



It's Not Cheating

Caran Mithras

IT'S NOT CHEATING

By

Laran Mithras

Cover Photo by www.Shutterstock.com

It's Not Cheating is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2015 - All Rights Reserved

It's not cheating if there's no penetration.

~ A very wise woman

CHAPTER 1

I looked into my husband's office. He was sitting in his chair stroking his cock.

Derek grinned lasciviously at me. "Wanna watch with me?"

I quirked my mouth to the side. He was watching some cheating video. Some woman getting fucked and blowing some other guy. It was disgusting. He always watched them.

I coughed. "No." *No way am I going to sit there and watch some woman cheating.*

"Come on, Elizabeth; you'll like it."

"Will not. I'm going in to the office for a couple hours." It was Saturday. The regional manager for our insurance division would be snooping around for a week starting Monday. I needed to get some things done before then.

"Got some hot guy you're boning I don't know about?" His hand moved faster on his shaft.

I felt the heat rise up in my face. "No. Never, and you know it." The idea made me angry. I had watched far too many Lifetime movies to think that cheating led to anything but total ruin.

Oh, I knew better. Some men, including my husband had nasty fantasies of these so-called open marriages. It was just a way to get the wife involved so the husband could fuck some young big-titted blonde. No way was I going to open that kind of door. Movie after movie showed it always ruined everything.

I loved my husband. He was a good-looking man with silver just starting at his temples. He sold auto insurance. I bundled life insurance policies for a several chains. Occasionally, I would smile to see one of

Derek's policies in a list on my desk. He wasn't big on life insurance, but sold it if the customer wanted it.

He said, "You can bone some guy. Just bring me pictures."

"No!" He was making me angry.

"You should try it sometime. You'd have fun."

"It's not happening and stop pushing it."

He heard the heat in my voice. He got up and came to me, his nice cock hanging half-limp. "I'm sorry. Guess I got worked up. I know it bugs you." He kissed me lightly on the lips. "Sorry."

I tried to let off the pressure with a slow breath. It came out shaking still with anger. *I can't talk to him right now; I need to settle down.*

He smiled and touched my hair. "You're beautiful; I love you."

I calmed almost instantly. His touch could do that. I was as tall as he was, with what men said were legs that went all the way up. Unfortunately, I was almost flat-chested. Very little was there and was beginning to show the beginnings of deflation due to age. I had always wanted big tits that men would slobber over, though my bigger-titted friends always rolled their eyes when some guy slobbered over them.

I said, "All right. I'm okay."

He twirled a few strands of my dark hair and pulled his fingers through.

I love it when he does that. "I need to go. Maybe you can do that later."

He pecked me again on the lips and winked. "I'll just be here... playing."

I rolled my eyes and left.

~ ~ ~

I was serious about the no cheating thing. No man other than my husband would ever stick his cock in me. I just wasn't built that way. I'm not a prude - I like to have fun. I like hugs. Even from men not my husband - as long as they were handsome. I hated slimy guys trying to mash on me. *Yuck.*

I was a big fan of Lifetime Television. I knew many of those older actresses made these movies to send the message loud and clear: cheating equaled the complete ruin of a marriage. Always.

The only time cheating was allowed was when the woman chose to do it because her husband was abusive. Those were okay. I had watched many

movies like that where the woman found herself in the arms of another man with swelling music and blaring saxophones. Those were hot. But only when the husband was abusive. I learned by watching. Those were true stories.

Only ruin came from cheating on a husband when they were happy. But the cheating was okay when the husband was abusive. Then it led to happiness – even if the other man was married. I had shed many a tear cheering for lonely wives in bed with a man, married or not, who could make them happy.

On the other side of the coin, it was always cheating, no matter what and under any circumstance, when the husband had another woman. Always. There were never exceptions. The husband was the weak link in all marriages. A cheating husband was a scourge on the marriage – a fire that destroyed utterly. No husband should ever have an excuse to cheat because women were never abusive.

That's the way it was.

I drove to work.

~ ~ ~

I unlocked and went in, punching in the alarm code. It beeped and blinked. Then I re-engaged it.

I was startled by a voice. "You, too, huh?"

I jumped and squawked in an unflattering way. I held my hand to my blouse and blinked rapidly.

It was Ben Branton, one of the other directors. Most of us were directors. Ben was a ruggedly handsome man who mountain-biked on the weekends. His smoky eyes caused many women in the office to gulp and tremble. His fiancé was a big-titted blonde. He paid no attention to the other women, but he was very friendly with me.

I liked him. "Oh, hi. Thought I'd be alone."

He smiled and raised a cup. "I made coffee. Guess we both had Evelyn on our minds."

Evelyn was the regional manager. She would be poking her nose into everything. Missing signatures or incorrectly filled out forms went onto our employee records. The rotten woman very much enjoyed finding errors.

She relished recording the black marks on our records. Most everyone wished she would die.

I relaxed and said, "Sure, I'll take a cup."

I went into the records room. We kept hard files on everything. The computer was convenient, but not secure like hard files. I pulled open the unusually light bundles drawer.

Ben came in and handed me a cup. His eyes twinkled at me. "We were thinking the same. The bundles is where she always gets us. I have the files in the cafeteria."

"Oh."

"Come on, you can help."

I smiled. "It'll go faster."

He nodded, leading me out. "Mm hmm."

We sat for four hours, talking rarely. I checked through an enormous stack of files he had pushed my way. He had a bigger stack by him. We burned through the pot of coffee and I made another.

He raised his cup I had handed him. "Your coffee always tastes the best."

I smiled and rolled my eyes. "It's just coffee."

He gently kicked me under the table. "Don't argue with me."

I coughed, smiling. "Bossy, aren't you?" I kicked him back.

He kicked again. It was just a tap, playful and teasing. "Yes, when you won't take a compliment."

"Why bother to compliment me? I've seen your fiancé."

He smiled wider. "Pretty, huh?"

I couldn't resist a glance down at my flat chest. "Uh... yeah."

He frowned slightly, concern crossing his face. "I didn't mean you weren't pretty." He kicked me again.

I coughed and slid off my shoe. I kicked him hard. "Oh come on. She's very... built for you."

He made a face.

I felt his socked-foot kick me.

He said, "I'm not attracted to her... you know."

I smiled wickedly. "Know what? Her what?" I kicked again.

He blushed. Suddenly we were fighting under the table with wrestling feet. He said, "Her breasts."

I pretended not to hear. I was trying to gain the upper hand in the footsies war. "What? Her brains?"

He leaned across and launched a finger into the front of my armpit. "Her boobs!"

I squeaked and clenched together. "That's not fair."

He looked confused. "What, her boobs?"

I laughed. "No, you goon, tickling me."

He reached across and got my other side.

I squawked like an angry bird and slapped at his hands. I got up. "Oh my gosh, I need a bathroom break."

He chuckled. "Me too. Too much coffee."

When I came out, he was waiting, a serious look on his face. "I really didn't mean to suggest I'm engaged to Cheryl because she has big boobs and that you don't have them."

"Huh? I'm married anyway. I'm not available."

He shook his head and wiped his eyes. "Uh, that came out wrong."

I leaned against the wall – he was blocking the hallway. *Want to talk? Go ahead.*

"I mean that I'm engaged to her for other reasons. I don't look at you and think your breasts aren't big enough for my tastes."

I smiled. "Get out. You're just saying that." But if he was, then why?

"I find you very attractive, Elizabeth. If you weren't married, I think I'd be after you."

I shook my head in confusion. "But I'm not like Cheryl."

He glanced down at my blouse. "Like I said, I'm not engaged to her because of her boobs. I think what you have is beautiful."

I clutched an arm over my small breasts. "You've never seen them."

He smiled. "My loss."

"Oh, stop that."

"I'm serious."

My pulse raced. I felt flattered and shocked. "Well, that's a nice thing to say."

"You're the prettiest gal in the office, by far."

I coughed, the flattered feeling vanishing in an instant. "Oh, sure. With Hotty Totty Tina running around flaunting herself—"

"I don't like her. Her personality sucks and that makes anything she has sour. Yuck."

I giggled. Tina was a stuffy bitch who thought she was God's most holy gift to the entire world. "You really think I'm pretty?"

A curled finger came up and touched my chin, lifting it slightly. He was two inches taller than me. "Very."

My heart thumped. *Is he really flirting with me? How fun!*

"Can I kiss you?" A blush was reddening his face.

I could tell it took a lot to ask that. I blushed myself. I found myself smiling nervously. *Kiss Ben Branton? Wow. Like, yes!* "Um, okay."

His lips met mine in a light touch. He leaned close and I could feel the heat coming off his muscled body. His tongue reached out and flicked across my quivering lips. I opened my mouth and met his tongue with mine.

His smell, that soapy-clean aroma with a hint of leather flowed into my nose. I melted against the wall, feeling the wonder of our wet and warm tongues slowly wrestling. It was heaven.

He broke the kiss to my disappointment. *You could've kissed me longer.*

We went back to the cafeteria and settled down to some more work. But tension hung in the air between us. I caught him glancing at me often.

His voice startled me in the silence of shuffling papers. "Thank you. That was nice."

I almost jumped in my seat. I was wide-eyed. "Huh? Oh." I licked my lips in thought. "Yes, it was."

He leaned forward a little, playing with his pen. "You know, I've never cheated on my fiancé."

My eyes flashed. "And you won't."

"I won't?"

"No."

"But we just shared a hot kiss—"

I gave him an eyebrow. "That's not cheating."

"No, I didn't think it was." He settled back a little in his chair, confused. "It isn't cheating if I'm not married?"

I shook my head. "No, no. It's not cheating because there was no sex."

"That wasn't sex?"

I giggled and kicked him under the table. "Of course not. Sex is penetration."

He looked even more confused, but he nodded. He bunched up his eyebrows. "So I can kiss you again?"

My pulse began racing again. "Well, if you ask nicely." I toyed with my pen.

His features brightened. "Like, right now?"

I leaned back and laughed.

He kicked me.

I kicked back. "We're supposed to be working."

"Just a little kiss." He reached across and poked me.

I slapped at him, squealing. "Stop that."

"Come on. One kiss wasn't enough."

His fingers darted in. My hands were a blur slapping them. "Maybe later." Heat was flooding me at the promise of another kiss. Ben was drop-dead gorgeous.

He rose and stood beside me, trying to grab me. "Just a small kiss to carry us through. And then a goodbye kiss would be nice, too."

I was trying to twist away, giggling uncontrollably. "All right. Stop! One kiss. But then we work."

He was grinning with a triumphant smile. He pulled me up and into his arms.

Oh wow, he's strong. I melted into his arms as his mouth found mine. Our kiss was so hot I sagged against him and moaned. I felt his strong body pressed against mine, or was it mine hanging on his? I felt his entire physique, including a very noticeable lump in his pants. *Did I do that?*

He kissed me deeply and I kissed back as hard as I could. *Oh, Ben, you could kiss me forever.*

His hand came up my back and cradled my head. His tongue moved in my mouth sensuously.

I moaned louder, kissing deeper. I felt my body press against him harder with a mind of its own. Then I felt him shift his hips, pressing his hard crotch into mine. *Oh, baby. I'm going to want more of these kisses, for sure.*

He wriggled his crotch against mine. I pressed back, putting pressure on my clit through my slacks. It felt delicious. *This is where there should be saxophones, but... Derek isn't abusive. Still, this is wonderful.*

He finally broke the kiss.

I gasped for breath and moaned low in loss.

He smiled, still holding me tight and close. "I'm going to look forward to the goodbye kiss."

I didn't want him to think I was looking forward to it. "Um, okay."

He released me and I sank into the chair. "You okay?"

I nodded, my mouth open in a pant.

"I wouldn't want you to feel like you're cheating on your husband."

I laughed and shook my head. "Cheating? No. It was just a kiss. Kisses and hugs aren't cheating."

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way."

I snorted. "I know what cheating is."

"Would your husband agree with you?"

"Derek? Oh gosh, he'd think me kissing you was great."

"What? Really?"

"Yeah, he thinks I'm a prude."

There was a glint in his eye I couldn't decipher. "What?"

He shook his head as if chasing away a vision. "Nothing, just looking forward to the next kiss."

I giggled. "Stop it. We have work to do."

CHAPTER 2

I kissed Ben hungrily at the front door. He had me pressed up against the wall. I felt his hard body touching mine all the way down. Our mouths moved in a sensual dance of heat and passion.

He ground his hips into me as our mouths worked with even more desperation than before. His hardened crotch pressed mine.

I wiggled my hips and then raised one leg to encircle the back of his left thigh. I pulled in and found the position surprising: his hard bulge rubbed better against my clit. I was feverish. *This feels way too good. Why did all this time pass working together when he could've been kissing me?* I ground my clit against him with need. *I love a good kiss.*

His hands came up from around me and cupped my cheeks and jaw, pulling my face in.

I moaned with pleasure.

He groaned back. His hands slid down over my shoulders and then down to my breasts.

I broke the kiss in shock. "Uh..."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought that wouldn't be cheating."

"Oh..." I was panting. "No, it's not. I guess it was just unexpected." I laughed nervously. *He really wants to touch my small chest?*

He kissed me again, lightly bringing his hands back to my chest.

I arched my back, offering them to him. His hands rubbed over my blouse, but it still felt nice. What a nice kiss...

His hand shook with excitement on my chest. I felt my nipples harden almost painfully. I was amazed at myself and at him; we had never done

much more than smile. He had hugged me at each of the last two Christmas parties, but I hadn't thought much of it. The hugs were nice; that was all.

But now? I could get used to this. A nice kiss between friends would be a great way to liven up the workweek. I looked forward to my new-found friendly kissing.

I realized I was panting. My hands were all over his back. I was kneading his muscles with desire. I wanted to get my hands on him if we were going to be kissing.

I thrilled to the idea there would be more. It was so nice to find a friend with which I could share these kinds of niceties. *Kissing is so fun!*

I felt him trembling, his body pressed so fully against mine that I felt his weight and need. I hoped he realized that kissing and maybe a little touching was all I could ever do. Would he be controllable? I hoped so; sometimes men lost control.

I resolved to take control as much as possible. I broke the kiss and gently pushed him away. "Okay, okay..." I panted to catch my breath. "That was nice, but maybe I should go."

He looked disappointed, but then a warm smile spread on his handsome face. "See you tomorrow?"

Tomorrow was Sunday. There were still some files to go through. "Yes, I think so. Need to be ready for Evelyn Error-face."

He chuckled. "More work, less kissing tomorrow. I promise."

For some reason, while it made me feel better, it also disappointed me.

~ ~ ~

"Oh, fuck yes, Elizabeth." Derek panted as I rode him.

I liked being on top more often than not. I rode him with love.

He said, "I showed a picture of you to Dieter."

"Dieter? Who's that?"

"The new agent I hired in."

"Why'd you show him my picture?" I stopped moving.

He rolled his eyes. "Because it's on my desk."

I started moving again. "Oh. So?"

"He said you were beautiful."

I made a face at him.

He chuckled. "He's a handsome German guy. Good English but heavy accent."

"So?"

"He seemed really impressed."

I sighed.

He made a face. "You know, I think if another man looked at you, you'd explode."

"I don't want some nasty-ass threesome with you and some buddy of yours. I don't cheat."

"No, you don't. You'd probably buck and spin your head around like Linda Blair in the Exorcist if a man ever touched you."

I coughed. "That's not true. I like hugs."

"Barely."

"No, I do. I hugged Ben today."

His eyes lit up. "Oh yeah?"

I felt him thrusting beneath me. I said, "Yes. We even kissed."

"Get out."

"We did."

"You? You're a total prude."

"I am not. I'm just not going to cheat. Period. Get over it."

"So you kissed him?"

"Yes, a couple times."

"Wow, didn't think you had it in you."

"Oh come on. You know I'm fine with hugs and kisses."

"Yeah, I noticed. So it was hot?"

"Hot?"

"Yeah, did the kissing get you excited?" He was grinning at me hopefully.

I rolled my eyes. "It was just a kiss. I told him what I thought of cheating."

He nodded like he had heard it before. "Ah well, nice to see you loosen up a little."

I moved up and down his cock. "This is the only sex I'm going to have. Nail down those dumb fantasies of yours."

"Well, it's not cheating if you don't penetrate."

"So? And?" I suspected he would try to maneuver me into cheating with one of his friends. He never quit.

"So wear a skirt, ditch the panties and sit on his lap for me."

I coughed. "Derek..."

"What?"

"Come on, now. I'm not going to be some brazen hussy."

"No, just a beautiful prude."

I coughed louder. "I'm not a prude! I let him kiss me today. I even let him touch my blouse." I was turning red with embarrassment.

I felt his cock flex in me. "You did?"

I nodded quickly. "Maybe I shouldn't have."

His eyes went comically wide. "Oh my gawd, someone touched your blouse. Call 911 and get the divorce attorneys rolling. National disaster, news at eleven."

I laughed. "Stop it."

"Maybe you need to burn the blouse to get rid of the cheating-germs all over it."

I shook with laughter. "I'm not like that."

He murmured, "The hell you aren't."

"Look, I know what cheating leads to: it destroys everything. I love you and I'm not going to destroy our marriage."

