

I Was a Halloween Hotwife

*Naughty and
loving it*



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By

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**Somewhere right now in your town, a married woman
is sharing passion with another man. Embrace
passion; don't run from it.**

~ Unknown

CHAPTER 1

I shook my head. "That's totally insane."

Mick shrugged. "It's an open bar, Karey. It costs."

I blinked several times. We were planning our Halloween party. Well, really, it was Mick's. I'm quiet; I like things quiet. My husband was the outgoing one, big as commercial real estate broker, handsome and gregarious. I shook my head. "But forty-five hundred dollars? And that's just the drinks?"

My income as a records administrator at St. Johns Hospital was nowhere near any level of fair contribution.

Mick touched my arm. "I'm paying."

He knew me. My heart ached to help – for this to be something we did together. But there was no way I could pitch in that kind of money.

He said, "You just worry about your costume. I'll handle everything else."

"Are you sure?"

"Completely." He kissed my temple.

I love it when he does that. There's something so warm and caring about him kissing my temple. It's as if his love is transmitted directly into my brain. I'm not sure what he saw in me. I was average height with plain hair - straight, do-nothing hair that wouldn't curl. He told me I was beautiful, but I'm not sure what he thought was beautiful about me.

He said, "Do the nurse outfit; I liked that one."

"It kind of reveals too much, doesn't it?"

He grinned. "It covers a lot more than many will be wearing. This is an adult party. Don't be surprised if some people show up with costumes that make you

blush."

"Stockings, too? Won't I look dumb?" I imagined people laughing at me for trying to look sexy.

"It will be perfect on you."

That comforted me. "Are you sure? You're not just saying—" A finger in my armpit made me squawk.

He said, "I'll tell you if I think something else would be better. The nurse outfit would be perfect. Besides, you work at a hospital."

I looked at him doubtfully. How could I tell him that I was self-conscious about my appearance? I wasn't thick or anything, but I was not anywhere near looking like a runway model. I wasn't long and tall with perfect boobs. Men flirted with me sometimes, but probably because men would flirt with anything.

I sighed. "All right. But if anyone laughs at me, I'm throwing a sheet over myself."

He chuckled heartily. "That might be even sexier."

"Oh, what? Cover me up completely?"

"No, the suggestion of covering nakedness."

I rolled my eyes.

Our new house was going to have its first Halloween party. Mick wanted to do a Christmas party, too. I resolved to stand tall, as average in height as I was, and face it like a grown woman.

~ ~ ~

"How does it look?" I was modeling the nurse's outfit. It was more of the goofy kind than serious. Besides, nurses dressed like frumpy old women nowadays. Gone were the days of the starched white minidress and cute little hat.

Mick made a face. "Take your panties off and model that."

"I'm not going without panties."

"I said, to model that. For me." He rubbed his chin. "However..."

I was alarmed. Mick had never suggested I go in public without panties. "Don't start—"

He shook his head. "You might want to wear something pretty under that little skirt."

"What do you mean?" I felt suspicious.

"Well, let's say you trip and fall. Do you want people to see you wearing granny-panties?"

I coughed. "No."

He nodded as if making the point even though I didn't feel he had. He said, "Then wear something lacey."

I made a face. Lacey panties were little boy fantasies. They were scratchy and not comfortable. But did he have a point? "I don't know."

My husband is a handsome man. He took me in his arms and pulled me closer as he sat on the bed. "I'm sure it would be embarrassing to have anyone see your underwear. But if they did..."

Then they might as well be pretty. Yes, I see. "You're right."

"Great, so take those granny panties off. I wanna see you in that without them."

I slapped at his shoulder. "I don't wear granny panties."

He snickered.

I scowled at him and stepped back. Men. But I sighed and pulled off my panties. He's going to laugh.

He did not. His intelligent eyes regarded my little skirt and the tops of the stockings with an admiring eye.

It made me feel warm. The fear receded.

"Turn around, Karey."

I did so, feeling a little more confident. I can do this. I can wear it.

"Gorgeous." His voice was smoky.

There he goes again. What's he buttering me up for? "Oh stop."

"Face me."

Tingles ran up my back as if his eyes left a tactile feel on my skin. "Does it look okay?"

He frowned. "No."

Panic flooded me. "What?"

"It doesn't look okay; it looks great."

I coughed. "Does it? Or doesn't it?"

He leaned back on the bed, arms behind him. His man-bulge was looking a little bulgier. He said, "Maybe, though..."

"What?" I wanted to strangle him. Help me look good!

"I think that outfit would look better without the bra."

"What? Does it really look that bad?" The bra showed at the sides and back. Wide straps covered my breasts easily, but not the sides of the bra. I really didn't want to go without a bra.

Mick made a face. "Well, the bra itself is kinda sexy."

"Would you stop that? I'm trying not to look stupid."

"I'm being serious."

"Do men ever think about anything other than sexy?"

He frowned in concentration. "Well..." He raised an eyebrow. "No."

I coughed and kicked his shin.

He snickered again. "I think, though, that without a bra you might give the wrong impression. And then there's your nipples to consider. They'd show through that material really obvious-like."

I sighed. I knew he was giving me an honest attempt at help; the problem was, it wasn't helping. "I guess I'll wear the bra." I just didn't want to look slutty.

He nodded. "Good. You'll look like a slutty nurse."

I wanted to scream.

~ ~ ~

I moaned long and loud as Mick slid his cock into me. He was such a good lover. I had been with four boys before him. I say boys because they were all jerks – all little boys in their heads and hearts. Use and lose. I didn't want to be a cum-dumpster for another horny idiot ever again.

He smiled above me. "Sexy nurse."

I was wearing the costume.

He gave me several good thrusts, filling me with his manhood and his passion. He whispered, "Sexy, fucking nurse."

My heart did little flips of happiness in my chest. I thought he might laugh at me for wearing it to bed like this, but it seemed to excite him. He has a thing for nurses? Or just me as a nurse?

I said, "Wouldn't it be better if it was a blonde nurse?" I had a very suspicious bone about blondes.

"Then it wouldn't be you." He thrust harder. "My sexy Nurse Karey."

I wriggled happily underneath him. Sometimes his little words were all it took to light that warm fire in my heart. I knew he loved me. "I love you."

He hummed happily and leaned down, kissing me as he made love to me. His lips were manly and sensuous on mine. He pulled his head up a few inches. "I love you, too."

I'll never let you go. I wrapped my arms around his neck.

CHAPTER 2

Halloween Saturday was exhausting. I griped at my husband. "Are you sure you want to do this again at Christmas?"

He kissed me on the lips, quick. "Shush, it'll be fun."

"This is a lot of work – storing breakables, moving furniture—"

"It'll be worth it. Promise." He was half costumed already. White shirt, blood red vest and black slacks. He had spent a good chunk of money buying a professionally-made Dracula costume. It made me feel like my cheapie costume was slumming.

I looked around the large house. It was a Plan Four in the Mountain View Estates. A sprawling one-story, it had four bedrooms plus an office. Spacious living room now turned dance-floor with chairs and couches surrounding. Mick had ordered a special fit-piece flooring laid over the carpet for the dancers.

Our kitchen teemed with caterers; I didn't want to even look in there, horrified at what disaster they were making of my kitchen.

The bartender had already set up and was leaning against his portable bar.

I blew out a breath, finished with looking around. I just might have a drink.

The decorations were minimal, though several plastic spiders were situated around the house. Mick had even taped up spiders like mistletoe.

The party was set for six, not fifteen minutes from now. The first knock on the door had butterflies spazzing about in my stomach.

Mick shook his head. "Karey? Be a dear? I need to grab my cloak and lock the bedroom and office."

All of our breakables were neatly stored in the master bedroom; the door would be locked and that was that. We hoped. "All right." I didn't want to answer the

door, but knew I had to. I pulled down at my tiny skirt, suddenly wishing I had worn a Muslim burka, even if I was Christian.

I didn't know who the male devil was or the woman dressed as Elvira. "Hi, come in."

The devil-man winked at me and led his woman inside.

I heard the caterers calling that the guests were arriving.

The two I had let in simply paid me no mind at all and that made me feel a lot more relaxed. Okay, maybe this will work out all right, after all.

Before I could close the door, I saw cars parking. I left the door ajar and went to the bartender. Devil-man and Elvira were getting drinks.

Behind me, there was a knock. I looked, but whoever it was had already come in, smiling and looking around.

Mick joined me. "Just leaving the door open?"

I frowned at the criticism. "I wanted a drink."

He touched my shoulder. "Was just asking. Maybe it's better that way." He leaned in and kissed my temple.

"I guess I'm just nervous." I said to the bartender, "Something strong, but not sweet."

The man looked competent and handsome. "Straight drink?"

"Well, I don't want to burn my tongue."

"Screwdriver? Vodka and orange juice?"

I nodded; that sounded like just the thing. "Please."

He winked and reached into an ice chest.

Mick kissed my temple again. "You look great."

"I feel like a mess."

"The drink will help. Just relax and have fun looking at all the costumes."

We had printed invitations and handed or sent them out. Mick expected around seventy to eighty people.

More people were coming in.

"Hey Mick." The happy voice belonged to a man I had met before. Donner was dressed as a fireman and was handsome as heck. But he was a little slow. He worked under Mick at the brokerage. He turned to me. "Hi, Karey."

I smiled at him. He was so cute. I had thought he was like uber-sexy before, but his slowness wasn't an attempt at seduction, he was just kinda slow. It sort of took the edge off his raw attraction. "Hi, Donner."

Mick moved to the door and left me alone with his co-worker. More people were coming in and the house was beginning to fill.

Donner winked. "I like your costume."

Sometimes I wonder if Donner has the capacity to flirt. "Thanks."

"It even shows the bra. Nice."

Great. I knew I should have left it off. I didn't have huge tits to hide, anyway. I resolved to go remove it when I had a chance. "Um, well..."

He grinned. "I like it."

Is that supposed to make me feel better? You're making me uncomfortable. I pursed my lips and rolled my eyes. "Thank you, Donner..." I moved away from him. Maybe I can slip into the bedroom and get the bra off.

The DJ we rented started the music.

Mick stopped me. "Karey, this is an associate of mine from another commercial broker: Damien, and his wife Penny." He smiled at them. "This is my lovely wife, Karey."

I was struck by how beautiful the pair was. Damien was dressed as a doctor, but bare-chested. His dark hair was combed back and wavy. His chest had a sexy amount of hair and he was fit enough to show it all off. His dark eyes smoked at me from under heavy, sexy brows.

Penny was tall and lithe, gorgeous in her Batgirl outfit. She was wearing knee-high boots with her thighs exposed all the way up her smooth legs to her crotch. Her short, black cape accented her wavy red hair beautifully.

I wasn't just struck, I was struck dumb.

Damien smiled down at me with a hint of heat and shiver. "Well now, nurse; I believe you and I have some work to do later. On the dance floor."

My knees wanted to shake. No, in fact they were shaking. "Dance?"

He winked. "After you've had a few drinks. That way if I step on your feet, you'll be too numb to notice."

I covered my mouth and giggled.

Penny had her arm in Mick's. I didn't like that. But she was smiling at me. "Don't let him fool you, he's a very smooth dancer."

"Oh..."

A loud voice burst from the doorway. "Ho ho!"

A freakish vision had burst in the door. A man with a messy blonde wig was wiggling for everyone. He was wearing a skirt and some kind of tube-top that had plastic tits attached, as if they were hanging down from under the top exposed. He wiggled them and cackled. "Hey Mick!"

The freak came close. He pinched Damien's butt and leered at Penny with his tongue out. Then he looked at me. "Ooo, nursey-nurse." He came up to me and swished his fake boobs across mine. "I'll let you feel mine if you let me feel yours."

Mick coughed. "Joey, have you been drinking already?"

He tossed his head and fluffed his wig. "Can't a lady lez-out with another lady without some man getting all huffy?"

Mick shook his head. "Karey, this is Joey, our newest associate."

The man shook his head. "Hey, I've been with you now for four months."

Damien gave a small smile. "Greenhorn."

Joey flipped his wig and struck a pose. "I can outsell you while making level four in Candy Crush Saga."

Damien clapped the man on the shoulder. "Don't ask me to dance."

Mick said, "Watch out for the mistletoe spiders." He winked.

Joey said, "What, do we kiss? Or bite?"

Mick was welcoming another couple in. He called over to me since I was just a few feet away. "Karey, this is Carl and his wife Gina."

Carl was a little plump and dressed as a superhero. He looked amusing in his costume. His wife was plump. Not a little, but not fat. She had a round face and bright eyes. Dressed as a witch, the outfit seemed to fit and gave the impression of a nice witch you'd see in a Disney cartoon.

I did nothing more than wave before my friend Crystal grabbed my arm. "Oh, hi."

Crystal scowled. "Great. I don't know anyone here." She was dressed as a very sexy witch. But her grimace was scaring everyone off at the moment.

I said, "Where's Derek?"

She coughed. "He promised to go to someone else's party. I told him I'd chew on his dick the next time he asked for a blowjob."

"Ouch."

"Why did I come?"

I clutched her arm. "Because I don't know anyone here, either. I feel like a stranger in my own home."

"You drinking?" Crystal was always direct.

"Yes, you want one? It's an open—"

"Fuck no. That's all I need. Drive home drunk and run over eighty-four trick-or-treaters."

"Eighty-four?"

"It's not a good idea. Parents can get real pissy when you run over their brats."

I laughed. "Well, all right."

~ ~ ~

I was relaxed. Mick had been right; after a couple of drinks, I wasn't bothered by the people anymore. With everything catered and even a part-time cleaner to help after the party, I was free to just enjoy the party. I had slipped into the bedroom and removed the bra. It did look better – not as slutty. Sort of.

Even Crystal had a little fun. Joey had thrust his fake tits on her and reached for hers. Instead of backing off, she had let him grope her boobs while she groped his.

I was approached by a blonde pixie-haired dominatrix on my third drink. Her bangs hung low on her eyebrows. "I'm Jennie."

I raised my cup slightly. "Karey."

"You know anyone here?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. I know my husband, I think."

She laughed. "I'm here with a friend."

"Who?"

"Sandra?"

I shook my head. "Don't know her."

"You ever wear that costume outside of parties?" Her smile was sly.

"Um, no; I bought it for tonight."

"What a shame. Some people have nurse fetishes."

"Oh, well, I work at a hospital—"

"Oh? A real nurse?" There was a bossy edge to the woman that was not unlikable. Something more provocative.

"Records administrator. Real boring work."

