hair. Her hair was curly and short and there was a spread of freckles across her nose and cheeks. Her boobs were almost as small as mine, but looked better. She had a hand down spreading her lips and showing her hole. Then he turned the magazine back to himself.

*Oh well, at least I got a peek.* I stroked him faster before I remembered that it needed to be slow and relaxing in the build to climax. "Do you like her?"

He sighed, excited. "Yeah, she's cute."

Again, I stroked a little faster; I couldn't help it. Not only was his shaft hard and throbbing in my grip, but my pussy was definitely wet and achy. My clit tingled with muted excitement. Whatever the drinks had been – those screwdrivers – it made everything feel as if it were behind a wall of cotton.

My wrist began to ache, so I stopped while he flipped more pages and then selected another magazine. I oiled up my other hand and applied both

of them to his cock.

I marveled at the male erection – so perfect and hard and straight. So yummy for the pussy: invasive; persistent; and demanding. Everything a girl needed. Except for a good tongue, of course.

I used both hands and slid them up and down his shaft – worshipping it and trying not to drool. I twisted both my grips in a gentle wringing motion as I slid them.

Shawn lifted his hips off the couch, moaning with enthusiasm.

“Yeah...”

His hard shaft throbbed and jerked.

I had him close, but I wasn't stopping. Maybe it was the anger at my boss thinking I was too childish or something. “Did you find a good one?”

“Oh yeah...”

I began using total fuck motions, up and down from the tip to the base. “Do it. Fuck her. Fuck her deep.”

He trembled and moaned. His hand touched my wrist, staying my motions. “Too much; wait a sec.”

I stopped and let go to ease up on his imminent ejaculation. “Let me see what you picked.”

He looked sheepish and showed me.

It was Lexi. The full page picture was the one where she was in the straw hat, leaning back against some bales of hay, and spreading her legs out wide in invitation. Her pussy was thrust forward, open and glistening, while her eyes sparkled at the camera. It was a beautiful picture.

He turned it back to himself. “Okay, go ahead.”

I stroked him with trembling hands. “Do you like her?” I'm not sure where that came from or why, but he misunderstood.

“Yeah, it's a really sexy pose.”

I hadn't meant the picture. And maybe that was just as well because I wasn't sure I wanted to know the answer. *Let him think I meant the picture. Whew, escaped that embarrassing moment.* “Do it, fuck her.” I made deep motions with my hands.

He sighed low and ragged. “Oh yeah, ungh...”

He was so excited that it excited me. I slid my hands up and down his shaft like a pussy. “Does she feel good?” My pussy ached.

“Yes...”

“Fuck her, Shawn. Fuck her hard.” I rammed both hands down on his erection, up and down, simulating a hard-riding pussy.

His mouth was open and he was panting. A drip of drool from the corner of his lips slowly extended unnoticed. His eyes were locked on the page about halfway down in the center: on Lexi’s pussy.

At least with a magazine, it was safe. I urged him, “Look at her pussy. Fuck it. Fuck it hard. Come on, Shawn, do it.” My pussy throbbed and tingled, and my stomach churned and twisted. Either I was going to be sick or I was going to have an orgasm. In my somewhat drunken state, I couldn’t tell which.

He shattered my composure with a strangled, “Oh fuck yeah! I want to fuck her so bad...”

Annoyed that it had to be her, I dispensed with the go-slow method; I wanted it to be over. Maybe tomorrow he would find a different picture – after all, there were several other magazines. I asked him, “Are you imagining her?” It was a stupid question, but I sort of wanted to know if he was just getting off on the magazine or the idea.

“Yeah.”

Which was the wrong answer in my book. Now I really just wanted him to get it over with and finish. I jacked my hands up and down as hard as I could. “Fuck her! Do it!”

He groaned heavily and lifted his hips. His eyes did not leave the page – her pussy. “Yeah... yeah... I want to fuck her... so bad...”

“Do it, Shawn. Feel her pussy on your cock—”

His shaft swelled and jerked. A spray of cum shot up and out. His erection pulsed, sending strong squirts up into the air.

My pussy convulsed and clenched with spasms that were almost orgasmic, but not.

He panted heavily, thrusting his hips up and down and forced his twitching, cumming cock through my fingers. “Oh yeah... Lexi...”

I felt the inflamed thrill of his nasty stimulation churn inside me, and I jacked his lust rapidly – stoking and coaxing his lust out of him.

I also felt the sick certainty seethe within me that he was indeed attracted to her and that a tug of war had begun that I was certain to lose.

## CHAPTER 11

I spent a week helping him and I began to look forward to it, despite the feeling that I was walking the razor edge of doom.

There was something sexy about holding onto his male erection and feeling it pulse as I coaxed him with my words and hands. It felt powerful and provocative. Surely, I was helping to make his prospects as a model be the best they could be.

When Lexi picked him up on Saturday for their trip to see the client, I kissed his lips with a quick peck of confidence covering the worry that he was slipping away.

