



A DARK PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE

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By

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Jealousy is a disease, love is a healthy condition. The immature mind often mistakes one for the other, or assumes that the greater the love, the greater the jealousy - in fact, they are almost incompatible; one emotion hardly leaves room for the other.

~ Robert A. Heinlein

CHAPTER 1

It was wrong.

I didn't see it coming.

Who could?

I married my Tessa with hope for the future, only to find that marital bliss was a vicious lie.

The worst of lies.

"Is something wrong?" she asked blithely.

I ground my jaws together. Nothing fazed her. Nothing concerned her. Everything was just another bar of soap to smell and buy. Food choices were inconsequential. She might as well have been asking if the mail had come yet.

"Clark?" she prodded.

I had thought once we were married that everything would continue as it had before, but had she not seemed to actually withdraw? Become less focused on me? Had she not flirted with anyone and everyone since our wedding night?

What had happened?

I said, "Nothing's wrong." I didn't want to give power to my fear that she was playing loose and could potentially cheat. I didn't want to even give her the idea. My hand shook in anger on my glass. I set it back down without drinking the rest of the iced tea. "Maybe we should just go."

"We just got here. We ordered; we can't just walk out now."

But you'll flirt with the waiter again... I ground my teeth harder. I glanced around surreptitiously. Flick's Famous was crowded and the buzz inside the comfortable interior of the restaurant was highlighted by blinding points of light where they struck the walls over paintings and signed pictures. No one knew if the place's name was meant to be a reference to Flick or some unnamed dish they served. The people chatted loudly nearby about other things.

No one was looking at us. At me.

No one had noticed my tension.

Except, of course, my wife.

She was a beauty to me: young; clear-faced; silky hair. I was five weeks into being married to a twenty-two year old goddess and finding that our

thirteen year age difference was... something of an issue.

Did her generation really think flirting was acceptable?

Cheating?

I don't think she had cheated on me.

Yet.

But that disgusting deed barreled at me like a garbage truck down a narrow alley driven by a blind man and I had nowhere to run. Its coming ached in my bones with worry and betrayal.

"Clark..." She was frowning.

Before I could answer, our waiter delivered our plates. A small sizzling steak each – New York, nothing too expensive – and baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, neatly bundled in aluminum foil.

I watched her.

She looked up at the young waiter and beamed. Her eyes even sparkled – eyes that should only sparkle for me.

I watched very carefully to make sure no secret messages were passed on slips of paper.

His name was Vince and he had slicked back black hair that I knew my wife found attractive. She had commented many times on my black hair and how turned on she was by it.

My life slid around me and slipped down a slope that promised pain at the end.

My father had dumped my mother right after I was born. My grandparents had divorced on my mother's side. Of my father's side, I knew nothing.

Was I destined for the same fate?

I stabbed angrily into my food, imagining Vince under my fork and knife. It was not a happy meal.

CHAPTER 2

She shook her head at me, fists on hips. She was dressed in her running outfit. In high school, she had been on the cross country team and she ran now because she didn't want to lose her stamina.

Unfortunately, her running clothes consisted of a tiny sport tank-top and super-skimpy yoga shorts.

Some of this was my fault.

I had wanted a sexy young woman I could mold into my image of the perfect wife. I always went commando. I told Tessa that I expected her to go also. It didn't help that she said she never wore panties under her yoga pants and shorts, anyway.

So she jogged, leaving absolutely zero to the imagination.

I could have jogged with her to keep a closer tab on her, but I knew I'd never keep up.

Fortunately, our house faced the park. From the front window, I could see her entire circuit. She would do three laps around the twenty acre park. Often, she picked up a stray jogger or two, sometimes women and sometimes men. They would run alongside her and chat.

She said to me, "I always run. I ran before we were married and I'm going to keep running."

"Tess... Can't you dress more appropriately?"

She gave me a pained look, mouth opened on one side showing teeth. "Excuse me? This *is* appropriate running attire."

I looked at her camel toe, all puffy and plain as day. She might as well have been standing there naked, thrusting it out, and offering it to all the guys so they could gawk and slobber.

She lowered her chin and raised her eyebrow at me. "I've always worn these, even in school. Our coach approved of them."

I muttered, "I'll bet he did."

"What are you implying? These grip tight, allow freedom of movement, and are soft. The cotton absorbs moisture—"

I cut her off with a wave of my hand and gritted through clenched teeth, "Fine, right? Okay. Just don't talk to anyone."

"What's wrong with talking to people? I'm not a six year old anymore. I'm a grown woman. I think I can look out for myself. Besides, the company

is nice."

I ground my teeth together harder.

At least she ran in the mornings when I could watch her. I started my shift at ten.

She whipped her hair into a ponytail and attached her phone pocket on her arm. She looked adorable and so totally fuckable.

And other men were going to see her.

My jaw began to ache really bad.

She murmured, "Is this all about your... problem?"

My face heated, but not in anger. I looked away. "No..." Ever since my feelings of jealousy had become so rampant, I had been having a mounting problem getting hard. The more I desired her and wanted to possess her to myself, the weaker my erections became. I didn't want to admit to anyone and especially myself that I might have erectile dysfunction. ED was no laughing matter as I found out perusing the web. Even young kids experienced it.

Supposedly, it was all in the head – that was the expert consensus.

I wasn't so sure.

Tessa studied me for a second, scrunching her lips together for her serious face. "You wanted me to dress sexily, remember?"

"I do, but—"

"And that dress you bought me for the neighbor's party tomorrow?"

"Maybe you shouldn't wear it."

"I won't, if you don't want me to. I just remember that you got hard when you decided to buy it."

I had. No denying that. The problem was, I had to weigh my erections to the fact that her dress might attract attention. I swallowed my indecision. "Wear it..." I just wasn't sure I wanted her to.

She turned her head, looking at me more out of her left eye – her suspicious face. "We'll see."

I watched her little butt jiggle out the front door and my dick stirred a little. I wasn't a small man; I had a nice cock – or did when it worked. Eight inches with a slight curve to the right – not perfect, but not small or laughable.

She added before I closed the door, "I'll be wearing my bikini under it anyway."

I had to give her that; she wouldn't be going commando like me. It was easier to just strip off her dress and store it in her carry bag than try to find and wait for a bathroom for a private change.

I went to the kitchen window and watched her. I leaned against the sink, scanning the park for joggers. Some were there, both men and women. Tessa's ponytail swung jauntily back and forth as she ran, water bottle in hand. I licked my lips at the sight of her beautiful form.

In a very short amount of time, a guy joined her running by seeing her, turning back from his path, and intercepting her. His head was craned, looking at her but at this distance I couldn't see if he was smiling or talking. They ran side by side around the park. When they passed the front of the house across the street, I could see him talking to her.

Was he trying to pick up on her? Steal her away?

I saw his loose running shorts. He must have been commando because his package flopped stiffly, tenting out the material. Her head was facing away from me, turned towards him.

How could she miss that guy's predicament? Was she looking at it? Ignoring it? Admiring it?

My jaw began hurting again.

They passed, running smoothly. Apparently, the guy wasn't at all concerned about strutting alongside her with his dick pushing his shorts out so far that the waistband had pulled away from his abdomen.

I wanted to go outside and call out to her, but I knew that was futile. She was going to run her laps no matter what reason I fabricated.

They came around again.

This time, Tessa looked at the house, and saw me in the window. A look crossed her face – something between chagrin and appeasement. She waved. The guy beside her was harder than before, his package now barely moving because of its stiffness, and he was busy looking at her, his eyes down at her bouncing breasts. The waistband of his shorts was pulled at least three inches out from his abdomen. There was no way Tessa could not notice the shaft being visible.

I waved back, but she had already looked forward and down. Then her head turned slightly to the guy – I don't know if to take a sneaky peek down his shorts or to try avoiding looking directly down them at all.

I could hope for the latter, but hope was a disappointing promise that was more fantasy than reality. I just knew she was looking at the base of the

guy's shaft. I fumed, wanting to chase him down and beat his face in until his erection shriveled.

It would be just and right if he had... my problem.

On her final lap, she stopped across from the house and wiped her brow. The guy was smiling, facing her, with his tent pointing straight at her. They laughed about something, then my wife put the water bottle into her mouth. She leaned back, lifting the bottle with only the grip of her mouth and chugged. Her knees spread wide and bent, it almost looked like she was leaning back to offer excited guy her pussy.

The guy took two steps toward her, the point of his tent very close to her outthrust pussy. His eyes glanced up and down, taking in the water bottle and likely imagining his dick there instead. I knew he could also see every minute detail of my wife's pussy, too. I had seen her stretch backwards before while wearing those yoga shorts; even her clit was defined and obvious.

The guy licked his lips.

Tessa finished her little trick and backed up when her head came down and saw he had gotten closer. She looked down at his shorts.

She must have said something because the tent surged upward in a flexing twitch and caused them both to start laughing.

He took another step towards her and started to reach his hand to grab her.

My heart banged harshly in my chest as my anger rose to a fever pitch.

Tessa backed up again and then turned away, waving to him.

I ducked to the side so she wouldn't see me in the window. I ran for the bathroom to fume in private. That was when I noticed I was half hard.

Anger and erections should not mix.