"Cheating is when you do it behind my back."

"No, we've been over this before. It's all cheating. If there's penetration, it's over."

"So, that means blowjobs are okay?"

I collapsed on him in futility. "I give up."

"You do? So you'll meet Dieter?"

I groaned, then laughed. "Derek, you dick."

~ ~ ~

I was out of the shower Sunday morning.

Derek came into the bedroom. "Breakfast at The Egg Basket?"

"Ah, sorry. Going into work again for a few hours. Still have some files to get through." I selected some slacks.

"Is Ben going to be there?"

"Yes." I considered the color.

"Wear a skirt."

I rolled my eyes at him.

"Really. Be comfortable."

"I'm perfectly comfortable in slacks."

"Think you might get kissed again?"

I giggled. "Maybe."

He struck a slight pose and nodded. "Kissing for me was always nicer when the gal was wearing a skirt. Made me feel more manly."

I looked at him, considering his words. My head tilted and I studied his face. Was he being serious? Did it matter to men what a woman wore when they kissed? Maybe it was better if I wore something more womanly. Would it make Ben feel more manly? I shivered a little remembering his muscles.

I selected a skirt.

My husband smiled. "There you go. How about a shorter one?"

I glared. "Don't push it."

I went to the dresser and dug for nylons.

He threw up his hands. "Nylons are gross."

"What?"

"I'm serious. Yuck. Why wear a skirt at all?"

"You're supposed to in the office."

"I see plenty of office chicks not wearing nylons. It's nice. If you're going to wear nylons, you might as well don a full suit of prude-armor. No nylons is nice."

Would Ben think it was nice? I considered it and then stuffed the nylons back in the drawer.

"What blouse are you going to wear?"

I placed hands on hips. "Hey."

"What?"

"Who's dressing who, here?"

CHAPTER 3

I went to work dressed like a tart. Okay, maybe not, but I definitely would not wear a skirt to work on any normal day. I worried all the way to the door. I went inside.

Ben wasn't here and I felt disappointed. But I dismissed that immediately and went into the cafeteria. I made coffee. By the time I was ready to get to work, Ben walked in. I was sort of leaned over looking at the two stacks of files.

A smile lit his face and I saw his eyes drop down to my skirt. The smile widened.

Is that a good smile? Or is he laughing at me? "Hi."

His eyes came back up. "Hi. You look really nice in a skirt."

I blushed, feeling a sudden surge of embarrassment. *He likes it!* "Oh... well, thanks."

He poured himself a coffee and came to stand beside me. He blew out a breath. "So..."

Are you going to kiss me? It was fun yesterday... "Yeah, lotta work to get through."

He smiled, nodding and then leaned over and planted a small kiss on my lips. It was nice for a tiny kiss, but that's all it was. He said, "Well, let's get it done."

I pouted. I liked being kissed. *What's wrong that he gave me such a small peck? Is it the skirt? Darn you, Derek.* I sat.

We went through another cup of coffee before he shifted in his chair to get more comfortable. He grumbled, "These plastic chairs are so uncomfortable."

"Yes..." I felt as if my butt were bruised. "Think I'll get my office chair."

He jumped up. "Yeah, great idea."

We wheeled in our chairs. Nice and comfortable desk chairs made for sitting all day. Both of us sank into them with sighs.

I giggled.

He stretched his feet out and I heard his shoes clump to the floor.

I did the same to mine. Our feet touched as soon as I stretched my legs. "Oh, sorry."

He laughed. "That's all right. I guess these sit lower than the cafeteria chairs." He pulled at my feet with his and placed them around mine.

I smiled. His feet felt good bracketing mine. I went back to work. Shifting from one file to the next, I shifted my position. My feet moved and he moved his to let go. I said, "You're all right." I rubbed his foot with my right.

He smiled and used his other foot to rub mine.

I smiled back, feeling all warm and fuzzy inside.

We went back to work, but our feet moved every once in a while, stroking each other's in a slow playful rub.

I stretched near noon and groaned.

He said, "Hungry?"

I felt jittery and depleted. "Yeah, skipped breakfast. The coffee wore off an hour ago."

"Want to get a chicken salad?"

"Mmm, that sounds nice. Tommy's?"

"Yeah. Good organic stuff."

"Sure."

I followed him out to his car. A wind had picked up and my skirt lifted a little. I smoothed it down.

He had a nice Mustang classic. My guess was the late sixties. I sat in the passenger seat. I said, "Wow, nice."

He grinned. "I didn't restore it. Bought it this way at an estate sale. But, yeah, it was well-kept."

"I didn't take you for a car-man."

He scowled in an amused way. "Car-man?"

"Yeah, someone all wrapped up in their cars."

He poked me.

I squealed.

He said, "You ever hear me talk about my car?"

"Um, no." I slapped his finger away. He kept poking it at me. I gasped. "Stop."

He laughed and poked me some more.

"Ak!" I slapped and then finally gripped his hand in a death-grip. I lowered it to my thigh and held it there, trapped. I sighed with relief.

He didn't try to remove his hand.

I felt his heat in my grasp. I started stroking his hand, my pulse beginning to race. His hand felt strong and manly. I looked down at it and traced the lines on the back of his hand. I ran my fingernail along a couple of scars there.

He cleared his throat. "That was a slip on my handle bars as I was pedaling in the standing position. Hand slipped along the brake cable and sliced it open."

"Ouch." I touched it more gently. Then I moved his thumb out to consider it. My hands looked small compared to his. He had clean fingernails; I hated dirty ones. I traced his knuckles and had fun doing it.

He pulled his hand away. "We're here."

We ordered and ate out on the patio.

He said, "We have maybe a couple hours til we're done."

"Yeah." I stabbed my plastic fork into my salad, thinking of Evelyn Error-face. A plastic fork tine broke off. *Darn*. I picked it out.

"Cheapie plastic," he said.

I stabbed again, more carefully, but two more tines broke off. "Of for crying out loud..."

"Let me get you another."

I was already getting up. "No, that's all right. I can get my own."

He shrugged and took another bite.

As I cleared one leg over the bench and stood, a gust lifted my skirt and then swirled. I was totally exposed. I slapped my skirt down with my free hand but the other side was up.

Ben was looking.

I almost fell over getting my other leg out. He must have had a great view of my panties and parted legs.

He was smiling.

I blew out a breath. "What are you smiling at?"

"I like black panties."

I blushed. "I should've worn slacks."

He frowned. "Aw, and spoiled the fun? You look great in a skirt."

I do? His words made me feel better. "You really like black panties? Thought men liked white ones."

I didn't wait for an answer. I was back inside grabbing another fork. Then I grabbed a second one. Just in case. I rejoined him.

"I prefer black ones. Cheryl only wears white. Kinda dull, if you ask me."

"Cheryl or the panties?"

He chuckled. "The panties. She's wonderful."

I said, "Oh, sorry."

"It's all right. She is, though."

I smiled. "Good, you should think so if you're going to marry her."

"Well, if she can get over her ex."

I took a bite. "What do you mean?"

"She has this ex-boyfriend. I think they have some kind of love-hate relationship."

"Oh? How?"

"Twice over the past four months, she's ran back to him."

"Ran back to him?"

"Yeah, ended up in bed with him."

I felt embarrassed. "Oh my gosh, I'm sorry."

He waved off my apology. "That's all right. I think she's over him this time?"

"That'll be bad news if she isn't. Once you're married..."

He made a wry face. "Don't remind me. I wouldn't want to find out she ran back again after we tied the knot."

"So she's had sex with him? Full-on...?"

He nodded.

I shook my head. "Penetration is cheating, but if you aren't married yet... That's a tough one."

"Yep."

"Hmm, is it cheating if you aren't even married yet?"

"I don't know."

I twisted my mouth. "I would think it would be since you're promised to each other."

"Yeah, not official, though."

I shrugged. "Your call, but I think it's cheating."

"If there's penetration."

"Yep. Definitely."

"I don't think I want her kissing him, either."

I sort of chuckled. "Um, there's nothing wrong with a kiss."

"I don't know."

"Oh come on. You've never kissed five different women under the mistletoe? Or seen a woman kiss five different men?"

"That's different."

"Is not. It's just kissing. It's fun."

He raised an eyebrow at me. "If your husband kissed some woman, you'd be okay with it?"

"Sure, as long as it was just a kiss. Big deal. He kisses his relatives."

"Does he share your view of kissing?"

"Yes. He was happy you kissed me and I had fun."

"He was?"

I nodded. "Mm hmm."

He looked thoughtful. "Huh."

~ ~ ~

I held his hand in my lap on the drive back. He had squeezed my knee and I had captured it again. I stroked his fingers and heard him sigh.

I glanced over at him as we were nearing the office. Then I looked down, my eyes drawn to something out of place. His slacks were bulging up very obviously.

I looked away quickly. *Had I done that to him? Or was he thinking about Cheryl?* I stroked more on his hand and twisted my fingers around his. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his slacks flex upwards.

Oh my gosh, I'm doing that! A wave of satisfaction and power came over me, as if just through a touch, I could excite a man.

Back in the office, he acted as if he had forgotten me.

I pouted, and set my mind to work. *No kissing today? No fun.*

We finished around two and began refiling the hard files.

I shut the last drawer and stretched my arms over my head.

His glance dropped to my blouse.

Oh goodness. There's nothing to see. I dropped my arms and left the file room. I rolled my chair back to my office and he did the same.

He said at the front door, "Well, I guess we're ready for Evelyn."

I made a face.

He smiled at me, his eyes twinkling. "How about a kiss, Elizabeth?"

"Oh? I almost thought you didn't want to. Like I stink or something."

He snorted. "Um, no. I had to control myself all day so we could get the work done."

I thought of his bulging slacks and giggled.

He came at me, eyes lowered, intent on kissing me.

I backed up against the wall, swallowing hard. His presence was so manly and demanding. I felt my knees tremble.

His body came close and his heat touched my skin. I opened my mouth in a gasp and his mouth pressed down on mine. My arms wrapped around his neck with relief and our tongues moved fast against each other. I moaned.

His kiss was electrifying.

Wow, I waited all day for this and it was worth it.

His hands traveled up my sides to my blouse.

I gasped as his hands slid over my breasts through bra and blouse. *That feels nice.*

I kissed him faster, my mouth and tongue working with his to slide over each other wetly. I moaned with a shaking voice.

He dropped his hands down and ran them over my skirt and hips.

My legs parted a little as he pressed. I lifted my left leg and wrapped it around the back of his thigh. I had seen it in Lifetime movies and it always looked so hot. It was.

His hands used the opportunity and ran up my hips. I felt his hands run over my panties and pull my butt in.

I groaned.

He lifted me suddenly, cupping my butt and pushing me back up against the wall. I wrapped both legs around his waist.

His kiss became more feverish.

I felt him press his bulge against my crotch and hold it there. I could feel the pressure on my clit and hole through my skirt and panties. I moaned and thrust my hips back at him, feeling his bulge with my pussy.

I had to break the kiss. I panted desperately, trying to catch my breath, but moaning more instead of breathing. I rubbed my pussy faster on his bulge, relishing the friction. Heat and pleasure numbed me from my pussy, but winding a coil of uncontrolled need rose in me.

He growled, thrusting his hips against mine and cupping my butt with his hands.

I sighed, finally catching my breath, though my pulse threatened to go from ballistic to emergency. *Now this is a kiss. I'm glad I wore the skirt.*

We kissed again, slower this time as he slowly thrust his bulge at my pussy. It felt so thrilling I wanted it to go on. I moved with him, sliding my pussy up and down his bulge.

This is how every woman needs to be kissed. Always.

CHAPTER 4

I didn't say anything to my husband until he asked.

Derek winked at me in the bedroom. "So?"

"So?"

"What happened today?"

"We worked all day. We went to lunch at Tommy's and then finished up at the office."

He threw up his hands. "That's all?"

I shrugged.

He made a face and drooped his head as if under a burden. "Like, did you get kissed again?"

I smiled. "At the end, yes. A nice one."

"How nice?"

"Nice." I don't know what to say.

"A little peck?"

"No, that was the first kiss. The kiss before we went home was the nice one."

"Tongue?"

I giggled and nodded. "It was very nice."

Derek smiled. "How long did it last?"

I shrugged. "A few minutes. Maybe five."

His smile broadened. "Did you suck him?"

I rolled my eyes and grunted in disgust. "No."

"Bah, you're no fun. Just a dumb kiss?"

"It was nice. He had me up against the wall."

Interest flickered on his face. "Oh yeah?"

"He lifted me up against it and kissed me like that for a few minutes."
Lights lit my husband's eyes. He growled in approval. "Good man."
I laughed and shook my head.

"Did you feel him?"

"Huh?"

"Was he excited?" he winked and pointed to his own crotch.

I blushed and looked down. "Well, I think so."

He laughed. "What do you mean, you think so. Did you feel anything?"

"He had a hard bulge down there, yes."

Derek growled with approval and reached into his boxers. He began stroking himself. "Now we're talking."

I groaned with frustration. "Don't you ever give up?"

He laughed and stroked.

~ ~ ~

I dressed Monday while Derek pestered me like a mother hen.

He kept nixing my ideas. "No, don't wear that." He'd point. "Wear another skirt." He'd scratch his chin. "Don't button your blouse all the way up. Leave four undone."

I was slapping at his hands within a few minutes. "Would you go eat something? Or go to work?"

He laughed fast and low – his perverted chuckle. "Go without panties."

"I'm not going without panties."

"Prude."

I grabbed a pillow and beat him with it.

He stabbed several fingers into my armpits and we collapsed into each other giggling and laughing.

He nuzzled my neck. "You're a sexy woman, Mrs. Monroe. Can I have a taste?"

"Stop it. You can have a kiss."

"I want to lick married pussy."

"You're dirty."

"Just let me lick you, I'm sure your husband won't mind."

I sighed. "Would you stop that?"

He chuckled. "Hope you have a fun day." He let me go. "Maybe I'll show Dieter some naked pictures of you."

My mouth dropped open. "Don't you dare."
He laughed that perverted laugh again.
I threw the pillow.

~ ~ ~

Evelyn Error-face scowled at everyone. She marched, huffing, into the file room and pointed at files. Susie scurried to get the files she wanted.

She marched back out, Susie in tow with an armful of files.

I stood next to Ben and watched.

We could almost hear a martial drum tapping with her march.

She stood triumphantly, head held back, glaring at everyone as Susie placed the files down.

Evelyn whipped out a pen from somewhere and clicked it like clicking the electric ignition to the fuse of a bomb.

She sat.

I shared a look with Ben and we shook our heads.

He said, "Lunch together?"

I said, "I don't know if I'm all that hungry."

"Well, I'm definitely hungry for some kissing."

I giggled.

"How about we go to my condo. It's just one freeway exit away."

I gave him an eye. "As long as there's no funny stuff."

"Funny stuff?"

I shook my head. "I will not be cheating on my husband."

He held up his hands. "No worries."

My face broke into a smile. "Okay, then."

He smiled back. "Excellent."

~ ~ ~

His condo was a posh thing for upscale workers. There was a pool and he even had his own private Jacuzzi.

I said, "Wow, this is nice for a condo."

He was grinning. "Yeah, normally I would've bought a house but this had more of a townhouse feel to it than an apartment-style condominium."

I wandered in the living room and lifted the decorations on the mantle. Looked at them and put them back. Lifted another and turned it.

"Why don't we, uh..."

I set the little statue back on the mantle and turned. I smiled knowingly. "Here?"

"I was thinking the bedroom."

I gave him a look. "Ummm..."

"No funny business, just thought the bed might be more comfortable than standing."

"Are you going to try to seduce me?"

He held up his hands. "No. I won't cause you to cheat. And I have Cheryl to consider, too."

I gave him an eyebrow. The bed did sound more comfortable. "All right then." I smiled and followed him.

His bedroom was the den of his privacy – and Cheryl's too.

I said, "Where is she?"

"She teaches." He went into the bathroom.

"Ah." I stood at the dresser, lifting her perfume bottles. I sniffed lightly at them. I ran a finger over one of Ben's ties. I moved to the nightstand that looked like his. I lifted one of his watches and turned it over in my hands. It had a heavy and cool feel to it. I set it back down.

He came out, smiling. He kicked off his shoes.

I did the same. "It won't bother you kissing me on the bed you share with her?"

He looked confused. "No. We're not married, yet."

"You'll still kiss me after you get married, won't you?"

His smile broadened. "We'll see." He climbed onto the bed and offered his hand.

I placed mine in his and giggled as he pulled me and then lowered me down beside him.

He leaned over me and we began kissing.

Yes, this is far more comfortable.

His mouth lightly pressed into mine, his tongue working with mine and moving slowly. His hand moved down my chest and lingered on my breasts. Then he moved it down.

I moaned.

His hand slid down over my slacks and pressed on my pubic mound. I could feel his hardness at the side of my leg. I kissed him back harder, wanting to pull him in with my mouth.

He shifted on his shoulder to kiss me better.

I could feel myself trembling.

He broke the kiss and smiled.

I pushed him back and made him lay down. Crawling slowly over him, I laid on him, straddling him with my legs on either side of his hips. I brought my mouth down to his.