My boss had recommended that I help him with it at least once a day and I did. Unfortunately, even though he looked at all the magazines, he always ended with Lexi.

I could handle that; it was just a magazine picture. It wasn't like a webcam or anything. Except for that sick sensation inside me.

It was only after he left that it even occurred to me that they might do more than just sit in the car for the ride to the big cheese's house. What would they be talking about? Would she try to flirt with him? Put her hand on his leg? After seeing her run her hands all over his chest before she knew he was my husband, the idea she might touch his knee didn't seem shocking.

But would he like it? Would he flirt back? Lexi was all he talked about the past week. No matter how much I fretted for answers, I received none until he came home. He really hadn't been gone all that long although the hour had seemed like all day had already dragged by.

I almost pounced on him. "What happened?"

His eyes sparkled with marginal interest, though his face was slack with disinterest; I could see he didn't really want to talk about it. "We met Claude." He shrugged.

I had wanted an answer as to what happened between him and Lexi, but instead was diverted to this. I sighed with exasperation. "And?"

His gaze sharpened a little. "He looked at me like I was a piece of meat."

Alarm ripped through me. "You weren't rude to him, were you?"

He lifted one shoulder and let it drop. “Nah, I didn’t even say anything.” He dropped onto the couch and picked up the game controller.

*Oh god, I better ask fast before he gets wrapped up in his game...* “Did Lexi flirt with you?”

“What?” He looked pained. “No.”

I didn’t believe it. “She didn’t touch you or anything?”

“Well, yeah. She had her hands all over my ass in front of Claude.”

“What?”

“She touched my butt. She was smoothing it like she was demonstrating clothing or something. I don’t know.”

“To Claude?”

He gave me a dorky look. “Uh, yeah?”

I couldn’t fault her for that, could I? “So like, she didn’t touch you in the car?”

He began to look annoyed. “Uh, no?”

I almost collapsed in on myself as the tension left. I didn’t ask him any more questions since he had started his game. But I wondered about the car ride. Had she looked at him? What had been her expression? Had my husband reacted to her? Smiled? Winked? Made suggestive looks?

Perhaps my silence bothered him, but I didn’t think so. When he got to playing, a bomb could go off and he wouldn’t notice it. It was later when he approached me as I was standing in the kitchen. He had the magazine pouch in his hands and a smoky look in his eyes. “Let’s...” He didn’t finish, just motioned towards the couch.

More accurately, the bed. He moved around the sofa to the bed and laid out the magazines. He began undressing.

I was going to get sex? Or did he just want to lie down while I jacked him? If we were going to have sex, what were the magazines for?

He looked at me curiously. “Aren’t you going to get naked?”

That answered that for me. I stripped eagerly and got onto the bed. The magazines caught my attention though and I frowned at them.

He pulled them all out and spread them near the pillows. He grinned saucily. “Spread ‘em.”

I settled back and spread my legs for him.

He got between my legs and reached to the side of my head, picking up a magazine.

*What are you doing?*

He flipped some pages and then placed it down, open. Then he picked up another and did the same.

I looked over. A blonde gal, legs open and pussy ready.

*What are we doing?*

He placed the other one down and began breathing with more excitement. His cock was erect and pointing straight out.

He wasn't really going to...?

My nipples hardened despite my growing suspicions.

He leaned over me and thrust his thick cock into my pussy. Then he looked over at the blonde and began pumping.

Sickness and revulsion rose in me like a tidal wave and I turned my head away in shame. He was actually fucking me while looking at the blonde! Imagining her!

He pumped and thrust, panting madly with lust. "Oh yeah, that's good."

I gasped, shocked, "Me? Or her?" His cock rubbed lewdly through my lips and his pubic bone brushed roughly against my clit. My pussy was being used and it felt good despite the circumstances.

"This girl. Her name is Kelly." He thrust deep.

I groaned with revulsion, but his sliding cock filled me and caused a swirling tightness deep inside. It was wrong, but the nastiness began to grip me. "You're... imagining her?"

He sped his thrusts. "Yeah... such a beautiful little pussy."

My eyes rolled back in my head as the coil inside me tightened threateningly. Was my pussy beautiful? Or did he really need to look at Kelly's pussy to be excited? Was hers better? Would he rather have her here than me?

His stiffness was throbbing in me and it drove my pussy nuts with need. Heat and wetness ran rampant inside and I thrust my hips up at him. Even though I felt ill at the thought of him imagining her, my body was responding to his obvious excitement. My nipples were pebbles. My clit was on fire. The ache deep within me became a gnawing beast that wanted more. My voice was muffled with effort and restraint, "Oh god... Fuck me..."

He closed the magazine, shutting Kelly out. He gasped, "Yeah."

He was going to pay attention to me now? Look me in the eyes with love and fuck me?

Instead, he pulled closer the other magazine.

I looked, startled and irritated.

It was a spread of Lexi.