But I knew the reason: I wanted to fuck my wife to remind her she belonged to me and only me. I wanted to pound it into her pussy in the same way I wanted to pound that guy's face into a bloody pulp.

No, anger and erections should never mix.

CHAPTER 3

Tessa turned this way and that, looking at her dress in the mirror. "This is definitely the shortest dress you've ever bought me. If I wasn't going to Jimmy's pool party, this would be very dangerous without underwear."

I had bought it for that reason – it excited me to see almost all the way up to her bare pussy. There couldn't have been more than an inch of material hiding what she had.

That made me hard. Well, as hard as I could get nowadays. My slacks were pushing out just a little. I said with regret, "Maybe you shouldn't wear it."

She lifted the hem. "Bikini, remember? No danger."

Her act of showing me with just the tiniest flip of her skirt was enough to make my dick twitch.

She noticed and smiled – that same expression of love and intimacy with which she had beamed at me on our wedding day. My mother had shown up, along with Tessa's friends. Her parents hated me – thought I was too old for her. But my Tessa had loved me anyway. She moved closer and rubbed her hand down my slacks, over my semi-hardness. She said, "Ever since you began... having problems, you've bought me sluttier and sluttier clothes. Is...?"

"Is what?"

Her face went through a range of emotions – her consideration face. She was trying to word her thoughts so as not to offend me. "Clark."

"What?"

"I'm not trying to offend you by asking this, I'm just curious."

"What? Ask it."

"Is this entire slutty clothing thing due to you not being able to get hard so you want other men to see me and get hard now that you can't?"

A baseball bat in a full homerun swing could not have hit my anger and jealousy any harder. I blinked, feeling the impact in my gut as her question seemed so unusual that I was at a loss for words. *No way. No way.* I started shaking my head.

She touched my arm to soothe me. "I didn't mean anything by it; I'm just asking."

There was a remnant of heat in my voice, but it sounded alone and lost. "I don't want guys looking at you."

She rolled her eyes with a smile. "You might as well expect them to hate pizza, too." She tilted her head side to side. "All guys look."

"Did that jogger yesterday look at you?" It was a test; I had seen him looking.

"Garth?" She blushed. "Yes, I caught him a few times. But," she shrugged, "it was normal. Nothing I hadn't seen before. It's what guys do."

"And girls? Girls don't look?"

"Well, we might do a once-over and check out a guy, but we don't leer —"

"Did you look at Garth?" I couldn't keep the accusation out of my voice and the stress of my jealousy fell on the name.

Tessa blushed this time, caught out and on the spot. "It was kind of hard not to."

I wanted to grab her and shake her. I fumed in silence.

"Don't be mad, Clark; it wasn't like I pulled down his shorts for a look. It was all pointed out—"

"I saw. You could see right down there because his waistband was all pulled out. Did you get a good look at his dick?" My lips were tight with anger.

"No—"

"Oh come on."

"It wasn't like I saw the whole thing, no. Just the base of it, and I was kind of embarrassed."

I turned away, clenching my fists.

She came around me to face me. "It wasn't my fault. Anyway, he was coming on too strong, so—"

"Of course it was your fault. He wouldn't have gotten hard for another guy. If you wouldn't wear those shorts—"

"That's not fair, Clark. Those are the same style of shorts I wore in high school."

"Did it turn you on to see him so excited? Is that it?"

She stuttered, stunned, "M-me? I—Well, I was flattered, I guess, sure."

"It turned you on?"

She gave a sharp sigh and firmed her lips. "In a way, yes."

I advanced on her, reaching under her hemline and grabbing her bikini bottoms. "Did you get all moist down there? Hmm?"

She frowned in irritation and grabbed my slacks. She squeezed. "Did seeing him all excited get you hard?" She began rubbing and her eyes cleared instantly in realization. "What's this? You *are* hard."

"I am not." But we both knew it was a lie. I was hard, just not fully erect. For her, it might be something of progress, but to me, nothing less than a full erection was success. I either had it or I didn't and right now I didn't. It had hardened: big difference.

She stroked slowly over my slacks. "Were you hoping I'd look down his shorts? Or were you just wanting him to look at me?"

Neither. However, I didn't voice my thoughts because the two questions seemed so far apart. I tried the truth. "When I get angry, sometimes I get hard. Seeing you flirt with everybody makes me want to remind you exactly who you're married to."

She looked up at me with inquisitive eyes, but said nothing.

I pushed her hand away with as much force as handing her a glass of iced tea.

Her lips pressed together and she said, "You need to get over this jealousy thing; I love you, I married you."

"And yet you check out other guys."

"Of course I do. All girls do. I just don't stare."

"I thought you were more innocent."

Her eyebrows popped up in mock surprise. "And what is that supposed to mean, *exactly*? You thought I was a prude?"

"No, I—"

"You wanted me to be your personal slut."

I had admitted it before, when I had started asking her to dress sexier. "Well, yes. I had to work on you to get—"

She pushed her face close to mine, looking up into my eyes. "Clark, you think you know me but you have no idea what a perverted slut I am in my mind."

I stepped back, flabbergasted. "You?"

"Me. The difference is, I keep it all inside."

"Like what?"

"You love me, right?"

"Yes."

"Then there are things you don't need to know."

That irked me. "Come on, Tess."

"What? It's all in the past, anyway. I'm your wife and I love being your wife. Except when you get all jealous..."

"What is in your past?"

"Nothing. Now are we going, or not? Because if you aren't, I am. I want to swim and our hot tub is too small for swimming." She stomped to the door.

I sighed and followed her, irritated that she refused to answer questions that I needed to know. What was in her past? What had she done that made her think she was a perverted slut? I definitely needed to know those things. What right did she have to withhold that vital information from her husband?

CHAPTER 4

The Faulkners had bought a motorhome to travel America. They rented out their house to college students, not caring ever to return. Damage? Have it repaired by the management company. Terry and Ruth Faulkner were seeing the country.

The spacious house had a pool and several rooms added on when Terry had been a more hands-on do-it-yourselfer. It was too nice for college kids and they knew it; they just didn't care. The income paid the property taxes and upkeep and the extra rooms provided a healthy income to them as they traveled.

Music blared inside as we entered. Whatever insulation Terry had used kept a lot of the noise inside.

Tessa separated from me almost instantly.

Shouldn't you stay by my side?

She attached herself to a gal I had seen before and knew to be one of her friends: Allison. Instantly, they were arm in arm, faces alight with the excitement of friendship, and mouths moving across animated expressions.

I felt as if I might be intruding if I merged into their duo. Ah, well, let girls be girls. And yet, I had no immediate friends with which to create my own bubble of identity. It was as if the blaring semi-rap music by a female singer who was heavy on her consonants in a pedantic way pushed at my area of acceptance until there was only me floating in a void of experience.

I was there alone, but not really there – despite all the other people. It was like a VR scene.

I moved to the sliding glass door. The handle of it held back the heavy curtains, fraying the nutmeg-colored fabric where it hooked behind the aluminum handle. The kids were too lazy to draw the curtain strings, or had broken them.

The latter likely.

A smattering of half-naked young people in various states of undress and swimwear chatted and swam in back. The gals were decidedly plump despite their youth with muffin-tops and bulges previously reserved for middle age in times past.

I had seen my mother's pictures from the eighties – health and fitness had blossomed on the pictures of young people. Not anymore. Unless gals

went for yoga or running, such as my Tessa...

"Excuse us..." Two girls slid by me out the door.

I barely heard them over the music and kids trying to talk over the music. It was at that instant that the noise crushed in on me, hurting my ears. I frowned, turning towards them, but they were already past me. However, my gaze was caught by Tessa.

She was sitting on the lap of some smiling guy. Her dress – already very short – was exposing her bikini bottoms.

Every nerve in my body tightened to the point of taut vibration and wrath. My shoulders quivered with it. Even before I could take one step towards her, I saw why she was on his lap: her friend was taking a picture of them together with her phone.

A... smidge... of anger left me, but why have a picture of my wife on this guy's lap at all? I moved towards them just as another laughing guy nudged my wife and handed her a red solo cup.

Her eyes flashed appreciation and she raised it to her lips.

I was there – I don't know how through three intervening people – and grabbed it out of her grip with a snatch. I hauled on her with my other hand, removing her from the dude's lap.

Noise rushed in all at the same time.

Her friend said, "Whoa 'kay..."

The dude said, "Hey..."

My wife squawked with irate protest.

The guy who had handed her the cup said, "Hey, that's hers."

I gave my wife a look and motioned with the cup.

Her eyes went wide and her mouth formed a slightly astonished expression. "Ohh... right..."

I turned on cup-guy and shoved him back against the wall. The music didn't stop, but suddenly people stopped talking around us. It was almost as deafening as the music. My hand cupped close at his neck and I grated, "What's in this, huh?"

"Just beer, dude. Fuck off." His head jerked with umbrage. He tried to dislodge my hand with a weakly ineffectual swipe.

I clamped my hand tighter around his throat. "Why don't you take a good drink of it first?"

People were starting to call out. "Hey!" "Dude!" "Hey, back off, man!"

Cup-guy's eyes went wide and he said, "It was for her, man—"

I brought the cup close. "Drink some yourself."