"Someone's gotta do it. Maybe we can hook up sometime. I have some friends that would really love to see you in your costume."

"Oh..." Was she hinting at an invitation to something kinky? "My husband and I like to stay home."

Jennie raised an eyebrow. "Who's your husband?"

I looked around through the talking and laughing people. I saw him on the other side of the living room. He was talking to the redheaded Penny. I pointed.

"Dracula over there."

The blonde dominatrix located him and looked. She breathed out slowly. "Oh, honey. He'd be very welcome to come, too."

I was only half listening; Penny had my attention. She was clutching his arm, pressing her left boob against it. Her eyes were locked onto his and she was most definitely vamping on him.

Jennie said, "Looks like your husband is the fun type."

"Umm..."

Damien interrupted me. "How about that dance, nurse?"

I blinked and looked up into his eyes. Thoughts of jealousy and irritation fled. The bare-chested hunk wanted to dance with me? I felt my heart skip a couple beats and my breath caught.

Jennie laughed a small, clean laugh. "Doctor, I think she needs some mouth-to-mouth."

I clapped my hand over my mouth and tried to breathe. I ended up laughing.

Damien placed a warm hand on my shoulder. Shivers ran up my spine from my buttocks. "Come. Dance with me."

Thoughts of his chest and muscles left me gibbering. "Yes, okay, all right..." I felt like a total fool.

He led me to the dance floor and we began dancing.

It was then I really noticed his costume. A bare-chested doctor, stethoscope around his neck, and surgical scrubs for pants. But as he moved, I could tell beyond a shadow of a doubt that he wasn't wearing anything under those scrubs. His package waved back and forth salaciously. I tried not to stare. I tried to take even breaths. I tried to think of anything but that sexy package waving at me from under the scrubs.

I didn't feel ashamed, though, or embarrassed. One of the partiers was wearing nothing but a pizza box around his waist – a perfect hole cut in to fit it up around his hips. A few of the women had loudly wondered what kind of pizza was inside the box. The guy kept saying, "Italian sausage."

No, I didn't feel out of place. I didn't feel as if all eyes were on me for dancing with someone obviously naked under the scrubs. I wondered more about the guy with the pizza box. How did he drive like that? He must have slid it on in the car before coming in. Or something.

The music changed and the dance was slow. I turned to leave the dance floor.

He gently took my arm. "This is the perfect opportunity to work together, nurse."

I giggled.

He pulled me in and we danced a slow one. My head was swimming, and not just with screwdrivers. He smelled good. His chest was firm. His belly was taut and sexy. And rubbing against my thigh was his package. I could feel the heat of it through his scrubs.

I looked over at my husband. He was in the process of removing his arm from Penny's embrace. His look said he wasn't interested in having her hang on him. Good. I don't like her on you.

We moved in the dance, Mick coming in and out of view between people and as we turned.

I began noticing Damien's package even more. Oh my god, he's getting hard! I began to pant with a breathless surge of giddiness. I felt happy and flattered that this so very sexy man was getting hard over me. Who would have thought? His wife is so beautiful and he's getting an erection against me?

Thoughts of what his cock might look like flooded my head. Before I could think of what I was doing, I turned a little, pressing myself straight against him. His hardness pressed into my clit through our clothing.

I gasped and clung to him. I heard him chuckle, low.

His hands slid down my back and down over my butt cheeks. He pulled me in tighter against him.

Spiraling chills ran through me, twisting delightfully and making my pussy clench. I couldn't believe I was almost making out right here on the dance-floor. But several of the other dancers were feeling each other up. On the faster dances, we even had the inane twerking that passes for dancing now. I guess I should have expected it.

You won't catch me twerking. But I couldn't think beyond the hunk of sex in my arms. If Penny was going to hang all over my husband, why shouldn't I hang all

over hers? I pressed my pussy forward, unable to control the surges of heat and lust winding in me.

They truly surprised me and left me breathless. I couldn't comprehend how I was becoming so hot over a man who wasn't my husband. I loved Mick. I adored him. Why was I so wet rubbing myself on Damien?

That's when he surprised me. He turned his head a little, pressing his nose into my temple. He breathed in and then out.

Oh my god, not that... A burst of heat and moisture exploded in me. My knees began to sag and I moaned.

Fortunately, the dance ended, but I hated the DJ for it.

CHAPTER 3

Damien led me from the dance floor. I was clutching desperately to his arm, still not thinking I could trust my legs. My nipples were hard and very obvious in my costume. Darn, the bra would have hid them.

I saw Penny looking at me.

Think what you want, and it serves you right for hanging on my husband. I was determined not to let go. I looked around and located Mick: he was talking to my friend Crystal. She had a wry look on her face and was probably saying something sarcastic. Whatever it was, it made Mick laugh.

Damien's deep and sexy voice interrupted my thoughts. "Do you want another drink?"

I wasn't inebriated; I know when I am. Maybe it would give my legs some strength. "Okay."

He led me to the bar. The bartender gave me his wink and poured a screwdriver – I didn't even have to ask.

When we turned, Penny was there and so was Donner. I liked Donner, but he was just too dense to be more than a curiosity. Penny, on the other hand...

She gave Damien a kiss and said, "I see you're on excellent terms with your nurse." Her eyes dropped to my breasts and protruding nipples.

I wanted to hear jealousy in her voice, but I didn't. If anything, she sounded amused.

Damien slid his arm around my waist and pulled me in, half-turned to him. "She a fine nurse. I think we're going to get along well, together."

Why did that make me feel so powerless? Why did my heart start hammering with anticipation? Why were my knees threatening to give out again? Why was I having such trouble breathing? Why couldn't I even talk?

Mick came over to us.

Yes, save me before I pass out.

He looked at me, at Damien and at Penny. A very slight look of concentration came over his face. I knew the look because I knew him so well. He was puzzling something out. He said to me with a smile, "I see Damien is treating you well."

I laughed nervously.

He said, "He's a good man. Now, Joey, though, you gotta watch out for him."

I knew it. I had seen Joey feeling up all manner of women. One man had taken exception and there was a sharp word. Joey had moved along with an apology.

Mick leaned in to Damien. "Make sure she doesn't get groped up by Joey."

The man holding me laughed. "I'll make sure he keeps away."

A short nod from Mick and I knew he was satisfied. I started to stand a little more on my own. Now that the dizziness of sensuous feelings were passing, confusion began to creep in. Why did Penny not appear bothered?

As if in answer to my thoughts, she slipped her arms around my husband's waist. She said to Damien while looking at Mick, "Your colleague is quite the talker. Has nothing but good to say about you."

Mick smiled, not moving out of her grasp. "Damien and I work well together. The Sam's and Monroe deals couldn't have gone smoother."

Donner said, "He works for TR, not us."

Mick nodded. "Yes, he was the agent for the buyer. We represented the sellers."

Donner took a second, then nodded. "Right, of course."

Penny smiled at me as if imparting a secret. But whatever the secret was, I wasn't getting it. Annoyed she was touching my husband, I turned a little more towards Damien.

As if in response, his hand slid down and cupped my butt cheek. He squeezed gently.

This was not lost on Penny or Mick. My husband's eyes dropped down and considered what was happening.

That's when Crystal appeared at my side. "Karey, dear, why don't you introduce me to this hunk you have? Certainly you shouldn't keep him all to yourself?"

I almost jumped. "Oh. This is Damien, a broker who has worked with Mick. Damien, this is Crystal."

Damien reached over with his free hand and shook Crystal's. "Pleasure."

"It might be a real pleasure to dance." My friend's dry tone suggested he ask.

He chuckled. "I'm all danced out at the moment. Excuse us? I think Karey needs a bit of fresh air."

I heard Crystal mutter behind me, "Great. I'm the single one here and she gets the hunk?"

I was about to ask Mick to dance with Crystal when Donner offered.

My friend's voice turned more pleasant. "Why, sure, handsome. What's your name?"

~ ~ ~

Damien started to lead me out the front door. We didn't make it to the entry before we were confronted by a capering Joey. He was dangling a plastic spider high in the air. He looked so ridiculous in the wig.

"Kiss or bite?" He was leering at me.

I blinked. "Uh..." Then I laughed.

Joey was puckering up and leaning in.

I was leaning back.

Damien smoothly shifted me away from Joey and said, "Yes, spider. I believe that's a kiss." Then he twisted, bringing his lips to mine.

Joey's disappointed response was drowned out by the tidal wave of numbness, heat, and shock that cascaded through me. Damien's lips mashed gently onto mine and his tongue moved into my open mouth. I couldn't stop him; I didn't want to stop him. I kissed him back, my pulse thundering in my head. I felt as if I was wrapped in soft wool and my throat tickled with excitement. My pussy clenched dramatically, causing me to squirm with an ache that went deep.

I was overwhelmed.

When Damien broke the kiss, I was left sagging in his arms, panting.

A few people nearby were cheering.

I tried to compose myself, but my knees weren't working. No, they weren't working at all; they had totally surrendered. I looked up into Damien's dark eyes and panted. Oh, you could do that again.

He was smiling at me, his eyes suggesting he wanted to kiss me again. But he didn't.

I felt totally disappointed. Am I imagining he liked it? Did he just kiss me to humor me? To save me from Joey? I looked around. Mick was grinning, looking amused. He winked at me.

What was that for? Did my husband like Damien kissing me? Or like that I looked totally ditzed out? Or that he approved of Damien saving me from Joey? I was so confused.

He led me out the front door. Our drive was well-lit and it was very chilly out. I shivered.

He said, "Hmm, it's kind of cold out here."

I imagined he felt it too, being bare-chested.

He surprised me by turning me and hugging me to him. His warmth and mine built between us and the chill wasn't so bad. But the heat was just beginning to build.

I found myself breathing heavier.

He said, "I hope you don't mind I kissed you."

Mind? You can do it again. Or, wait. Maybe not. I really should only be kissing my husband. "I..." I lost my words and thoughts. I was melting in his heat and could feel his manhood again. My head began to swim.

He shifted slightly, rubbing his hardness across me and sending shivers up my back that had nothing to do with the cold. His hands dropped down, pulling on my butt and squeezing.

A partier went by and we broke our embrace with some embarrassment.

I said, "Not very private out here." Now why did I say that?

He said, "Not in there, either."

I swallowed hard. "Maybe I should use the bathroom..."

Damien did not argue like I expected. He made a short distance between us as naturally as if taking a breath. "Of course. Let's go back inside."

I felt as if something had just been lost. But what?

He led me back in and I parted from him to go find Mick. He was talking to the blonde dominatrix with her pixie hair and long bangs. I said, "Excuse me."

Jennie smiled and nodded.

"Can I get the key again? I need to use the ladies room."

Mick brought the key out and pressed it into my hand. He said, "You having

fun?"

So many thoughts spun through my head that I could only tell the truth without considering each aspect of the evening. "Yes."

He leaned in and kissed my temple.

Any more of that and I'll fall to the floor in a melting heap. "Thanks."

He said, "Get your key and slip it into your glove."

"Maybe I will." I hadn't been sure it would fall out or not, but the gloves were long. "I'll be back."

Joey saw me and started heading my way.

I dashed for the hallway leading to the bedroom and put several partiers between us. You aren't feeling up my boobs.

Passing by one of the spare bedrooms, I stopped and backed up. In the room were five people. The plump witch Gina and her husband Carl were hugging side to side and watching a naked woman sitting on the bed blowing a naked man. Well, he was naked except for the police cap on his head. His police shorts and costume belt was on the floor. Her costume was in a heap next to his. Another man stood near, catching the blowjob on his cell.

I went in, mouth open. "What's..." I wasn't sure what to say.

The man with the cell said, "Isn't she beautiful?" He was dressed as a gladiator.

I didn't know the woman. She had black hair with stray strands of silver shining through. "Who is she?"

Gladiator said, "My wife, Sarah. I'm Victor."

"Your wife?"

He was grinning. "Doesn't she look hot with her lips on his cock?"

"Who's he?"

The police-guy was handsome, if younger. He was pushing Sarah back on the bed. Victor said, "A new friend, I think."

The police guy climbed over Sarah and slid his cock right into her pussy.

I watched in fascination as the young man humped his butt and she moved her hips with him. Her thigh muscles moved and her hands clutched his shoulders. I could hear her gasps. I could feel her heat. I could sense the lust that caused her mouth to be open and her eyes wide with wonder. I saw her wedding ring traveling along the moving muscles of his back as his cock slid in and out of her.

I felt hot and wet in my pussy. I felt it clench and grip at nothing.

Sarah lifted her knees and spread them wide.

Police-guy pressed deep and held it there.

She let out a long sigh and clawed the guy's back.

Victor was grinning, getting it on his cell. "So beautiful."

Sarah moaned out and it went straight to my pussy. I knew the woman was delirious with pleasure; I could feel it. I had to get out of there before my hand reached down to my own pussy and began relieving the pressure.

I fled the room, but not because I was disgusted. I had to leave because I was so turned on. I went into the master bedroom and locked the door. My hand immediately found my panties up under my little skirt and moved them aside. I played for a moment, rubbing around my clit and spreading the pressure around. Thoughts of Damien's package against me made me gasp. I stopped touching myself and went into the bathroom. I washed my face. I tried to breathe.

When I thought I had myself composed, I grabbed my own key and slid it into my glove. I left the room and locked it behind me.

CHAPTER 4

I paused at the room with Sarah and Victor in it.

The police guy was on his back. Sarah was riding him slowly and using one hand to stroke her husband Victor. He was still getting it on his cell.

Gina was whispering to Carl. "I wish I could do that."

I felt a little out of place, even if it was my own home. I left them to their kinky passion. I found Mick, still talking to Jennie. I didn't interrupt them.

She was saying, "And what do you think of it?"

My husband saw me and kept talking. "I'm kind of turned on by it, honestly."

"You never considered before...?"

"No." He took the key I offered. He said to me, "We were just talking about you."

"Oh?"

His smile was different. "You're enjoying yourself. I hadn't expected you would. Damien is treating you well?"

My heart began to race. "Yes."

He and Jennie shared a look. The blonde smiled knowingly.

My husband kept looking at her, that considering look coming over his face. He said to her, "Maybe. We'll see." He turned to me. "Better find Damien again before Joey gets you."

I looked towards the bar. "I think I might go for a drink."

Jennie grabbed my arm, hugging it to her like a lover. "I'll come with." She led

me away. "Were you surprised at how you felt by the kiss?"

"How I felt?"

"It was sort of obvious. You were panting and flushed."