His hands roamed down my back and over my butt.

I kissed him tenderly, and then with more force. I felt myself moving on his hips, feeling that squirming tension in me that demanded movement. I felt his bulge where I sat on him harden. A hard ridge developed and I rode it with small movements.

He was shaking beneath me. His eyes had a dazed look. He pushed up and turned me over, laying me back down. He climbed over me, parting my legs with his knee. He settled between my legs and gently rested his bulge on my crotch. His mouth descended on mine and swept me away.

I wanted this man to kiss me. I wanted his tongue in my mouth. I wanted his manly heat to permeate me and color me with his passion. I felt my own heat increase in me as if someone had cranked up the thermostat. *Oh yes, this is good.* My hips bucked slowly beneath him, dragging my clit back and forth against his pressure. So good.

His hand came up and played at my blouse, rubbing lightly over my small boobs.

I sighed happily and broke the kiss to breathe.

He kept toying at my breasts and I giggled.

He reached in between the buttons and stroked fingers across my bra.

I gasped and arched my back.

He kissed my neck and then lower on my blouse.

I moaned and squirmed under him, feeling my clit and his bulge teasing each other.

He moved back up and kissed me, stroking my hair. "You have such beautiful hair. So long."

I laughed nervously. "As long as you don't look at the white strands."

"They're beautiful." His mouth smothered anything I might have said.

~ ~ ~

I rode my husband with forceful moves. I pushed back and felt his cock deep inside. I moaned and circled my hips.

Derek smiled up at me. "Get excited today?"

I opened my eyes. "Huh?"

"Did he kiss you again?"

Disappointed at him breaking my concentration, I said, "Oh. Yes."

"In a closet or something?"

"Oh, no. He took me to his condo."

"Sweet."

I laughed. "We just kissed."

"Sounds nice. Where at? Against the wall again?" He was beginning to thrust harder up into me.

"No, on the bed."

"Now we're getting somewhere."

I rolled my eyes. "It was just kissing."

He frowned. "How long this time?"

"About a half hour."

His smile returned with double force. "Yeah." He gripped my hips and thrust harder. It felt great. "Dieter said he wanted to see more pictures of you."

I froze. "No way."

"Why not?"

"I don't know him."

"We can fix that."

"I don't think your idea of fixing anything matches mine."

"No, I'm serious. Maybe I'll invite him for dinner next week."

I sighed. "I'm not a house whore that's going to be used like some sick porno of yours."

"Relax, would you? Dinner. Maybe he won't like you."

I stiffened. "Why would he not like me? How rude."

"Just saying. You're pretty uptight."

"I am not. I even kiss other men."

"That's all you do."

"Of course that's all I do. I'm not going to be a cheater. The idea frightens me."

"All right, all right. Calm down, Elizabeth. Anyway, I'll invite him over. Just for dinner and introductions."

I scowled at him.

"What?"

"I know what you want."

"It's just dinner."

I sighed.

He moved, thrusting up into me. "You thinking of Ben?"

My answer was shocked and sharp. "No!"

CHAPTER 5

I was considering my clothes Tuesday morning.

Derek wriggled his eyebrows. "Wear a skirt."

"Not at the office."

"Why not? Is it a rule?"

"No."

"Do other women wear skirts there?"

"Sure."

"Well?"

I frowned. Hotty-Totty Tina ran around in miniskirts and no nylons. *The hussy*. "I don't know."

"What about this one?"

I looked it over. Actually, he had picked something that I would wear. It ended just above the knees and wasn't tight. "Hmm."

"Give it a shot. You said Ben liked skirts."

I fingered the material. "Yes..."

"So, wear it. It's a conservative skirt."

"Think so?" I knew so, but it was nice to hear it.

"Absolutely. It's perfect."

He was right; it was.

I pulled it down.

He smiled. "See, that wasn't so hard." He watched me. "Hey."

"What?"

"Take off the bra."

"What? Are you serious?"

"It's not like you need it."

"Thanks." My sarcastic tone didn't escape him.

"No, I mean it. I'm not being rude. Just throw a sweater over your blouse."

"Hmm."

"You'll have a sweater on. If he touches you there again, maybe it'll be a nice surprise for him. A treat."

I gave him a suspicious eye. But his look was honest. "Think so?"

"Absolutely."

"I can't believe we're talking about some other man touching my boobs."

He waved me off. "Nah, it's just kissing, right?"

"Right."

"So forget the bra. Wear a sweater over the blouse. If he just so happens to touch—"

I was giggling. "That's nasty."

He threw his arms in the air like the robot from Lost in Space. "Oh no, some guy might touch your sweater, call down the national guard and shoot everyone."

I laughed. I guess I did sound like a prude. A sweater would cover it all nicely. What's the harm? I pulled off my bra.

He said, "Hey, wait a minute."

"What?"

He stepped close and quickly dipped his head down and licked my boob. His tongue ran up my nipple and sent electric shocks through me. I squawked.

He winked.

"What was that for?"

"They're beautiful and you were offering."

"I wasn't offering." I slipped on my blouse.

"Well, tough. I was taking. Do you want to call the national guard again?"

I kissed my husband. He was sweet when not being perverted.

He grinned. "Now, about those panties."

I rolled my eyes.

He threw up his hands. "What?"

~ ~ ~

I said to Ben as I followed him into his condo, "Evelyn was pouting."

He laughed. "Mm hmm. She couldn't find anything in either of our two work-files."

"We did a good job together."

"Yep. But I think Hotty-Totty Tina has chewed through a whole box of pencils already."

I laughed. I plopped down on the bed and said, "This deserves some kisses."

His eyes got sexy. "That's what I had in mind."

I leaned back on my arms and smiled.

He kicked off his shoes and climbed over me.

I wriggled backwards and his mouth came down and met mine. I melted back onto the bed, relishing the strong feel of this man above me and his searching tongue. *Yes, kissing him is very fun.*

He laid on me, his masculine form resting lightly on me as he rested on his elbows. His body felt good and I sighed happily.

Nice kisses. Fun, fun, fun!

His hands braced my head gently and his tongue pushed down into my mouth, hot, wet and demanding.

My insides turned to water and I groaned into his mouth with the sensation of hunger.

His crotch pressed into my skirt, rubbing slightly at my pubic bone. I shifted my legs out so he would be more comfortable. He moaned happily and shifted his hips down a little, pressing his growing bulge down on my clit.

Yes, right there. Good spot. I raised my hips and moved them in little back and forth moves. But I felt something else, too. "Ow."

He stopped. "What's wrong?"

"Something's poking me."

He leaned up. "Oh, sorry." He got off the bed. His belt buckle was the square type, small but with defined edges. "Um..."

I looked a little lower. He had a very large bulge straining there. "You look really uncomfortable."

"Uh, yeah." He was undoing his belt.

"Take them off. I won't mind."

"You sure?"

"Sure. Get comfortable." I winked. The idea of feeling him a little better was making me hot.

"If you say so."

I laughed. "It's just kissing."

He dropped his pants and stepped out of them. He was wearing briefs and they were very definitely packed with an erection.

I giggled. "Excited?"

He blushed. "I like kissing you."

I smiled wide and beckoned. "Get back on."

He returned the smile and climbed back over me.

My god, he's huge. I welcomed him back onto me. His bulge nestled much more comfortably against my crotch. I sighed and moved my hips against it.

Our kiss was deep and wet.

Our hips moved against each other with increasing speed.

I was getting excited. *Now this is a kiss!*

He rolled off and started to pull me. He wanted me on top.

I realized my scalp felt a little damp. Uh oh. Too hot. I straddled him and pulled off my sweater. "A little warm."

"I bet."

I moved around until my panties rested directly on his bulge. My skirt flared out and covered it all.

He gripped my hips and thrust his bulge up against me, sending delicious shivers up my spine.

I leaned over and kissed him. I ground my hips back and forth on him, feeling him get even harder. I gasped, feeling jolts of pleasure radiate up from my clit.

His hands were all over me, sending chills and warmth together up my back. I wanted to purr like a kitten. Like ten kittens. My fingers clawed into his shoulders.

He chuckled.

I had stopped kissing him, my mouth open and teasing him just out of touch. The warmth of my breath was on him. My lips brushed his nose, lips and chin. I bit his chin lightly as I moved my hips back and forth on him.

I leaned up, resting my hands on his chest and moved my hips in circles. It felt so nice.

His hands reached up and played at my blouse. The feel of his hands brushing across my boobs without the bra made me shiver.

He slid his fingers in and they moved over my nipples.

I gasped. *Is this okay?* Boob rubbing certainly isn't cheating. There's no penetration and the women in the Lifetime movies always got their boobs played with without cheating. I undid my blouse and let it hang open.

His hands settled gently on my breasts and rubbed.

I moaned in pleasure and ground my hips down hard on his bulge.

He let out a groan and flipped me over.

My skirt twisted, and I tried to untangle it so I could open my legs for him.

He shook his head and undid the button on my skirt. "It's in the way."

I giggled. "Yeah, I guess so." I removed my blouse as he slid off my skirt. I felt a lot better. I said, "You should lose your shirt."

He grinned and got out of it. His chest was lightly haired and muscled.

My legs parted wide, letting him settle back down on me. This felt a lot better. His briefs rubbed against my panties with less clothing in the way.

He glanced at the clock. "We'll need to leave in a few minutes."

I jerked my head up. "It's that late already?"

He nodded. "Been here a half hour."

I pouted. "Felt like five minutes."

He laughed. His eyes were on my boobs.

I said, "You don't think they're too small?"

"Oh, never. I love small ones."

"But Cheryl—"

"I'm not marrying her for her boobs." His tone was vastly amused.

I didn't get it, but I wasn't arguing. I gasped in anticipation as he slowly lowered his head down to my right breast. His eyes kept contact with mine the whole way.

His tongue was electrifying. I arched my back, shivering as the wet softness flicked over my erect nipple. Then the warmth circled it, sending swirls of dizziness through me. I clutched his head as he sucked the thin fleshy part of my boob. My hips bucked up suddenly with a mind of their own.

He laid down on me, his hairy chest rubbing lustfully across my bare boobs. His bulge pressed against my panties.

I wrapped my legs around him and clung, my hips moving with his as we ground our crotches together. I could feel his hardness through the material. I could feel it rubbing up and down my slit. I was wet and hot.

I panted, moving more forcefully.

He kissed me, taking away my breath.

I whimpered, wanting more. Wanting him to touch my breasts again. A deep ache echoed inside me, making me squirm. It pounded at me like a big bass drum. I grabbed his butt and squeezed, pulling.

He stopped kissing me. "We need to go."

I wanted to cry. I was just getting started. "Nuts."

"Maybe tomorrow?"

"Yes, and you better not change your mind."

He laughed. "Oh, I won't."

~ ~ ~

Derek rammed his cock into my wet pussy. I really needed it. "So you got all worked up again today?"

I laughed and panted. "Yeah."

"Good."

"No, it was torture."

"Eh? Why?"

"I wanted to kiss more. We ran out of time."

"You have to make the best use of the time you have."

I pumped my hips up to his and luxuriated in the feel of that deep ache getting treated. "Mmm, make love to me."

"Did he notice your bra?"

"That I wasn't wearing it? Uh, yeah."

"Nice. How did that come about?"

"He slid his fingers in. I figured boob play wasn't really sex and it's certainly not cheating, so I let him."

"Some people might argue kissing is sex."

I frowned up at him. "Those are strange people."

He laughed, his cock flexing in me. "I don't know."

"Kissing isn't sex."

"Hmm."

"Oh come on. How many girls did you kiss in high school and was that considered sex?"

"No, of course not. That was just fun."

"So how does it magically become sex when you graduate?"

He shook his head. "It doesn't..."

I held out my hands to the side. "Kissing is fun. That's all there is to it. And so are hugs."

"Oh, I won't argue with you. I'm happy you're kissing him."

I twitched, a spasm of lust ripping up my back. "Yeah, but we both know why."

He panted, driving in a little harder. "No, really. I'm glad you're having fun." He leaned down and kissed me gently.

My world did a lurch sideways and I gasped.

He knew the signal. He thrust in and then ground his pubic bone against my clit.

I saw stars and explosions of light. I cried out, bucking underneath him as he released the pressure on my clit. *Perfect, hubby... I love you.*

CHAPTER 6

Derek said, "Go without panties."

I coughed. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because he removed my skirt yesterday. I was in my panties."

"Holy son of a fuck what? You didn't tell me that."

I blushed. "You didn't ask."

He slapped his forehead. "What else did he do?"

I turned. "See that mark?" I was pointing at my boob.

He grunted.

"Bite and suck."

He shifted back and forth on his feet. "You sure you need to go to work?
You just made me horny again."

I laughed. "You're always horny."

He chuckled that pervert-laugh.

"Anyway, I can't go without panties."

"Yeah, I guess not. He'd have a heart attack."

I made a face. "Try to be serious."

He made a face back. "When I am, you tell me to be serious."

I turned back to the selections. "Slacks, maybe."

"As long as he takes them off."

I laughed. "Stop it."

"Hey."

I put a fist on hip and looked at him. "I'm not going without panties."

"No, no. What about your bodysuit?"

"What?"

"That lingerie I bought you. Nice and silky. Acts as a bra and panties."
He dug it out of the drawer and held it up.

"It's awful skimpy."

He coughed. "Like, uh, you were in your panties?"

"Oh... yeah. Hmm." I took it from him. It was very smooth and silky, black with lace edges. "Yes, maybe this might be a lot more comfortable."

He smiled. "See? I can help."

I pecked his cheek. "Thank you."

I chose a shorter skirt that was a little tighter. The other one had been comfortable but had twisted up.

Derek kissed me extra-long before I left. He left me weak-kneed and wanting more.

I fumed. *Darn you. Now I have to wait half the day to get more from Ben.*

~ ~ ~

I was in Ben's bedroom, stripping off my slacks.

He grinned. "Save some time, huh?"

I grimaced. "Lunch hour is too short."

"You make it go by fast."

Aw, that's sweet. I removed my blouse.

He smiled even wider. "Wow, sexy."

I blushed. "I thought it would be more comfortable."

"Goes perfect with your hair."

I looked down, trying to hide my embarrassment.

He removed his shirt and slacks. His briefs were already bulging.

I licked my lips, preparing for some heavy kissing and petting.

He climbed over me, one hand running all over my silky bodysuit.

I spread my legs out for him.

"Gorgeous," he whispered.

That made me feel special. "You like it?"

"It's perfect." He settled slowly down on me, placing his bulge against my pussy.

I closed my eyes and sighed.

His mouth came down on mine, that now familiar manliness that so tortured me with fun. *I could kiss him for weeks. Months.*

His motions against my crotch had me panting in his mouth.

I reached down and pulled on his butt. I squeezed. Then I slid my hands under the band to get a proper feel of his very fine butt.

He groaned and kissed deeper.

You like that, do you? I reached further underneath and fully cupped his butt. I pulled hard. It felt so delicious in the bodysuit. The material was so thin it was almost like I was wearing nothing. I could feel his hard cock.

He tilted his hips and I pulled. His bulge pressed against the material covering my pussy.

I reached further down his briefs to get a better grip on his butt. I felt something hot against my pussy.

He froze. "Oops." He was leaning up.

I gasped.

His cock was sticking straight up and out of his briefs. I had pushed them too far down in back and they had barely contained his bulge anyway.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He chuckled. "That's okay." He was trying to stuff his throbbing erection back into them.

I glanced at the clock. "Maybe just take them off. It doesn't look like you're going to get it back in."

He grunted. "Probably not. Sorry."

"Not your fault." I was beckoning with my hands.

He slid them all the way off and Ben Branton stood there naked in front of me. He was beautiful. His cock was stunning. He climbed back over me and at first I tried to close my legs. *Dummy, you're wearing the bodysuit. There's no penetration,* I told myself firmly. I opened my legs wide.

He settled back down onto me, a feverish look on his face.

I sighed contentedly. I could really feel his cock now. His erection was hot and hard against my pussy. I could feel the heat of it directly on my pussy lips. It was heavenly. I found myself moving my hips, rubbing my pussy on it.

He kissed me. His hips thrust with mine, sliding his shaft back and forth along my opening and clit. The only obstacle was the thin material of the bodysuit.

I began panting.

He moved down a little and lowered the top of the suit. His tongue lashed my breasts and I arched my back, my hips grinding even more

energetically. My clit rubbed hard on his shaft and it felt so good. I was moaning.

He shifted around a little and I felt him grab my legs. He put them up onto his shoulders and gently squeezed my thighs shut around his cock. Then he began sliding it back and forth.

Lights flashed and the room spun. My pussy felt it all. I started groaning loudly, my body quivering as his cock slid back and forth. My hips began bucking, shoving my pussy along his cock. I felt it all. I felt the head, the shaft and his balls along my opening, rubbing and moving.

He kissed me frantically and I moaned in the kiss so loud I thought his neighbors might hear. My pussy was on fire.

Suddenly, he leaned up. His eyes were wide.

Spurts of scalding wetness splattered my chin and then down my body. I opened my mouth in shock and looked down. His cock was erupting like some angry volcano. "Oh my god."