He knocked the cup from my hand, desperately, eyes wild with alarm. The beer and whatever else was in it went splashing over a wire DVD rack and the wall behind it.

I brought my knee up, hard, into the guy's groin. He went down as hands grabbed me and pulled me away.

I was shouting, "Didn't want your own beer, huh? You think you can slip my wife a roofie? Huh?" I struggled against the multitude of hands. "Let me go!"

Voices, everywhere. "Dude!" "Hey, man, that wasn't cool." "Oh my god, a roofie?" "I think he's a racist." "It was just beer, what a waste." "Let him go, man, he was just protecting his girl." "It's a good thing he didn't try that shit with me, I would've pounded his ass." "It's cool, dude, it's cool."

Eventually, the hands on me relaxed and were removed.

Cup-guy had a couple of caring and concerned guys around him helping him up.

My wife grabbed hold of my arm in search of security. She said, "God, I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking."

"Tess, you can never accept a drink—"

"I know, I know, it just slipped my mind... I'm sorry."

"Who's the guy you were getting a pic with?"

She glanced over her shoulder at him. "Oh, him? That's Garren, Allison's boyfriend. She wanted a picture of us."

I relaxed. A little. Maybe... a smidge. "Did you have to sit on his lap?"

She shrugged slowly with exaggeration. "It seemed like the thing to do."

"What?" I could barely hear her delicate voice over the crowd and music.

She placed her lips near my ear, repeating again. "It seemed like the thing to do. It was just a picture."

But your... I ground my teeth together. Her bikini had been exposed. If this hadn't have been a swim party, she would be going commando, like me. People might have seen her pussy. Probably. And then everyone would've thought what a lucky guy Garren was.

Not me.

No, of course not; I was just some old guy not hip enough to have a beautiful girl on my arm.

I fumed for several minutes, during which Tessa began talking to Allison and her boyfriend again. The music was turned off. A USB chip was inserted and after a touch or two, dance music began. The thump was at least a lot more agreeable than really bad rap, so I calmed quite a bit.

Tessa danced with Allison and so did a few other girls dance with each other. The guys circled like hawks, trying not to look intent, but rather disinterested.

They weren't of course. Every guy in the house knew all about the cool act. Even before the second song began, guys were asking girls to dance like, "Oh well, there's nothing better to do and I guess you'd be okay to dance with." Their faces lost the indifference and took on serious expressions of, "Yeah, I'm badass."

Some of the girls twerked.

I thought it was disgusting.

Tessa had the decency to dance with Garren, and then some other guy without acting like a slut. But I watched her.

It was the guy who came on strong, wrapping her with his arms and pulling her close. They ground together, gyrating in a way that made my blood boil. I moved through the dancers, dodging and ducking swaying arms in the air as I approached my wife and the guy. I grabbed her arm just as the song ended and a new one began.

She spun to me, breathless and happy. "Oh, you want to dance? I thought you didn't—"

"No, I don't." I could dance if someone popped off a whole clip at my feet.

She let me pull her away. "That was embarrassing."

"What?" I turned to her at the edge of the cleared dance area – near the wall.

"I said, that was embarrassing."

"No, I heard that part. What was embarrassing?"

Her expression was amazed and scandalized. "That guy I danced with had a massive erection when he pressed against me."

I growled, but it was lost in the noise.

She wasn't looking at me, but at the crowd. She did little dance bounces as if wanting to get back in the ring.

I asked, "You felt it?"

She nodded. Then a tide of color rose up her neck and face. "He sort of ground it all over my bikini bottoms. The dress got pushed up."

I barely constrained the anger in my voice. "Well, don't dance with him again."

She made a wry face at me. "I wasn't intending to." Her eyes fixed on something, or someone, and her expression changed. Maybe clouded a little.

I followed her gaze and recognized the guy she was looking at: it was the jogger from yesterday.

She said, barely audible, "Oh gosh..."

"What?"

Allison pulled her away for some kind of girl-gaggle to which I was obviously not included.

I sighed and turned to go outside. I found all the chairs and lounges that weren't broken being held by personal items: a towel here and there; purses; carry bags; ice chests.

Can't they use the ground? Fuck. I fumed, arms crossed, up against the stucco wall by the sliding glass door.

Tessa came out a few minutes later and didn't look to the side to see me. She picked a lounge and unceremoniously dumped the ice chest onto the cement. It bounced and rocked, but stayed upright.

I snickered to myself. A girl can get away with that, but a guy? Suddenly it's murder time.

She slipped off her flimsy dress down to her bikini. She sat and saw me. Her wave was instant and her smile just as fast, but then she looked into the pool and frowned. I judged it the same as she did: too crowded. She sat, knees together and hands clasped as she waited for the pool to empty a little.

That was when I was joined by some twerp who thought he knew everything. "Hey."

I nodded at him.

The jogger guy came out and looked around. Garth?

Twerp held out his hand. "Jadin."

I shook reluctantly, not really wanting to talk to him. "Clark."

His smile was mocking and sudden. "Clark? Like Clark Kent?"

I rolled my eyes at him. "Yeah, something like that."

His expression changed in disappointment.

If you thought you were going to impress me with your stupid wit... I frowned at him.

He looked away and sighed as if relaxing on a beach. He changed the subject, trying to regain his magnanimous manhood. Or what he thought was his manhood. He said leisurely, "You know the trick to picking up girls?"

"Huh?"

He glommed onto my query as if I had pleaded with him to share wisdom. "Chicks are easy. Most guys don't know the difference between an available chick, a bull-dyke, an ice queen, an ace—"

"Ace?"

His head jerked with knowledge. "Yeah, you know, LGBTIA?"

"A?"

"As in asexual. Ace."

"Oh."

"Anyway, the easy way to tell which pussy is available for some meat thunder."

I glared at his usage of slang. *Why don't you just say fuck?*

He tilted his head over as if imparting valuable wisdom to me. "Take that bitch over there." He pointed at my wife.

I drew breath to blow this teen turd into the pool.

He said, "Notice how her legs are open when talking to a guy? It's subconscious. A girl opens her legs to good looking guys she's willing to fuck."

I stared incredulously with all the anger of outrage at... who? Tessa sat there, legs no longer closed, but open as she talked to Garth. I didn't know if this Jadin was right or not, but something else to me was very obvious: though she acted disinterested in him, her nipples were extremely obvious at this distance – hard and pointing. When jogger guy adjusted his package right in front of my wife, her eyes dropped down to the motion and her legs twitched open maybe an inch wider.

Jadin caught it, nudging me. "Look at her eyes, dude. I bet she wants to give him neck."

"What?"

"You know, slob the nob? Give his pole a mouth hug?"

I coughed in annoyance, not sure whether I wanted to strangle the idiot kid or extricate my wife.

As it was, I saw her get up and shoulder past Garth as if escaping. She stepped into the pool without hesitation, surging out and away from the steps.

Maybe she had gotten up without me having to correct her, but I couldn't dismiss her extremely hard nipples. She only got that way when turned on. And her legs? Was there anything to it? They had been closed before Garth had talked to her. Why did they open? Was Jadin right? Had Tessa subconsciously reacted to him by opening her legs? Offering her pussy to a man she thought attractive?

The searing burn of anger rose in me, but it was about to get a lot hotter.

CHAPTER 5

Garth chased her slowly around the pool. She kept looking at me with quick little shamed looks – as if checking to see if I was watching.

I was.

She tried to avoid the guy, but he kept swimming after her and talking. Finally, she backed up against the edge of the pool and watched me over his shoulder while he talked to her.

I seethed silently, wondering if Garth would understand my fist as a threat.

At least, Tessa didn't seem to want to talk to him.

Except the jogger was handsome, fit, and had displayed his tented shorts hiding his erection to her yesterday without the slightest slice of modesty. She had said he came on too strong.

A new annoyance intervened.

Her eyes slid past Garth, but not to me.

I followed them to a young guy with a total swimmer's body. For a moment, I was about to push off the wall and go smack my hand down on the guy's shoulder: he looked like my friend Bernard, but everyone called Bend at his insistence. He hated Bernard.

Except, this guy wasn't him. Too tall, hair closer to his head, too toned, too smiley, too confident – all qualities Bend lacked. Not that my friend was ugly or deficient, just not running around looking like this Adonis.

I looked back to Tessa. She was still looking at the guy and admiring his butt by the way it looked from my spot against the house. She lifted her arms behind her and pushed on the edge of the pool. Lifting herself up from the deep end, she made her escape from too-close Garth. That put her in the awkward position of lifting her body right in front of him, exposing her bikini bottoms as she came up out of the water. Her camel toe was perfectly, wetly displayed – right in his face.

Garth surged towards her, but she was faster – up and out of the water. Her eyes found mine and she moved with that youthful, tight jiggle over to me as her skin pebbled with goose bumps.

I stood there, fists twitching as she got close. "I wish he'd leave me alone." She looked back, but I noticed not at Garth – at the other guy.

She was checking him out again!

I tried to sound helpful, but I was conflicted over her apparent rejection and being pleased about it, with her obvious attraction to the other guy and feeling angry about it. "Do you want me to talk to Garth?" My fingers clenched into fists and my knuckles cracked.