*Oh god no...*

He sighed with pleasure and began fucking me harder and faster and deeper. “Oh fuck yeah.” He pounded my pussy with a passion that should’ve been reserved for me but was obviously intended for her. He used my pussy, fucking me madly, and totally seeing her in his head. He didn’t even look at me – just kept his eyes locked on Lexi’s picture.

He was seeing her. He was in her pussy at this moment, not mine. He was fucking her.

Tendrils of thrill became iron cords that wrapped and twisted so tight that I was going to squeeze water out of my eyes. His ramming cock filling me over and over with hyper-excited lust drove me higher than I thought possible. Even though he was fucking her in his head, he was using me and I became a part of it. As much as I would rather have not, my body responded with a fire of lust I had never felt before. I humped my hips up at him in a frenzy. “Fuck me!”

He groaned and gasped, “Yeah, Lexi, yeah...”

Whiteness descended over my vision and sounds receded. I was lifted loftily until I wasn’t certain which way was up or down. The tension quivered in me so tight and then suddenly let loose. I fell as fire flared out from my pussy, igniting all of my flesh along the way as waves of release traveled through me. I cried out with each lifting and wave and shuddered through each drop. Dimly, I was aware that I was slinging my pussy up and down as hard as I could on his cock.

He tensed up and strained, pushing his erection deep. It filled me with throbbing hardness. Then he gave me five really hard thrusts, slamming his cock to the base against me. “Oh yeah, Lexi! Oh...”

Hot squirts splashed inside me and I welcomed the offering of his cock that was intended for her.

I had never felt a harder, more intense orgasm in all my life.

But that wasn’t the worst.

## CHAPTER 12

At work, I was torn one way and then the other.

Just being around Lexi was aggravating *AF*. I wanted to be around her and be close so as to absorb as much of her as I could for my own betterment. And then I hated every second of it as she was the symbol of all that I wasn't and the condemnation was loud in our silence.

She was my boss. She taught me and I did the job, apparently to her satisfaction. I was able to compile portfolios from the composites and she even complimented me on how quickly I picked it up.

It wasn't the work part of the job that was hard; it was just being around her.

I wanted to be her.

I wanted to hate her.

I ended up hating myself.

I could see her body through her clothes. Her figure was all sex and grace and shamed me for my lack. How could a woman be so obviously sexy to another woman like me? Or was that my girl part of me crying out that I wasn't given the womanly assets that Lexi had? Could I ever be as much as her? Half as much?

Thoughts of her sensual figure and my husband's lust drove me into the bathroom several times.

I had to touch myself.

It was an aggravation, not a satisfying pang of passion. I touched the ache and tension down there, rubbing my fingers around my clit in anger. I had never felt sexy feelings before while angry and this was new to me.

Supremely annoying.

I couldn't stop it.

It was on my fifth trip to the bathroom that I discovered the cure and the remedy was horrifying.

I touched myself, swirling my fingers around hoping to find satisfaction so that my ache would stop bothering me. Perhaps if I finished, I could focus on my work? But as the other four times, I couldn't find the height required to release a good finish – it just wouldn't come.

Until...

Until...

I ran my fingers down the edges of my clit on either side and remembered Saturday. Just a few days ago, Shawn had fucked me and called out Lexi's name. By all rights, I should have not even thought of it, but the sex had been hot, if humiliating. And Lexi was here, a few rooms over, her sexy body unknowingly used in my husband's imagination for his release.

The ache and fire flared inside me.

I rubbed faster, spreading around the wonderful tension and feeling the tightening inside.

Yes, he had fucked me while imagining pounding his cock into Lexi's pussy.

I stifled a rising groan in my throat.

He had stared at Lexi's pussy while he slid his cock into her in his mind.

I began shuddering with tight convulsions and my skin went clammy.

He had called her name and came.

I tensed suddenly as the wave lifted me so abruptly that I lost all balance. I clamped one hand on the sink of the bathroom and clenched my jaws shut to keep from crying out. Lava-hot waves ripped through me leaving wakes of tingles and intense satisfaction. I grunted through my teeth, squeezing my eyes shut and trying to orgasm quietly. Water leaked out of my eyes at my effort and the intensity of the orgasm.

At the end of it, I collapsed panting against the sink. My face hit the faucet and pain flared in my forehead.

Ow...

But I remained there in a huddle over the sink as I withdrew my trembling fingers from my panties. My legs quivered and the only thing holding me up was my upper torso propped on the counter of the sink. I gasped and panted through shredded breaths. Listlessly, I wiped at my sweaty, pained brow.

I was going to get a headache, probably, but the endorphins rampaging through me robbed me of all care.

I had finally had an orgasm.

And it...

It had been good.

So very satisfying and good.

That was Monday.

I was going to learn that every day until Friday, I could only cum when thinking of Shawn imagining Lexi.

I could not finish otherwise, no matter how hard I tried. No amount of diddling made a difference.

I raged at myself.

But it was what it was.

Then came Saturday and the swim party.

## CHAPTER 13

I bought Shawn very loose trunks from Walmart. I didn't want anything form-fitting that showed off his package.

It was a mistake.