He was panting. "Sorry." He was trying to get my legs off his shoulders so he could pull his spurting cock from between my legs. He grunted, squeezing his eyes shut. Another burst shot forth, right at my face.

I squealed and turned my head.

Scalding sperm scorched my cheek and landed in my hair.

He was trying to say he was sorry. "I'll get a rag. I'm sorry."

I held out my hands, looking down at the mess on my bodysuit. Cum dripped off my chin in a tickle of movement. "Agh."

He was back with a wet rag. "I'm so sorry."

I started laughing.

He was pawing at me, trying to get his cum off.

I grabbed the rag and wiped my face. "Um, oops?"

He laughed nervously. "Sorry."

I giggled harder. "It's all right."

"Really, I'm sorry."

"It's all right." As the shock receded I began to feel something different. I felt energized with satisfaction. I had made a man cum just by moving a little. It was a new feeling, something similar to what I felt when I married the love of my life. It was the satisfaction of success, but on a different level.

Whereas I had won my husband and claimed him, I had now won an intimacy with a friend and claimed it. What had happened was something

we shared.

I handed back the rag.

He came back out of the bathroom after depositing it in the hamper. "Um... do you want to go?"

"What?" I looked at the clock. "We've got another fifteen minutes. Get over here." I held out my hands.

He broke into a very relieved grin and climbed on the bed. He laid at my side and we kissed. His hand drifted down to my breasts and toyed with them: I had not adjusted the bodysuit to cover them back up.

I moaned happily, kissing this delicious man that had cum all over me. It had been an accident and no penetration had been involved. But it sure had been fun. My hand felt his cock brush against it.

I reflexively twisted my hand and gripped it.

His eyes opened wide, then he smiled.

I instantly realized I had gripped it. "Oh, sorry." I let go.

"No, that's okay. I liked it."

"Oh. Are you sure?"

"Yes."

I moved my hand back and gently took it. It was warm and soft – having already cum. But it remained thick and long. I gave it some gentle strokes with my hand, savoring the feel of his silky skin.

He chuckled into my ear and stuck his tongue in.

Shivers ran up my spine. Then I felt his hand leave my breasts. I pouted; it had felt good. But I began breathing heavy as his hand slid down my bodysuit and I felt his fingers slide over my clit. I opened my mouth in a gasp. His fingers pressed lightly at my crotch, his fingers pushing the material against my hole.

I shook, feeling the wonderful sensation of pressure promising even more fun at my pussy. I widened my legs and thrust my hips up. My hand moved more on his cock.

He whispered to me, "May I do something for you?"

I was panting. "What?"

"May I lick you and make you finish?"

My mind raced. *Was that cheating? No. If it wasn't cheating that I made him finish, even if by accident, then making me finish wouldn't be cheating, either.* I groaned with desire. "Okay, but no penetration."

He moved down immediately.

I felt the need for speed, too. Time was running out.

He pulled the material of my bodysuit aside and I felt his mouth cover my pussy.

I moaned desperately as I felt his tongue began to lick. My clit vibrated with urgency, sending all the right signals through my body. I quivered, tensing.

He stopped. "Do fingers count as penetration?"

That was a dilemma. I tried to breathe deeply to think about it. Technically, it was penetration, but it wasn't intercourse penetration. As long as his penis didn't penetrate, I would still be in the clear. I felt it was right. All the movies had shown that it was the actual sex – fucking – that was cheating. Anything else was fine. "No, go ahead. Hurry."

I moaned loud and long as I felt his fingers slide into my pussy. His tongue flicked and licked. I bucked my hips, crying out with pitiful whimpers as my sexual tension tightened dramatically within me. I felt as if I was a guitar string pulled over-taut. Just a single thrum was all it needed.

He shoved more fingers in and the bed lurched as I convulsed. Walls of pleasure collided within me, rocking me back and forth with shock and release. I gripped his head and pulled. My legs turned to jelly and quivered out of control. I cried out, on the verge of tears as the walls crashed and tumbled.

One tear escaped, and slid down my face in a wet trail. I panted, mouth wide open, my chest heaving with my gasps. The explosions within me were replaced by thrumming vibrations that sent satisfying pulses tingling along my limbs. I went limp and took in air.

"Are you all right?" He sounded concerned.

I let out a laugh I couldn't control - just a single burst. Then another. Then I was laughing, shaking the bed. "Yes..."

He climbed up next to me. He rested on his side and traced my face with a finger.

I felt the smile splitting my face. "Wow, thank you."

He chuckled. "Thought I had hurt you."

"No. No, that was great."

He glanced at the clock.

I pouted.

CHAPTER 7

I held onto the bars of the bedframe behind my head as my husband drove his cock into me. I had told him about lunch hour. He had become a raving lust-machine.

He was all over me, licking, fingering, asking questions. When I told him about the mutual orgasms, he had lost all control.

Derek was panting, half grunting, half mumbling gibberish. "Oh, fuck yes. Licked. Cum all over the place. Fuck!"

The entire bed was moving back and forth. My pussy took his thick shaft with delight, and I gasped and tossed my head with pleasure. "More, give me more."

He strained above me, looking down at me in wonder. His cock was a sliding piston of love and lust and it was sharing all of it with my pussy. It felt so completely right.

~ ~ ~

I drove to work without the bodysuit. It needed to be washed. Instead, I wore a skirt and panties. I continued to leave the bra off, though I only wore a blouse this time. It was a warm day.

Flush with satisfaction from the previous day, I looked forward to getting the most out of our thirty-five minutes or so.

Would Ben even want to? Or had yesterday been the final straw for him? Would he reject me now? He was done, having shot his load? Move on to another woman?

My husband had made me feel a lot better. He had readily agreed that fingering and licking was not cheating. I had felt that it wasn't cheating, but I felt better when he confirmed it.

My fears were washed away when I entered the office.

Ben winked at me with a sly smile.

That told me all I needed to know. I went through the morning humming to myself and listening to Hotty-Totty Tina's plaintive pleadings to Evelyn not to write her up.

I shook my head at Ben at the water cooler. "She's just making it worse."

Ben nodded. "Evelyn digs on that, like a vampire after virgin blood."

We could hear her cruel voice promising with glee the marks on Tina's record.

He glanced at the clock. "Were you still wanting...?"

I coughed and dropped my mouth open. "Are you kidding? Yes." I dropped my gaze down to his pants and then slowly back up.

He ran a hand through his hair and looked desperately at the clock.

I giggled.

He said, "Twenty-five minutes to lunch. I'm going to crawl out of my skin."

I said, "I suppose I could jump you in the file room."

He pouted.

I laughed harder.

He shook his head. "Everyone would know."

"But it's not like we're actually doing it."

"Still..."

I leaned close and whispered, "I can't wait to get my hands on your cock."

His eyes went large.

I continued, "And maybe my mouth."

His hand scratched his hair back from his forehead. He began pacing.

I laughed.

~ ~ ~

I followed him into the condo. We were already shedding clothes as soon as the door shut.

I dropped my shoes and blouse in the living room. He dropped his pants. My skirt and his shirt landed in the hall. In the bedroom, my panties joined his briefs on the floor.

We stood there for a second, looking into each other's eyes.

I said with a shaking voice, "No penetra—"

He was nodding. "I know, Elizabeth." He moved forward to me and wrapped me in a hug.

I melted into his arms and clutched him. I felt his cock nestling against my clit. I moved my hips a little, swinging them, moving my clit across his shaft.

He hardened very fast.

I kissed him as his cock hardened and began rising between my legs. I parted my legs to let his erection rise up between them when I felt the topside of his shaft bob up against my pussy, I closed my legs, trapping it there.

He kissed me deeper.

I moved my hips, dragging my pussy back and forth over his hard cock. I rode him like a witch rides her broomstick. My pussy slid wetly on his shaft.

He moved me back to the bed and gently lowered me down.

I scooted back, breaking the kiss. I spread my legs out wide and beckoned him. "Lay on me."

He did, settling down so his cock rested on my clit and lower abdomen. He kissed me and moved his hips, sliding his hard shaft back and forth across my clit.

I felt the tension building with each thrust.

His right hand roamed over my breasts, rubbing and lightly tweaking the nipples.

I groaned loud and brought my knees all the way up. My pussy needed even more play. Now my hole was angled up and his shaft slid along my opening like a canoe through water. I felt my lips grip the underside of his cock and give him my wetness.

I whispered, "Just be careful."

He chuckled. "I'm trying."

I bucked hard under him, unable to control my movements.

He moved harder, too, panting with desperation.

I felt his cock slip down when we moved too far. The head hit hard against my opening and pushed open my lips. I squawked. "Oh, fuck! No."

He pulled back immediately and leaned up. "I guess we can't move much like that." He grabbed his cock and jacked it while kneeling between my legs.

I gaped. I had never seen anyone do that like this. Derek only jacked his cock while watching porn. He was always hard when he was with me and didn't need to stroke it. I watched Ben's hand with wonder. "Fuck, that looks hot."

"Huh?" He looked down. "Oh. It's sort of hard not to when I'm looking at your pussy."

I laughed. "Really?"

He nodded. "Yeah. Here, I think we can do it another way. Put your legs down."

I did.

He moved them closer together and placed his knees on the outside. Then he aimed his cock at my pussy.

My eyes went wide.

But he was angling it down – almost straight down. He scooted up and slid his helmet down my lips until it passed the opening and hit the bed. "All right, close your legs."

I did, feeling his cock pointing down and trapped perfectly between my thighs. The topside of his shaft was nestled between my pussy lips.

He grinned. "Now you can move all you want."

I tried a move. My pussy slid lewdly up and down his shaft. I gasped. "Oh, that's good." I moved more.

He settled down on me, humping his hips and then kissed me.

I wrapped my arms around him and kissed back with joy. It was the perfect kiss. My mouth to his mouth, his chest on mine, and my pussy gripping his cock. We moved together and I felt as if we were one.

He pulled off a moment later and glanced at the clock. "Let me lick you."

I smiled happily. "Okay."

He laid down and motioned for me. "Kneel that way."

I straddled his chest and faced his cock.

"Now lean down so I can lick you."

I giggled, moving my face down to his fat erection. "Nasty."

I felt his tongue on my pussy and clit and I gasped as I gripped his thick shaft. My mouth fell open in shocked delight and I stroked his cock with a shaking hand. It flexed in my grip and I looked down at it. It was a perfect cock. I lowered my mouth over the helmet and sucked him in. The head of his cock filled my mouth.

He groaned loudly and licked me faster. His tongue flicked into my hole. Then I felt him moving, shifting a little and then fingers plunge into my hole.

I sucked down on his shaft and jacked it.

It was another perfect union. Our mouths on each other's most private and sensitive parts, both of us treating each other with respect and care.

His tongue drove me wild. I sucked harder. My sucking made him squirm and groan. He licked me faster.

We were frantic, moving and shaking the whole bed. It was me that broke first. My body quivered and then jerked back hard. Pulsing waves of almost painful pleasure ripped through me. I humped my pussy frantically on his face. My hand stroked him faster - a blur on his shaft.

As I was coming down from my orgasm, I felt him tensing and his cock swelling in my hand. *Yes, cum.* I stroked slower and more fully, milking his cock. My mouth was wide open, moving up and down the side of his shaft. I rubbed his cock on my open lips and my cheek.

His cock swelled and gushed. I kept stroking. Hot sperm erupted and flew. It also flowed down my hand and over my cheek and lips. I sighed as flex after flex sent more sperm running down his shaft and over my hand. I kissed his shaft, smearing my lips with his cum.

I lifted off of him and sat. I licked his cum off my lips. It had a light flavor that was nice.

We had about ten minutes to spare. I laid next to him and gripped his cock with a light touch. He inserted a finger into my pussy and held it there. We kissed. It was the perfect ending to the perfect lunch.

~ ~ ~

My sex life had never been better. It was always great, but now Derek couldn't seem to get enough of me.

"Dieter is coming Saturday."

"Oh."

We were in bed, naked. I had ridden him like a mad cowgirl until we were both exhausted.

"Don't sound so disappointed. He's a great guy."

I shrugged. "There's a whole world of great guys out there."

He laughed. "Nah. And you know it."

CHAPTER 8

I lay down on Ben's bed naked and beckoned him.

He settled next to me, smiling. He scooted up and let me grip him. His fingers found my pussy. Then he moved down a bit and pulled on my leg.

I was confused. "What?"

"A little change of position. Bend your knee up."

I did. His cock had access to my pussy now. "What are you doing?"

"Just going to rub it without having to be on top of you." He maneuvered his cock to my pussy.

I tensed up.

"Don't worry."

I felt him move his helmet all over my lips and clit. I relaxed and breathed easier.

He kissed my left breast and licked the nipple.

I thrilled every time he passed his fat cockhead over my hole. I began squirming. *I'm such a lucky woman to have a friend like this. To have someone intimate to share this with. And I'm not cheating. I must be the luckiest woman alive.*

His cock moved around my pussy and over it. The head parted my lips and I gasped. But it passed, leaving a trail of wetness.

I whimpered. I pushed him hard, growling lightly in my throat. I pushed him down and climbed on just up from his erection. I stretched my legs out alongside his as I laid down on him. I clamped my thighs on his cock as it stood up between my legs. Then I scooted back so that the top of his shaft was up against my pussy. I lay on his chest, clawing him and humping furiously.

His hands cupped my butt and squeezed. His hips moved under me and drove his shaft up and down along my opening. He was groaning happily.

Every time I lifted my hips high enough and felt his helmet at my opening, I shuddered with need. I growled again in frustration. I lifted up and gripped his dick, pulling it forward to be in front of me. It slid teasingly along my slit. I gasped. Then I laid it down on his lower abdomen and sat my pussy down on the underside of it. The helmet pointed at his head and I slid my pussy back and forth as if gliding on a railing. My movements were desperate.

He pulled my butt and moved his hips the little he could.

I thrust back and forth harder, grinding my pussy down onto his hard cock. It felt on the edge of perfect. I moved faster. I scooted a little forward so I could feel the helmet.

Ben was moaning, his eyes closed.

I rubbed my pussy over the underside of his helmet, back and forth.

I leaned up and grabbed his cock, jacking it fast. *No, still not perfect. More.* Still leaned up, I moved the helmet back and forth on my pussy. The helmet parted my lips and I could feel his thickness sliding across my opening. I was shaking. I stopped moving it and just twirled it slowly right at my opening. It felt wonderful.

He was moaning. His hips bucked, thrusting his cock upwards.

I was holding it at my opening. The helmet pushed against my hole, a good half of it inside my outer lips. I sighed.

Then he dropped his hips down.

I twirled it again at the opening, teasing my hole.

He thrust up hard.

The helmet pushed inside my lips again and began stretching my hole. I moaned loud and quivered. It felt so good, so very satisfying to feel the stretching.

He dropped back down.

My legs shook and I sat again on his cock, happy to give my legs a rest and move back and forth a little. I was gasping. I glanced at the clock. Thirteen minutes left. I gritted my teeth and then lifted again. I wanted to enjoy that awesome pressure before we had to go.

He was squirming under me, eyes closed.

I positioned his cock at my hole and moved the shaft. The helmet swirled around my hole.

He groaned and thrust up. His helmet pushed past my outer lips with ease and right up against my hole. It began to stretch.

I gasped, feeling his fullness poking in. *Oh, yes. That's what I need.*

He dropped back down and I panted.

I moved his cock feverishly just inside my pussy lips. The head of his cock was soaked with my juices and his leakage. It felt yummy moving around in there.

I moved off a little and jacked him fast. I shook my head. *No, I want to feel that pressure again. Not much time.*

I lifted, moving his cock back to my opening.

That's when the mistake happened.

He wasn't moving so I settled my weight down to feel that pressure. Just a tease.

But he chose that moment to suddenly thrust his hips.

His helmet thrust past my outer lips and stretched open my hole. The head of his cock entered my pussy and flexed.

I froze. My mouth was wide open. *Oh my god, no. Penetration. But it was an accident. Just an accident. No one moves and I pull off. Just an accident. It's barely in there, anyway. Maybe not even really inside, just pressing.*

I felt him flex. He groaned. He started to thrust.

I was off in a flash, but not before feeling the bone-stunning sensation of his cock sliding in deeper. I sat, shaking.

He was blinking, wiping his eyes. "What?"

"It went inside. We can't do that. It was an accident, but we can't." I was hugging myself. Lust wormed in me and made me grit my teeth.

"Oh, sorry. I was kinda out of it."

I touched his arm. "That's okay. It's all right. But it can't happen again." I bit my lip. "Do something for me?"

"Sure..."

I laid down and spread my legs. "Get between my legs and tease me with your cock. Rub it all over my pussy. Tease the hole. Then jack yourself until you finish. I want to see it."

He knelt between my legs and rubbed his cock all over me.

I sighed deeply, finally calming down. The memory of the smooth velvet-feeling insertion toyed at my mind. I squirmed with need. It had felt so good, even if he hadn't gotten even half in there. I moaned and lifted my

head to glance at the clock. *Almost time.* I fingered my clit. "Jack yourself. Cum for me."