I was silent, stunned that I had been seen by so many people to react to a man that wasn't my husband. I felt shamed.

She seemed to sense it. "Don't feel bad; he's a fiendishly handsome man. I would love to ride his cock."

I jerked a little, at once feeling embarrassed and also jealous. "Um..."

She laughed delightfully. "Oh, don't worry. I don't have my eyes on him. Although I think your husband is more attractive."

I wasn't about to encourage that. "I don't think Mick is like that."

We were at the bar. She leaned close, her words hot in my ear. "No, I don't think he is, either. Was just saying." She gave my shoulder a squeeze and nodded in parting.

I waited behind two other people.

A hand brushed my butt.

I turned, but several people were near. I turned the other way and saw nothing obvious. Who's touching me? I'd at least like to know.

It was my turn. "Screwdriver."

As I was saying it, two hands slid around me and rose up and over my breasts. A male package pressed between my butt cheeks and I felt hot breath on my neck. I gasped loudly, drawing in a shuddering breath as my nipples hardened. I quivered like a tuning fork.

Then I felt the boobs against my back: Joey.

The bartender was smiling broadly as he handed me the drink.

I stuttered, "Th-thank you." I turned in Joey's arms. "What are you doing?"

He released my waist and squeezed his fake boobs. "Comparing."

I was unprepared for Donner. He slid his hand between us and gently stroked my boob. He said, "I want to compare."

I dropped my mouth open.

I had no chance to say anything. Damien was on the other side, prying me away. "Now, now, boys. You can feel up each other's tits. Leave Karey alone."

Joey pouted. "I don't want to feel Donner's tits. I want to feel hers. Maybe suck on them a little."

My nipples hardened fully and I went breathless again. Why did that sound so good?

Damien led me away. "Sorry I didn't get there sooner; I was talking to Penny."

"Oh..." I wasn't too panicked or embarrassed – not after what I had seen in the guest bedroom. And all around us, some were being openly forward with groping.

On the dance floor, I spotted my friend Crystal kissing a man dressed like a construction worker, Village People style. His hand was between them and was very obviously up under her witch's miniskirt, fingering her.

I felt good for her that she had found someone to pay attention to her since her fiancé Derek had ditched her for another party.

Damien led me to our long couch. We squeezed in between some other people. "Maybe you won't get attacked here." His hand rested on my thigh.

I felt the heat of his hand worming its way up my leg and into my pussy. I sipped at my screwdriver and said, "Thank you." Would it be too forward if I put my hand on his thigh? I want to. I felt an itch in my arm to move.

He squeezed my thigh and rubbed his hand back and forth on the skin and stocking. He said, "Those are very pretty panties."

I looked down, automatically clamping my legs shut. The skirt was so short, there was no way I could sit without them being seen.

He chuckled. His deep voice penetrated my panic. "You're not revealing too much, don't worry. Maybe not enough. Do you want to dance again?"

"I... Maybe, yes."

He grinned and pulled me up. I deposited my drink on the lampstand behind the lamp to know which was mine.

We moved onto the dance floor and began dancing. He danced close and I wanted to touch him, but it wasn't that kind of dance. Neither was the next, though I was feeling better.

The third was a slow beat song, and while it might have passed for a regular dance, he pulled me in close, moving to every other beat. His hands slid down to my butt and pulled me in.

I pressed my hips forward, feeling the pressure of my clit against his hardness.

He began moving his hips side-to-side, rubbing my clit through my clothing.

Crystal said in a gasp at my side, "Nice to see you enjoying yourself."

The same construction worker was dancing with her. He was finger-fucking her while kissing her neck.

I wasn't sure I could speak. What came out was a moan.

She laughed breathlessly, then we were moving away from each other.

When the song ended, Damien led me back to the couch. I got my drink and we were able to get the end spot.

Reaching behind me, Damien plucked a plastic spider. He dangled it over my head. "Guess what?"

My heart began beating rapidly. He wants to kiss me again? "What?"

"Do you want to be kissed or bit?" His voice was so smooth and sexy that

everything in me melted. I couldn't talk. I just sat there with my mouth open and my eyes wide.

He leaned over to me and I instantly leaned towards him. Our mouths met in a fierce passion of sensuality. My tongue explored his. I was on fire. I could hear nothing but the pounding of my pulse in my head. His hand was behind my neck, holding me to his face.

He broke the kiss, leaving me desperate for more. His hand fell from my neck and slowly traveled down my chest to my breast. His fingers gently rubbed over it and down.

My chest heaved with excitement.

Someone plopped down onto the couch on my other side. A hand touched my knee.

It was Penny. She was smiling, a smoky look in her eyes. "His kisses light fires, don't they?"

I didn't know what to say.

She leaned close to my ear. "Don't be afraid." She withdrew. But her hand pulled on my knee, opening them.

Damien twisted, forcing me back against the couch. His mouth met mine again and his hand dropped down onto my thigh. His fingers slid down in between.

Through my dizzy passion, I knew that Penny was trying to help her husband touch me. I let my legs part.

I couldn't really help it; I felt as if I had no control to stop myself. But I really didn't want to stop myself. I kissed him back and then reached a shaking hand to his leg. I felt the heat of his thigh and it propelled me on in a rush of need. I slid my hand farther and felt his manhood through his scrubs. I gave his shaft a squeeze.

Then Penny was doing something. I thought she was attacking my hand, but she wasn't. I broke the kiss to see why she had stopped me from pulling my hand away. She was gripping my wrist to keep me from moving it. She was pulling at

the elastic waistband of Damien's scrubs with the other. She pushed my hand down and inside.

My heart was hammering so forcefully, I thought my chest would explode. I felt the skin of his cock on my fingers and instinctually grabbed it. I gasped with a mounting pressure inside me.

Penny let go of my wrist and just like that, I was stroking her husband's cock. It felt so full and wonderful. The head was large on a thick shaft and I jacked it up and down, not caring who saw. Other people were already doing similar things here and there anyway. What I was doing was... fitting in.

His cock was hard and hot. I moaned and he kissed me deeply.

Penny's hand was between my legs; I wasn't that kind of girl. But she didn't do anything. Instead, she pulled aside my panties so her husband's fingers could touch me.

His manly fingers brushed over my pussy lips and up over my clit.

I groaned so loud and shook so hard I thought the couch was going to move.

His finger toyed at my folds, then came up over my clit. An excruciating twist of tension in me turned, turned a little more, and then left a deep, hollow ache. I squirmed on the couch and then suddenly broke the kiss.

I was gasping. I pushed hands away. What would Mick think if he saw? This can't go on, no matter how much I want it.

Damien said, "Your husband was watching. He appears happy, but why don't you go check on him?"

Panic washed through me as if from a flash flood. With wide eyes, I searched him out. He was leaning against the wall near the bartender. Jennie the dominatrix was with him. Both were looking my way and smiling.

I got up on shaky legs. I moved across the room.

Jennie leaned over and whispered something to him. He didn't move or respond. Then she licked his ear in a long, slow stroke.

I was not bothered by the move as I had been when Penny was vamping on him. Which I found odd because I was always so self-conscious about blondes around him.

Jennie moved away and gave me a sly wink.

I rushed the last couple of steps into his arms. I hugged him tightly, shaking. I didn't want to ruin our marriage.

He said, "Are you all right?"

I said, "Are you?" I didn't move; I was still clutching him.

"If you're having fun, I am."

"But, you saw...?"

"I did. I admit I'm kind of surprised."

"Are you mad?" I didn't want him to be; I loved him.

"Not if you're having fun. Unexpected, but I think what I just saw was really hot."

Relief so sharp and heavy pushed the panic away so fast that I was left giddy. I thought I'd fall over. I laughed on the edge of tears at what I felt like was a near miss.

He was running his hands over my back, soothing me. "It's okay, Karey."

Slowly, my heart stopped pounding like it was trying to break loose.

He said, "Are you sure you're having fun? I can stop him if he's hurting you."

"He's not hurting me." I heaved a sigh. "You really thought that was hot?"

He chuckled. "Never imagined anything like it. But Damien is a good man. If you have to play like that, I'd rather it be with him than someone like Joey."

An unknown thrill raced through me – something I'd never felt before. The flavor of it was risky, enticing, and nasty. I felt the ache inside me increasing.

But also there was the doubt. "Are you sure? We could run away from all this and go somewhere. Just you and me."

"This is our home, where would we go? I'm happy."

He didn't get what I meant, but his response was the kind of answer that assured me.

I looked up at him, searching his face.

His smile was coupled with a curious light in his eyes.

I said, "You were really turned on?"

His grin widened. "Feel it."

I reached down and ran my hand down his costume slacks. He was hard and I laughed. "Wow. Okay..."

He kissed my lips. "Why don't you go back there if you were having fun? He's looking kind of lonely now."

As safe as I felt in my husband's arms, I wanted to go back to the couch. I trembled for it. I said, "I will. I'm going to use the bathroom first."

He let me go and I made my way to the master bedroom.

CHAPTER 5

I passed the guest bedrooms. There were people in all three of them, but I didn't stop to look. I used our master bathroom gratefully, not realizing how badly I needed to go. I washed up carefully, especially my pussy. I liked being clean.

I went out and locked the door.

Feeling better, I peeked into the bedrooms. It was in the very first bedroom I checked – the one closest to the master bedroom that I saw Crystal. I was embarrassed. She was lying on the bed, looking up. Construction guy had just climbed off her. Her pussy gaped open, wetly.

She saw me and half gasped a laugh. She waved.

I guess Derek missed out. Her fiancé was a fun guy, cute and playful. But here she was leaking some guy's cum and looking like she enjoyed it.

I moved down the hall, not looking in the other rooms; I could hear what was going on. Whispers, moans, gasps: I knew.

No, my curiosity had evaporated with a change in thoughts. Crystal was engaged to be married. The wedding was set for November fifth, less than a week away. Would she still marry him? She had apparently just enjoyed another man's cock. Would she ditch Derek for construction guy? Or go ahead and marry and keep construction guy's number at hand?

I paused at the end of the hall to the living room. I could see Damien on the couch, watching the hall.

What about Victor and Sarah? Victor had recorded his wife being fucked by another man. Not only had she enjoyed it, but so had Victor. Would they see more of the young man that had given them both so much fun? Was it really so wrong to have fun? What if Victor wanted the police-guy to fuck his wife more?

A thrill went through me. I hope she gets to fuck him again.

And it was with that thought I resumed my walk to the couch.

Joey was on the dance-floor, feeling up Gina in the pretense of a dance. That made me feel good for the plump woman.

The dominatrix Jennie was near the bar with my husband again. She was licking his ear and me seeing it again still didn't bug me. I couldn't figure that one out. Except maybe that Mick wasn't really responding to her – almost close to the rejection he had given Penny.

I stood in front of Damien.

He smiled up at me slowly. "I wondered if you were going to come back." The expression on his face said he knew I was going to.

Penny got up and gave my shoulder a squeeze. She left us.

"You wanted me to come back?"

His voice was all sex. "You know I did."

"But why me? Why not the blonde dominatrix gal? I'm nothing special."

His eyes shone with an inner desire. "You're fantastic, Karey. Intoxicating."

His words sent that deep ache into a grinding yearning. I dropped down next to him on the couch. We kissed, hesitantly at first on my part, but gaining the steam and speed of our previous kisses. Yes, he was still the same sexy man I had left several minutes before.

My hands were shaking. I reached into his waistband almost frantically. I wrapped my hand around his hot shaft and moaned into the kiss. I felt his fingers against my panties, and then sliding into them. My pussy lips tingled with the sensation of his touch. I wanted more.

I jacked his cock under his scrubs, relishing the feel of his hard shaft and bulbous helmet.

His fingers entered me and I groaned with need. Yes, finger me like Crystal got fingered. Thoughts of my best friend being fucked filled my head. Thoughts of

Sarah moaning happily under a young man while her husband watched drove my hand faster on Damien's erection.

I was panting. "I want you."

He was still smiling that fiendish smile. His eyes smoked darkly at me. "This isn't very private."

I looked around. The party was still the party. People were laughing, talking, dancing... But here and there were the little things I had noticed before: groping on the dance floor; kisses; and one guy with a woman up against the wall. Both were still costumed, but he could have been fucking her – right there in front of everyone. He moved that way, and she had her legs wrapped around him. Teasing? Or fucking?

I didn't know, but I wasn't an exhibitionist.

I got up and held out my hand. "Come with me." I was resolute. My senses had narrowed to one overriding sensation: the aggravating ache inside that demanded action.

He took my hand as he rose.

I led him across the living room through the partiers. I saw my husband near the bar; Jennie was on his right, still nibbling and licking at his ear. Penny was on his left, doing the same on the other side. He looked amused, in a way.

But I was on a mission and the two women hanging on Mick didn't bother me at the moment. Maybe it would later; I didn't know.

I saw Donner watching me from the bar. He was frowning, a hurt look on his face.

Sorry Donner.

I pulled Damien along the hall, though he wasn't resisting. I pulled out my key and unlocked the bedroom door. Then I pulled him inside. Locking the door, I turned.

Damien was pulling off his scrubs. His gorgeous cock came into view. It was

straight and circumcised and thick.

I dropped my mouth open at seeing another man's cock half hard for me in the bedroom I shared with my husband.

He came to me and hugged me. His erection pressed in between my thighs and rubbed deliciously there.

I clung to him, panting and shaking, suddenly nervous.

He turned me and pushed me down onto the bed. I sat on the edge feeling the familiar texture of our black velvet comforter.

I was overcome with a sudden fear. Is this what I want? What if he doesn't like me? Will I just be some whore?

He reached under and grabbed my panties, sliding them down.

What if he thinks my pussy is ugly? Maybe I shouldn't have done this. I'm happy with my husband; he loves me and our sex is wonderful. Maybe I should go.

He pulled me to the edge of the bed and knelt.

He's going to lick me? My eyes went wide.

His tongue touched me and I flew into orbit. I felt nothing beneath me as his tongue licked and swirled around my clit and pussy lips. I realized I was moaning out loud and without control. My doubts receded.

His fingers entered me and moved slowly in a scissor motion. The ache deep in me turned and twisted, and I almost felt the need within me growl in anger. Tension from my pussy radiated up my body, causing my shoulders to tense. I felt myself trembling uncontrollably. A wave of sensation and tingling pushed at me, but I couldn't tell if I was moving or not. I still felt like I was floating – a satellite high in orbit with nothing beneath me.

I felt his hair in my hands, though I didn't remember grabbing him. The wave of sensation approached again, bringing more tension and trembling. His tongue stabbed into my hole and licked up over and around my clit.