A huge mistake.

He rose out of the water like a god emerging from the ocean and I couldn't help but notice the loose flabby knee-length material that only hinted at his package while dry was now form-fitting to the point of being useless.

Even Dylan was staring. And smiling with delighted surprise and approval.

Lexi waded, stunned, watching him pass out of the pool, her eyes locked on his perfectly outlined cock. Her mouth was open in a silent exclamation or pause of breath and her eyes widened in eager hungriness not to miss a split second of sight.

*Oh. My. God.*

I wanted to scream.

I wanted to apologize.

I wanted to cry.

I clutched my glass of vodka tighter. I had resolved not to do more than just occasionally sip the screwdriver and had not even taken a sip. Now I lifted the tumbler to my lips in reflex and took a long gulp of futility and regret.

Shawn sat on the lounge and dried his hair and face. His knees were spread in that fashion men have of allowing room for their parts to remain unsqueezed and free.

First, Dylan moved to pull his chair over to face my husband. He resumed his seat and leaned forward, elbows on knees and fingers clasped loosely. His eyes seemed to hover between looking at Shawn's face and staring at my husband's outlined cock. The smile was still there.

Second, Lexi came out of the pool. Water shimmered from her in drips and drops. Her one-piece suit showed nothing and everything. The deep plunging neckline went almost to her belly button, exposing the suggestive swell on the inner sides of her small breasts. The high thigh lines came

down to cover her pussy completely, but showed the formation of it with complete detail. She was covered – and might as well have been naked.

I was certain my face was as red as the plastic stirrers positioned neatly on the serving cart. I looked away. I looked back. I blushed and flushed more and more.

No one noticed.

Dylan was nodding his head and still staring at my husband's package.

Lexi stood next to him, hand on her husband's shoulder, looking in the same direction.

I was going to die.

And yet...

And yet, I felt flattered.

And then I abruptly felt the futility and hilarity of the situation. A bubble of giggle threatened. Lexi's husband was staring? Did he want to touch it? The idea made me want to laugh and I could almost envision Shawn running around the pool trying to get away.

My husband was very homophobic.

No way would he allow some dude to touch his junk.

No way.

However, he sat there, seemingly unaware, legs open and grinning at both of them.

Curious and mollified by my suppressed fit of giggles, I came to stand on Dylan's other side facing my husband. I registered their conversation.

Lexi said, "Most assuredly."

Dylan added, "I mean, most of the model guys I've seen don't have packages like that."

"He'll show off wonderfully."

My husband said, "I'm not that big..."

I almost laughed, but the realization of their subject embarrassed me to silence.

Dylan shook his head. "No need to be modest. You have a cock to be admired. Nothing wrong with that."

Lexi purred, "Some of my clients will definitely be trying to expose or enhance as much of that as they can."

Shawn grinned as if he had been handed a prize. "Yeah?" To all three of us, his package shifted, twitching, and slid down his wet trunks. In the dim

light of the baggy recesses of the legs of his trunks, the head of his cock appeared.

I slapped my hand to my forehead. *Way too loose! Way too loose!* I slid my hand down and covered my mouth. It didn't appear that Shawn was aware the baggy nature of the legs of his trunks were showing us his stuff.

But Lexi and Dylan went quiet. Their eyes were down and locked, looking at my husband's exposure.

I had done this. Why hadn't I bought tight swim trunks?

Dylan breathed, "Beautiful. Circumcised, too."

My boss purred so quietly I almost missed it.

A flush of heat descended from my innards and warmed my pussy against the wall of my horror and embarrassment. I tried to make faces at Shawn to get his attention.

My husband didn't notice, but he wasn't clueless. He looked down but couldn't see up his own trunks, of course. Instinctively, he shifted and closed his legs a little. Unfortunately, that exposed even more of his cock to the light. I knew he was trying to hide it, but the material was so loose that it just hung down more right in plain view. Closing his knees somewhat had just pushed it more forward.

And then the impossible happened.

Of all the things I'd ever heard about swimming, guys suffered shrinkage. It got as small as possible to withdraw from the cold. Except that it was warm outside, sunny, and both Dylan and Lexi were talking about his cock in front of him.

It began to harden.

And stretch with length.

Slowly, it inched forward into better view.

Dylan murmured, "Oh yeah, that's good."

Lexi sighed.

I made a frantic gesture and finally Shawn looked at me. His clueless expression only infuriated me with shame.

However, Dylan stood. He said, "Shawn... Let's have a small chat, shall we?" He motioned for my husband to get up and accompany him.

*Oh good, he's going to tell my husband that he's showing.* I sagged, almost collapsing, and stumbled down to sit in Dylan's chair.

Lexi placed her hand on my shoulder. "You sure are a lucky girl."

“Whuh? Why?” I pretended to forget about my husband’s uncomfortable exposure.

“To have a husband with such a large and well-formed... you know...” She stroked my shoulder as if smoothing something.

It felt good, but I was trembling at the subject.

She said, “His photo shoot Tuesday will go very well, I’m sure.”