He stroked his cock, staring down at my pussy. His mouth hung open and he had a glazed look in his eyes.

Yes, your cock felt so fine in my pussy, but we can't do that. No more accidents. I spread my pussy lips wide and rubbed my clit.

He jacked faster, his breath coming in pants. He started to tense up.

I whispered harshly, "Yes, cum for me. Cum on my pussy. Stroke it closer." I left off my clit and used both hands to pull my pussy wide open.

He scooted closer, his helmet an inch from my pussy. He jacked faster and then groaned and strained. His mouth dropped open and he squeezed his eyes shut. He jerked hard and his helmet pushed inside my outer lips.

That's okay. Just not inside.

He grunted in relief and a huge burst of hot sperm shot into my open pussy.

I felt the scalding wetness shoot inside me. My mouth dropped open and I moaned. Another burst shot inside me. And then another. His cock was moving everywhere. Eruptions of sperm then splashed on my outer lips, up on my clit, down my slit to the bed and more inside me.

I quivered, feeling both immensely satisfied and also unfulfilled. I would need to attack Derek when I got home. I needed cock badly.

~ ~ ~

I screamed in release. My pussy was hammered forcefully and I loved it. I gripped my husband's shoulders and shuddered violently beneath him.

"He was inside you?"

"It was an accident." I gritted my teeth as I grunted through my orgasm.

"How deep?"

I gasped and panted. "I don't know. Maybe a couple inches. Maybe three before I pulled off. Four at the most."

"Did it feel good?"

I half laughed. "Yes, but it was an accident."

"You feel really wet. Was it that exciting for you?"

"Uh, some of that is his cum."

Derek's face registered shock and delight. "Are you kidding?"

"No, after I pulled off of him, I had him jack onto my pussy. I was holding it open for him and a few blasts went inside."

His eyes rolled up in his head and I felt the gush of hot sperm from my husband's cock. He grunted fiercely, flooding me with his cum. He collapsed on me, panting. "I love you."

I gripped him tightly, still frightened at the accident and what might have happened. *That can't ever happen again. Absolutely no penetration.*

CHAPTER 9

I followed Ben into the condo.

He turned to me in the living room. "There's something I need to tell you."

I was undressing. "Hmm?"

He began unbuttoning his shirt, but slowly. "I'm going to be going on a short vacation tomorrow."

"Oh? Boo."

"Well, it's not just that."

I stopped undressing. "What is it?"

"Cheryl's ex has been bugging her. Begging for her back."

"Uh oh?"

He took off his slacks and sat on the couch. "I'm taking her to get married tomorrow. I'm hoping that ends the pressure he puts on her."

A cold feeling washed over me. "Oh. Does that mean..."

He looked down. "I'm here today for you. For us. But after..."

I felt the loss. "No more kisses?"

He stood and came to me, taking me into a hug. "Not after today. I can't."

"But it wouldn't be cheating..."

"Cheryl wouldn't see it that way."

"But—"

"Everyone's different, Elizabeth."

I shook in his arms.

"Do you still want to go back to the bedroom?"

"Yes. If this is the last, we might as well enjoy it." I wanted to cry.

He led me back to the bedroom and gently laid me back on the bed. He settled beside me and kissed me. Moving my leg, he repositioned himself as he had the day before. He moved his cock around my entrance and I sighed with need. *What was I going to do when I couldn't kiss him?*

He teased my clit and parted my pussy lips from the side.

I pulled on him. "Do something for me."

"Yes?"

"Lay on me. Tease my opening that way. I want to feel that pressure again."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded desperately. "Please."

He said nothing. He just climbed over me and settled down. His cock pressed against my pussy.

I spread my legs out wide and shifted my hips up so my pussy was in line with his erection.

He pressed slowly, moving the head into me past my outer lips. It pressed against my opening.

"Right there," I said.

He stopped.

I relaxed.

We kissed and it was perfect. His mouth to mine, and his cock in my pussy – or almost.

I moaned with happiness, with need, and with the longing I knew would be accompanied by the slamming of the door on our kissing. My hips moved lightly. I tried to keep them under control.

He gasped, moving his slightly, too.

The head of his cock moved back and forth inside my outer lips, butting up repeatedly against my opening.

The delicious repetitive pressure built an enormous coil of tension in me, twisting and turning with need and ache. I groaned loudly and pulled on his butt.

He was panting, trying to hold back.

I could feel my hole stretching open. *That's fine, it did that yesterday. We're still okay.* I pulled harder.

Ben gasped and his hips began moving. The head of his cock pressed into and out of my opening, a little deeper.

That's sort of inside... Maybe I should say something. But the pressure was exquisite. I groaned louder and pulled harder, my hips moving faster. I couldn't control it.

He sighed and moved his hips against mine. He would push as I raised. When he pulled back, my hips dropped. His cock slid farther inside my opening with each thrust.

I tried to slow down. Finally I gasped and laid still. "It's sort of in there."

"Oh, sorry." He pulled back a bit, leaving a hole of emptiness where the head of his cock had been.

"That's okay. It wasn't as bad as yesterday." *And yesterday had been an accident. We're okay. I stopped it.* I panted and squirmed. "Okay, stick it in a little again. Just be careful."

I felt the push of his thick hard cock into my pussy. My hole began to stretch. "Okay, stop. Right there."

"Okay." He shifted around on his elbows to get a better position. His cock pressed past the opening and slid inside a little.

I moaned out with need, quivering with lust.

He immediately pulled it out. He said, "Sorry. It's kind of hard to keep it in the same place."

"That's okay. It was an accident."

I felt him press his cock back into me and push against my opening. I felt myself stretching. My hips bucked, and he slid in past the opening. I dropped down, frustrated. It was hard not to move.

He tried again.

This time, I raised my knees all the way back so I wouldn't be tempted to use my feet for hip leverage. That was a mistake.

When he pressed, I felt his cock slide easily into my opening. It stretched quickly, allowing his cock to slide past and in.

He stopped, but he was already in. He was as deep as the previous day.

I held my breath and sighed out slowly. I tried to stay still. Then I convulsed to a spasm of lust. My pussy moved upwards and his cock sank in more.

I clawed the bed and groaned. "No, pull back. Pull back."

He slid out.

I gasped and laid my legs down. "Okay, legs in the air is a bad idea. Just lay on me and kiss me. Put it at my entrance."

He scooted down a little, aiming his cock into my pussy and pressed it so it was just nestled in the outer lips.

"Yes, right there. Now kiss me."

We kissed, desperate and deep. His hand roamed up and down my naked breasts and he broke the kiss to lick and suck my neck.

I was moving. I couldn't help it. My hips bucked up and down. His cock moved against my opening and created the most aggravatingly wonderful sensations.

He began moving too, groaning with lust. His cock pressed harder, stretching my opening. It slid in a little.

I panted, pulling on his butt to keep him inside. *That's okay, it's not deep. We're not fucking, just teasing.*

He was moving, his cock sliding in and out at the opening. The head pushed in the same distance with each thrust.

Yeah, that's not bad and it feels good. We can do this. I groaned, my body shaking out of control. I pulled harder on his butt again. My hips bucked up. His thickness stretched me a little deeper.

I sighed with tension and satisfaction. The pressure felt wonderful. I wriggled my hips and felt his shaft slide in deeper, causing new sensations of stretching and fullness. *Oh... so good.*

He was panting, his hip movements becoming more erratic. He jerked convulsively and his cock slid in deeper.

Oh, fuck, this is where it was during yesterday's accident, but it was an accident. I let out a long, shaky sigh. *Feels so good. Maybe I'll just enjoy this for a moment.* I squirmed underneath him and his hips moved. With each little movement, I felt the thickness banishing the emptiness. It was fantastic. My pussy clamped hard on his cock inside me.

He groaned and thrust.

My eyes popped open and my mouth fell in a wordless gasp of surprise. His thickness slid in, moving in with force and need. My ache turned to pleasure and my pussy relaxed and welcomed the thrust.

He was in deep, and still pushing in. His back humped up, his hips tilting, driving his penis into me slowly.

My pussy clamped, and then clamped again.

He moaned with fever and thrust hard.

At the same time, I cried out with need and pulled on his butt, lifting my knees high and wide. He was almost there; almost to the point of perfectly

banishing that maddening hollowness in me.

His thick erection pushed in. Very, very deep.

Oh my god. Too wonderful to stop. Can't stop. More! I groaned out, whimpering, pulling, and lifting my knees all the way back.

He let out a long sigh and then began pulling out.

No! No, please. Wait... I want to feel it.

He thrust back in slowly. Then moved a little, his cock teasing my depths without being as deep as before. He looked delirious. I felt delirious.

I grunted, pulling again.

His cock sank in deep again, refilling the previous depth. That's when I realized I felt his crotch firmly planted against mine. Lights flashed in my head. Tension rolled up my arms and legs. I pulled more and squirmed my hips. I felt the helmet deep in me, moving around as I squirmed. It was fantastic.

I knew I had failed, but the failure was so good. *Is this how it was on Lifetime? Aren't I supposed to be hearing saxophones and crying?*

He panted and began moving. He leaned down and kissed me. His cock slid in and out and my pussy welcomed him.

I totally lost it with the kiss. My hips bucked up to his and we fucked with an insane lust.

I'm now a married, cheating whore. And what's worse, I love it. I've ruined everything...

My pussy wasn't listening.

Stupid pussy!

I groaned in the kiss, more and more lights flashing behind my closed eyes. His cock drove into me over and over, all the way in. I was gasping, beginning to sob with the feeling of finally getting satisfied. "Oh yes... Oh yesss... Do it... Fuck me, Ben..."

He growled and began driving harder. His erection filled and emptied me over and over, tightening the threatening coil within me.

I fucked him back shamelessly. *I'm a fucking whore.* Tears leaked out my eyes. *Why is something so wrong, so good?* An explosion of tingles, tension and terror overcame me. I cried out, my body convulsing hard with the orgasmic release of so much sexual lust. Terror flooded me that the convulsions might kill me. I had never felt an orgasm so hard.

He cried out above me, filling me completely. His hips ground against mine and I felt a huge blast of hotness deep inside. He grunted, then another

blast. He kept grunting, driving his cock as far into me as he could. Wetness increased so fast in me that I felt gushes begin running out of my pussy.

I was coming off my orgasm. I laid my head back and moved my hips as fast as I could. Ben was cumming in me and I wanted it all. My pussy milked him, sucking the life out of him until he collapsed on me in the perfect union of friendship.

Why did I have to fail?

CHAPTER 10

I drove home with trepidation in my heart. I had failed. My marriage was doomed and would be over soon amidst a series of hateful court scenes. My husband would scorn me for the whore I was. It was all over my face.

I gripped the steering wheel harshly. It had felt wonderful, but now it was all empty. I had thrown everything away. *For what? Less than a half hour of stupid foreplay and a few minutes of fucking? My entire life gone because of this?*

Inside the house, I made dinner in a desultory manner. I just couldn't find the energy to make it seem worth it. *Is this the last dinner I make? Will he even eat it?* I turned off the stove and turned around, burying my face in my hands.

Derek found me like that. "What's wrong, Elizabeth?" His tone was compassionate and caring.

I don't deserve it. My voice was small. "I'm a whore."

He stood in front of me, his manliness a threat to my whoredom. "What?"

I looked up at him with teary eyes. "I failed today."

"You failed? What happened?"

"Ben is getting married. I don't know, I got carried away."

"Married? That's too bad. He cut you off, huh?"

I shook my head. "It's not that. I failed you. We... fucked." I looked down, unable to look him in the eyes.

He was silent.

It's all over.

His finger lifted my chin. Concern was in his face.

I flinched away. "Don't touch me. I'm tainted now." I fled for the bedroom.

"Elizabeth, wait!"

I heard him rushing after me.

~ ~ ~

I finally came out of the bathroom. Derek had pleaded for twenty minutes. I could hear the anguish in his voice as he pleaded to talk.

He wrapped me in a fierce hug. "My beautiful wife." He stroked my hair. "Don't do this to yourself. Let's sit and talk."

I shrugged. "Why? The next thing is an ugly divorce."

"It is not."

"How can you say that?"

He sat me down on the bed and sat next to me. "These feelings you have..."

I swallowed. *Total failure.*

He said, "I don't share them."

"What?"

"I've wanted you to loosen up for a long time."

I held my palms up. "But, like this?"

"No. Not the crying. Not the pain. I never wanted you to be in pain."

"But I failed."

He chuckled. "You did not."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you have fun?"

"No. Yes... Yes. And after it was all empty."

"You did what any normal person would've done. And I am not unhappy it happened."

"You aren't?"

"No. I've wanted this for a long time."

"Why, so you could divorce me?"

"Never." He kissed me.

I pulled back. "His cock was there, and his mouth."

He pulled me slowly in. "I want to kiss my wife."

I resisted. "Why?"

"Because I love you."

~ ~ ~

My mind spun with thoughts that night. He approved? He didn't think it made me a whore? He was happy I failed and didn't consider it a failure?

He had mentioned his fantasies. Images of his threesome videos flashed through my head. No woman does those things. But he had said many do. Tens of thousands of women all across America did it. He mentioned the dating sites with husbands and wives who happily offered to meet certain people. Thousands upon thousands of listings. And he mentioned that not all who met with other people listed themselves on the sites.

It boggled my mind.

He had showed me on his computer.

I was skeptical.

He scrolled through page after page of ads.

I expected to see meth-bitches, or tattooed whores. I expected to see ugly women with attitudes. I expected the trash of society.

Instead, I saw pictures of normal, happy women. Pretty women, skinny women, thick women. All kinds. Some only showed their boobs. Some only showed their ass. But thousands were husband and wife selfies or portrait-style pictures.

They weren't trashy people.

I had said, "But I don't want to be a whore."

He had shut off his computer. He motioned to the black screen. "Those women aren't. And I wouldn't want you to be a whore."

"But I fucked Ben. I'm a whore."

"Were you a whore with the guys you fucked in high school or after?"

"No, of course not."

"Then you're not one now."

I couldn't sleep. *My husband really approves?*

~ ~ ~

It was Saturday. I didn't know what to think.

Derek snuggled and hugged me in bed all morning. He made no moves, just held me. That calmed me a lot. Memories of Ben's cock in me changed places with my guilt, off and on.

My shower was extra-long, as if I could wash the memory away. Wash it all away. If I stayed in the shower long enough, everything would wash away and I could go back to being a normal and happy wife.

I had been so happy when Ben came in me. Why had I been?

Derek kissed me in the living room. "How about a drink to relax? A glass of wine?"

It was well past noon. "Okay." Maybe that would help. I felt numb and confused.

I accepted the glass a few minutes later.

He said, "So he's getting married. How come he didn't tell you before? Sounds kind of rude."

"Oh... His wedding date was planned for December. He moved it up because his fiance's ex-boyfriend started coming around and harassing her."

He grunted. "Sounds messy."

"It doesn't matter." I sipped my wine.

"It does. I'm sorry it turned out so horrible for you."

"It happened. It was horrible."

"It didn't have to be."

"But I failed."

He laughed. "You succeeded."

I shook my head, more confused than ever. "I'm a failure now."

"Are not. You're more beautiful than ever."

"Because another man has been in me?"

"Other men were in you before and you were beautiful."

"Before I was married."

He nodded. "Still beautiful."

I just didn't get it. I drank more wine.

~ ~ ~

The doorbell startled me. I was on my third glass of wine.

I got up to go get the door just as Derek went down the hall to the entry.

I peered over his shoulder as he opened the door.

Standing there, holding some large foil-wrapped package, was a stunning man. He was as handsome as Derek, at the very least.

My husband nodded. "Dieter, come in."

The man had a pale face with sharp angular features and a bold nose. His eyes were crystal blue, bordering on gray. His blonde hair was fading, but still full and brushed back, a little bit receding at the corners of his forehead.

His face lit up when he saw me. His tone was clipped and pleasant, and heavily accented in German. "Ach! Is this the beauty?" He pushed past Derek. His eyes went wide. "Oh, my, ja. More beautiful than the pictures." He thrust the foil wrapped package at me.

Stunned, I didn't know what to say. *Do I thank him for the compliments? The package? What?* The foil as warm. "What's this?"

Dieter grinned. "Mmm, ja. Sheep-brain casserole, sauerkraut strudel, pureed hot dog surprise..."

I heaved. "Ugh, what?"

He laughed. It was clean and fast in a display of white teeth. "Oh, my. What a wonder. It is ribs, ja?"

I gazed up at him. He looked like one of the last dashing SS panzer commanders.

He nodded. "You will like."

Derek had shut the door. "Hello to you, too."

Dieter tossed his head, flashing a smile. "Ah, no. I didn't forget you." He gripped my husband from the side in a hug. "Wipe the pout from your face, Herr Monroe. You look like a little one." The German flashed that grin at me and winked.

Dieter? Today? I had forgotten. *Oh god, this is not a good day.*

The man's face became serious. "Ah? You do not like ribs? All Americans like ribs." He moved to me and put an arm around me.

Despite having just met him, I felt at ease. He was likable and all that... "The ribs are fine." I tried to smile.