I was no weakling and I had a fast, hard punch.

"What? No." She looked down at our feet. "I just... wish he'd talk to someone else. I don't really like him."

I looked at her nipples, still very prominently displayed under the fabric of her skimpy bikini top. I lifted a hand that was trembling with barely suppressed anger. I brushed a thumb across one nipple. "These are telling me a totally different story."

She flinched at the abrupt contact, and then huddled closer to me and hugged her arms to herself. She glanced at the other guy who somewhat resembled Bend, but she said of Garth, "He says things... Suggestive things. Like how my skin looks delicious."

Garth had gone too far and my jaw began aching with pain. I saw the jogger looking over at us and I glared the ugliest challenge I could. Under the ripples of the water, his trunks were tented out.

Had my wife seen that? He had been close to her. Had she looked down at it? Blood pulsed in my veins hotly, surging to my extremities with powerful pumps. My fists ached to smash Garth's face.

I moved away from Tessa.

She pleaded, "No, Clark. Just forget about it..."

I could barely hear her from the roaring in my ears. Proudly, my manhood had swollen due to the ravenous pumping of my heart. Standing at the edge of the pool near Garth, I made sure he could see I was packing some man-heat. I leveled a finger down at him and said pointedly, "You're bothering my wife. Approach her again and I'll turn your face into ground beef. Am I speaking enough English for you?"

He put on feigned outrage. "I was just talking to her, dude."

I flexed my cock in my jeans so he'd understand that I was more man than he was. "I. Don't. Give. A. Fuck. You're done talking to her."

He didn't look down at my package, but that was fine, too. I just wanted him to get the message. He made a dismissive noise and lowered his eyes.

Victory.

He turned away with an indifferent shrug. "Yeah, whatever."

I hid a tight smile and looked for Tessa. She was sitting back on the lounge. Her knees were tightly together, as usual, but she turned towards the swimmer guy while drying her hair. Her knees parted, opening wide.

She had done the same to Garth. Attracted to both? If that idiot Jadin was right, her subconscious found both men attractive – which they were – while her conscious mind thought Garth was too forward.

Was she harboring something she'd never discussed with me? It was almost as if she were still judging men as to whether or not they would be good boyfriends.

Was she?

She lifted her chin a little as she looked at the guy.

The object of her attention looked over at her.

I moved back over to the house and leaned against the wall. I crossed my arms, watching the scene with ire and impotence. Despite the swelling in my jeans, I had not gotten fully hard. However, now I could feel pulses of life and lust. I imagined taking my wife back home and fucking her so viciously that she would forget all about these other guys.

Maybe I couldn't get it up all the way, but I could definitely dream, couldn't I?

Was my Tessa searching for a replacement? Someone who could satisfy her?

When she locked eyes with the guy, she stopped moving. They stared at each other for what seemed like an eternity, but was only a few seconds. She turned away and got up, dragging her towel up with her. She turned her back to the man and bent over, wiping the towel down her legs. Her butt was thrust towards the guy.

His eyes dropped down, obviously looking if she was offering.

I wanted to shout and scream at her for being so lewd, but my breath was constricted and I was panting with anger. My throat was clenched shut and I fumed in silence. My hands clenched and unclenched with jerking spasms. I wanted to beat him and shake her.

She straightened up and took a surreptitious glance over her shoulder.

He was still looking.

She adjusted her bikini bottoms in the way women do – pulling the elastic leg band up and out and then resettling. The process exposed almost all of her little butt cheeks for anyone behind her.

Anger surged so hotly that I pushed off the wall and stomped towards her. If I had to grab her by the hair, we were going home.

Allison bounced out of the house at a run, straight for my wife. "Tessa!" She waved frantically. "Come quick! You have *got* to see this."

My wife forgot all about the man in a rush of curiosity. "What's going on?"

I was up to them now and paused while her friend whispered to her loud enough for us to hear. "I don't know if you remember Maria, the thick Mexican girl?"

My wife nodded.

"Well, she's here with her husband and he's... Well, you just have to see it. Come on." She pulled on my wife.

I followed them, glad enough my wife's attention was off the guy.

Inside the house, the little dance area was almost cleared and surrounded by a ring of people. The focus of everyone in the living room was a Mexican girl with very thick thighs and the skimpiest black dress into which she could stuff her somewhat large boobs. The hemline was so short that the guy behind her barely had to lift it to expose her lack of panties.

She was facing a Mexican guy who was smiling and clapping. He was slightly drunk by the sound of him. "Yeah, grind him, chica! Grind him!" He waved his finger at the guy dancing behind his wife. "Hey, white boy, touch her, man. Are you afraid? She's clean."

The guy dancing behind her reached around again and lifted the hem of her dress. The crowd cheered. His fingers moved to Maria's pussy and began massaging.

Her husband groaned with appreciation and grabbed the front of his jeans – half adjusting and half massaging. "Yeah... do it."

Maria reached behind her and began fondling the dancer.

Her husband hissed inward and rubbed his jeans faster. "Yeah, stroke the white boy. Stroke him good."

I stood there, open-mouthed as Maria's husband's eyes grew glazed with lust. How could he watch some guy finger his wife? Certainly, Maria was pretty. A little thick, but pretty. Her eyes smoked sluttiness in waves and even I was affected. My cock stiffened in my pants, pulsing in time with the music.

Tessa was just as astonished as me. She watched, leaning into Allison as they drank in the spectacle.

The husband waved at a guy. "Hey, come here. Whip your dick out and let her feel it. Unless you got a tiny little white thing."

The guy he pointed at shook his head frantically.

I almost laughed. Was he tiny?

The husband pointed at another. "You, come here. Whip it out, man. My wife likes white dick. Show her."

The guy did, face red, and unzipping for Maria. He pulled out a slightly long cock that flopped under the gaze of the crowd.

I smirked. I was longer than he was. Except... mine didn't work. His hardened after Maria wrapped her fingers around it and began tugging.

Suddenly, Jimmy was there, waving his arms. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Not in the living room. Whose guests are these?"

Another kid raised his hand. "Mine. Come on, Jimmy—"

"Just take it to your room, okay?"

"Oh, yeah. Fine. No problem, dude." The kid turned to the dance area. "Okay, let's take this to my room. Come on. Right down the hall here." He led the way with Maria and her two white boys following. More trailed after her, including her husband.

Allison hauled on Tessa and merged into the small crowd walking into the hall.

I went along, so as not to lose her.

The crowd filled the bedroom and Maria was the center of attention. Allison, Tessa, and I were backed against the wall. I was half sitting on the dresser with one foot down on the floor. The bedroom was a mess, dirty clothes everywhere.

With a yank from her husband, Maria's dress top was pulled down. Her large tits bounced out, free. He shoved her dress up, exposing her pussy. He called out, "White boys only. I want to see big white cocks, right the fuck now."

There were quite a few murmurs and bawdy chuckles. "Dude..." "Yeah." "Whoa, dude." "Fuck, man, check out her cunt."

Dicks appeared in a shuffle of clothing and pants.

One of the girls who had come in said, "Are you guys seriously going to do this?"

Maria's husband gave her a grimace. "Hey, chica. Why the fuck did you come in here?"

The girl was shaking her head. "This is so sexist and racist—"

The husband roared, "Get the fuck outta the room, you stupid bitch!" His finger shook as he pointed. "Pinche puta!" He thrust his hand into the air in a mocking wave goodbye.

One of the guys stood half undressed, watching the door.

The girl turned, head tilted, eyes angry, looking at him. Boyfriend and girlfriend.

He continued undressing, dropping his eyes from her.

She stomped and slammed the door.

Her boyfriend stood up naked from the waist down, dick bobbing straight out and hard. What should have been his girlfriend's to enjoy was now going to take a deep and satisfying plunge into this Mexican wife.

Maria looked at it with a saucy smile and her husband was nodding encouragement. He said, "Get in there," while fumbling at his jeans. He produced his erection and began fisting it.

I wanted to hide Tessa's eyes from all the cocks, but her eyes were largely locked on Maria.

The Latina spread her legs wide and accepted the boyfriend onto her. The kid aimed his dick and thrust it forward. His long white shaft speared into her light brown flesh, sliding into her pussy halfway.

I gasped in shock. The kid was fucking her right in front of her husband! I would be livid!

With an adjustment, the kid sank the rest of his cock into the married Mexican woman's pussy with a very loud groan of satisfaction.

The husband stroked madly. "Yeah, do it white boy. Fuck that Latina cunt."

I pulled at my shirt. The room had gotten hot fast – not from the sex in a metaphorical way, but rather from all the panting bodies in the room. It was stuffy, dank, and reeked of sex very fast.

Maria humped her thick hips up and down as she took the guy's cock. "Mmm, yes, fuck me."

The chorus of voices around the room gasped and breathed harshly. "Fuck, man." "Look at him go, dude." "Fuck this is hot." "I want to fuck her, too." "I've never had Mexican pussy before, dude."

Maria's husband was grinning widely, hand moving on his little erection fast and furious. His lips puckered out and he tilted his head over, sweat glistening on his forehead. He humped his hips in time with the kid, muttering, "Yeah... Oh yeah, do it..."