“He got the job?”

“He will come Monday morning. I’m going to make sure he does.” She turned to me after watching the two guys on the other side of the pool have their small chat. “I think together we can insure his success. Partners?” She held out her hand to shake.

“You want me to be a partner in your business?”

She laughed. “No, I didn’t mean that. I mean together we can make sure your husband is the best he can be. You don’t have any problem helping him with the relaxation thing, do you?”

I was his wife. I was his partner in life. If I admitted embarrassment or something or other, I was going to look immature and foolish. “No, of course not.”

“Good. He’s going to need a lot more of it.”

“More...” I wasn’t sure what it was he needed more of.

She squatted down and faced me. “A lot of successful models fake the bored and weary look. But even more are strung out on drugs to achieve it. Others use the masturbation method. To me, it works better than drugs and then there’s no faking it. The more men cum, the lazier and listless they are. Shawn needs as much of that as he can handle and more. Are you able to push him to do it?”

“Oh... uh... He uh... Well, we uh do it every day.”

“The masturbation thing?”

“Well, almost every day.”

She gave a single nod of acknowledgment, but said, “It needs to be every day, and more, if you can.”

“More than once a day?”

She nodded with resolution. “Definitely. Can you help me – us – with this? Can I count on you?”

“Of course.”

“Do you need more magazines?”

I gulped and brought my tumbler up to cover my discomfort. I took a swallow and said, "I don't think so. He likes a couple of the ones you loaned him."

She smiled quizzically, brightly. "Oh... please tell me he likes my old pictures. I look so goofy in them... He doesn't laugh, does he?"

I was touched by her vulnerability. "No! No... he... actually likes those the best."

Something silky entered her gaze and I wondered if I had just been played. It felt like I had been maneuvered into a corner but I couldn't see or feel the walls.

She returned to the previous subject. "So you'll be able to increase the frequency of the masturbation sessions?"

To cover my embarrassment at admitting what I had, I nodded eagerly. "I think so."

"Good. Very good." She squeezed my knee warmly.

The men had come back around the pool.

Dylan gave Lexi a grave look with pursed lips and a curt little nod.

She rose from her position in front of me and graced everyone with a very bright smile. She took Shawn's elbow in her arms and asked me, "Do you mind if I borrow your husband for a bit, Bree?"

"No, of course not."

She tugged on my husband's arm. "Come. I have something I want to show you."

I looked at Dylan.

He was hard in his swim trunks.

## CHAPTER 14

Dylan sat, his package stiff and poking upwards in his tighter shorts. I looked away as if I had noticed something else.

He said after a moment, "It's nice to see the youth of today being so open."

"Huh? Whuh?"

"You know... not ashamed to be sexual."

Was this guy perving on me? "What do you mean?"

"Back in my day, sex was secret and hidden. Innuendo and flirtations were about as far as things went. It was actually embarrassing to admit back then that you masturbated. It was a joke and only lonely guys who couldn't get a girl did it."

"Uh... that's nice."

"You aren't afraid to share your husband."

"Share? Are you kidding?"

"No, not at all. I mean, you're okay with jerking Shawn to skin mags."

I flushed red with embarrassment. "Well, you know... For his modeling and all that..."

"Did he like seeing Lexi in them?"

I blinked. "Well, I... uh..."

"She's a sexy woman. Tell me he liked them."

"You don't mind some guy seeing your wife naked in them?"

His cock visibly twitched in his shorts. "No, actually, I very much want guys to see her like that."

It dawned on me. "Oh...!"

His eyebrows lifted in question. "Yes?"

"You're one of those... cucks, right?"

He laughed. "Well, more technically a stag."

"A what?"

He furrowed his brows in question at me.

*What wasn't I clear about with my question?* I asked again, "What's a stag?"

He lifted one shoulder. "You know, a husband who wants his wife to enjoy other men."

"A cuck, right."

“Not exactly. Cucks get off on the humiliation. There is no humiliation in a stag and hotwife relationship.”

“Hotwife?”

“Yeah, Lexi. I’ve been wanting to share her for some time now and your Shawn is perfect.”

I placed a hand on my chest. “My Shawn?”

He laughed, confused. “Yeah... Why do you think we’ve been having you over?”

“I... We... I thought we were just being friends.”

“Shawn seems to understand otherwise.”

“Understand what?”

He pulled his head back with curiosity and annoyance. “That we’re all grooming him to fuck my wife.”

I lifted my hand to stop him. “Wait, wait, wait... You *want* him to fuck her?”

“Of course. He’s perfect.”

A well of outrage blossomed inside me that I wanted to embrace so as to justify and validate my position as Shawn’s wife. Except that a deeper ache and wetness blotted away my objections. I squeezed my thighs shut at the clamping, electric charge that shot up my pussy. All I could do was shake my head.

Dylan gave me a charming grin. “Do you want to go take a look?”

“What?”

“They should be doing it by now.”