Derek said, "Elizabeth, dear, would you go warm those in the oven? I need a word with Dieter and then I need to run get some alcohol.

Dieter's eyes lit up. "Ach, ja! Jaegermeister if they have." He was nodding.

I carried the foil into the kitchen. Curious, I opened it. Three large racks of ribs sat there looking amazing. It smelled even better. Despite my mood, my mouth actually watered. I stuck them in the oven.

Derek came in and kissed my cheek. "I'll be back in a bit. Sit and talk with him. Just talk."

That sounded odd, but I nodded. *I guess...*

He left and I walked out to the living room. Dieter was standing there, hands clasped and eyes bright.

I felt foolish. "Uh, would you like some wine?"

His eyebrows went up. A single nod. "Mmm, sure?"

I poured a glass and refilled mine. I came back out and handed him the wine.

"Ah, bitte." He frowned. "I mean, thank you. I am trying to use only English now that I am here."

"You speak very well."

He looked embarrassed. "No, not so good. But thank you, ja?"

"No, you really do." I sat.

"Ah, well, English is required in gymnasium."

"Gymnasium?"

"Our word for primary school."

"Oh, we do sports in gymnasiums, here."

He grinned and nodded. His face turned serious. "Pardon me, but your husband says you recently went through a difficult time, ja?"

I sighed. "Yes..."

"Tell me."

"I probably shouldn't."

He had taken a sip. He put his glass down. His finger gently turned my chin. "Such a flower should not suffer so. You look as an Edelweiss, crushed under the wheels of an autobus."

"What? Eeddul-vise?"

"Ja, a beautiful flower in the mountains of Germany."

I looked down. *What a nice thing to say.* "I don't feel like a flower, right now."

His hand patted mine. "Your husband said you experienced your first freedom and you are having struggle with it?"

I looked up at him. His eyes had softened, his head tilted, listening.

I laughed bitterly. "Is there anything he didn't tell you?"

"Ah, please, my lovely. Do not think ill of your husband. He seeks my help. I will listen, ja?"

I felt the frustration of my failure surface. "What would you think of a German wife who had an affair?"

He raised his head slightly and let it fall back again. "Ah, well. You see, your husband says something else. He said you did not have an affair, but that you found... release with another man?"

I breathed in sharply, reminded of my failure from the lips of another person. "Yes, that's how it went. I failed." I took a gulp of wine.

"Failed? Did your husband not know of this man before?"

"Yes, but I cheated. I did more than just kiss him."

"Ah? Ja?"

"Ja." I didn't say it to sound mean, just to reinforce the point. His face was kind; I didn't need to be rude to him.

"And how is this cheating?"

"Sleeping with another man is cheating."

He leaned back. "He knew? Then who says?"

I wasn't sure I was grasping his English. "Sexual intercourse outside of marriage is cheating."

He laughed. It was quiet and fast. "You Amis."

"Ammies?"

"Americans. So uptight."

I coughed. "If you were married and your wife had sex with another man, would you be laughing it off?"

He appeared to consider. "Ah, no, my lovely."

"What?"

"I am married." He grinned proudly.

"Where's your wife?"

His face fell. "Ach, I miss her. She is still in Germany. I secure citizenship and work here. And then she comes."

"So, you expect her to be faithful, don't you?"

"But of course. She is traveling with my friend right now. I trust she is being cared for."

"But does your wife have relations with your friend?"

"Ah... ja." He nodded and sipped his wine. "I trust Rolf. I trust Heidi. I know he will keep her satisfied until she is returned to me here."

I looked at him funny.

He shook his head. "No, do not be shocked. Many in Germany do as we do. Ah, ja, some do not. But many do."

"Your friend Rolf has sex with your wife?"

He appeared stunned. "I do hope so." He shook his head. "Poor Heidi. I would not have her be so alone."

"It doesn't bother you that she might run off with Rolf?"

"Hmm? Run off?"

"Divorce you and marry him?"

"Ah? Why would she? She likes him. She loves me."

"You don't think she's a whore?"

His face grew serious. "Ja, I need to remember Amis can be blunt."

I touched my neck. "I'm sorry."

He leaned forward and touched my hand again. "No, I can see this questions means something to you. My wife is my love in my eyes, not a whore."

"They do this in Germany?"

He leaned back and laughed. "Ja... and in many countries of Europe. It is considered a great honor to share the bride with a friend on the wedding night."

I was horrified. My eyes went large. "No."

He mimicked my look, eyes going wide. "Ja."

"Did you share Heidi...?"

"On our wedding night? Ja, with Rolf."

I was stunned. This German did not look like some freak. I took a huge gulp of my wine. "Have there been any other men?"

"Oh. Ja, one other. It was nothing. An American soldier."

"What do you mean by nothing?"

"He had an interest in my lovely. I let them, but he did not know about me. When he discovered I knew, he would come around no more."

"People share their brides in Europe?"

"Ja, great honor to be chosen."

"That sounds so unbelievable. Cheating always ends up in divorce."

"Ah? Who says?"

"I've watched plenty of Lifetime Movies; I know."

"Vas is Lifetime? Pardon me, what is Lifetime?"

"On the TV."

He looked down and shook his head. The move was disapproving.

I was curious. "What?"

He glanced at me, still shaking his head. "Macht nichts."

"What?"

"Oh. Uh, it does not matter."

"Yes it does, what does it mean?"

"I just said what it means. It does not matter."

"Oh, sorry."

He made a face. "It is a joke in Germany and many European countries that Amis watch too much television."

I searched his eyes. He seemed embarrassed to say it.

I said, "But, those stories are real."

He sipped his wine. "How do you say... If you believe the television, I have a big bridge to sell to you."

I made a confused face.

He waved his glass a little. "Macht nichts. Cheating is not what Heidi does."

I blinked. "But marriage is supposed to be between one man and one woman."

He raised his eyebrows at me. "What? Did you also get this from the TV?"

"It's in the Bible."

"It is not."

"It is. 'A woman shall leave her father—' "

"Ach, no. That is the union of two people."

"But that's marriage. One man and one woman."

"Ah? And what of the parable Jesus gave? The virgins and their lamps? The groom comes and takes all five virgins into the marriage chamber."

Uh, how come I've never heard that before? "How do you know all this?"

"You do not read the book you quote to me?"

I shook my head. Had I heard the one person thing on TV? "How did you learn this?"

He grinned. "My father was Hitler Youth and an orphan after the war. A missionary took pity on him and took him from the prison camp where he was being held—"

"Prison camp?"

His face darkened. "Mmm, ja. Many died in those conditions. But my father was raised such, learning the Bible. He taught me. Many Christians today do not understand their Bible. They just repeat the scheisse they hear on the TV."

I blinked rapidly.

"Come, tell me of the man. What was his name?"

"Ben. Ben Branton."

"He was nice? Hmm?"

I thought about that. *Yes, he was nice. But just as a friend.* "I guess so. He was a friend."

"Ja, that is good."

"Is it? I had sexual relations with him."

"Ja, so?"

"But I betrayed my husband."

"Ja? Did you?"

"Yes. I'm not supposed to have sex with any other man."

"Did he say so?"

I swallowed. "Well, no."

Dieter smiled and leaned close again. "Then you hurt yourself with your struggle."

"What?"

He looked thoughtful. "Herr Monroe approved of you with this man?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then there is no betrayal except in your own mind." He tapped his head.

"But I wanted to be faithful to my husband."

"Do you love him?"

"My husband?"

"Ja."

"Of course!"

"And, so, he loves you." He watched me a moment. "Herr Monroe loves you greatly. He asked me to help. The struggle is within you and only you."

"What do you mean?"

"You fight yourself, ja? The trap is your own. Here." He tapped his head again.

"But—"

He leaned forward again, close. "You love your husband. He loves you. Your real answer is here." He tapped my chest over my heart.

CHAPTER 11

I got out of bed on Sunday. I had slept well, mostly in my husband's arms.

He came into the bedroom with a cup of coffee for my shower. He kissed my cheek and winked.

I felt warm, the numbness of my failure receding. The German man had certainly shaken up my ideas of life. He didn't look like some wild-eyed kook or pervert.

His wife is traveling with his friend? And having sex and Dieter hopes that she is? When I was having sex with Ben, was Derek hoping that I was? He had said so – that he had been happy I had finally let loose.

I showered, taking extra-long. But I wasn't trying to wash anything away; I was thinking. If neither Derek nor Dieter judged me as a cheater, was I right to still think so? If Derek approved of my dalliance, was it cheating? One of the last things said by Dieter was that adultery was an issue of property. In the days of the scriptures, women were property. Adultery was theft of the wife. But wives were no longer property.

I had argued that, still trusting the televangelists on TV.

Dieter had patiently explained. If a man had a hammer in a tool chest, and a neighbor snuck in and took it to use, it was theft, and punishable. But if the man offered the hammer to the neighbor to use and then return, there was no offence and was not punishable.

Was it all really that simple?

Dieter had assured me it was.

I rinsed the shampoo from my long hair. *If Derek had approved and basically "loaned" me to Ben, then there was no offence?* Something within

me wriggled, struggling against a barrier of comfort.

I got out of the shower and brushed my hair. *I had so worried about cheating, but Derek didn't think I was?*

Later, in the living room, I asked him. "You don't think I cheated?"

He gave me that sexy considering look. "No. I knew what you were doing, and even if you didn't end up doing it, I was expecting it might happen."

"You don't think I'm dirty?"

He laughed. "Um, no. I think you're sexy. I'd rather hear all about it – all the details – than continue to see you beat yourself up about it."

"You'd want to hear the details of my infidelity?"

He snapped down his magazine. He had an annoyed look on his face. "If I knew about it, and expected it, then infidelity doesn't enter into the situation."

"So, even if it hadn't happened, you were still wanting it and would've approved?"

His eyes grew large in mock surprise. "Uh... yeah?"

I laughed a little. "Does this have something to do with your porn videos?"

He snickered and shook his head. "Maybe the other way around. You're the reason I watch the videos."

"Huh?"

"You're so uptight and prudish about—"

"I'm not a prude. I kissed men."

"But that was it. And you had the hang-up over sex."

I felt as if he wasn't understanding. "I wanted to be special for you."

"You are."

"You don't think I'm stained now?"

"No, I think you've been set free."

"I don't want to be free from you."

"No, no." He shook his head. "Quit looking at marriage as a prison. Marriage is freedom. If I give you the freedom and you decide to enjoy it, then no one is in the wrong."

I had a feeling he was talking sense, but I needed to hear it from more than just my husband. After all, wasn't he prejudiced? "When is Dieter coming over?"

He said, "Four. Figured we'd hot-tub."

"Don't get any funny ideas."

He held up his hands. "He's a great guy. I think he could be a friend."

~ ~ ~

I answered the door.

Dieter grinned. "Ah, my lovely. How are you today?"

I let him in. "I don't know. Did you bring any more of that horrid brain casserole?"

"Ja? You liked it?" He had a carry bag and set it down.

"I fed it to the neighbor's yapping dog."

He laughed loud and clean. "Ah... it is nice to see you in a finer mood."

Derek winked at him.

Dieter clapped my husband on both shoulders. "Ah, I am still on the job?"

My husband looked confused. "Huh?"

"Agent? I hope I did not get myself relieved yesterday with what I said."

"What? Oh. No, your job is fine." He was shaking his head.

Dieter chuckled. He turned back to me. "And may I have a hug from such a lovely lady?"

I blushed. "I guess so." I didn't mind; he was easy to like.

The German wrapped me in a very gentle hug. "Ah, yes. You smell as good as you look."

I giggled. "Um, may I talk to you some more? Alone?"

Derek raised an eyebrow.

Dieter looked back and forth between us in mock surprise. He said to Derek with jubilation in his voice, "Ja, I think she likes me."

I stifled a laugh.

Derek said, "Drinks?"

Dieter waved him off. "Whatever you have is good."

He followed me out onto the patio. We sat in the chairs by the hot tub.

I suddenly felt unsure. I twisted my fingers together. "If Derek has given me the freedom to do something, and I do it – having sexual relations with another man – then there's nothing wrong?"

He raised his palms. "Mmm? I believe you have answered your own question?"

"But isn't a wife having sex with another man wrong?"

"Only if the husband does not approve. Then you are betraying his trust. This is simple, ja?" He was looking at me as if wondering why I was having such a hard time with it.

"So you approve of Heidi having sex with Rolf?"

He leaned back a little. "Ja, I would hope so."

"And you don't think she's doing something wrong?"

He made a disgusted noise. "You Amis are so uptight. Of course she is good. I hope that Rolf pleases her."

"So... You don't think what I did with Ben was bad?"

He shook his head. Then he leaned over and touched my arm. "Herr Monroe says that you stopped at penetration, ja?"

I blushed a little. *Isn't that private?* But Dieter was interested and not laughing at me. "Yes... because penetration would be sexual intercourse and cheating."

"Ja, ja, good. So, it was fun before penetration?"

I blushed more fully. "Yes. We kissed a lot, and then started fooling around a bit."

"Mm? Sounds good."

"But then things went too far."

"Ja, was it good when it did?"

"When he... penetrated me?"

He nodded.

Derek brought out tumblers with Scotch in them. Then he went back inside after winking at us.

I thought back to day before yesterday. I had been out of control. My body had burned with need and lust. I had felt relief when Ben had slid it in. My voice was small. "Yes. Yes, it was good."

Dieter's voice went lower. "And it was better?"

I couldn't answer, so I nodded.

He squeezed my hand. "It is as I hope for my Heidi."

We sipped for a few moments.

He said, "Do you love him? This Ben?"

I took a longer sip. The barrier within me twisted. What was it about all this? Did I love Ben? I didn't feel for him what I felt for my husband. I took a few breaths. "No."

"But it was fun."

"Yes."

"Ach, then?"

"Huh?"

"You love Herr Monroe, he approves, you have some fun, and what?"

"This guilt."

"You feel guilty for something your husband wanted you to do? So who is offended here? Only you. And if you do not love this man Ben and you still are in love with your husband, then there can be no offense."

That's when it all made sense. No, I did not love Ben. I liked him. I certainly liked kissing him. He was a friend. I loved my husband and I was afraid of losing him over what I might have done with Ben. But if he approved, then I wasn't going to lose him.

The answer was love.

The barrier holding back the wriggling something within me vanished. I took a shuddering breath and for all the world, I felt lighter.

Dieter was looking at me with curiosity. "Hmm?"

"I... I don't love Ben." *There.* Saying it again, fully, melted away my worries. *No, I don't love him. I just had a lot of fun with him which my husband wanted me to have. What had I been so uptight about? Why such a prude?*

I reached over and gave Dieter's hand a squeeze as he had mine.

His face brightened with a smile. "Such a beautiful flower should always be cherished. I am pleased to see happiness on your face." He covered my hand with his own and we squeezed.

~ ~ ~

I kissed my husband after dinner. "I love you."

His smile was happy – like the day I married him. He cupped my face. "I love you, too."

"I wasn't wanting to, but the hot-tub sounds like just the thing." I looked forward to melting away the stress that had so plagued me.

Derek said, "Are you going to miss Ben?"

I tensed, waiting for the guilt, but it did not come. I relaxed. "Yes and no. It was fun, but, he has to do his thing."

He nodded.

Dieter came out of the guest bedroom. He was smiling giddily, having drunk quite a bit of Scotch. "Oh? Am I interrupting?"

Derek said, "No."

I went to get changed.

Out in the backyard, the light from the tub provided the only illumination. Drinks were set out, glinting darkly amber.

Dieter's eyes went wide when he saw me. "Ach, a wonder to behold."

I giggled, feeling happily numb. I tried not to trip. I sank into the hot bubbling water and stretched out my legs. My feet hit Dieter's.

He grinned. "Herr Monroe, would—"

Derek snorted. "It's Derek, dammit."

The German shrugged. "I am sorry, it is customary—"

"You're in America. Call me Derek or you're fired."

"Ach, ja, ja. Derek."

"What do you want?" My husband's smile was amused.

"May I have the pleasure of sitting with your lovely?"

He wants to sit with me? I giggled.

He turned his head to me and looked at me horrified. "I am clean!" He comically slapped water on his chest and scraped downward. "Ja, every day."

I laughed.

Derek said, "If she wants to."

I slid my glass over next to his and started to scoot next to him.

He grabbed my arms and steered me into the center. "Sit here, ja?" He pulled me back.

I was settled between his legs and leaned back against his chest. His arms held me gently around my middle. "Oh, okay."

Derek winked at me.

I was prepared for some move or something, but nothing happened. I drank more of my Scotch and simply relaxed in Dieter's hold. I felt the rise and fall of his chest and drifted drowsily in the roiling bubbles of water. I felt safe.

CHAPTER 12

The workweek was entirely normal. Evelyn Error-face was gone, moving on to another location to stomp her disapproval.

Hotty-Totty Tina didn't act so Hotty-Totty anymore and I regarded Ben's absence with a mixture of regret and indifference.

If he really needed to get married, then he had to do what he had to do. I would miss the kisses, but I respected his commitment to Cheryl. I would miss the other stuff, too. Knowing now that I had made such a huge prudish fuss over nothing, I felt like I had missed out. What had been fun could've been fun before, but Ben and I only kissed for a week.