The kid slapped down onto her hard and gasped faster. His skinny butt twitched and jerked and jiggled between her thighs with the pounding. He called out, raising his head and squeezing his eyes shut. "Ungh, yeah!" He scrabbled forward, pushing frantically with his feet while he jerked to get his cock as deep as it would go. "Oh, fuck...!"

Maria writhed like a cat, smoothing her hands over the kid's skin. She smiled in satisfaction.

Suddenly, there were cocks all around her. The kid pulled out and was replaced by another.

I saw Allison and Tessa, rapt, whispering to each other. I noticed the sweat on their brows. Turned on? Or just uncomfortably hot?

Everyone in the room was sweating – even with the window wide open. A couple of guys stood outside, watching through the screen.

I don't know what it was, but I started getting harder. Not just swollen and floppy, but hard enough to be uncomfortable in my jeans. I wasn't sure what it was – seeing a kid perform? Was I envious and excited to see it? Or was it the mixture of Maria's sighs, the guys' grunts and gasps, the slapping sounds of balls smacking her ass, the taut Jello-jiggle of her thighs to the pounding young bodies, the frantic flexing thin muscles of the college kids, the desperate clenching of their butt cheeks as they slid their shafts into her sloppy pussy? Perhaps it was her husband's guttural growls and lusty groans?

Maria was frenzy-fucked in a long train of white guys. The cute married woman took cock after cock and load after load. It was a white, sloppy mess. Rivers of cum ran from her and her husband had ejaculated explosively after seeing the first gush from her swollen gash.

My wife was entranced.

Allison was wriggling back and forth, squeezing her thighs shut as tight as she could. Her mouth was open in lust. Where was her boyfriend, and would he have cared?

Despite the horror of the event from my perspective, I was embarrassed to find myself hard – harder than I had been in a long time.

A very long time.

CHAPTER 6

I was in a daze as the room broke up and people left. I was also ashamed of my hardness.

Tessa said, "Too hot."

I agreed; I needed air. "I gotta get outside," I panted.

I lost Tessa, wondering if she had meant it was hot sexy or hot temperature. I burst outside into the cooler air and realized she must have followed Allison somewhere.

After a moment of walking around the blissfully refreshing pool, I went back inside to see if I could convince her it was time to go. Maybe she liked pool parties, but obviously Jimmy's weren't a good idea. One of her friends had a pool, why not there?

She was dancing with the swimmer-looking guy that resembled my friend Bend.

Jadin found me. "Dude, I heard some wife got gangbanged."

I grunted over the music, "I was there."

His eyes lit up. "Whoa, did you get some?"

I scowled at him. "She was married."

"So? They make hot fucks."

I rolled my eyes and ground my jaws together. I watched Tessa talk to the guy. I nudged Jadin. "Hey, do you know who that guy is?"

"Him? Yeah, that's Dustin Cobey. He gets all the chicks. When he shows up at a party, your chances sink to shit."

I swallowed my annoyance and watched them. So far, only Dustin was flirting. My wife talked to him but little more. She was not responding to his winks and flirts, but she did seem very at ease dancing with him.

Curious.

Again, it was Dustin making the moves. He pulled my wife close by her waist, melding his hips to hers. She was still only in her bikini, having left her dress outside. Dustin's dick was covered by his tight swimming briefs and thus only two, thin pieces of material separated his bulge from my wife's pussy. He ground vigorously against her in time with the music.

I frowned.

Her eyes closed and her mouth opened in shock, then closed a little and her eyebrows furrowed. She opened her eyes again. Dustin gave two very

hard thrusts that lifted her almost off her feet. She wrapped her arms around his neck to hang on. She placed her feet apart, knees on either side of his. Her back was arched, thrusting her pussy forward against his covered cock. He began humping her into the air with two more, three more, then a fourth suggestive lifting hump of his hips. Her lips quivered and her eyes closed briefly again as if enjoying the pressure up against her pussy. But he was laughing.

My face shifted into outrage and murder. I took a step forward.

She caught my look when they moved to where she could see me. Her face clouded over with annoyance, concern, and then worry. She touched Dustin's arm and said something to him, gesturing to me. They parted. With her leaving him, there was nothing to cover his excitement. The head of his cock was poked up out of his swim trunks. He adjusted it as best he could, hiding it back inside the stretched material. He looked at me, gauging me in that way men do when checking out the competition. I clenched my jaw, teeth bared, and stared him down. He smirked.

Whatever hardness I had in my jeans was gone. It was as limp as a single sheet of toilet paper in the wind.

My wife joined me and the twerp.

Jadin raised his eyebrows at me and made a face as if he had stepped into an argument.

I said, "Were you flirting with him, Tess?" I couldn't keep the accusation out of my tone.

She was firm. "No." But her eyes slid away and she pressed her lips together in a quick swallow. There was something she wasn't telling me.

Jadin disappeared.

"You might as well have been fucking right there in the middle of the room."

"It was just a dance. He was making the moves."

Allison was dancing with her boyfriend Garren.

I formed a plan and suggested, "Why don't you dance with Allison and her boyfriend?"

She waved dismissively. "I suppose I could."

Tessa didn't often take anything seriously. Maybe that was her problem: things just slid right by her and it took a lot of effort from me to get her to respond.

I pressed the point. "I don't want you talking to Dustin. I don't like him."

She said drily, "You don't like any guy."

"You shouldn't be talking—"

"I'm gonna go dance." She stepped into the broader noise before I could finish and joined Allison and Garren.

I let out a slow breath of determination. I had seen Dustin go outside. I went out after him. The man of my immediate concern was chatting up a couple of bikinis.

Of course.

I got into his angle of view and motioned with my chin. "I'd like to talk to you."

One eyebrow twitched upwards and his head waggled in a superior way on his neck. "Oh yeah? Excuse me, my lovelies."

One of the bikinis said, "Hurry back."

The other bikini giggled.

I led Dustin away. "Listen, I don't want you dancing with or talking to Tessa. She's my wife. Mine. Understand?"

He pursed his lips at me in thought and crossed his arms. "You're jealous I talked to her? Danced with her?"

I turned red in anger. "Stay the fuck away from my wife or I will beat your face into a bloody pulp. Get me?" My cock began to harden again. I couldn't make sense of it, but with my anger flooding me, it seemed to respond.

He looked down with a sudden frown of decision. "Give me your number."

"What?"

"You can't take away some things. I talked to her. I danced with her. Burns you, doesn't it? But there's something you should see. I'll send it to you."

"Fuck off."

"Trust me, you want to know."

Alarm bells went off. Was he offering some kind of juicy information about my wife? I stiffened in fear – not of him, but what he thought he had. What if it was serious?

I gave him my number.

He tapped it into his phone and began tapping and swiping. His eyebrows lifted appreciatively and he smiled. But it was a crooked, wicked

smile. He tapped a couple more times then paused. With a glance at me, he jerked his finger downward.

A second later, my phone chimed.

My throat went dry. *What is it?*

I took my phone out of my pocket and tapped into the text. A picture was attached that froze my hands into inactivity. I couldn't move. I couldn't tap it to enlarge it. My dick throbbed painfully in my jeans.

He said, "Take a look at it." Smug.

I was dizzy, both in fear and rage. I forced myself to tap the picture. It enlarged, showing Tessa, eyes closed and lying down, with a long erection resting on her chin and lips. Her hair was different – shorter, younger. I felt only the barest of relief that this was taken before we were married.

"Where did you get this?" I croaked.

He shrugged. "Does it matter? It's something I will always treasure and you can't take it away from me." His look was challenging. "You know what?"

I grunted; I couldn't talk. The sight of a long dick on her face was infuriating. Who was it? Who had taken the picture? Did the dick belong to Dustin? Tessa's lips were parted and the large head of the cock rested between them on her teeth. My chest rose and fell, faster and faster.

Dustin's voice sank into threat. He said, "Tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to send this picture to you every day – just to remind you that your Tess wasn't always yours. And if you block me? I'll send this to every single one of my three hundred and forty-plus contacts. I wonder which one of them will post it on the internet? One of them, if not more, I'm sure."

I lunged for his phone, knocking it from his hand. He scooped it up before I grabbed him and swung him around.

He seethed, "Stop or this gets sent now, asshole."

Blood raged inside me, returning even more life to my dick. I let go of him, fuming. "Just... leave her alone." I felt totally impotent, although my erection didn't.

Dustin straightened his clothes and pocketed his phone. "I'll be talking to ya, dude."

My jaw was clenched so hard that my head hurt. I grabbed up Tessa's dress from the lounge and stomped back into the house to find her. With a quick grip on her upper arm, I dragged her from the house.

She squawked, "What are you doing? Let me go."

"We're leaving."

"But, I was having fun."

We stepped into our yard and I unlocked the front door. I thrust her inside. "Flirting with everyone?"

"I wasn't flirting."

My dick still felt hard and I wanted to punish her for all that had happened. I pushed her into the bedroom and began undressing. I was going to show her that I was her husband and it was me with whom she had sex – no one else.

My dick swung out, mostly erect.

Tessa looked down at it in surprise. "You're hard?"

"I'm angry." I got on the bed, pushing her back and yanking down her bikini bottoms. Her pussy was wet.