My eyes were squeezed shut. I thought I might pass out if I opened them.

The wave approached again, stronger, promising exquisite tension. I tensed up, mouth open in a silent scream. Then I felt everything move. An explosive release convulsed me and I cried out as the tension burst over me. Then I was cumming, grinding my hips up and down, and feeling my pussy clench in spasms of relief and release.

My body went limp and I panted heavily. I opened my eyes and saw spots.

Damien was smiling, shifting me further up on the bed. He climbed over me.

My legs were open for him. His erection bobbed stiffly, aimed at my pussy. I can still stop this. I don't need to go all the way, right? Maybe it would be best if—

The helmet of his cock touched my pussy lips and I gasped. My hips rose on their own, angling my hole up for him.

I began to shake again. Maybe he's just going to tease me. My husband is out in the living room. Maybe he's just going to play—

Damien pushed his hips.

My eyes went wide and my mouth dropped open. My pussy lips parted easily and the helmet of his cock pressed into my hole. I felt my pussy stretching and opening. I felt his cock rapidly sliding into my aching emptiness and it felt so very, very good.

I clutched his shoulders, raising my head and crying out in surprise and lust. I felt myself stretching at his invasion, and my pussy became filled with his hardness. I gasped as his hips met mine. I felt so full so deep. I clamped on his cock reflexively and he chuckled.

He pulled back and the ache returned.

I whimpered.

He thrust back in, hard. His hips slammed down onto mine and I cried out in a burst of passion. His fullness went even deeper as he pressed. I raised my knees up and spread them out, tilting my pussy so his push could get as deep as

possible.

I was delirious. My only connection to the real world was his cock. It moved in and out of me, sliding salaciously through my pussy lips. His hips pounded mine and I could feel my butt and thighs quivering with the impacts.

Then Damien leaned down and kissed me. Warmth and lust rushed through me, blossoming into something primal and beautiful. I groaned and grunted, thrusting my hips back up at him. My hands desperately grabbed his humping buttocks, pulling hard as he rammed me with his gorgeous cock. Our union was perfect. I felt as rushed as if I was on a rollercoaster just beginning the large drop after the climb.

The feel of his cock hammering my pussy was the center of my existence. The pleasure radiating from my pussy was so intense I vibrated with it. I was moaning out, unable to form coherent words.

Then he changed his moving. I felt as if the rollercoaster shifted through a dizzying turn. He leaned down on me and kissed me, sending sensations simultaneously from my pussy and my mouth to completely short circuit my brain.

He was barely thrusting now, seeming to rather enjoy just being deep in me. I loved it. He stopped kissing me and panted, moving his head down and to the side. I felt his breath in my ear and I shivered with delight. He kissed my ear and inhaled. Then I felt his lips brush my temple and kiss me there.

I melted. My legs felt like jelly. My heart thumped warmly and my breathing quickened. With that kiss to my temple, I knew right then I wanted more. I needed more. I loved my husband with all my heart, but I was going to need more of Damien. Will Mick understand?

I clawed Damien's back.

He groaned. He leaned up on his elbows and looked down into my eyes. His hips began moving more, making his thrusts longer.

I felt his hardness sliding almost all the way out and then pushing back in, emptying me and filling me; it was delicious. I whispered, "Fuck me..."

He pumped faster.

I looked down our bodies between us, catching glimpses of his shaft as it moved in and out of me. I studied the union that was causing so much intense pleasure. It was a beautiful thing.

He panted faster, his breath beginning to catch. It was similar to when Mick was getting close.

I clawed at his biceps. I said with urgency, "Yes, fuck me."

He was staring into my eyes and soul, a fierce look of lust on his face.

Yes, do it. Use me. Fuck me and fill me. Show me how good a man you are. I moved with him, fucking him as he fucked me. The familiar creaks of the bed filled my ears, reminding me of Mick and accentuating the lust I felt right now. I wanted Damien; I wanted all of him. I wanted him in me, deep. I wanted to feel my femininity tame his passion with release.

And he did. His mouth dropped open and he groaned with pleasure. He thrust twice, really hard, filling my pussy completely. Then he tensed.

I felt the burst of scalding wetness deep inside me. Yes! We did it. I pulled on his flexing butt, trying to get him deeper, wanting him deeper, even if I already felt completely filled. I sighed with happiness as I felt his seed flooding me. A twinge of orgasmic aftershock shook me.

Damien jerked above me, sending every last drop deep inside. He panted, a sexy smile on his face. He whispered, "You're incredible, Karey."

The words sent shivers of happiness through my soul. No, I wasn't a whore. I wasn't a quick fuck-and-forget. I heard the respect in his voice. I hugged him, smiling like a little girl, pleased that things had turned out so right.

CHAPTER 6

The euphoria I felt faded. I might forever remember the event and his words, but as I was sliding back on my panties, I began to worry. I had just fucked another man on mine and Mick's marriage bed and I had loved it.

What should I do? Mick had said I could play, but did that mean I could fuck Damien? I don't think so. I looked back at the comforter. There was a large puddle of cum and juices that had leaked out of me. There was no hiding that large a mess. It was going to be obvious to Mick what had happened.

I said to Damien, "I need to clean up."

He lifted my head with both hands and kissed me.

I liked it, but the worry robbed me of the pleasure of his kiss. I broke it after a second. "I'll let you out."

"Are you okay?" There was a deep concern in his voice.

I felt relieved, but still the worry plagued me. "Yes, I just need to get that up." I indicated the cover.

He nodded and winked. He stroked a finger along my jaw and then moved back.

I let him out and relocked the door. Getting a towel and wetting it in the bathroom, I set out to wipe up as much as I could from the comforter.

~ ~ ~

I went back out to the party. I didn't look in the guest bedrooms; I felt too

ashamed and worried. I immediately went to Mick.

Jennie wasn't with him, but Penny was. She was clinging to him like at first in the evening, but gave me a smile and let go.

Thank you, Penny. I really want to be with my husband right now.

Mick was looking at me, studying my face. I could feel his eyes searching. "Is everything all right?"

I didn't know what to say. There was a party going on and it wasn't a good time to be soul-searching with him in front of everybody. I had nothing for an answer. I couldn't even look in his eyes. I simply hugged his arm and laid my head against his shoulder.

Damien was talking to Penny near the dance floor. I saw Sarah and Victor talking to the young guy who had fucked Sarah so senseless. They were trading cell phones to get numbers.

I felt good for them and bad for me, even if my pussy still vibrated and tingled to the fantastic fucking I had just received. At least it's working out for someone tonight.

Worry robbed me of what might have been a fun rest of the party. Joey tried to joke with me but I snapped at him, not wanting to deprive myself of my self-flagellation. I stayed around Mick for most of it.

He squeezed my arm several times and held me as he talked to people, but I could tell he was wondering what was wrong.

I kept a smile on my face, even if I didn't feel it.

~ ~ ~

Damien and Penny approached us, both smiling and looking tired.

Mick said, "Time for you, too, huh?"

Many of the partiers had left.

I looked at Damien and then looked away, pursing my lips.

Penny said, "I'm bushed."

Damien shook Mick's hand. "Fine party. You mentioned Christmas?"

My husband nodded.

"We'll be here." He turned to me and gently pulled me to him into an embrace. "I certainly wouldn't want to miss seeing your lovely wife, again."

I instantly began to tremble and my knees threatened to give out. I clung to Damien to keep from looking like a fool.

He lifted my chin and gave me a kiss to the lips – no tongue – right in front of my husband. I gasped and trembled more.

He let me go and Penny gave me a hug that surprised me. She said, "It has been my pleasure to meet you, Karey."

But I fucked your husband tonight.

She smiled at me with delight in her eyes, holding my shoulders at arm's length. "I hope we can become closer friends."

You're kidding. If you only knew...

Penny winked at me and then pulled me back in. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and then let me go.

I hugged my husband's arm as we watched them leave.

Mick was looking at me. "You seem bothered by them?"

I squeezed his arm, not wanting to get into it right now. "I'm exhausted. Maybe

we can talk in the morning."

"You sure?"

I was tired. The night felt like a leaden weight on me and I definitely wasn't up to facing my husband with the news that something so catastrophic had happened. Will there be a break-up? Was tonight our last happy night? Sleeping together in the bed where Damien had fucked me? "I'm sure."

"You two disappeared for—"

"Tomorrow." I couldn't face it right now.

~ ~ ~

The clean-up went fast, but still seemed to take forever. The bartender was gone within fifteen minutes of his appointed time. The caterers had left long before. The cleaning person, a homely girl who probably had not received any party invitations because of her looks, was fast and efficient. She dragged around a Hefty bag and deposited discarded plastic cups.

I would be helping Mick tomorrow restore the living room furniture to their proper places and all the breakables neatly stored in the master bedroom.

I had turned down the cover of our bed to hide the wet spot and folded back the blanket and sheet as if to prepare for bed – all done when I had wiped up the cover.

It worked; he paid no attention to the folded cover and I breathed an exhausted sigh filled with worry.

~ ~ ~

I awoke Sunday to my husband peering at me, head propped on elbow. His look was studious.

I blinked several times.

He said, "About time you woke up."

I felt warmth for him until the memory of Damien thrusting into me replaced it with a bitter chill. I rose to get out of bed.

He pulled on my arm. "Hey."

"Let me go to the bathroom." I need to order my thoughts. Decide what to say...

He chuckled. "Sure."

Going gave me no relief except that which was biological. In a way, it made me more nervous as I didn't come up with anything witty to say to break the news that something had happened. I approached the bed after cleaning up, knowing that doom was approaching. I climbed back into bed filled with dread.

He frowned. "You're shaking; what's wrong?"

I didn't know how to start. "I know you said you got turned on by Damien kissing me and..."

He waited, then said, "And touching you. It surprised me, but I found it hot."

"Well..."

"Are you nervous about what happened when you two disappeared?"

How do you know? Is it all over my face? "I love you, Mick. I really, really do." I want you to know that. I would never hate you and fuck someone just to spite you.

He frowned with concern and love. His words were gentle. "Tell me. What happened that has you so depressed? Did he say something rude?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Tell me." His hand stroked my face.

I felt his love. Can it endure the truth? Can it endure the need I feel to have Damien again? "Things happened." There, it was out. Now the world can explode and the fighting begin.

He smiled. "I want to hear about it. Tell me."

I shook my head. "You don't understand."

He scooted over to me, pressing himself against me. I felt him hardening. "Tell me."

I reached down and gently took hold of the manhood that had made me so happy in my marriage. I stroked him with regret, thinking this was going to be the last time I did it. "We were touching each other on the couch."

He sighed. "I saw."

I felt his cock harden fully and throb. You're excited over this? Even though I had felt his excitement last night, feeling it again as I talked about it surprised me. I stroked his cock slowly for a moment before continuing. "I wanted to be a little discreet..."

His smile was filled with interest and desire. "So you came back to the bedroom?"

I nodded.

His hand reached down and stroked my panties.

I froze, but slowly relaxed.

"Tell me." His cock flexed in my grip and he slid my panties down.

"I saw his dick."

My husband groaned. "Did it look nice?"

My breathing was rapid, not so much from the memory of Damien's beautiful cock, but from nervousness at how my husband was going to react. "Yes."

He panted and climbed over me, removing my panties completely.

I didn't know what to do. He wanted to make love to me and I was going to tell him while we did it? How was this going to work when I dropped the bombshell? My thoughts scrambled with confusion as my husband entered me. Tears began to well in my eyes at the comforting familiarity of our love-making.

He panted, "Tell me." His thrusts were slow and tender.

"He sat me on the bed and removed my panties."

"Yeah?"

"I was scared..."

"Why?"

"Because I'm married to you."

He chuckled. "I said it was all right to play with him."

"He licked me."

My husband groaned, thrusting faster. "Did you blow him?"

"No."

He sounded disappointed. "No?"

I began to shake. "No, other things happened."

His cock flexed in me. "Like what?"

"I didn't want to, but he..."

"He made you cum?"

"Yes, but I meant after."

Mick froze, his eyes open with surprise. "He fucked you?"

I felt I had to admit it. There was no way I couldn't; I loved my husband too much. My answer was a shaky whisper. "Yes."

His eyes widened, surprise and interest competing. His mouth was open in a gasp and I could see his pulse in his neck. But there was no anger on his face. "Are you serious?"

"Yes." I was searching his eyes and face, looking for the disaster before it fell.

He half laughed and I felt his cock flex in me again. He sighed, letting the breath he was holding out. Then he began moving, thrusting into me with lusty moves. "Did you like it?"

"I was out of control—"

"Did you enjoy it?"

"I did."

He groaned above me and thrust faster. "Tell me about it."

"I didn't want to at first, but when he put it in me I lost control."

My husband was grinning, a feverish light in his eyes. "You fucked him right here on our bed?"

"Yes. Are you mad?"

"No." He was gasping. "And you liked it? It felt good?"

"Yes." My hips began moving, both to his love and the memory of Damien's cock.

"Did he cum in you?"

The memory of Damien's cock flooding me with his seed made me gasp. "Yes."

My husband groaned loudly and slammed his cock in and out of my pussy.

I clung to him, holding on and unable to think or speak. His hardness filled me over and over and I felt the sudden burst of his hotness inside my pussy. Telling him made him cum?

He was looking at me with wonder. He leaned down and kissed me with a passion. When he broke the kiss, he said, "I love you."

CHAPTER 7

I couldn't believe my good luck. I felt as if I was in another world. The Twilight Zone, but not scary. The Outer Limits without the horror. Mars. I don't know.

My husband really liked hearing about it. I kept studying him, searching for the seed of jealousy I expected to be there. It never showed.

I helped him restore the furniture. He removed the dance floor and by noon, the house was restored. I would launder the guest bedroom covers over the next week.

He was relaxing with an iced tea when he said, "You sure you had fun?"

With the party or with Damien? "Um, yes?"

"Good." His smile was satisfied. "Do you want to see him again?"

So we're talking about him. Okay, now what? Do I tell him the truth? So far, he seemed to like it all. I decided on the truth. With a careful voice and a searching look, I said, "Yes."

"Is he bigger than me?" His look was amused, but interested.

Why do you want to know that? "No, but the head is bigger."

He nodded and shrugged. "But it felt nice."

I gave a small smile, remembering. I nodded.

His grin broke open and showed teeth with happiness. "Guess I'll give you his number."

I panicked a little. "Are you sure?"

"Like I said, he's a good guy. I wouldn't mind him being friends...to both of us."