I rose so suddenly that my drink sloshed. I downed it to avoid spilling the rest of it and looking like a fool. After I had swallowed, I gasped,

“They’re...?”

“Come on. I’ll show you.”

Fear and failure flooded me.

My knees trembled as if the joints were vibrators set on high. I stumbled, wobbled, and staggered to the sliding glass door. I didn’t know if it was the drink, the adrenaline of panic, or both that had me almost falling down with every step. Making it through the back door was nearly a victory on its own.

Dylan’s hand clamped down on my shoulder, hard.

I looked at him, startled.

He placed a finger to his lips. “Be quiet,” he leaned closer to me with intense eyes, “and don’t interrupt.”

Frightened at the change from friendly to threatening, I snapped my open mouth closed.

He took my glass from me and I followed him into the kitchen. All he did there was place the glass in the sink. He turned and motioned back out.

Exasperated at the delay, I almost stamped my foot in frustration.

He led me down the hall to the bedroom. Their bedroom door was open and I heard the first questionable sound – a slurp.

He moved out of the way and placed his hand back on my shoulder in warning.

Shawn was lying on the bed, propped back on his elbows and forearms. He was looking down his body at Lexi hovering over his waist. A goofy smile was plastered on his face.

Apparently, Lexi had just finished blowing him. She was looking up into his face and crawling up over him. Both were naked, though Shawn’s trunks were pooled at his ankles hanging over the edge of the bed.

Neither of them looked at us.

My husband’s cock stood erect between them.

My mouth dropped open at the sight. I wanted to intervene. I wanted to exclaim my horror. I wanted...

I wanted to watch the calamity unfold.

Surely Shawn would put a stop to all of this? Surely my boss wasn’t really going to...

Lexi maneuvered over him and began to settle.

I could see nothing, just legs and hips.

Shawn let his head fall back and his mouth drop open. Lexi purred appreciation and she began to settle further onto him.

Was he inside her? Was she slipping down his erection right now? Was she just teasing him?

I jerked forward by instinct.

Dylan’s hand quashed that with sudden intensity on my shoulder.

I looked back at him, consternation in every fiber of my body.

He shook his head, brows down, and eyes angry.

I stopped trying to move and looked once again at my husband and boss.

Lexi was looking at us. She was rising slowly and falling – moving with sinuous grace. Her eyes were half-lidded with lust and pleasure. Her lips were parted in a quiet pant and her thighs trembled as they worked.

Shawn gave me a fleeting look before resuming his marveling at Lexi riding him. His hands grasped her hips and stroked her skin.

It looked marvelous.

Pangs of ache and thrill raced up and down my pussy. My nipples hardened.

Lexi's eyes were locked on me and not for a split second did she falter in riding my husband. Up and down she moved, obviously fucking him as her eyes melted me into inaction.

My pussy ached for my husband. He was hard for her – totally erect – and his eyes were all over her body after just a cursory look towards me. His muscles worked under her, moving with her, driving his cock up into her beautiful and sexy body. It was like watching a living porn.

It was hot.

I gasped and flinched at the surge of lust that twisted up inside of me.

Dylan's hand left my shoulder and I felt, rather than saw, him move away.

It was wrong to watch this and I knew it.

However, I couldn't look away.

I stood in place, trembling as if on the edge of action and indecision. I was locked in position, watching, and beginning to enjoy what I was seeing in spite of myself.

It was wrong.

It was... so right.

My pussy clamped just before contact. Dylan's hand snaked around me and pressed something to my swimsuit – right over my clit. Vibration jangled every nerve in my body as I convulsed in shock. He held a vibrator to my suit, pressing against my clit and delivering the most excruciatingly exquisite sensations exploding up through my body.

I gasped and groaned, bending over almost double, but he held onto me with his other arm and didn't relent. My knees went weak and gave way.

He held me up while rubbing the vibrator around down there.

I noticed Shawn peering over. If I had hoped he would object, he didn't. He just gripped Lexi's hips harder and moved underneath her with more vigor.

Faced with Dylan's assault on my covered clit, my husband chose to fuck Lexi harder.

My boss hummed with obvious satisfaction. Then she said to me, "His cock is so much bigger than my husband's... I love it."

I wanted to cum.

Dylan let go of me and I collapsed down to the floor, against the wall. He shrugged his trunks down and freed his stiff cock. It was definitely smaller than Shawn's, but it was still a good five or six inches and decently thick.

Horrified, I saw him loom nearer. He gripped my hair and thrust his cock at my face. "Suck it," he commanded.

I opened my mouth on instinct and with the thought of protesting, but he shoved it into my mouth faster than I could protest.

My husband was being fucked by my boss and her husband was forcing me to suck his cock. I was humiliated in the extreme.

I sucked him involuntarily, stunned by how much nicer – at least – his cock felt in my mouth than my husband's. It... actually wasn't hard to do at all.

Dylan's hand guided my head and he sighed.

I looked up at him as I sucked, me used like a piece of meat, better for nothing except alleviating this man's need, while he watched his wife ride my husband.