She grabbed my dick, squeezing to test its firmness. "Wow..."

"You're mine."

"Of course I am." She began stroking my shaft and it hardened further – almost, almost fully hard.

"You shouldn't have let Dustin flirt with you." My dick flexed as the stiffening feeling continued. "He came real close to finding out how hard I hit."

She settled down next to me when I reclined onto my back. She kept stroking, looking into my eyes with rapt happiness. "You're angry he flirted with me—"

"Yes."

"But your cock is so hard. It hasn't been this hard in... months."

The image on my phone was stuck in my head. There was no way I was going to let her know I had it. I humped my hips up, enjoying the feeling of my rare erection sliding through her fingers. I thought about Dustin lifting her on the dance floor and her look of rapture. I grated, "Get on me."

Her eyes lit up even more and she scrambled over me.

For a brief instant, I feared that it would go soft immediately. But it didn't, and she drove her wet pussy down over my cock. I thrust upward, wondering what part of the party had made her so wet. The dancing? The gangbang? I gripped her hips and drove upward with vicious thrusts, remembering how Dustin had lifted her while dancing. "Why are you so wet?"

She said absently without care, "I don't know."

I looked at her parted lips and imagined the cock in the picture there. I thrust with more rage. No way was I going to kiss her. "Did you know Dustin before we married?"

She froze warily. "Yes... Why?"

"Did you date him?"

"I wouldn't really call it dating..."

"Answer me."

"Well, sort of. We saw each other for about a month."

Had Dustin taken the picture? He could have held his phone down perfectly to the side and taken it. Or not. But that would mean there were two people in the room with Tessa. Absent my problematic erectile dysfunction, I was now faced with the impotence of knowledge.

Ignorance.

Though it really felt more like mental impotence.

There was much I wanted to know, but was afraid to ask. I am not a fearful person, but, at this point, my dick was functioning and any answers she gave had the potential to send me into such a fit of anxiety that my excitement would surely be threatened.

I twisted her over and got on top, ramming hard into her wet slit. After that picture had been taken, had she...? I had never asked her about any ex-boyfriends or past sexual encounters. My probing in the beginning had simply been focused on her availability. How many guys had she had sex with before me? I crushed forward with each thrust, taking my anger out on her pussy. She had let Dustin thrust his dick against her and she had gotten wet. Or had already been wet after seeing the Maria-gal get gangbanged.

Did she have a gangbang fantasy?

She had never said anything of the sort.

In fact, she had never spoken specifically of any sexual fantasies.

Again, mental impotence afflicted me. I had my own fantasies – turning her into my personal slut, ready and willing whenever I wanted to whip out my cock.

But... what kind of fantasies did she have?

Images of the picture on my phone and the memory of her closing her eyes to Dustin's thrusts while dancing made me so livid that I punished her pussy with extremely brutal pounding.

Had the cock cummed on her face? In her mouth?

The rage ripped me apart inside and I howled savagely with fury. Hot pulses sent my cum surging up my shaft and blasting into my wife.

CHAPTER 7

Monday morning, I watched her run. Her bare ass under the tight yoga shorts jiggled all the way up the street. Unfortunately, Garth attached himself to her path and they ran together along the far side of the park.

I wasn't going to put up with this.

Even from this distance, I could just see that his shorts were tented out again.

What the fuck was so hard about understanding that the girl is mine? I wanted to break his dick in the most vicious and painful way possible. Maybe that would help his idiot mind to understand. Anger and rage were tearing me up inside. I waited for them to come around the edge of the park and begin approaching the house.

I went outside and crossed the street.

Garth's tented erection was very obvious now – not so tiny with the distance as before.

Did the idiot have not a speck of modesty?

He saw me – they both saw me – and he lost the animated, interested look on his face. He gave me several expressions of annoyance and irritation.

I put myself in his path and grabbed his arm as he tried to pass. "Listen, asshole, I warned you about talking to her."

Tessa didn't stop running, but she made a small orbit of circles a few yards away. "You told him that?"

I ignored her. This was between me and him.

He interrupted. "I'm just running, dude."

I looked down. Maybe an inch of the base of his shaft was visible. "You're running next to my wife with an erection. That isn't going to fly. Aren't you concerned some kid or old lady is going to see you?"

"Hey, fuck off. I run; it gets hard. Don't judge me."

"It only gets hard when you join my wife."

Tessa blew out a long breath and stopped doing her circles. She ran off, continuing her perimeter loops.

Garth's eyes followed her.

I said, "She's mine."

His expression became desperate the farther away she got. "There's no law against talking to her—"

"Leave her alone."

"Whatever, dude." He sprinted off, running madly to catch up to her. In the effort of his exertion, his shorts slipped down, exposing his pale ass. He hurriedly hitched them up and rejoined her.

I fumed as I saw his mouth moving.

The fucker just wasn't getting it. This was going to require a beating. A severe beating.

I went back in the house, fingers itching and twitching, but knowing I couldn't just start wailing on him out in public, though I was sorely tempted.

I watched them from the kitchen window again, grinding my teeth so hard that everything above my shoulders hurt.

Garth kept moving closer to her as they ran, but she kept moving away.

I tried breathing deeper to calm myself. At least Tessa wasn't the one flirting with him. I took out my phone and tapped open the picture of her with the cock. I stabbed the delete button with a ferocity that sent my phone tumbling to the floor. I bent down to pick it up and crashed my forehead directly against the counter.

Fuck.

I saw stars and I felt a trickle of wet on my forehead.

I stumbled into the bathroom and looked in the mirror, expecting blood. There was none, but there was a white spot where I felt the wetness. Strange, but something I had felt before. It was going to bruise up nicely.

Unfortunately, I missed my wife's close lap – they had already passed the house by the time I returned to the kitchen window. Fortunate maybe for me since I didn't want to be arrested if I couldn't control myself and had to beat the shit out of Garth.

My hands trembled as they clutched the counter, and it wasn't just from the stun of knocking my head.

I knew I had a problem.

My phone chimed.

Must be the carwash calling... Except it wasn't.

The fucker Dustin had sent me the picture again – not ten minutes after I had deleted it.

I roared in anger and picked up the glass bowl that held our keys. I hurled it at the wall. It didn't shatter there, though it left a huge indent in the drywall. It did, however, explode on the floor, sending glittering slivers and shards skittering all over the tiles like so many spilled diamonds.

I shouted again, a primal shriek of rage that soon ran my throat hoarse. I saw spots again as blackness closed in. I found myself panting, leaning on the counter as my hearing and sight returned to normal. My throat hurt, badly.

I twisted away from the counter, violently, and almost lost my balance. I grabbed the broom from the closet and swung it with all my might at the door. It impacted stiffly, sending bruising pain across my palms in stinging spasms.

"Fuck!" I roared.

I swept the kitchen floor with such force that glass went flying everywhere.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

Then all the rage drained out of me as if a huge plug had been pulled so that it lay there glistening on the floor with its departure. I felt weak and limp.

I was not done when Tessa came back in. "What happened?"

My throat was raw and sore. I could barely speak. "Dropped the bowl..."

"Do you want me to get that so you can get to work?"

My arms and shoulders trembled with defeat and impotence. It wasn't bad enough that I was afflicted with erectile dysfunction, but everything else felt impotent, too. I had no control.

I sighed hoarsely. "Yes... please. I'm sorry." I caught her eyes looking at the wall where I had thrown the bowl.

She pursed her lips and that worried look came over her face. "Clark—"

"I know."

"This is getting worse."

I felt utterly defeated. "I know."

"Maybe you—"

"I'm going to make a call... at work."

She looked at my phone on the counter.

I had left the text open. I didn't know if she could see exactly what it was from where she was standing – a few feet away – but I lunged for the

phone and snatched it up.

She said, "You got a text?"

"Yeah. Carwash. No big deal." I passed her the broom. On impulse, I kissed her cheek. Her skin was cold and flushed at the same time from the run. I loved her knowing that she didn't want Garth bugging her.

She was mine.

I left the house a few minutes later and drove slowly to work. Silverlake Auto Wash and Detail was where anyone with money and fancy cars went to spend a fortune getting things right. I headed the detail department – had since I had hired on when I was 21.

The history of the place was deep within me: my father had started it decades ago; he had left it to my mother when he had abandoned us; she had sold it to an Arab convert to Christianity shortly before 9/11; and the man had hired me directly into the detail department where I had worked for my allowance under my mother.

I was the Detail Supervisor. I got paid very well. My relationship with the silver-haired owner Ahmed was very close - closer than my father, whom I hadn't seen since he had abandoned us.

Mom had tried to run the carwash right, but she did it only for me. It wasn't her thing and the service really only came into its own again after she sold it to Ahmed and after he had hired me directly.

Work was work and I enjoyed it as much as anyone could enjoy work. I inspected every car sent through the detail department. I taught the kids how to clean and wax. Wax was where the real money was made. Someone bringing in a Rolls or a Lamborghini didn't want the \$150 wax job, they were looking at better waxes and detail. Those services took longer and ran in the high thousands.

I had taught my best friend Bend how to wax when he worked under me. At the carwash was where I had met him, but that was years ago.

Although Ahmed was more like a father to me, he kept a distance that made him more like an uncle. I didn't want to talk to him. In the clean and spacious cavern of our detailing warehouse, I phoned my mother.