"How is this going to work?"

He shrugged. "I think you can work something out."

~ ~ ~

He was thrusting into me later Sunday night. "Are you going to call him?"

"If you want me to."

"Yes."

I moaned happily, loving the extra attention. We almost never did it twice in one day. But he had been super-excited.

He said, "You liked him fucking you?"

"Yes. Is that all right?"

He groaned, on the edge. "Yes."

"Will you be mad if I want to see him this week?"

He gasped, squeezing his eyes shut. "No, you can see him as much as you want."

Instantly I felt the approach of an orgasm, advancing like a tidal wave that couldn't be stopped. The memory of Damien's cock in me drove me up the wave. "As much as I want? We can...fuck...? As much as I want?"

Mick grunted in shock. His cock expanded and began squirting in me. "Fuck. Yes, as much as you want." His hips began pushing fast into me, his spurting cock sliding in and out fast and hard. "Fuck him, fuck him... Oh, yes, fuck him."

I barely heard his words, though joy burst through me alongside my orgasm. I

cried out, bucking underneath my husband, cumming together with him in a rare shared orgasm.

~ ~ ~

I couldn't wait; I called him Monday. I had to, there was no stopping my shaking fingers on the phone.

The female voice that answered sounded professional. "TR Commercial?"

"Damien, please?"

"He's on a call at the moment, would you like to hold?"

"Yes, please."

The line went dead.

I was sitting at my desk on my lunch hour. The other three women in records had left. I felt that something familiar might give me courage. I waited no more than two minutes, though thoughts crossed my mind of hanging up.

"Damien Parker."

I cleared my throat. "Hi."

"Yes?"

"It's Karey." I heard the squeak of a chair through the line.

"Oh...hi there. I was wondering if you were going to call."

I laughed a little. "Well, I did."

"Did you have to look up my number or did Mick give it to you?"

"He gave it to me. Is it all right that I called?"

"Of course." Silence for a second or two. "Does he know?"

"Yes."

He blew out a relieved sigh. "Good."

I laughed. "Really?"

"I wouldn't want something like that to be secret."

"Oh. Is this something you do...a lot?" That had me worried and questioning what I might be getting into.

His deep voice sounded odd. "Actually, no."

"Oh come, now. Seemed like you and Penny had everything all figured out."

"No, really. I've never had a woman other than Penny since we've been married."

"But you seemed so sure and like you were swingers or something."

He laughed. "Well, there's some truth to that."

I didn't like that. "Like how?" I didn't want to be some piece of flesh for every man that came my way.

"It's Penny who's the swinger. Saturday night was my first."

"Am I an accomplishment?"

His voice was soft. "Not in the way you might think. You aren't a scalp on my belt. Penny has been urging me to open up and until Saturday, I hadn't found a woman with whom—"

I coughed. "And I was that woman?" I couldn't hide my disbelief.

"Yes."

I felt the sincerity of his answer. "Me?"

His voice dropped. "Karey, you're exquisite."

I laughed again. "Oh, go on."

"I'm serious. There was something about you that excited me like no other woman except Penny."

I breathed quietly for a moment.

"Are you there?"

"Yes..." My voice was shaky. "That's sort of how I felt about you."

"I had a suspicion you had never done anything except with your husband."

I felt defensive. "I wasn't a virgin—"

"I didn't mean it that way. I meant you were devoted to him and faithful."

"Yes."

Silence.

I said, "You said Penny was the swinger?"

I heard the chair creak as if he was leaning or moving. "If you want to call it that. She has a neighbor guy that comes over."

"And...they...?"

"Make love, yes."

I was breathless. "How do you handle that?"

"I love it."

I laughed. "No way."

"It sort of came up during love-making about how cute the guy was. It developed into me urging her to try him."

"Are you serious? Weren't you afraid of losing her?"

"At first, but when I saw it happening—"

"You were there?" I was shocked.

"Of course."

"So when you saw it happening?"

"I realized my fears were pointless."

"How?"

"I guess seeing her doing with him what she did with me made it seem natural. Normal. Okay."

I sighed, wondering about Penny.

He said, "Afterwards, I couldn't get enough of her. I loved it knowing another man had been in her."

"That's...amazing."

"It isn't really."

"Well, I mean it's a surprise because that's how my husband acted after I told him about you."

Damien laughed with delight. "See? Not so surprising, is it?"

"Yes, it is. I couldn't have imagined anything like this happening—"

"Because we're all so uptight with our fears and phony facades."

I sat there, mouth open.

He shifted again in his chair. "I'd love to see you again. Before the Christmas party."

The words were fast out of my mouth. "Me, too."

He chuckled. "Good."

"When?"

"I can take off pretty much whenever."

I frowned. "I'm nine-to-five, here."

"Saint John's wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"You're about three miles from our house. Why don't you come over after work?"

"Today?"

"Sure, or whenever is convenient."

"Maybe on my lunches."

"All right. All I'd need is a phone call and I can meet you at our house. You got something for directions?"

I grabbed a pen. "Sure."

He gave them to me. "I'd love to see you today."

"I'm already halfway through my lunch."

"Then make it tomorrow." His words were confident.

"Okay." My pussy tingled at the thought and my insides twisted at the wait.

"What time is your lunch?"

"Eleven thirty."

"I'll be home at eleven thirty, then, waiting."

I smiled. "Okay." Thrills ran through me.

~ ~ ~

I moaned loudly under my husband. "Yes."

He panted, thrusting fast. "Good. I'm glad you called him. Looking forward to tomorrow?"

I clawed his shoulders, enjoying his passion and thinking of Damien. "Yes."

He thrust in hard and deep, his face close to mine. "Looking forward to his cock in you?"

The wave of orgasm pushed me over, tumbling me through convulsions of lust and relief.

I felt my husband's flood a moment later.

CHAPTER 8

I knocked on the door to the Parker residence. Somehow, ringing the bell felt wrong. A knock was quieter.

Penny answered the door. Her smile was delighted.

I stared, uncertain. "Um..."

Her smile was so friendly, though. "Come in. Damien's in the bathroom washing up."

You're here? But... "I, uh..." I was at a total loss for words.

She took my arm and pulled me into a light embrace. She gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I'm glad you're here."

My eyes must have registered my shock.

She squeezed my arm in hers. "I'm glad you came. Do you know how long I've tried to get Damien interested in having a woman come around?"

What? "You're kidding."

"No, really. I've wanted to watch him with another woman for years now. It took me a long time to admit it."

"You?"

"Mm hmm. Although it wasn't until after Matt started coming around..."

Their home was smaller than ours, but lavishly decorated in dark colors.

She sat me on the couch and patted my knee. "I think it's wonderful he finally melted enough to try it. What an ice cube he was."

I giggled. "You're kidding, him?"

She looked at me with lowered head, looking through her top eyelashes. "Yeah, honey, he's all sexy and everything but he was so cold about doing anything..."

I laughed. "I had thought maybe you two did this thing professionally."

Penny snorted and wiped at her nose. "No, we don't have master's degrees in swinging. I don't know if you could really call us swingers."

I didn't say anything as I felt sort of confused.

She said, "I have one man. Damien likes to watch. I don't think that qualifies as swingers where they throw big parties and everyone has everyone else. We're definitely not open like that."

"Oh." I felt relieved, despite my desire to see more of Damien.

"And when I took another man, I think it was then the desire grew in me to see Damien with another woman. But he was adamantly not interested. Said he got his kicks watching me."

"But...?"

She grinned with joy. "But then he met you. I thought I was going to keel over and die in shock."

I laughed, but it died away. "I was sure you guys were swingers. When I saw you vamping on my husband..."

She leaned back, hands on her knees and looked at me primly. "I can't hide I was attracted to your husband. I thought that if I ever entertained the idea of another man outside of Matt and Damien, it would be him. I think both I and my husband were struck by you two."

Damien came out.

I felt interrupted, but at the same time my heart began to pound.

He was smiling at me with that smoky look of lust. He held out his hands for mine.

I took them and he lifted me up. I was taken into his arms and kissed in a way that brought back all the sensations of Saturday night. My heart hammered. My head swam. Heat built inside me and I moaned quietly as that itch in my soul got scratched.

When he stopped kissing me, I saw Penny beaming at us with a happy smile and shining eyes.

She really wants to see him? No way could I ever watch Mick with someone. I was led into the bedroom.

Where we had light walls and a black velvet cover, they had a deep maroon wall paint and a light comforter with an old-fashioned flower print that matched the walls. It seemed so cozy that I was immediately comforted.

Penny sat in a chair as Damien undressed me.

I felt my pussy flush with moisture and a heat build inside me. Still, I was nervous at Penny being with us.

He was smiling at me. "It's okay."

I swallowed hard, nervous.

When he had me naked, he stripped.

I stood there, looking dumb, not knowing what to do.

He guided me to the bed. "I want to taste you again."

My eyes went wide. "Um, my husband was in there last night."

He chuckled. "That's all right. It's you I want to taste."

And being on my back on the bed with his tongue on my pussy brought all the heat and lust back to me in a rush. I cried out, running my fingers through his hair. I forgot all about Penny; it was as if she didn't exist. His tongue fucked me and licked in a maddening build of tease and tension.

I wanted to pull his hair.

His fingers in me moved and rubbed, hitting places that made me feel as if I were breathing pure oxygen. More, more.

My climax was a shuddering convulsion of groans and gasps. Joy tore through me and tingled along my limbs.

He removed his mouth.

I squirmed on the bed, feeling pleased, but also feeling that hollow ache that needed his cock to fill. It was driving me wild.

Penny was there, standing beside him. She grabbed his erection and started stroking it. She was whispering into his ear. "Doesn't her pussy look good?"

His answer was harsh with lust. "Yes."

"Do you want to fuck her?"

"Yes."

I felt my pussy clench with a sudden surge of need.

She said, "Fuck her, my love."

He groaned.

"Fuck her deep and hard. Fill her up." Her hand was stroking fast on his shaft.

I felt emotions I had never felt. It was as if my need had an extra edge on it – a nasty touch of sharing something with Penny.

She let go of him and he climbed over me, a hunger in his eyes that left me quivering with desire.

Oh yes, do me. Do it.

Penny was smiling, eyes wide and eager. I felt our shared desire for him to do it.

Her husband pressed his stiff erection at my hole and the head parted my lips. I felt that wonderful stretching and then the filling sensation as his thick cock slid into my pussy.

I moaned loudly as the twisty-turny coil of ache in me was satisfied with his cock. Oh, fuck yes. An unbridled joy swept through me, filling my heart and soul with happiness. It felt so good and so perfect.

He thrust back and forth into me, his cock sliding in and out as I slung my head from side to side and thrust my hips up at him.

I heard Penny gasp. I looked over to where she had sat. Her slacks were off and she was fingering her pussy. A wave of emotion washed through my thoughts and I felt a deep connection to the woman who was watching. Her eyes were half-closed and her fingers were working her clit frantically. Her mouth was dropped open and I could see her tongue on her teeth.

I don't know who was more gone: me or her. I watched her play with her clit. Her pussy was neatly trimmed and she was indeed a natural redhead.

But it was her husband's cock that commanded my attention. The fantastic feel of Damien's shaft in me had me looking up at him and clutching his face. His mouth was open in a pant and his hips worked me feverishly. I loved it; it was everything I remembered, and better.

I saw my wedding ring against his razor stubble and I thanked my husband in my mind for urging me to go through with this.

Coils of tension that promised a second orgasm began building. I never came twice. I moaned, working underneath him.

He pulled up, and then pulled me up onto his lap. I felt his cock spearing me and I squirmed on his pole. He gripped my hips and moved me, pulling and pushing. My pussy moved on his cock as it was deep up inside me. It felt like I was sitting on a telephone pole. The stretching in this position was different and more intense.

I gripped my arms around his neck and leaned my forehead against his shoulder. I moved my hips up and down, sliding my pussy up and down his hard shaft. I felt my wetness running out of me.

The heat between our bodies and our panting breaths made me fuck him harder. I wanted his cock in me. More. I wanted to come back again. I wanted to keep fucking him and I didn't want it to end. I slammed my pussy up and down on his

hips, feeling his shaft filling me over and over.

He moaned happily. "Yes, fuck me, Karey. It's so good."

I panted, trying harder. I wanted to feel the conquering of his lust. I wanted to feel him flooding me with his seed. It was a victory only a woman could understand.

I felt him tensing underneath me, his chest heaving with mine. His hands scratched up my back and then down, sending chills and shivers up and down my arms and spine.

I closed my eyes, working my pussy on his cock with grunts of effort.

Penny came.

I was startled, slowing a little to open my eyes and look over. Her face was in total shock, as if unsure she had wanted to see. But her body was quivering and she had fingers stuffed up her pussy in a display that had me grinding back down on Damien even harder.

I whimpered.

He tossed me down on my back and thrust his thick cock back into me. He rammed me silly and then tensed.

Yes! Even though I hadn't cum a second time, I was ready for him.

His seed flooded me deep and I worked my hips underneath the crush of his to milk his spurting cock. I pulled hard on his butt and groaned. His warmth heated my already hot insides even more. I became filled with him – his cock and his sperm. I sighed happily.

Panting, he collapsed on me and our mouths met.

CHAPTER 9

At the door, Damien gave me a kiss filled with promise.

But it was Penny who took my arm and escorted me out, leaning towards me with the intent to talk. We stopped near my car.

She pursed her lips, looking hesitant. "Thank you."

It seemed an odd thing to say.

"For...?"

"For coming over today. For being with him. And letting me see."

I blushed. I should be thanking her! "Oh..."

"Karey..."

I felt a curious connection to Penny in seeing her as uncertain as I had felt. "What?"

She pressed her lips together and moved to my side, as if sharing a view. "Would you consider talking to Mick?"

"About?"

She looked to the side and down. "I tried to interest him Saturday night at the party, but he told me his focus was you."

That made me feel great and I smiled.

She shook her head. "Maybe if it came from you, he might consider me?"

Why would I want to do that? "Oh... I don't think he's the type." Maybe that will put her off. No way do I want to share my husband with another woman.

She looked at me with a sad look that I could feel was real. "Try for me?"

A part of me wanted to try for her, but the stronger part of me said no. "I'll talk to him." Sure, I'll tell him and he'll laugh and that will be that.

She touched my arm. "Thank you." She gave me a cheek kiss.

~ ~ ~

For the second time on an otherwise typical Tuesday afternoon, I took a cock deep in me. This time it belonged to my husband. I reveled in the sense of freedom and happiness at having two men to satisfy me. I had to be the luckiest woman in the world.