Big deal and no big loss. I liked him and really liked what happened when I thought I had failed. But was it a huge loss? No. The big loss for me was the years of self-inflicted cheat-shot wounds. I was so narrow-minded that I ignored my husband. I ignored everything he told me. The loss was the understanding I might have had with him, even if I never kissed anyone.

The guilt was replaced by shame. It made me feel stupid and like a little kid.

My work did not suffer.

At home on Monday, I resolved to face my barrier, if any of it still remained. I felt it was gone, but like some demon sneaking back in, might it have returned?

I sat down at my husband's home office computer and booted it up. I entered his password: e!izaBeth1975. When all that was done, I clicked into his dirty folders. He had one marked "Favorites."

I watched his videos. Or tried. I was on my third one when he walked in.

"Hey now, don't be deleting my vids."

I smiled up at him. "I wasn't; I was watching them."

"What? Get out." He loosened his tie.

"Really. Watched these two here."

He leaned over. "Ah, you're in my favorites. Are you going to vomit or something?"

I laughed. "Um, no. I wanted to see what was so exciting about these."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I didn't like the first one. The guy seemed too fake. All tanned and hair done. Yuck."

"I liked the wife in that one."

"Still didn't like it. The guy annoyed me. But the second one was very nice."

He leaned again. "Ah, yeah."

"It's just two people, not like your others here. What's the story on that one? Why just two people?"

"Oh. That's the best man doing the bride a couple weeks after the honeymoon. The husband is filming."

I sat stunned. It had been absolutely hot, making me wet watching it. "You're kidding."

"Nope."

"Wow, so that could've been Dieter filming Rolf and Heidi..."

He chuckled. "Heidi is almost white-blonde. I saw her picture."

I pouted. "I haven't."

He waved at me. "Move and I'll show you."

I got out of his chair, feeling a worm coiling in me thinking about the second video. "That was the best man?"

"In the second? Yeah." He was typing, changing screens to his business email.

"It looked like the wife was gone." The memory of her moans as the best man drove his cock into her echoed through my head.

He grinned up at me. "Yeah, she had a lot of fun in that. I think she likes the best man." His email came up and he clicked a folder, then an email. He clicked the attachment. "There she is. Rolf, too."

Heidi and Rolf were leaning up against a railing – trees in the distance behind them. The sun shone in their faces. Both were waving. Heidi was

almost white in the hair, but the blonde-white. The laugh lines were deep. Her eyes were squinted in the sun.

Rolf was not as handsome as Dieter. He had a half smile on his face, but his brows were drawn down – as if he was worried the person taking the picture was doing it right.

They were leaned together, but not obscenely so, just comfortable.

I said, "Wow."

"What?"

"That's really Dieter's wife?"

"Mm hmm. He really misses her."

"And Rolf did her on her wedding night?"

"So I understand."

"She looks so normal." I imagined the woman in the picture moaning and clutching Rolf's shoulders – his butt humping between her legs. I opened my mouth in a silent pant.

He swiveled his chair to look at me. "You mean, sort of like all the couples I showed you on the net?"

That made me stop, knowing I had reverted to my previous disbelief. "He must really miss his wife."

"His citizenship will be another few months, if I recall. He's anxious to bring Heidi over."

"What about Rolf?"

"I don't know, I never asked."

"Poor Dieter."

He touched my arm. "He's very lonely."

He's such a nice man. Why couldn't immigration to America be easier?

~ ~ ~

Saturday, Dieter came over again.

I was happy to see him. I gave him a hug at the door. "I saw Heidi. She's beautiful."

His face softened. "Ja, I miss my lovely."

I pulled him in. "So we're drinking and tubbing again?"

"Only if you sit with me again. If no, I fly back to Germany."

I giggled. "I promise."

He gave me a gentle and brief hug. "You are a special woman, Elizabeth."

Derek was grumbling. "You just came over to feel up my wife." His look was amused.

"Ach, no! Am I fired again?" He clapped both of Derek's shoulders.

I coughed and said to my husband, "Don't be mean to him."

Derek grinned. "You should see what he pulls at work. What a jokester."

Dieter was nodding. "Well, so, maybe I behave more in the house."

~ ~ ~

After dinner, I came out to the tub in my bathing suit.

Dieter was looking me in the face. "So beautiful. So very lovely."

I blushed. "Stop it."

"I would not lie."

"Thank you."

Derek came out with the tray and set out drinks. We had already had three.

I was feeling numb and very happy.

Dieter beckoned.

I stepped down into the water and sat in between his legs. I leaned back as his arms encircled me and I sighed.

"Mmm? You like sitting with me?"

"It's nice."

"How do you do now with your feelings?"

"About all the things you told me?"

"Ja."

"Much better, I think."

"Good, good. Such a beautiful face should not carry so much worry and fear." One of his hands came up and stroked back my hair. It felt good and I closed my eyes. I felt him lightly kissing the top of my head. Tingles of warmth spiraled through me, raising the hair on my arms despite the bubbling heated water.

I felt myself drift as Derek and Dieter talked about some customer of theirs.

He's so nice. He holds me and kisses my head. He strokes my hair... Ben never did those things. Not like this. Not with tenderness. Ben had been

considerate, but not attentive. Almost as if he was as nice as he needed to be to kiss me.

Though the barrier was gone and hadn't returned, something new clicked in me at the thought. Something deeper and more meaningful. I had gotten so much enjoyment out of Ben because why? The kissing was nice. Had it been that I knew the kissing could lead to more? And that skirting my fine line of cheating was the fun in it all? The teasing of my own inhibitions?

My eyes popped open. *I'm drunk. I'm sure this won't make sense tomorrow. But the idea stuck with me. Had I been tempting myself? And then torturing myself with all the guilt and restrictions as some sort of masochism?*

I reached over and grabbed my drink. No, I wasn't drunk, just happy. *If I can grab my glass, I'm not drunk.*

Dieter said into my ear. "Elizabeth."

A shiver ran down my spine at the sublime tenderness with which he called my name.

"Hmm?" I swallowed the gulp I had taken and set my glass down.

His German accent was soft. "May I kiss you?"

I twisted to look at him with searching eyes. Not searching with suspicion, but with surprise. "Well, yes."

"You would like?"

I smiled slowly and it grew wider until it showed my happiness. "Yes, I think I would."

He shifted to the side and twisted to face me better. His eyes searched mine as he moved his head closer.

Our lips met. His kiss was different than Ben's. More full in the lips, his mouth met mine softly. Sound receded in my ears as I closed my eyes and felt the delicate exploration of his tongue.

His hand stroked my hair back and caressed the side of my head. He broke the kiss. "So very lovely."

I smiled. Did he really think so? I wanted to hear more. Or kiss more.

His eyes twinkled that striking blue. "Another?"

Derek was smiling and raised his glass.

"I thought you'd never ask." I moved out from the bench and climbed onto his lap, facing him, straddling his waist.

His smile brightened.

I put my arms around his neck and we kissed again. It wasn't like any of the super-charged kisses Ben and I had shared at the end. No, this was nice. I felt so very comfortable sitting in his lap.

His hand drifted lazily up and down my back, as if stroking a cat. I loved it.

When we broke the kiss, I didn't get off. I just laid my head on his shoulder, my face turned into his neck. We hugged each other like that for a long time.

"Elizabeth?"

I mumbled something and lifted my head.

"Elizabeth?" It was Derek.

"Hmm?"

"You fell asleep. We're getting ready to get out."

"Oh, sorry."

Dieter chuckled. His speech was slurred. "Seems so long since I had such a beautiful woman sleeping in my arms."

My husband helped me up. He said to Dieter, "Take the guest bedroom. We have a fully stocked bathroom in there. If you need to go home early, you can slip out. No big deal."

"Home? Empty. Maybe in a few months."

"Stay the night then. Don't go out driving."

"I can drive fine."

Derek's voice grew more serious. "I'm not kidding. Stay. If the police pull you over and smell the alcohol, you might throw off your immigration."

"Ach. Fine. Are the polizei really that bad here?"

"With drunk drivers, yes. It can be a felony."

"Scheisse. Ja. Fine."

I went into the house, still reeling from being mostly asleep. I had been so comfortable on his lap.

In bed, Derek joined me. "That was nice of you to kiss him."

I hummed. "Poor guy. He deserved a good one."

Derek leaned over and kissed me. "Thank you, that was very nice of you."

I smiled. "I guess I fell asleep."

He chuckled. "I got a picture of it."

"What? Why?" I sat up a little.

"Not just for me. He asked me."

"What? Really?"

"Yes, he's going to send it to Heidi."

"Oh my god. No."

"What's wrong?"

I clutched at the sheet. "I don't want her thinking I'm trying to steal him or anything."

Derek laughed. "Calm down, ma'am."

"What?"

"She knows all about you."

"She does?"

"Yep. He sent her a picture I had given him and they've shared emails about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh. And she was okay with whatever he said?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. You'd have to ask him. He said she thought you were beautiful."

Thoughts of Rolf fucking Heidi in her wedding dress flashed in my mind. Had that really happened? Dieter had seemed so serious when he said it did. *They think I'm pretty? And he loves his wife and even shared her on her wedding night? What planet did I grow up on? Am I really the backwards one here?*

Derek touched me. "Elizabeth."

"Huh?"

"He's lonely in there. Why not go give him a nice kiss and hug goodnight?"

"Me?"

"Well, I'm not going in there."

I wanted to laugh, but fear kept it back. "What if he gets mad and throws me out?"

He shook his head. "Why are you afraid? He held you for almost two hours, stroking your hair and face."

It made me want to cry. "He did?"

He nodded slowly. "The entire time."

"Are you trying to suggest I do things?"

He lifted up on an elbow. "You don't have to do anything. I suggested a hug and kiss. Go try it. Do what feels right."

"Are you sure?"

He chuckled. "Go."

CHAPTER 13

I gently pushed open the door to the guest bedroom.

The light from the alarm clock lit a scene that will stick in my memory forever.

Dieter was lying in bed, his legs flung out, and stroking his cock.

My mouth dropped open.

Whereas Derek and Ben had wonderful cocks I considered large, Dieter's erection was impressive.

I approached the bed.

He realized I was there and stopped stroking, though he continued to grip it. "Hmm?"

I was staring at his cock. It was a smooth shaft maybe nine inches long and thicker than anything I was used to. The bulbous helmet was well-formed and slightly larger than the shaft. "I, uh, came in to see if you wanted another kiss. And maybe a hug?"

His smile showed blue in the alarm clock light. "Ja, lovely. That would be wunderbar."

I took that as a yes.

He scooted aside, giving me space to climb in.

I got in bed next to him and leaned to him. Our mouths touched and opened.

We kissed and I felt his hand moving on his cock again.

I broke the kiss. "Would you like help with that?"

"Ahh... ja, that would be so good."

I hesitated a second, but then gripped his shaft. It was very hot. I slowly stroked it for him and leaned back in for another kiss. Our lips met and he

was just as gentle as before.

My pulse pounded in my ears and our breathing melted together. His shaft flexed in my grip and he moaned softly.

I leaned back up and watched my hand on him. "Do you like that?"

"So better than my hand, ja."

I giggled.

He said, "Is this what you would do with the Ben?"

"Not exactly. It was a little more teasing, I think."

"Ah? Like how?"

Should I show him? "Well, it was a lot of kissing and we were both naked." I was wearing panties and t-shirt.

"Ja, lucky man."

"Did you really tell Heidi about me?"

"Hmm? Ja. She thinks you are beautiful. She wants to meet you when she gets here."

"And you really let Rolf have her on your wedding night?"

"Ja, both of us."

"You liked that?"

He shrugged on the bed. "Ja. It is one of my best memories."

I was still stroking him. His cock felt good. "So you really want to see how I teased Ben?"

He chuckled. "As long as I do not have to close my eyes."

I giggled. Making up my mind, I removed my panties and stripped off the t-shirt.

Hi sighed, watching me. "So beautiful."

"Oh, stop it."

"I go to sleep alone every night. Only email pictures and memories of my wife. This is special to me."

I felt good, knowing he thought I was special. I climbed over him and laid down on his chest up high. My legs were spread on either side of his. His cock pointed up between my thighs. I scooted back until I felt the upper side of his shaft touch my pussy. I closed my legs.

He sighed long and loud. "Ja, lovely. Ja..."

Clamping his cock between my thighs and against my pussy, I began to move my hips up and down. I lowered my mouth to meet his and we kissed.

I wasn't prepared for the immediate sensations that rode through me. With Ben, there had been the lust of need and forbiddance. This was totally

different. Gone were the forbidden feelings and thus some of the desperation. Instead, there was an ease that relaxed me. The ease included comfort and a form of familiarity that went along with a mutual respect. It was almost as if we weren't two separate people, but a team.

He moaned happily underneath me and his shaft flexed and swelled against my pussy.

I climbed up and got off.

"Done so soon?" He sounded sad.

I giggled. "No, change of positions." I reversed around on him, straddling his chest and facing his cock.

"Ah, ja." He stroked my pussy with his fingers.

I gripped his erection and began working my mouth down over it. There was no way I was going to get it all in. I stroked the shaft while sucking. I felt his tongue begin licking my pussy.

A flash lit the room.

I blinked, blinded.

Derek was there, holding the camera.

I said, "Uh..."

Dieter chuckled. "Let him. I need to send some pictures to Heidi."

"Of this?"

"Ja, she will want to see."

"She'll like it?"

"Ah, ja. She will fuck Rolf like an insane woman."

"She'll be okay with me being married?"

"Of course, as long as Herr Monroe agrees."

Derek growled, "Derek."

Dieter chuckled.

I went back to sucking his cock. I moaned to the touch of his tongue; it was very different from Ben's method.

I realized then that I felt none of the tension that caused so much worry. I felt the sexual tension that coiled within me, but at a nice, leisurely pace. No, gone was the tension of worry about what was proper.

I was free to enjoy the differences between Ben and Dieter.

Whereas Ben had fingered me with one hand, Dieter gripped my hips over his face with both. He guided my hips in little movements on his tongue.

His shaft was different, too. It was smooth to the touch, but veiny. Ben's had been smooth like my husband's.

Dieter had a big, throbbing, veiny cock. If my husband thought I could do anything with it, he was going to be disappointed. Not only could I not get my mouth down even halfway, there would be no way it would ever fit inside me if he had wanted to see the crime.

No, I need to stop thinking of sex as a crime.

The German moaned beneath me, the vibration of his sound tingling through my clit.

Wow.

The coils of sexual tension in me finally had me squirming - these were slow compared to Ben. He might have been faster for me than Dieter to get me there, but I was totally relaxed and enjoying it with Dieter. With Ben, I was always worried - the corners of my mind laying out the boundaries and off-limits areas.

I sucked hard on the head. It was huge in my mouth, and felt like I had stuffed a bowling ball in there. Okay, obviously not that big, but, know what I mean? It felt big. I jacked his shaft and hummed happily, still feeling a little sloshed from all the Scotch.

I got up. There was an ache in me that twisted and turned and drove tendrils of need throughout my body. I flopped down and opened my legs. "So, Dieter, what do you do to naked women?"

His grin brightened noticeably.

He moved up and then down between my legs.

I spread them open, wide.

He didn't do what I expected.

He inserted two fingers into me and slowly moved them in and out.

I moaned softly, feeling the pleasure spread like a slow stain. I moved my hips up and down with his finger movements.

He said, "Wunderbar."

A few minutes later, after he had fingered and stroked my clit, his mouth came down on me and enveloped my pussy. His tongue immediately stabbed into my lips.

I moaned, squirming on the bed.

Flashes of light lit the room again.

Dieter drove me nuts. His tongue stabbed into me four or five times, and then licked slowly up my clit. He repeated it.

I felt the slow, twisting build of that tension within me. This wasn't fast like Ben. But it was masterful and perfect.

I was sighing. I said, "Wow, you could lick me forever."

The German chuckled down there. "Ja?"

I said, "Ja."

I felt him leave my pussy. I opened my eyes as he climbed over me. He was between my legs, his face coming closer to mine and his enormous cock coming closer to my pussy. I knew what was coming. He'd try, but I knew it wasn't going to fit.

My legs spread wider on the bed.

Lights flashed.

Yes, my love, take pictures. I'll want to see them, too.

Dieter slowly lowered himself onto me. His muscular frame felt good. But it was the immediate contact and pressure of his helmet against my pussy that drew my focus.

Wider than Ben and Derek both, Dieter's cock pushed and then rested at my opening. It was as if he knew he would have to go slow.

That made me want to cry. I gripped him around the neck and pulled his head down for a kiss. I loved kissing and Dieter gave me tender kisses that weren't rife with his own greedy need.

Our tongues explored each other's mouths and I felt the coils of tension in me increase. My warmth radiated from my body in waves.

I felt the pressure on my pussy increase.

I lifted my knees up and tilted my hips.

My husband sighed. His whisper was shaking. "Oh, yeah."

My pussy lips parted and the wondrous pressure against my opening spread through me with tense waves of expectation.