"Clark? Is that you?"

"Yes, mom."

"Is everything okay?"

"Yes, mom. Look I called because..."

"What is it?"

"You said that you had run into dad?"

She made a disgusted noise. *"At the bank in the parking lot. Right in front of everybody. I've never been so embarrassed."*

"Did you talk to him?"

"He grunted at me, if you call that talking. And he made faces."

"Did you get his number?"

She exclaimed in affront. *"Ha! Heavens no. He tried to talk, but I just wanted to get out of there."*

I groaned.

"Why, you want to talk to him or something?"

"Yes."

"Whatever for?"

"Not about you, mom. So you didn't get his number?"

"No, but he said he was at Grove Creek Park."

I laughed. "There?" It was the trashiest, smallest trailer park in the city.

"Yeah, there. Figures, huh? Anyway, if you want to talk to him, the only thing I know is that he's there and he drives an old yellow Chevy truck from like the sixties or something and it smokes like a factory."

"Okay, thanks, mom."

"What's this about?"

"Nothing, really..."

"Whatever..."

I used my break to drive out to Grove Creek. The park was on a fairly good piece of property and had been owned by a single family, passed down, for decades. They refused to sell. Not that many would want to build in that part of town except storage parks or out of the way industrial units. It was a good location in a neglected part of town.

The park itself ran down off the road along a drainage creek that was surrounded by tall grass overgrowth. The trailers were mostly vacant and used for storage or whatever. Maybe five were occupied along the single dirt strip lane.

I saw the yellow Chevy straight away. Couldn't miss the flashes of dull yellow amidst the rust and shape of the old truck. Outside the trailer was sitting an old man that had to be my father. Hair stringy and silver fell off his head to shoulder length from under a greasy yellow ball cap.

The man looked at me, drawing on a cigar as I came to a stop. His squinted eyes were crinkled and wrinkled and his face was etched with a

scowl.

I got out and approached.

He drawled, "What the fuck do you want?" He was sitting on a crate, hunched over as if he was squatting on a toilet. The cigar was pinched between two fingers and smoking lazily up into his craggy face.

"Dad?"

A myriad of expressions flashed across the tired face. The eyes sharpened, though, and he lifted his head straighter. He muttered with uncertainty, "Clark?"

I nodded.

He looked down and shook his head with a vehemence that suggested cursing himself. He flicked the cigar and took a drag. He squinted at me through the haze as he blew it out. He waved the cigar to a corroded old lawn chair with a half-torn fiberglass green seat. "Careful..."

I sat.

He shook his head again, looking me over. "Handsome kid..."

I pursed my lips and looked away, suddenly embarrassed at seeing him after all these years.

His voice was phlegmy and gnarled. "Come to bitch me out for taking off?"

"No."

"Well, what're you here for?"

I shifted carefully on the lawn chair, feeling the fragile fiberglass tearing in tiny increments. "I came to... talk about something."

"No shit, kid. Is this about your mother? Spit it out."

"No, it isn't, really..." Except that curiosity got the best of me. "Why did you leave us, anyway?"

He grunted sourly. "Look at me. And look at her. I married up, but it was a bad move. Back in those days, it was still sort of expected that if you knocked up a gal, she either got an abortion or got married. She wanted an abortion—"

I jerked, shocked. "Mom?"

"Yeah, mom." He flicked his cigar and motioned. "I convinced her to keep you."

"Why?"

Anger crossed his features and acid spit from his tone. "It was the way I was raised, Clark."

"So why did you leave?"

"The marriage was just a bad idea. I came from the wrong side of the tracks. Her parents hated me."

"They bought the carwash for you—"

"Yeah, that's why I left it lock, stock, and barrel to your mother."

"But, I mean, they tried to help—"

He laughed a hacking, wheezing gasp of hilarity. "Shit, kid..."

"What?"

His haggard face twitched. "Appearances. Everything with her family was appearances. They made smiles and talked shit behind your back. I wasn't good enough for her, and they knew it. Eventually, your mother knew it, too. So I left. Problem solved."

I found myself nodding, understanding so fast with such simplicity that I wondered why I hadn't seen it before. "I guess that makes sense..."

"Of course it does. I ain't stupid."

"She sold the carwash—"

"Yeah, I know. She wasn't cut out for running a business, just spending money."

"I still work there."

His silver eyebrows lifted in utter shock. "No shit?"

"Head of the detail department."

He made a groan of recognition. "They have a reputation now..."

I nodded.

"So, you didn't come out here to ask about mom?"

"No."

"Then why? I don't have any money to loan ya."

I shook my head fast. "Money isn't a problem with me—"

He cackled. "Take after your mother, I see."

"I... wanted to talk about something I'm going through—" I was tapping my temple.

Again, he looked amazed. "And you thought I could help? Why not ask a professional?"

"I wanted to talk to someone close—"

He wheezed. "I haven't see you since you were a little—"

"Yeah, but... I just thought you might be able to give some advice."

He settled back and shifted his knees. They were bony and frail under greasy jeans that probably hadn't seen a washer in weeks. Despite his

unkempt appearance, he didn't smell bad. He said, "Well, advice is free, ain't it? Shoot."

"I married a young gal." I took my phone out and tapped the access button. Instantly, the text screen popped up with the picture of Tessa with a dick resting on her face. Fortunately, he couldn't see it. I tapped into my pictures folder and brought up a pic of us. I showed him.

He grunted softly. "Pretty thing, she is. Congratulations."

"Thanks. Uh, the problem is, she's twenty-two—"

He cackled and puffed on his cigar. Blowing out, he said, "Nothing wrong with that... How old are you now? Twenty... nine?"

"Thirty-five."

"Shee-it, time flies." He shook his head.

"The thing is, she doesn't... share the same ideas about... people."

"What's the problem?" He made a rolling motion with his cigar hand.

"She flirts. Guys flirt with her. It drives me insane—"

"She's interested in other guys?" His eyebrows dropped down dangerously.

"No, I don't think so; it's just that she doesn't do a lot to dissuade them —"

"One of those fun gals, huh?"

I nodded.

"And you want to change her?"

"Well, I'd love to, but... the issue is more me, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"I get so angry; I throw things..."

"Jealous, huh?"

I nodded slowly, feeling better at being able to talk to someone – even if it was the man who fathered me and I hadn't seen in almost twenty years.

"That's my problem – the jealousy. It's... bad. Very, very bad."

"Well... I might have some advice on that..."

I said gently, coaxing, "Like?"

"First thing is, stop thinking of it as a failure."

"But it is! It ruins everything. It—"

"Stop, son." He held up his old hand, palm out. "If you grind it into yourself that it's a failure, you'll never overcome it. Because, no one's perfect."

I coughed and held up my hands. "That's... some advice—"

"I didn't say I was done." He coughed several times, wheezing with the effort. When he calmed down, he continued. "Excuse me. Anyway, don't consider it a character flaw. Look at it as a strength."

I asked incredulously, "A strength?" I began wondering if my old man was crazy.

"Sure, look at it this way: you have a strong and dedicated drive of devotion to your girl. Instead of turning your natural emotions into defects or failures, try to look at it as highlighting your strength. Otherwise, you'll get deeper and deeper into self-destructive emotions--"

"But the anger..."

"I know. That's you torturing yourself. Try turning that effort towards your wife. You spend a lot of energy being angry and jealous, right? Imagine if you could use all that effort without guilt or shame. Building on your strength is far more effective than trying to correct it as a weakness."

"How do I—"

"Right now, I'd say you're angry and jealous and all that at yourself, more than anything else. Jealousy is an indication that you don't think you can measure up to your partner. What's her name?"

"Tess. Tessa. Tess for short..."

He blinked at me. "Yeah, I get that..." He drew on the cigar and blew it out. "You're likely affected more because of the age difference. Worried about keeping up with the younger set?"

I absolutely did not want to tell him I had ED. "I guess, yeah..."

"She married you, though. That means she loves you. That she sees other guys her age coming on to her flatters her. My guess, anyway. Nothing wrong with that. But you're jealous because you feel you might not be able to keep up."

No, I'm jealous that I can't even get it up. "I guess something like that." *Except that I do get hard when I'm angry... Maybe you have some legitimate advice after all?* I sat up straighter, thinking. "So... I should try turning that anger away from myself and towards her?"

"Not the anger, son, the effort."

I nodded slowly, looking down at his dusty and crusted work boots.

"Turn all that effort into flirting with her, yourself. Engage her on her level that made you jealous."

I stared at my father until he looked away. That my impulsive contact with him could potentially yield a solution made me feel my life was

entering a phase of change – a potential to become something else - something other than a jealous man with impotence. Again, I found myself nodding slowly as my wheels turned on the subject.

I had to play my anger that gave me erections into something non-destructive and mutually supportive. I croaked almost as gravelly as my father, "I think I'm going to give this a try..."

His smile revealed old teeth, crammed together and white, with ivory in the crevices. He flicked ash off the cigar in a gesture of self-satisfaction.

CHAPTER 8

I texted Tessa.

Me: Where are you?

Tessa: Grocery store Tessa: Almost done I left it at that, stamping down inside myself the visions that men were following her around and flirting with her.