Is this what Penny feels with her neighbor, Matt?

Mick was so horny he was shaking. "You liked it?"

"Yes." I smiled happily.

"You liked having his cock back in you?"

I giggled. "Yes, very much."

"You're going to see him again?"

"Yes."

He groaned happily. "Someday, I'd like to be there."

"Penny was there, today."

"Really?"

"She was watching from a chair and playing with herself."

He looked stunned. "No kidding?"

"Really."

"She liked it?"

I nodded. "She came, though she looked surprised by it."

He slowed his thrusting, becoming thoughtful. "Huh."

"She, um..."

"Hmm?" His thrusting sped back up.

"She wanted me to ask you to consider her."

He made a face. "I'm not interested. I'm more interested in you. Maybe even seeing you with him."

I felt warm all over. Good.

It was several minutes later, with his seed in me mixing with the remains of Damien's that I came a second time today. It was a hard one, and almost painful. We were talking about Damien's cock.

There is nothing quite so sexy as talking about another man's cock while having sex.

~ ~ ~

Penny called me at work Wednesday morning.

I was a little surprised at her name on my cell's caller ID. "Hello?"

"Hi, it's Penny."

"Yes, I saw the ID. What's going on?"

"Oh, I didn't know if my name showed. I was calling to see if you talked to Mick...?" She sounded hopeful.

I chose my words carefully. "I did, but he still isn't interested in that. He did say he wanted to see me and Damien together someday."

There was a world of disappointment in her one word response. "Oh..."

I felt bad for her in a way; she wasn't getting something she wanted and for a woman that can be devastating. At the same time, I felt victorious; I wasn't going to hand off my husband to some other woman. What if he decided he didn't love me anymore? Men could be really dumb that way. I said softly, "You still have Matt."

She laughed a little. "Yes, and he's fun. But he looks nothing like your husband. Matt's more of the crude type."

"Crude?"

"Maybe that's the wrong word. Brutish, maybe?"

"Like a caveman?"

She laughed a little easier. "Hold on, I'll send you a picture."

I heard scraping and tapping.

A moment later, she said, "Sent."

I tapped into the message and opened the picture. Penny was standing with a younger man in their entry. Matt had a small smile on his face and his arm was around Penny's shoulders. But his eyes had a pissed-off look that looked like his natural expression. I put the cell back to my ear. "I see what you mean. He's handsome and similar to Damien, but less so."

"Yes, I suppose you could say that. He's certainly not as handsome as your husband."

I don't want to talk about Mick; that's why I brought up Matt. "At least Matt's there for you."

There was a sound of her exhaling in thought. "I was hoping my sharing with you could turn into something between us. That you would help me as I've helped you."

"But my husband doesn't want to—"

"A woman can convince her man of anything, if she knows how. Damien was a solid block of ice."

I laughed. "I find that so hard to believe."

"Only because you were the first woman outside our marriage that broke through. He was as stiff as Mick when it came to considering my fantasy."

"But that's not my fantasy."

Penny was quiet for a moment. Then she said with a hint of suspicion, "Did you really ask him, or...?"

"No, I did. But really, I can't imagine sharing him with anyone, Penny. It's just not me."

Her voice went very quiet, subdued. "Yet I've shared my husband with you, twice."

"That's different—"

There was a hint of sadness in her voice. "It's not, really. Sharing like that is one of the greatest gifts I can ever imagine giving someone. I hope you realize what an enormous gift I've given you."

I was quiet, being uncomfortable knowing she was right. But I didn't have the fantasy of sharing my husband.

She said, "Karey?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"I want to continue sharing with you..."

I felt the threat, even if her words were pleading. A flash of hot ice went down my back. Is she holding Damien over my head as bait? I don't get Damien anymore if Mick isn't shared? Tears rimmed my eyes. This isn't fair. "I'll have to think about this."

"Please, yes. Please do. For both of us."

~ ~ ~

I couldn't last more than an hour. I called Damien. "Damien, please?"

The receptionist put me on hold.

His voice was warm and attentive. "Damien Parker?"

"Hi, it's me, Karey."

His voice warmed dramatically. "Hi there."

"I got a phone call from your wife..."

A creak of his chair. "Yes? Is everything okay?"

"She wants me to talk to Mick about sharing him with her."

"Mmm, yes, I know she wants that."

"Well, that isn't a fantasy of mine..."

"Oh..."

"I don't want to share my husband." Surely he would understand?

He was quiet for a moment. "Sorry, I was nodding." He chuckled.

I felt relieved.

He said, "Were you and Penny fighting about it?"

"Oh, no, not at all, but..."

"Yes?"

I took a deep breath. "She hinted, I think, that she wouldn't share you with me anymore if I couldn't convince Mick to be with her."

He let out a frustrated sigh. "I didn't want to get involved with another woman to begin with, but then I saw you." His chair creaked again and his voice sounded closer. "I'll say though, that I think it would be fantastic if Mick and Penny got something going. I'd like him better than Matt."

I sighed, beginning to shake. "But I don't want to share him."

"I understand. Nothing wrong with that at all."

I took a deep breath that shook with uncertainty. "So I don't have to worry about us not being able to see each other?"

The chair creaked again. "The last thing I want is hard feelings anywhere. What we shared was wonderful."

"Yes, it was."

"But if even one person feels the slightest bit uncomfortable, it should all stop before things go from good to bad."

"What?"

"Karey, I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt you. Neither would I want to hurt Mick. I especially don't want to hurt my wife and that was the primary reason I didn't give her satisfaction on her fantasy of seeing me with another woman. I wasn't sure she could handle it and I wasn't really interested anyway. Like Mick."

"What does that mean?" Fear was beginning to creep in and tangle my emotions with bony claws.

He took a deep breath. "I'll talk to Penny, but if there's an issue that makes us uncomfortable that can't be resolved, we're all going to have to stop."

"But—"

"I don't want to hurt you or force you to do something you don't want to – such as share your husband. Even more, I don't want to hurt my wife: I love her."

A tear escaped. Then one on the other side. I wiped at them viciously. "Do I get to see you again?"

"I should hope so. You free tomorrow?"

Hope struggled against the fear in me. "Yes?"

The smokiness returned. "Then come tomorrow. I'll talk to Penny tonight and see if we can't get this hammered out."

CHAPTER 10

I knocked on the Parker's door Thursday.

Damien answered with a smile and a wink.

I was shaking, uncertain of what my lunch-hour held in store. Would he and I be together? Would it all be a big let-down talk?

He held out his hand and pulled me in. We hugged and kissed, and my nerves settled a little. He said, "I wonder now why I resisted so long fulfilling my wife's fantasy; but I hadn't met you."

Warmth flooded me and I smiled up into his sexy eyes. "Thank you... You sort of swept me off my feet." I laughed nervously. "One night and I threw out all my vows and convictions..."

He shook his head. "No you didn't. You're still married to Mick and you still love him?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then you confirmed your vows and convictions. What you found was a way to express your passions with his approval." He turned us and led me in from the entry.

Penny was sitting on the couch, studying me with sad eyes.

What is she thinking? Did he fight with her? I didn't want to be something that caused them hurt. I said, "Hi."

She pursed her lips and said quietly, "Hi, Karey. It's nice to see you here, again."

Damien led me into the bedroom. Penny didn't follow.

He shut the door and hugged me.

I said, "Is everything all right?"

He stroked my back. "We talked; I think she's fine. You're here, aren't you?"

I looked up into his eyes. "She knows I won't share him?"

He nodded. "She knows. She's a little hurt over it, but she has Matt."

I felt relieved. "You didn't fight over it, did you?"

He chuckled. "Not at all. My wife and I know each other very well; our talk was very enlightening."

I clung to him, my knees going weak not with lust but with the giddiness of relief. I felt as if Damien had been dangled in front of me and then was being snatched away in a cruel tease. But now he was safe – mine again.

We undressed.

I pushed him back on the bed, wanting to do something for him that he had done for me.

His amused smile spurred me to do the best I could.

I climbed over his legs and gripped his semi-hard cock. It was so beautiful. I squeezed it gently and gave it a few slow strokes. It felt warm and while hardening, still felt baby-soft in my hand. I lowered my mouth around the large helmet and licked around.

He sighed happily and moved his hips upward.

His cock tasted like clean skin. His soap and leather smell was like fine cologne and made me heady with pleasure.

I moved my head up and down, taking as much of his thickness into my mouth as I could. I sucked when I came up, and then pulled off to stroke him some. The upper half of his erection was shining with saliva. I gasped, having a cock so close to my face that didn't belong to my husband. I rubbed the tip of it all over my mouth and cheeks. Then I sucked the head back into my mouth.

He moaned happily. "Keep doing that and I'll finish. Why don't you get up here?"

I giggled. "Too much for you?"

"I want to be inside you."

His words caused such a dramatic twist of lust within me that I groaned. My body quivered with it. "Okay." I climbed over him and positioned myself over his erection. I rubbed the head along my hole and felt my pussy lips spread around it. The position was right. I shifted slightly and sank down on his shaft, feeling the fullness rising up to fill me.

He gripped my hips and sighed.

I settled all the way down and shifted my knees to a better position for moving on him.

He whispered, "You feel so good."

So do you... But I couldn't talk. His thickness in me filled an aching hole of need; I was busy enjoying the satisfaction. I wriggled down, pressing my pussy down harder, feeling his length move in me and touch places that sent me into blissful flight.

I needed his cock in me; it wasn't something I could do without. Not now. I loved my husband and loved making love to him; nothing could top it. I lusted for Damien and satisfied a different kind of need with him. Something more primal: something raw and sexual. I could make love to my husband and satisfy my heart and soul, and I could fuck Damien for the rest of my life and fill that nasty need inside me. It was perfect. Both men completed me in different ways.

I sighed with satisfaction and began lifting and settling. I luxuriated in the feel of his thickness stretching and rubbing my lips, and his length filling my need. I found a spot where his helmet rubbed up inside and worked that position, squirming and fucking him. My fingers clawed his chest.

This third time was less desperate than the other times we had fucked. I was comfortable. So was he. I moved my pussy up and down his shaft, floating with the feeling of intense satisfaction. A week ago, I could not have imagined riding

anyone's cock but my husband's. That I was riding another man's cock and so thoroughly enjoying it made me wonder at my previous convictions.

Yes, I was married. But my husband approved. That couldn't be cheating. And Penny approved, too. I looked down at my wedding ring as I fucked her husband. Thank you, Mick, my love, for wanting this as much as me.

Damien's hands were on my hips, pulling, pushing, and urging. His hips moved, driving his cock up with short thrusts.

Our union was hot and sexual. I felt the waves of orgasm hinting at their coming, but still far. I said, "Mick wants to see us together."

He chuckled. "I bet. Men are very visual. I couldn't imagine the anxiety of knowing Penny was with Matt and not seeing it."

"Anxiety?"

He nodded. "Guaranteed, Mick is suffering it."

I frowned. "He's very supportive—"

"Yes, of course. So was I. But I had to see it. I had to know how my wife acted with Matt. I needed to see she was respected."

I felt a little stiff with uncertainty. "You really think my husband is suffering?"

He looked at me with those intense eyes and nodded.

I felt so selfish then. "Then we need to do it with him. I don't want to cause him any hurt."

He nodded. "He'd be a lot happier."

"But he seems so happy now."

"That's because he's supporting you in what you want."

His words cemented the shame of selfishness in me. I need to give Mick what he wants, too. "I want him to see."

"He'll love it."

"You think so?"

"I know so. There's nothing like seeing another man cum inside your wife. It's a thrill beyond knowing unless you've done it."

"You liked seeing Matt do that?"

He nodded, his eyes bright and sharp. "Oh yeah. Watching his balls draw up and his cock start pulsing when he's inside her is so beautiful that it's a memory I'll never forget. It's something I'll cherish forever." He began heaving up into me, driving his cock up deep.

I groaned, wondering if my husband would really enjoy seeing Damien cum in me. The idea seemed odd, but Mick had to know Damien did, especially when I said he did. Did he really want to see it?

Today was Crystal's and Derek's wedding day. They were supposed to have run off to be married in a private little chapel. Had she seen construction guy before the wedding? Would she want Derek to be involved, watching her fuck construction guy?

I began moaning loudly. Damien was thrusting forcefully up into me and it was sending me to dizzying heights. Yes, I want my husband to see this. I want him to see how much I enjoy his gift.

Damien was grunting and panting, fucking me with the desperation of being close.

Yes, I'll make sure my husband sees this – sees how wonderful it is. I cried out, a surprise tidal wave of orgasm crushing me over and tumbling me into convulsions of ecstasy.

Damien gasped under me, tensing. He ground out, "Oh, fuck."

I felt his cock swell in me and I humped my hips hard on him. He let out a loud gasp and I felt his wetness flood me for the third time in six days. I loved it. I ground my still convulsing pussy down on his spurting erection, taking his blasts deep. My pussy was flooded with his sperm and I moaned happily at the

amazing feeling of his wetness in me.

I'm sorry, Mick. I won't neglect you. Next time, you'll see it. I'll make sure of it. I floated on gentle waves of satisfaction as Damien's cock pulsed in me. No way can I give this up. I'll make sure my husband gets what he needs. I gasped out, "Saturday, maybe, we can do this with Mick. What do you think?"

"I'd love to." His eyes were certain and caring.

~ ~ ~

Penny watched us come out of the bedroom. She rose from the couch. "I'll walk you out."

Damien gave her an odd look. "Something I need to know?"

Her smile was bright. "Just a little girl-talk." She took my arm.

Uh oh? Or has she decided to relent on wanting my husband?

Damien kissed me on the lips and winked. He said, "Saturday."

Penny paused. "Saturday, what?"

"She wants Mick to see us together." He said to me, "Shall it be here? Or your place?"

"I don't know, whatever you want."

Penny raised an eyebrow. "Let's make it your place."

I shrugged. "Okay."

She led me out.

I felt good about everything.

She stopped at my car, facing me. "Karey, I like you. And I like what you're doing with my husband; it fulfilled a fantasy of mine."

I smiled. "It's fun—"

She held up a hand. Her eyes were soft, but intent. "I'm giving you a fantastic gift, something dear to me. But I'm getting nothing in return."

"I thought you just said you liked—"

"You helped crack my husband's shell, and I thank you. But I'm giving you my husband. I ask that you return the gift by giving me yours."

I laughed incredulously. "What is this, a gift exchange?"