I felt no stress from worries. There was no time limitation. There were no barriers and inhibitions to my enjoyment. With Ben, pleasure had come suddenly and evaporated fast. With Dieter, pleasure built in an ever-increasing slow build of relaxation. I almost seemed to get more excited by being excited slower.

The pressure against my opening lessened. The attention to the kissing increased. One of his hands caressed the side of my head. I loved it.

The pressure slowly increased on my pussy. I felt his helmet like a solid soft pole against my opening.

I didn't think it was ever going to work.

He gasped, having broken the kiss. "Ja, lovely. So beautiful."

I felt the pressure against my pussy increase. *He wants to be in me!* I thrilled to the thought that he thought of me worth having, but wondered if it could ever happen.

My hole resisted.

His erection pressed.

I moaned, imagining his cock entering me. I lifted my knees back farther, bringing them all the way back.

Dieter stopped pushing and grabbed his cock. He moved it all over my pussy, rubbing up over my clit and then sliding down through my pussy lips. He brought it back up, lubricated now with my wetness, and toyed with it at my hole.

He grunted, then pulled back completely. I looked down my body. He was stroking his precum over the head of his cock.

He said, "Ja, we will do it."

I said, "Are you going to fuck me?"

He said, "Ja, if you allow it. I want to be in you."

I pulled on him. "Yes..."

He put his wet cockhead back at my pussy and pushed. The helmet pressed against my hole and began stretching it.

I moaned.

Derek panted and I saw the light of the video recording flash on.

I rolled my head toward him and gasped as the pressure against my hole increased.

I thought there was no way Dieter would ever get that thing in me, but suddenly I felt a stretching and the movement of fullness entering me.

I sighed loudly, exhaling a breath I didn't know I was holding.

Dieter pushed.

An amazing sense of fullness that left no room for anything began filling me.

My mouth was open in expected pain. But there was no pain. It hovered near, but never blossomed into something requiring an "Ouch."

I knew then that the German man's cock was pushing in. I was being fucked by a handsome foreigner. And my husband was recording a video.

Instead of feeling like a dirty whore, I felt the freedom to enjoy what was happening. My husband was right here by the bed. The man pressing into me had my husband's full approval.

No, there was nothing wrong with this. It was right and something intimate I shared with my husband – and this man. Thrills of joy swept up my body. Not only was I enjoying what was happening, but I knew my husband was, too.

I sighed raggedly and held onto my knees, pulling, opening my pussy for this handsome German man.

He didn't force. He pushed gently with steady pressure and then pulled back, lubricating more of his cock with my wetness.

Derek stepped close. "Here, try this." He was holding a bottle of oil.

Dieter looked. "Ah? Ja, good, good." He pulled out and took the bottle. He poured a little oil on his cock and handed back the bottle.

I watched him stroke the oil onto his shaft.

The light for the video recording came back on.

Mmm, yes, I'd definitely want to watch Dieter stroke his cock more.

The German leaned back down over me and guided his slick erection back to my open pussy. He moved the fat helmet all over my opening and clit.

I gasped, pleased with his teasing. I felt my hole clamp in expectation. *Yes, fuck me.*

The push and pressure was followed by the stretching. It felt very good. It wasn't painful at all – more as if a muscle was getting a long needed stretch.

My emptiness began to be filled. His cock was sliding into and past my opening - his big German erection sliding into my married pussy.

I heard myself moan with lust.

Derek was panting.

I looked over. He was stroking his cock, watching us. I felt more connected to him than ever before. I smiled dreamily at him as my pussy filled more and more with another man's cock.

A wave of lust overtook me and I groaned as more of Dieter's shaft slid into me. I pulled on him and panted. "More. Deeper."

He chuckled and looked at my husband. "Ja, I think she likes it."

Derek laughed low and lusty. "Be easy on her."

"Oh, ja. No worry."

I felt the emptiness destroyed. An enormous fullness was in me, deeper than anything I had ever felt before. He had stopped.

He pressed very gently now, sliding just a little more into me. "Ja, I think that is all."

I was panting fast. "So full."

He said, "Almost. But not all of it. I have not known a woman who could fit all of me in."

Derek was moving the camera, getting better angles.

Dieter said to him, "Ja? I fuck your wife now?"

My husband laughed again, lusty. "Yeah, please." He turned on the lamp at the bedside.

I felt him pull his shaft back and slide it in again. It felt heavenly. He was very slow, moving gently, making sure he didn't pump too hard up against the end of my canal. He kissed me and I moaned happily, wrapping my arms around his neck. His manliness penetrated me, sliding in and out, over and over. I felt as if I were getting an amazing massage from the inside.

There was no emptiness anymore. There was no ache, even. This time was different. With Ben, I had felt the tension and ache and emptiness. With Dieter, I was feeling such a wondrous pleasure that I wanted to drift to sleep. All of my focus centered on the union of our two bodies – at the point of his penetration and the meeting of our mouths.

Thought of everything else evaporated. Just as in my pussy, so it was in my thoughts; there was no room for anything else.

My world consisted only of his thick fullness rubbing in and out of me, filling me with his delightful manliness. His heat worked with mine, creating a comfortable atmosphere that allowed me to completely relax. I felt my legs lower until my feet rested on the bed. I didn't have the energy to hold them up anymore.

The tilt of my hips caused a whole new wave of pleasure to ripple through me as the helmet of his cock touched a new place. I moaned so loudly with lust that Derek dropped the camera.

I looked over at him, startled.

"Oops," he said. His cock was bulging, fully erect and looking happy.

I smiled at him, feeling better that he was enjoying it; I certainly was.

I looked down my body at the shaft slowly sliding in and out of me. No, I couldn't fit it all in. I was shy about three inches of taking it all. *Poor Dieter.* I watched, mesmerized, my mouth hanging open, as that huge German erection moved in and out of me. *I really opened up for all that?*

My hips began to move with him.

He smiled down at me. "Ja? Feel okay?"

I laughed, but it came out in gasps. "Ja. Will Heidi really want to see this?"

He smiled with happy teeth. "Mmm. Oh, ja."

I wondered if she would like it. If she thought I was good for her husband. I hope I was doing what she liked. I asked him. "Would she want me to do anything in particular?"

His blue eyes twinkled at me. "Ah? She likes it sitting."

I touched his face. "Let me do that for you."

He almost looked like he would cry. He was nodding. "You are a special woman, Elizabeth."

Hearing him say my name as his cock moved in my pussy was amazing. I moaned and then again louder in need as he pulled out.

He offered his hand as I felt the immense feeling of emptiness where his erection had been. He was being such a gentleman. I took his hand.

He knelt on the bed and sat on his calves, knees spread wide. "Climb on, my lovely." He looked at Derek. "Film right here, ja?" He indicated his shoulder and down.

My husband was panting, his tongue licking over his lips. "Okay."

I climbed on and he helped lift me over his cock.

The German smiled at me, gripping me gently. "So beautiful."

I wanted to say something for the camera – for Heidi. "You're a handsome man, Dieter. Heidi is so lucky to have you. I can't wait to meet her." And I did want to meet her. I didn't have many female friends – too messy. Too bitchy. But Heidi tickled in me a longing to share with her because I was sharing with her husband. It was only right.

I think I saw water in his eyes.

I looked down as he guided the head between my pussy lips. The helmet brushed wetly into my hole. I lifted a little and then settled.

"Slowly," he said. "She will want to see it slow."

Derek moaned as I slid down very slowly on Dieter's erection. I could feel the German flexing as my pussy devoured his cock. I gasped with pleasure. I lifted a little and settled again, slow. His cock filled me again with agonizing and exquisite sexual tension. I trembled with lust.

When I reached bottom, totally filled, I relaxed a little to see if I could stretch inside a little more. Pressure built way up inside. I gasped.

"Ach, very good. You took a little more."

I looked down. I still couldn't get it all in. At least two inches remained. But it was never going to happen. I rose up and down, moving my pussy up and down his shaft. My thighs trembled.

He sighed happily while my husband angled the camera in.

Derek whispered, "That looks fucking hot."

I sort of laughed. "Are you okay?"

"Fuck, yeah. Ride him." He moved around to my back – probably to get a shot of Dieter's cock up in my pussy.

The trembling in my thighs spread all over me. My husband really likes seeing me ride another man? He's really this turned on? But my eyes did not betray me. Derek's cock was as hard as I've ever seen and he wasn't even touching it.

I leaned forward and rested my forearms on Dieter's chest. My hands clasped the top of his shoulders. I moved up and down, arching my hips to feel the movement all through my pussy. I sighed.

Dieter said, "Feels good?"

My voice shook with lust. "Feels wonderful." I shot my husband a glance to see if my words had hurt him. His eyes were glazed and he was jacking his cock with one hand, aiming the camera with another. He smiled at me briefly, then his face went slack with desire again.

If Dieter had been our best man, would this have been my wedding night? Our real best man had been Walter. I didn't care for Walter and definitely would not have wanted him touching me at all. *But Dieter... Sexy.*

We kissed. My tongue fought with his in a growing tangle of passion. I was moaning. I rode him faster, up and down, taking all I could in.

Derek was panting louder.

The German man sighed loudly with pleasure. His whisper was sexy, "Ah..."

And again we kissed.

If Dieter had been our best man, would Heidi have thought it hot that he fucked me in my wedding dress? Would she have approved? Would she have wanted a video? Would she have been as turned on as I was when I had seen Derek's video of the best man fucking the bride?

I wanted to see that video again. *I think I'll make a copy for myself. And I would definitely want my own copy of this one.*

He was pulling on my butt, helping me move my pussy on his cock. I was gasping, almost delirious. I could think of little but the wonderful cock I was riding.

Dieter began gasping. He lifted me off and tossed me lightly down.

My head swam.

He lifted my legs to his shoulders, that huge erection threatening my pussy with pleasurable promise.

He scooted up and my hips tilted up with him. He angled his cock almost straight down and pushed the head into my pussy.

I gasped, my pussy clenching. I was getting close.

He dropped down slowly, sinking into me. I watched in amazement as that big shaft split me open and sank in. I cried out in a low, wavering voice.

He pulled up, sinking back down, over and over. His cock looked like a huge oil drill moving up and down into my pussy. My juices glistened on his shaft.

I loved it. I moaned louder, gasping between moans.

He was breathing raggedly above me. "Ah, ja,. So good. Ja..." He began pumping down into me faster, still careful not to go farther than I could handle.

His care filled me with comfort even as his big cock filled me with lust. I began squirming, my cries coming a little louder. The delicious slick feel of his shaft sliding in and out of my pussy lips and opening was driving me higher with lustful energy. The filling sensation satisfied my need with a sense of completeness.

He began breathing funny.

I knew he was getting close, I could feel his cock leaking in me and swelling.

He panted down at me, his eyes focusing into mine. "I will... want to... fuck you again..."

My eyes rolled up in my head as a huge wave of unseen sensation pushed a massive wall of force against me. I cried out, shuddering, and then convulsing as if I was going to shake apart. Explosions of tantalizing tingles erupted in my arms, legs, hands and feet. I couldn't breathe. My pulse beat rapidly in my ears and only my cries were heard.

Dieter's cock continued to drill down into me, pushing me down into the bed.

I shook with violent spasms, gasping desperately for air. My skin felt as if lava were erupting through its pores. I bucked my shaking hips, shamelessly trying to get the most from this amazing orgasm.

I was cumming on another man's cock right in front of my husband. I whimpered and gritted my teeth, my hips working hard to satisfy my ache.

Dieter slowed his thrusts and then lowered my legs. He pushed them down flat and wide. He scooted lower, angling his cock horizontally. The head was still in me and I could feel a lot of wetness in there. He leaned on his elbows and forearms, moving his body forward and backward, forcing his cock to move in and out of me at just the right depth. He began going faster.

Oh, yes. He's going to cum. Give it to me. I was panting, my body squirming with the aftershocks of orgasm. My pussy tried to clamp around his thickness. It clenched over and over, his sliding cock still exciting and prolonging the end of my orgasm.

He groaned loudly. I almost thought he was breaking into some German marching song. His mouth hung open and his cock moved in and out of me faster, but with shorter and deeper strokes.

I felt him swell in me, stretching me nicely. His first burst of hot cum felt fantastic. I smiled, my eyes going wide. But more surprising was the speed of his ejaculations. Both Derek and Ben came slower. Once a second, they would send a burst. Dieter was sending maybe three bursts a second. I felt several very fast squirts send scalding hot sperm deep into me. Then all I could feel was hot wetness. But he was still grunting and jerking, sending even more into me.

Derek was groaning with need.

I beckoned him quickly over.

He stood by me and I gripped his erection with a shaking hand. I stroked as best I could. It was fast because everything on me was still shaking.

Dieter's cum began running out of me.

I sighed happily, stroking my husband's cock as he watched another man fill my pussy with his seed. I felt like I was the luckiest woman in the world, then.

Derek groaned out very loud.

Oh shit, it's going to blow! I didn't know what to do with it. I leaned up quickly and stuck him in my mouth just as his ejaculation erupted. I sucked

and swallowed as Dieter's thrusts began to slow.

I realized I was doing the very thing I had thought so filthy in my husband's videos.

But I didn't feel filthy. Instead, I felt fulfilled. *Why had I fought so hard against something so beautiful?*

EPILOGUE

I eagerly agreed to more of Dieter's visits. That made him very happy and my husband ecstatic. I asked him the following day if Heidi would approve of him still seeing me after he brought her over.

His smile and shrug was followed by, "I do not know. We shall see, ja?"

I learned later she not only approved of Dieter being with me, but loved the video.

Ben returned to work the following week. He cornered me at the water cooler. "Up for some kissing?" His eyes twinkled with promise and he stood close.

I leaned back against the wall. "Would Cheryl approve?"

His eyes went wide. "Oh, hell no."

I put my hand delicately on his chest.

He smiled down at me, smoke in his eyes.

I pushed.

He looked hurt. "What's wrong?"

"If she doesn't approve, it doesn't happen. Ever." I had standards. New ones, maybe, but standards.

~ ~ ~

My relationship with Dieter was just beginning. My only worry was whether Heidi would allow it to continue once she arrived in the States.

Until then, I was going to enjoy him.

It started with a kiss, all of this. And it ended with a far more meaningful understanding between me and my husband.

Thank you for reading It's Not Cheating. If you liked this story, you might find these other stories by Laran Mithras a sexy read:

[Intrusion of the Heart](#) - A romance of witches and gods

[The Knight of Her Heart](#) - fantasy swords and sorcery romance

[My Two Vampire Lovers](#) - sassy woman tries to handle two vampires

[Eclipse of Her Heart](#) - husband, wife, and a friend with voyeurism

[The Captain of Her Heart](#) - three sci-fi romances in an overarching storyline

[Phone Sex With The Neighbors](#) - a young couple get involved with their older neighbors

[DRAGON, SHIFTED](#) - dragonshifter romance

[The Sharing of Carlene](#) - hotwife novel

[The Babysitter's Desire](#) - husband and wife and babysitter

[Two Vampires For Leah](#) - a woman stumbles into the arms of two old vampire friends

[Loaning Her To My Boss](#) - the boss is there on their wedding night

[CAT, SHIFTED](#) - catshifter romance

[Beach Swing](#) - two couples swap, one couple with consent, the other couple without

[Lonely Wife](#) - a wife steps outside her marriage to find passion

[Taboo Hearts](#) - a nasty churchgoing swap with the pastor and his wife

[Jill Is Watching](#) - a wife pool-sits and becomes involved with voyeurism and adultery

[Melting My Ice Queen](#) - a husband concocts a stupid plan to melt his wife

[Love and Liberation](#) - a young churchgoing couple become involved with liberated Christians

[Dee's Desire](#) - a woman in a dead-end town finds love where she had refused to accept it

[RAVAGED By The Dark Elves](#) - two modern gals are taken by dark elves and ravished

[Take It Farther](#) - a sublime story of a husband encouraging his wife to flirt with his boss's husband

[My Husband Wants Me to Date?](#) - her husband's fantasy opens up to her a world she thought filthy

[Honey, Can I Join the Poker Game?](#) - short two players, Sadie wants to join the men and her husband lets her

[Another Man to Confuse Me](#) - a woman is torn between two lovers with a decision she can't make

[Honey, I Joined the Carpool](#) - his wife joins the carpool and he sets in motion a delicate psychological plan to see her with another man

[Honey, My Cousin Came to Visit](#) - her cousin Alec comes to visit and they take up teasing each other after years being apart

[Honey, I'm Not Wearing This](#) - she has her husband dress as a woman for her sex-toy parties

[I'm Going to Ram Your Wife](#) - he watches his wife bargain with the neighbors over a fender bender

[My Employee's Asian Wife](#) - he cuckolds his employee in a twisting tale of fantasies

[Honey, I Got Promoted](#) - a married secretary helps her boss relieve his stress

Short Stories by Laran Mithras

[After Her Death](#) (Kindle Only) - horror erotica

[My Wife's Seduction](#) (Kindle Only) - on a daytrip, a husband watches his wife seduced in the backseat by his friend

[Taking My Coworker's Bride](#) - the best man can't leave the bride unfulfilled. He takes her in front of the groom

[The Brat Next Door](#) - fertile eighteen year old girl is taken by the older neighbors