It wasn't my place to enjoy my husband.

It was my place to give my husband to beautiful Lexi. It was right. It was how it was all supposed to be. And Me? I was worth nothing more than performing sucking services.

For an instant, I felt valued, and I sucked harder.

Dylan groaned above me. "Oh yeah, suck it. I'm going to have to tell her to give you a raise." He gripped my hair and positioned my head back against the wall. "Sit still." He began pumping his hips, driving his cock to the back of my throat while he stared at his wife on my husband.

Lexi moved and I strained my eyes to the side to see what was happening.

I watched her pull up, off my husband's erection. It glistened and pulsed up in the air, coated with their juices.

I moaned at the surge of something inside me that was a mixture of failure, lust, need, and shame.

## CHAPTER 15

Dylan pulled his cock out of my mouth.

*Thank god.*

Lexi climbed off my husband and knelt beside him. She said, “Get behind me, lover.”

Her endearment sent a shiver through me that made aching pebbles of my nipples. I lifted my hand and clasped my forearm over my breasts and rubbed my nipples through the swimsuit.

Shawn scrambled up eagerly for her. His cock bobbed stiffly in the air, ready to be in her pussy again. He got behind her and I was hoping he would look over at me and ask or beg or...

He shoved his cock back into Lexi’s pussy without even looking at me. Her eyes closed with pleasure and she leaned down to place her face on the bed. She kept her ass up as my husband pumped her pussy from behind.

She moaned, “He’s so huge, honey...”

Dylan had stepped into the room and was handling his cock. “Does he feel good?”

Her eyes half rolled up in her head and she laughed. “He feels wonderful.”

“So... Shawn...”

My husband was panting, driving his straight cock in and out of Lexi’s pussy.

I was mesmerized.

He said, “Yeah?”

Dylan was grinning hopefully. “Does she feel good? Do you like it?”

My husband coughed in disbelief. “Ha, fuck yeah. Way better than I imagined.”

A sharp pang of pride and joy thrust up my body. My husband had imagined her and was ecstatic at how good Lexi felt. I was immensely and sharply happy for him that her pussy was even better than his hopes.

His hands roamed all over her back and butt and I was reminded of the very first time we had been naked together at fourteen. He had been so eager and amazed at my naked form. He had greedily stroked and touched every intimate part of me in exploration. It was how he was stroking Lexi right now – like she was his first and he couldn’t contain his lust.

It was so right that I moaned.

I discovered my hand down, playing with myself through my suit.

Everyone heard me.

Saw me.

Dylan came over, disgusted, and lifted me. "Come here." He pulled me into the room towards the bed.

I was instantly shy and conscious that I was nearing the scene of the taboo crime from my relative safety of the hall. It was as if by not entering the room, I was merely watching and not participating.

Dylan's hands struggled at my swimsuit and then began to shake. He gripped the material and yanked hard.

My suit tore.

He shredded it off of me.

I trembled, suddenly feeling cold. I asked him, "Are y-you going to f-fuck me?"

He looked at me as if I were crazy. "What? No. I have no interest in you." He shoved me down to sit on the bed.

I was dismissed as easily as that. Hot pain seared my pussy upwards and I clamped my hands between my thighs against the grinding ache in my clit.

He muttered, "I was just helping you so you could diddle." He flicked his fingers at me dismissively.

Relieved that I wasn't to be his personal meat, I began rubbing my fingers all around my clit. Ashamed that I wasn't good enough to even be used to get him off inside of me, I looked away from him and towards my husband. At least I could find some satisfaction seeing him and hearing him.

I had thought I would be horrified and wrecked that Shawn might find Lexi sexy and want her, much less fuck her. But here I was off balance due to my broken expectations. This wasn't the disaster I had envisioned; I was turned on. Tears were in my eyes, not because of sadness that he was fucking her, but because I was so stunned that I liked it. I diddled furiously.

Shawn thrust into her and his pole made a slick piston sliding in and out. The wet sounds were subtle and sensuous.

I trembled at the sight, the sound, and the mellow smell of their sexual union. Pride flooded me that my husband was so perfect for her.

Dylan got behind my husband and reached towards their union.

Shawn yelped and pulled back. "What?"

“I was just going to massage your balls.”

“Er... uh...”

I said, “Shawn’s not gay.”

Dylan looked annoyed. “Does it look like I want his ass? I just want to help him fuck my wife.”

My husband relaxed a little. “Oh... Oh.” He thought about it for a second, then stuck his cock back into her.

Dylan reached again and gripped my husband’s balls, kneading them as Shawn fucked Lexi.

Something clicked inside of me. I was instantly grateful that Dylan had deemed my husband worthy of help. It was perfect. The man massaged my husband’s balls while his wife took Shawn’s cock deep.

Yes, perfect in every way.

Thrill raced up my body and I moaned again with more desperation.

Shawn groaned with pleasure and pulled Lexi’s hips back on his forward thrusts. She was taking every inch of my husband’s long, thick shaft.