She straightened. "You know what I mean. Sorry if my words aren't coming out right. But what I'm giving you is a precious gift; I hope you see that."

I calmed down a little. "Yes, I do. Thank you."

She nodded. "But I can't keep giving you that gift if all you do is take."

"What?"

"Why should I keep giving you my husband when you won't play fair? Why should I suffer your selfishness? Is it my job in life to loan you my husband just because you want it?"

"I don't want to share my husband."

Her look was sad. "Then I don't want to share Damien with you anymore."

I grabbed her arm. "Penny, please—"

"Either we play straight and fair, or it can't continue."

I was breathing rapidly, on the edge of panic. "But my husband wasn't interested."

She looked at me levelly. "A wife can convince her husband of almost anything."

"But—"

"If you really want to see Damien again, you might want to reconsider your decision. He's my husband and I'm not just going to loan him out without getting the kind of respect that act of giving deserves."

I trembled, feeling it all fall down around me. Even as her husband's cum leaked out of my pussy. I wanted to cry.

Penny touched my shoulder and her words were heartfelt. "If you decide not to, I'll respect that. I really will. But respect me for deciding not to give my husband away anymore."

CHAPTER 11

My mind was twisted in ways I could not fathom. A thousand thoughts raced through my head, over and over, some the same and some new.

Why was I in this situation? Why did Penny think I was being selfish? Why had any of this happened at all? How could I live knowing Damien was forbidden from me? How could I explain to my husband who approved of me being with Damien that it was over?

I couldn't do it. I couldn't force myself to come to any meaningful revelation of what I needed. Do I give in and let Penny have him so I can continue seeing Damien? The thought horrified me. Do I wash my hands of it all and go back to being just boring, prudish me? Walk arm-in-arm with my loving husband into the sunset and pretend I hadn't found a new and wonderful way of expressing myself as a woman?

My mind was so cluttered with competing thoughts and emotions that I couldn't focus on anything. I twisted my pencils in aggravation. I mis-filed records and had to re-file them.

I had to talk to someone. I grabbed my cell and punched in Crystal.

Her voice sounded amused. "Hello?"

"Hi..."

She laughed.

I said, "Sorry, I know it's your wedding day."

"That's all right, you caught me at a good time. I'm waiting in the car while he buys tickets to a ghost tour."

"You're married now?"

"Yes, this morning."

"Congratulations."

She giggled.

I said, "What happened to the guy at the party."

She giggled and then hummed again. "Oh, darling, you don't want to know."

"I do."

"I was with him last night."

"You weren't."

Crystal laughed. "I was. I guess it was my way of having a bachelorette party. Just me and Jim."

"Last night? And you married Derek this morning?"

"I told you you didn't want to hear it."

"No, I did. I just wondered if anything else had happened after the party."

"Every night. I'm almost wore out, but I feel great."

"What does Jim think?"

"He was a little put out I wouldn't dump my fiancé for him, but there was no way I was dumping Derek just because Jim's a good screw."

I was breathing heavily, afraid to ask, but needing to know. "Are you going to see Jim again?" It might not have been the question that would provide me answers, but something within me trusted Crystal to give me insight that only another woman could.

Her tone was playful and sing-song. "I don't know. Maybe. Probably."

"How are you going to keep it from Derek?"

"Who knows. Eventually he'll have to know if I keep seeing Jim."

"You think he'd be all right with that kind of arrangement?"

"What's gotten into you, girl? These aren't typical Karey Mitchell questions."

I breathed in and out a couple of seconds. "Let's just say I'm kind of in the same situation."

"No!" Her shock was amused and tinged with scandal.

"Yes."

"Get out. You?" Crystal laughed.

I frowned. "Yes, me. Remember the man dancing with me and kissing me at the party?"

Her tone went serious. "Yes? Him?"

"Yes."

"No way." Her tone was final.

"I'm not kidding."

"Have you actually done anything with him?" It came out as a tired, sarcastic question that expected a negative response.

I coughed. "Yes, that's what I'm trying to say."

She laughed incredulously. "Karey? Is that you? Or is this pod-alien Karey?"

"I'm serious."

"All right, all right."

"Anyway, I'm not sure it's going to happen anymore."

"Shame, he was handsome. What happened? His wife blow up or something?"

"Yeah, or something. She wants me to share Mick with her."

"So?"

I coughed. "What do you mean, so?"

"What's so bad about that?"

"I don't want to share him."

"Wait a minute. You're seeing her husband with her knowledge?"

"Yes."

"Does Mick know?"

"Yesss." I drew it out pedantically.

"Cool. That sounds great. So why are you being difficult about it?"

"I don't want to share him. His wife says she either wants Mick or she stops letting me see her husband."

"That sounds fair. So you're making a big deal over this because you're being selfish?"

I heard the car on the other end open and the door close. Derek's voice was in the phone. "Who's that?"

Crystal said, "It's Karey; give me a second." Her voice became clearer. "Listen, we need to go. But I think you have some things to think about."

Great, not a single answer there. "Okay."

~ ~ ~

I hugged my husband in bed, leaning on him from the side. My hand reached

down and toyed with his cock.

He said, "You had fun, today?"

"Sort of." How could I tell him the explosion of confusing emotions that had gone through my head? It would take days.

"What's wrong?"

I don't know if I can answer that yet. "Been doing a lot of thinking."

"About?"

I searched my mind for anything to say. "Are you sure you want to watch Damien with me?"

His cock hardened rapidly. "Yes, very much."

I moved the covers down to see his erection. I stroked it slowly. "Damien was telling me about how he liked watching Matt with his wife."

"Yeah?" His cock twitched.

Did it twitch for Penny? Or for the situation? Damien's words echoed in my head. "Would you really want to see his cock up inside me?"

"Damien's, yes. Not whoever the Matt-guy is."

"That's what I meant."

He was breathing heavy. "I would very much want to see that."

I remembered Damien talking about his most treasured memory. "Would you like to see Damien's balls tighten as he's deep in me?"

Mick panted.

I leaned close, whispering, "Would you like to see his shaft pulse as he shoots his cum all the way up in your wife's pussy?"

My husband's cock flexed and shot out jet after jet of cum. He groaned in shock,

panting as his sperm shot everywhere.

I squealed in surprise, not expecting him to cum so fast and so suddenly.

His eyes were wide, glazed and shocked. He looked at the sperm he had shot and had landed on his chest. "Oh my gosh..."

I marveled at the amount and force of his explosions. "Wow..."

He started to chuckle.

"You really do want to see that, don't you?"

He tried to catch his breath. "More than you know."

~ ~ ~

Friday seemed like a day of doom. Damien and Mick expected us to get together. I knew Penny was going to put her foot down and kill it all.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want it to end.

I got a call from TR Commercial on my cell. That has to be Damien. I clicked. "Hello?"

His voice was subdued. "Hi."

I smiled. "What's going on?"

"Penny told me."

Panic flooded me in a rush. "Told you what?"

"Everything that's been going on between you two."

"I see."

"I've agreed with her that we can't continue."

Just like that. "But, I don't want to stop." I heard the pleading in my own voice.

"Karey, I really enjoy you, but my wife is my life. Just like Mick is yours. I can't allow Penny to be hurt."

"But..." My voice broke.

"I respect my wife. I'm sorry."

I tried to breathe. I was throwing away his touch, his warmth, his passion – and shutting the door on my own. My voice was a harsh whisper. "If I convince him, can we continue?" I felt my legs shaking with fear.

The chair on the other end creaked. "I would like that, but we need to face this with the respect it deserves. We're all equal people in this, Karey."

"I know."

"Do you think you can convince him?"

My mind focused, finally, after two days of confusion. I had to convince Mick; it was only right. It was the only way I could continue seeing Damien and make everyone happy – my husband, Damien, and Penny. "I think so."

"Then I'll tell Penny to expect a call confirming." His words weren't harsh or demanding; they were filled with hope.

I clicked off from the call and stared at the phone. Damien wants to see his wife with Mick. Mick wants to see me with Damien. Four different people with four different desires and personalities. How could anything ever work out when there was so much to consider?

But I knew that if I convinced Mick, I would be satisfying not only Penny, but also the man I needed. I would also be satisfying my husband's desire to witness my passion with Damien.

The only question was, how was I going to be satisfied with this arrangement? I didn't know. All I knew is that I had to convince Mick – and I actually wanted to.

CHAPTER 12

I looked at Karey Mitchell in the bathroom mirror. My eyes were strained with the exhaustion of thoughts over two days. I have to convince Mick.

I came out of the master bathroom and climbed onto the bed. It was early evening.

Mick was looking through some work reports and commercial listings.

"Mick, dear..."

He looked up and removed his reading glasses. "Hmm?"

"We need to talk." I wasn't sure I could go through with this, but I had to – and I had to approach it with him just right.

He put aside his materials on the night table and laid his reading glasses on them. "Of course. What is it?"

"They're supposed to come over tomorrow..."

"Yes?" He grinned. I could tell he was looking forward to it.

That drove me on with determination. I spoke a little faster, wanting to get it out before I chickened out. "I need you to do something. For me."

"What is it?"

"And for Damien."

He chuckled. "All right?"

"I... We...want you to be with Penny." It's out, it's out, it's out. I closed my eyes, waiting for an explosion in the cosmos that wiped out mankind. It didn't happen. I opened my eyes.

He was studying me. "Penny?"

"I know you weren't interested in her, but Damien really wants to see you with her."

He raised his eyebrows. "Well, I can understand that, but what about you? This seems a little odd for you—"

"I know, but I've been giving it a lot of thought." I had. What I couldn't tell him was that if he didn't do things with Penny then it was all over. He might dig in his heels and agree that maybe things shouldn't happen at all. "I definitely want to see you with her." I tried not to tighten my mouth at the phony admission.

"Are you serious?"

Yes, because that's the only way things can continue. "Yes, please."

He was studying my face.

Nervous he might see my duplicity, I told the partial truth. "It would make me really happy, and Damien, too." It would only make me happy because I would then be able to continue seeing Damien.

"And Penny, too, I'm sure." His words were dry.

I touched his arm, wanting to hold on and not let go to what tomorrow could hold. "She was impressed by you and wants to share with you what Damien and I share. He wants to see his wife happy and thinks you're the right man."

He pursed his lips. "I..."

"Please say yes." Please don't, but please do, or this all falls apart.

He sighed and nodded. "If it will really make you happy."

A twist of emotions flickered through me, digging deep into I don't know where. Worry about handing him over to Penny was in there. Would he want her and leave me? Would he forever compare me to her and realize I was nothing? But also in there was the trace of hope that I could continue seeing Damien.

My pussy clenched at the thought, wanting and needing more of what the man could offer to my already happy marriage. Was it so bad that I loved my husband and found a way to experience a different kind of passion?

I kissed him with quivering lips.

He was immediately suspicious. "Are you sure about this?"

I decided on a little bit of truth. "Yes, very sure. It's just new to me – this fantasy of seeing you with her. I hope I can handle it."

"Maybe we shouldn't—"

"No, please. Do this for me. And him and her." I tried to laugh. "You know me; all this is so different to me. Uncharted territory and all that. I'm just nervous."

He nodded, searching my eyes.

Please don't find anything in whatever you see. Just say yes.

"Yes, I can imagine it's hard for you: quite a change in perspective in just a week. For that matter, for me, too. Though it's been really fun." His grin was suggestive.

I giggled, though much of it was due to feeling as if one bullet was dodged only to face the next. Can I win out of this? Is it even possible? Or are we all losers because I won't be able to handle it?

~ ~ ~

I rang Penny in the kitchen.

"Hello?" Her voice was unsure.

That's how I feel, Penny. "Hi."

"Karey?"

"Yes."

"I'm surprised you called."

"So am I."

Her voice dropped, at once sympathetic and caring. "What's on your mind?"

I felt bad; I knew she liked me. Through it all, she had just wanted to be treated the same as me. "I'm really sorry for everything."

"Uh oh, is this a kiss-off call?" Her tone sounded wary.

I gasped. "No, no. No, it's not. I just wanted to apologize. But we'll welcome you here tomorrow..."

"You will?" She sounded as if she didn't believe it.

"We will. I just don't know how I'll handle..." I laughed nervously. I didn't think I could do it, but I had to try.

Penny was quiet for a moment. "I understand. If there's anything I or Damien can do to help..."

Yeah, sure. Give up claims on my husband. "I want to move ahead with this." I used the term heard so often at hospital planning meetings. Could I do it? Could I let her have my husband so I could keep seeing Damien? Was it worth it? Would it be afterwards? Or would everything be ruined? I was shaking, holding the phone. "I want to do this. For all of us."

"I hear a lot of courage on your end, Karey." Her words were soft. "I admire you greatly for that."

Easy for you to say! "I feel scared."

"Of course you do; any normal woman would be. Don't be ashamed. Have you talked to anyone about this? Asked for guidance?"

"Yes, actually. My best friend, Crystal. She was at the Halloween party."

Penny's breath caught in thought. "I'm not sure I remember..."

"Dirty blonde, dressed as a witch?"

She laughed. "There were a few witches there, sorry."

"Anyway, I talked to her."

"What did she have to say?"

"That I was being a prude."

"That's quite harsh...considering."

I laughed nervously. "Well, that's Crystal. Sarcastic and abrupt."

"Did she offer anything constructive?"

"Not really, she had to go."

Penny was quiet.

I said, "Well, just wanted to let you know we're on for tomorrow."

She breathed into the phone as if it were close to her mouth. "Whether you think so or not right now, you're doing the right thing."

My voice was a quaver. "I hope so."

I heard the smile in her voice. "Karey, I think you and I are going to be great friends."

CHAPTER 13

Saturday was a day of total dread for me. I regretted making the call. It would be easier to walk away. No, I couldn't walk away. I wanted Damien on me and in me almost as much as I needed my husband. I could no more walk away from Damien than I could my wonderful husband. But I wanted to.

I entertained thoughts of fleeing. I imagined myself a hermit in a lighthouse, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and wearing a wispy dress while painting sunsets. That's what liberated women do in the movies to nasal female singing. I could do that. But there were no lighthouses in our state.

I thought about running and becoming a hooker. Sex for cash, baby. No, that's not me.

I thought about joining a convent and having them shave off all my hair. Yuck, I don't want to look like Sinead O'Connor.

I paced. I fidgeted. I fixed my hair. I pouted in the mirror, blaming that person for all this bullshit. It's bullshit!

I wanted to scream. I wanted to cry. I wanted to find out how to work a chainsaw and terrorize old ladies at a bingo hall.