I started to drool as the bed rocked underneath me to my husband owning Lexi’s pussy. It was the most exciting thing I had ever witnessed.

Shawn gasped, “I’m... I’m going to...”

Dylan kept massaging. “Fill her.”

“Oh fuck!” My husband pulled her savagely onto his dick.

Lexi moaned like she was miles in the sky floating towards whatever bliss she was feeling.

Shawn began grunting.

Dylan’s hand began moving back and forth, as if he was stroking the base of my husband’s cock as he came, but I couldn’t see for certain.

Shawn’s eyes were closed and his head back as he grunted and deposited his cum deep in Lexi’s perfect pussy.

The aroma of our soap at home mixed with Lexi’s mixture of shampoo and delicate body wash as their bodies heated rapidly. Hers was a heady concoction of flowers and breezy meadows under a warm sun.

I never wanted to leave that place in that instant.

Shawn didn’t pull out. He huffed and panted, making sure all his cum was deposited inside her, then he began moving again, pumping and thrusting. He didn’t pull out. They were still fucking.

I bit my tongue at the tension coiling inside me.

My husband fucked her faster.

Lexi began pushing back against him, moaning her own blissful pleasure and mounting need. She began panting and gasping, then shuddering. She let out a delicate, low howl and gripped the bedspread as her body convulsed and quivered. Feminine guttural grunts erupted from her mouth as she came on my husband's dick.

Dylan had stopped touching my husband and was instead fisting his cock. He grunted feverishly and let loose a burst of cum from his engorged dick. It twitched and spat, oozing out finally at the end with big drops of cum.

And still, Shawn did not pull out of Lexi.

They rocked together for a moment and then he began slowly moving in and out, fucking her much slower.

Lexi pulled away from him and flopped over. She even looked perfect doing something as simple as that. Her legs trembled, but she spread them out for my husband.

Shawn's cock was a mess of wetness and cum. It was still amazingly rock hard and pulsing with his heartbeat. He lowered himself over her and slid his cock – my cock, her cock – back into her.

Yes, her cock.

I was eager to see it in her.

It was perfect for her.

His butt moved against her hips, and then they kissed.

# EPILOGUE

## Four months later...

I watched my husband's butt flex and pump between Lexi's thighs. Dylan stroked himself while holding his phone up, recording it yet again.

I sat in the chair, legs over the arms, and rammed the dildo in and out of my pussy in time to my husband's thrusts.

I was immensely pleased to be part of something so wonderful. It was a paradise of perfection.

Shawn, now embarked on a modeling career, fucked Lexi regularly – at least five days a week. Often, he had nothing left over for me. That was okay, though, because Lexi deserved his cum more than I did, surely, though I did hope that Shawn would have some for me later.

It didn't happen often.

Dylan whispered in his usual way, "Fuck her, Shawn. Fuck my wife. Do it. Yeah..."

Shawn leaned over Lexi, propped on his fists, his back and butt working with practiced ease as his cock slid in and out of her pussy. Her lips pushed in and peeled out with every thrust, sensuously wrapping my husband's cock in sexual care.

I never got tired of seeing this.

Her hands roamed his shoulders and arms. Her wedding ring glistened against my husband's skin like his cock did when emerging from her pussy on the out-stroke.

Flawless fucking. Those were the words I knew to be true. My husband fucking Lexi was appropriate and suitable in every way.

But this day was different.

As my husband strained and grunted, dumping his load deep in Lexi's accepting pussy, she said to him, "I love you..."

Shawn grunted fiercely in response, pushing his spurting dick even deeper into her. He clawed, pulling with his hands. He scrabbled, pushing with his feet. He couldn't get any more of his dick into her, but he strained with effort trying. Then they kissed passionately as his body jerked in the aftershocks of orgasm. Finally, he gasped, "I love you, too, Lexi."

My world exploded. I was lifted high off the chair with the force of the wave that threw me into the air. I thrust my pussy out and cried with surprise, joy, and relief. Lava tore through me as the explosions ripped me apart. I shook and shivered, my legs flailing as the orgasm destroyed me.

But I was okay. I was okay.

And Shawn had given her his cum again so that there would be none left over for me.

And that was okay, too.

I was in a better place.

I saw my husband settle down onto my beautiful boss and begin kissing her.

Yes, I was in a much better place.

**Thank you for reading I Can't Even. All reviews are warmly appreciated.**

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## Slang Usage

**AF:** (pronounced ayy-eff) short for “as fuck” or as in really extreme

**Bae:** boyfriend/girlfriend acronym meaning - “before anyone else”

**Based:** being yourself, and not caring what others think

**Nastafied:** gross, disgusting

**Newb:** newbie, someone new at something and clueless **On Point:**

perfect, flawless

**Serving Looks:** very attractive, perfect looks **Shipped, Shipping:** being in a relationship, getting people to date

**Thirsty:** horny, sexually eager

**Throw Shade:** insult, impugn

**Tight:** very close, secure relationship **Yas, Yaas:** excited and enthusiastic “yes”