A week had passed since this all started. I fell a week ago. Yes, I'm a fallen woman. Obviously possessed by demons and no longer welcome in the church. God won't take me and the devil thinks I'm stupid.

Thoughts of Halloween brought me back, and I replayed the memories in my head. It had seemed so fun. So nasty. So heady. Had someone slipped me a date-rape drug or something? But wouldn't I have passed out?

Mick thought he was cute, watching me pace and giving me eyebrows. I frowned at him a couple times to get him to stop, but he just smirked.

He knows me.

But at least he didn't call the whole thing off.

We waited for the Parkers to arrive.

I shook the entire time. It was two in the afternoon and I was already exhausted. I knew if I looked in the mirror, I would see Bloody Mary – all bloodshot eyes and pasty-white face, fangs hanging down.

Mick hugged me several times. It helped.

Maybe if he squeezes me until I'm bruised, it will make it all go away.

Their arrival felt like weights on my shoulders. I watched them through the privacy of the drapes. Each step they took to the front door increased the lightheaded feeling and the weight of the ages. I thought I was going to pass out when Damien rang the doorbell.

Why did you ring the bell? You're supposed to knock, don't you know?

Mick answered the door. He smiled at both of them and invited them in.

Damien looked at me curiously. "Are you feeling all right? You're really pale."

Mick grunted next to me. "I think she's nervous."

Duh! "Um, I think I might have some orange juice."

Damien chuckled. "I could make a drink for you if you want to settle your nerves a little better."

My eyes lit up in hope. "Screwdriver?"

He nodded with a happy smile. "Show me your kitchen, Karey."

~ ~ ~

My head was sort of spinning. I took my first sip and then took a longer pull on the drink.

Damien tilted his head at me. "Nervous, hmm?"

I nodded.

"There's no need to be."

Easy for you to say. I said nothing.

"It's not as hard as you think. Fear gets in the way of reality, but when reality occurs, those fears vanish. We build up expectations and believe they're real."

Don't you understand? When my husband puts it in Penny, the world will crack open, explode and I'll be responsible for the deaths of a billion starving African children.

He gave me a sexy eyebrow. "Try to relax."

I took another gulp. I felt the beginnings of a buzz – probably because I hadn't eaten all day. "I'll try."

He shook his head slowly. "I've been through this."

You're not a woman!

"I know what happens and what emotions run through your mind. There's one really big thing you need to know."

"What?"

"You need to do this with your husband, together. As far as you doing me and him doing Penny. You need to do this as a couple. Do it separate and that's when things go sour."

"Mick was happy before—"

"He was happy in one way, but I'll tell you he was crushed in another. He's your love and you did me without him being there. It would eventually eat on him to the point that his happiness goes away and all that's left is bitterness."

I risked that with my husband?

"Let's go see how they're getting along."

I dreaded it. Would Mick be out there, humping Penny in a passionate loss of everything I held dear?

I followed him out.

Penny and Mick were sitting on the couch, not even touching – as if two friends sitting near and just talking.

Damien nodded to my husband. "Karey's a bit nervous."

Mick said, "Yep, noticed. Tried to settle her..."

Damien waited a second, then said, "The big issue here that needs to be addressed is her fear of seeing you with Penny. We need to get that out of the way."

Penny looked at me shyly. "I'm not going to hurt him."

I laughed inside. No it's not that.

Damien said, "Why don't we all go to the bedroom. I think I can guide Karey through this."

Mick sounded relieved. "Good; I don't have any kind of experience doing this kind of thing."

"It'll come natural; don't worry."

We headed to the master bedroom.

I felt every step as if taken on a floor of Jello.

CHAPTER 14

Damien kissed my cheek. "I'm going to guide you through this. It'll be easy."

You're not a woman! "Okay."

"Penny? Undress. Mick, you, too."

My husband chuckled nervously, a slight blush rising in his features.

I watched them remove their clothes. That didn't bother me. I waited for the touch that would blow up the whole world. Not even Tom Cruise, daring as an agent, could save the world in time.

My husband stood naked.

Damien said to me, "Take your husband's cock and stroke it. Remember what Penny did to me when you came over Tuesday?"

"Yes."

"That's what you're going to do to him. Go on." He also began undressing.

I stood beside my husband and began stroking his dick. It was limp with embarrassment.

Penny stood before us, at the corner of the bed, naked. Her lips were pursed, trying to suppress a shy smile. Her hands were clasped in front of her and she twined her fingers around for something to do. She did not appear nervous.

So far, so good. But the explosion is coming. I bet Chuck Norris would hijack a rocket and blast off the planet before it blows. He knows when the situation is hopeless. I didn't have a problem seeing her naked; I had seen her pussy already on Tuesday.

Damien said, "Mick, do you think my wife is pretty?"

"Absolutely."

"Does she have a pretty pussy?"

I knew then that Damien was standing in for me. Penny had asked him those questions before he had done me.

My husband nodded. "Yes, very pretty."

Okay, I get it. I can do this part. "Does she look sexy?"

He looked at me and smiled. "Yes she does."

I took a deep breath and whispered to him, "Are you going to fuck her for me? For Damien?"

"Yes, if that's what you want." His dick began hardening.

I stroked him, feeling it fill and harden. It felt like a fuse on the end of the world. Sorry, Tom, sorry, Chuck, but I gotta blow up the world.

Damien said, "Nice tool you got there."

It sounded odd to me to have another man comment on my husband's cock. But it also made me feel proud. "Yes, it is nice, isn't it?"

Mick chuckled. "Uh, thanks?"

Damien was grinning. "I think my wife will like it." He nodded. "It meets my approval."

Mick shook his head. "Well, that's great. Can we sign the deal then? Distribute copies?"

I raised an eyebrow. Some commercial brokerage jargon between professionals? Why don't men ever take things seriously?

Damien laughed. "I wouldn't let just any dick near her."

My husband nodded thoughtfully. "I guess I should be flattered."

"Yes, you should." He sounded very certain.

Penny was watching my stroking with interest. She looked up into my eyes.
"Can I touch it? Karey?"

Might as well get the explosion over with. This is the end... "Okay."

She stepped forward the couple of feet and gently took my husband's cock in her hand.

I was holding my breath, shoulders tense, waiting for everything to shatter.

It didn't. Her hand gripped him and stroked a little. There was a smile on her face and I was at a loss as to where the explosion went. Okay, maybe touching is just touching. But that fuse has to be really short... Any minute now. At least I knew I could handle touching.

Damien said, "Touch her, Mick. I want to see your fingers touching my wife's pussy." Then he looked at me. "Undress, Karey."

My husband reached his hand forward.

This is it! I held my breath again. I began removing my clothing.

His fingers moved down through her trimmed red hair and was rubbing into her lips.

I exhaled quietly. It looked so...unthreatening. All right, touching isn't so bad... I felt a slow twist within me, revealing that hollow ache. I'm getting turned on by this? Can't be. It has to be worry. But I felt my breathing quicken with a sensation of thrill. I said to my husband, "Does she feel nice?"

"Yes, very wet."

I glanced at Penny. You better be wet for my husband; he's the best. I added my hand to his shaft below hers, wanting to stroke him. Our hands touched and she looked at me with a smile. Stroke him right or I'll yank all that red hair out of your head.

She was stroking him very lightly, though. I was satisfied.

Damien said, "We might want to make this first time a little straightforward. Less play? It will make it easier on all of us."

My husband nodded. "Okay, what do you want us to do?"

"Lay her back on the bed and fuck her."

Mick looked shocked. "No play? Just fuck?"

"Trust me, it will be easiest. There's always time for more later. Or another day."

"Well, all right..." He gently pushed Penny back to the bed.

She had a sly smile on her face and went with it, sitting and then scooting back on our bed – the bed in which I and my husband made love.

Damien came around and guided me to the edge of the bed.

I felt the doom falling, coming fast.

Mick climbed over a welcoming Penny.

Damien leaned to me and placed his lips against my temple.

Don't do that! Not now, the world is about to totally explode.

He took my hand and put it on his erection. Then his fingers found my pussy. He whispered, "I want to see your husband's fine cock in my wife."

I don't know why, but his whisper sent a thrill through me similar to what I felt when he had first speared me with his cock on Halloween.

I melted at the feel of his hot breath at my temple. Did my husband tell you that was my weak spot? Damien's fingers curled up, entering my pussy.

But my eyes were on my husband. His erection was pointing at the red-haired hole of doom.

I began panting, tensing, quivering. I closed my eyes; I couldn't watch.

Penny sighed.

Damien breathed raggedly beside me, his fingers working magic in my pussy. He whispered, "Oh yes..."

I opened my eyes; I couldn't help it. I was ready for the end.

Mick moved between Penny's legs, his hips working slowly. She was looking up at him, smiling.

I saw glimpses of his shaft as it came out, the tip inside her. It looked so normal and natural that I was left speechless.

Damien whispered, "Don't they look beautiful?"

I have to admit, they did. The pounding of my heart wasn't with panic, but with excitement. I felt that thrill again and a deepening twist of my lust. My husband's familiar butt rose and fell between her pretty legs. Just as when Damien had slid into me, I felt a sense of rightness.

He was very hard in my hand. I said, "Do you like this?"

He was grinning, a light in his eyes that was sexy and hungry. "Yes."

"Do you like my husband fucking your wife?"

"Very much."

"Does his cock look good in her?"

It was Damien's turn to quiver. "Yes."

Mick began thrusting harder, but not fast.

Damien said to his wife, "Does he feel good, Penny?"

She laughed delightedly. "Better than I imagined. His cock is beautiful."

I saw her wedding ring sliding along my husband's back and it brought back memories of mine on Damien's skin. Yes, it was very right. In fact, it was perfect. Had I really thought the world was going to explode? Now I felt really, really stupid.

Mick was panting quietly, a little less like his normal self. Maybe he was a little self-conscious with an audience.

I stepped forward and touched the small of his back. His skin, so familiar and moving in the act of fucking, connected me to him and her both. I said in a voice shaking not with fear but a gnawing lust, "Fuck her, Mick. Fuck her hard." I was as surprised by my own words as if the world had indeed exploded.

I was quivering as much as Damien. I wanted my husband to fuck Penny – good and hard. Her moans and gasps were perfect music driving me breathless with desire. My voice was more certain. "Give it to her deep and hard, my love. Don't pull out."

Damien groaned next to me and removed my hand from his shaft. He chuckled. "You'll make me cum saying those things. I want to be inside you for that."

Mick finally felt confident enough that I began hearing his normal grunts and moans.

I smiled with satisfaction. Yes, that's my husband. I hope he's everything you wanted, Penny.

She lifted her knees like I do when I was with her husband. She began moaning louder and I could hear the building tension in her sounds. Her hands clawed his back like I clawed Damien's. Yes, perfect.

Her orgasm surprised everyone, but with my surprise I felt was a strong sense of satisfaction. He made you cum without direct clitoral stimulation. He's good, isn't he? I smiled wide with pride.

Damien was grinning, too.

Mick sped his thrusts, glancing at us with glazed eyes.

Damien said, "Do you like her?"

My husband panted. "She feels great."

"You want to fuck her again? You can."

Mick groaned.

I felt a lurch within me and my eyes widened in surprise. An orgasm had tried to sneak up on me.

My husband rammed his cock into her pussy until the bed creaked. I loved the familiar sounds – when my husband made love to me and Halloween night when Damien had taken me on our bed.

Damien moved around to look at them from their feet. He was stroking his cock watching my husband's cock sliding in and out of his wife's pussy.

My husband is sexy, isn't he? I felt a euphoria in place of the fear I had so long expected. I wanted Damien to enjoy his wife being fucked by my husband. It would make the connection complete.

When Mick came, clenching up and pushing as deep as he could, I felt nothing but normal. His butt clenched over and over as he drained his balls into Damien's wife.

Damien was stroking fast, his eyes wide and loving it.

His wife was clawing my husband's back, moaning dreamily.

I wanted to laugh with relief. The world hadn't exploded and a billion African children had not died.

Mick leaned down and kissed Penny.

I saw nothing in the gesture that had irked me like her vamping on him last week. It was the perfect ending.

EPILOGUE

I happily took Damien's cock into my pussy. He slid into me while my husband gasped breathlessly. I thought my poor, dear husband was going to pass out.

Penny was beside him, fondling his growing erection as Damien and I took our turn. Thank you, Penny. You're doing wonderful. We had switched positions, trading with them to take our turn.

Damien had been great before, but this was something I had been missing. With my husband looking on with very much approval, I felt as if the circle was complete. The connection was made.

Damien's cock filled and stretched my pussy while my husband's erection was stroked by Penny. The look on my Mick's face was priceless. How could I have ever thought to do this without him? We were married; all of this had to be done together.

I clasped my arms around Damien's neck and lifted my legs. "Fuck me good and deep, lover. Show my husband how we do it."

He growled down at me and began ramming me silly. I floated on waves of delirious pleasure, feeling the awesome filling sensation and satisfaction of that deep ache and need.

Damien leaned up at some point, holding my ankles out and wide as he plowed my pussy. A mouth met mine and I opened my eyes.

Mick was kissing me, his tongue a passionate lover to my mouth. My wonderful husband kissed me deep as Damien's cock slid in and out of me. His expression was joyous. "I love you."

I panted, being driven on the bed by Damien's thrusts. "I love you, too." I touched his face.

Penny was behind him, scratching his back and smiling at me with happiness.

Damien was gasping. "You ready, Mick? I'm going to cum in your wife."

My husband laughed with lust. "Do it." He moved behind to watch from our feet.

Damien leaned over me and began hammering me, sending me up and floating out over white vistas of pleasure. His cock pushed in all the way and began spurting his seed deep inside my pussy.

I moaned happily, dreamily, just as Penny had.

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We became very close friends to Penny and Damien. By the time we threw the Christmas party, Penny had cut off her relationship with Matt.

I was surprised by the development, but pleased. I wanted things to be a close circle just between us.

My best friend, Crystal, could not believe the change in me. Struggling with her own desires to continue seeing her construction-guy, Jim, she called me looking for advice on how to involve Derek. I found the situation hilarious, as I was always the one seeking advice from her.

It started on Halloween. Embracing my femininity, I had embarked on a journey I had previously thought wrong. It wasn't wrong; it was in fact exactly what should have happened.

I became a Halloween hotwife, with my husband's approval, and I loved it.

Thank you for reading I Was a Halloween Hotwife. As you can see, I don't have a "street-posse" giving me a dozen 5-stars the same hour of release. Reviews are greatly appreciated!