I thumbed to the text from Dustin and enlarged the picture. Tessa's younger and beautiful face made my heart swell. However, the cock lying across her open mouth made me angry. *How do I turn this to something positive?* I deleted the picture. Maybe, eventually, Dustin would just stop sending them. *People forget, right?*

I showered, wanting to get all the gummy and sticky waxes and cleaners off my skin before she got home. Wearing the products of my work made me feel like a mannequin – except, mannequins don't get angry.

In the few months that had passed since our marriage, anger and jealousy had wiggled into my life like some parasite on our relationship. I had carried it, ignoring it as if that would make it go away, but it hadn't. Ignoring problems sometimes made them worse and this was one of those problems. Like mold growing on a wall, it wasn't just going to go away by itself; no, it was going to take over the whole damned house if it wasn't taken care of. My anger was a growing stain that was going to lead to ruin, unless my father's advice could alter that fatal course.

Fatal?

I dropped the soap in the shower, staring numbly at the tile as thoughts of potential outcomes twisted through my head. Would I ever get angry enough, if it kept growing, to do something... fatal? To myself? To... her? The realization that I could even think about it sent cold ice water through my veins – despite the heat of the shower.

I grew angry at my anger.

And then I laughed with disgust at my plight.

How weak was I?

Could I really allow such a course of events to take place? But I knew that the mind often acted as a rudderless boat in some situations, pulled along by the current of what we think we cannot escape. But all of life comes down to choices. Good choices. Bad choices. Profitable choices.

Destructive choices.

I had to avoid that.

I got out of the shower, weights on my shoulders and psyche as I dried off. I regarded the old tile of the bathroom – a decidedly calamine color that didn't relieve any itches – and wondered if my parents had thought the color was ugly when they had both lived here. If they had, did they simply live with it, knowing other people had less?

Make do?

Or was it the flavor of the times?

I had Tessa; other people had less.

That some guys sniffed after her made me angry, but that wasn't what my mind was pursuing. I had Tessa; my Tess. This was a good thing in life and I needed to focus on my astounding good fortune; she could have rejected me and went for Dustin or Garth – more her age.

But she hadn't, she had picked me.

All right, Clark, let's get our head on straight. Tessa is a good thing. I dressed, shrugging into my clothes as if it were a necessary evil. My manhood swung limp, but I didn't want to think about that.

No, I had to.

I had to. This anger and jealousy had robbed me of the one manly thing I could use to show Tessa how much I loved her. Can I turn my anger erections to help instead of to harm? That I could get erections at all implied there wasn't anything physically wrong with me – it was mental. Despite all the jabber back and forth on the internet about Erectile Dysfunction and men denying it was mental, I had to concede that my case certainly was centered up in my brain.

Okay.

I said it aloud, in the mirror, as I brushed my hair, "Okay, Clark, it's mental. Let's quit agonizing over the why of it and force it to be..."

Be what?

I didn't move from the mirror, studying my scowl as if I could read the answer on my face. But would the answer be backwards because of the mirror? Had my father looked in this mirror before leaving mom and made some kind of similar self-constructive decision?

I shied away from their past; it was my future that meant everything right now.

I seized the edge of the sink, feeling the familiar fastening of failure entwine upon the essential essence of my personal character. I ground my teeth tight, angry again. But this time, I was angry at the imposition of something that was ruining my life.

I have strength. I really do get erections. I forced the anger to come face to face with my mental grinding. Desperately avoiding thinking of that damned picture, I left the bathroom, clinging precariously to the simple mantra that I wasn't angry at Tessa, myself, or my dick.

I was in a stasis at the moment – however brief – where for once I wasn't blaming myself.

I went into the kitchen and looked out the front window to the park.

That was a huge mistake.

Instantly, I thought of that idiot Garth and his immodesty in front of my wife. Even I had seen his dick; how could my wife fail to notice it? He might as well pull it out, wave it around, and hoot and holler like a kid.

Blood surged and stomped, driving my anger higher. My jaw clenched tighter.

Determination.

Maybe it wasn't a mistake to look out at the lawns of the park, the trees and kids playing out there, and the memory of Garth jogging with an erection.

No.

Vital blood flowed through me and filled that part of me that had become most sensitive to failure. I hardened. Was there truth to what Tessa had said? Did I find other men getting hard over her soothing to my physical plight? If I couldn't get hard, then other men should?

I shook my head. *No, that isn't it; she's wrong.*

I clenched my jaw as tight as I could and squeezed the slick tile of the counter top. I forced my mind to move along an unfamiliar cycle of sense.

I let my eyesight lose its focus and turned inward. Garth found Tessa attractive, of course.

I suppressed my anger over that, pushing beyond those previous prison-like confines.

Of course he found her attractive – because she was. He wasn't coming on to her because of me, but rather because of her beauty.

My dick pounded away in my pants, throbbing at my anger and jealousy.

She was mine, but Garth wasn't considering that. That wasn't even in the orbit of his head. Was he even smart enough to think of such manly competition?

Abruptly, I barked derisive laughter.

Fuck no, he isn't.

Tingles and heat danced along my forearms and I relaxed my clutch on the counter ever so slightly.

I gave voice to my efforts, "That's right, you're not fucking smart enough, Garth."

In a mental flash that left me reeling, I gripped again the edge of the counter with shaking hands. My respiration went through the roof, but I was only marginally aware of the acceleration.

Curious.

Of course Garth wasn't smart enough, he was simply reacting to Tessa, not to me. Yes, it was that simple, and with that realization came satisfaction that at least the idiot was smart enough to recognize Tessa as beautiful and... sexy.

I trembled violently as a cold wash of permutation battered away at my anger.

I blinked, trying to grasp the raw remodeling of my usual belly-flop off the cliff of my mental reasoning into my personal trap of jealousy and ruin.

The anger was there... but not as hot.

The new emotion was there, too, but what was it? And had I introduced something even more destructive?

Garth was obviously attracted to her and he did know that I was her husband. That he didn't challenge me was something... He recognized her beauty and the way it was displayed in her clothing. A small smile tensed at the corners of my mouth; I found her clothing sexy, too. So maybe the jogger couldn't help himself. Of course he would get hard.

Seriously? Duh.

I... can't get mad over that. I shifted my stance; my dick was getting uncomfortable.

Tessa's silver Honda CR-V pulled into the driveway. The car was older than she was, but it fit her as if it was made specifically for her.

I was unable to pursue my critical and essential line of thought. It would have to wait.

For now, anyway, the gratifying throb in my dick promised an agreeable diversion.

CHAPTER 9

I moaned in bed as Tessa stroked my shaft up and down.

Her eyes sparkled with delight. "So you're really sorry about—"

"Yeah, let's forget about it." I didn't want to think about breaking the bowl. I wanted to concentrate on my cock working.

Finally.

Fuck!

She giggled, happy. "What's gotten into you?"

"More like what isn't," I muttered.

"Hmm?"

"I was angry over him ogling you, but..."

"But what?" Her hand slowed, cautious and delicate – as if afraid to reawaken those emotions within me.

I shrugged in bed. "I don't know, I guess it makes sense that..." I made a face, unsure how to go on with my thoughts. They had been interrupted and I didn't have any answers.

"I was thinking that maybe I should wear regular baggy sweats."

I was offended. Cover up her sexy figure? I frowned, angry.

Her eyes got large and she said quickly, "Maybe I shouldn't run anymore..."

And right there I was pinned to the bed by my astonishment that the anger I had harbored could be so destructive. I knew it affected me, but my Tessa? I gasped, "No, Tess, don't stop." I shook my head. "That's who you are. I married you, not some gal in baggy sweats."

She watched me warily.

I said, "No, I... I've come to like seeing you in your yoga shorts." I blinked rapidly and frowned.

Her head jerked up, alert. "What?"

Of course. I could turn my anger easily. My jealousy? I didn't know, but my anger... I said, "I get hard when I get angry..."

"Right? But you're not angry now."

"No, but before. And I was angry because some guy would see you in your cute clothing, but... it was because you are hot. So, really, I'm getting hard because you're hot."

"So why weren't you getting hard when we were alone?"

"I know it sounds strange, but... the jealousy kills my erections, except when it's right in my face and immediate." A weight lifted off me and I frowned deeper.

Panicked, she asked, "What is it?"

I waved her off, even though my erection had started to wilt as I thought. "I'm not mad, just thinking. I like you dressing sexy. But I get hard when some guy sees it because I'm jealous. Then the anger sets in and the jealousy ends the erection because I can't solve their attraction. But... I shouldn't be angry at their attraction. Or jealous." I indicated my dick. "Or limp."

"So you're not really mad at me, then?"

"No." Then I knew I had lied. I sighed with exasperation because I had spoken before thinking – except, I just hadn't had time to think this through. "I mean, yes, sort of. I was at times mad at you, and I'm sorry; that wasn't fair."

She just watched me, hand still as I wilted further in her hand.

I went on. "I think I was lashing out because I didn't know what was going on. I'm still angry and jealous, but maybe now I can control it or even fight it."

"Mad at me?"

"No, I am no longer mad at you. I'm really sorry I was placing the blame on you. I was doing it because I couldn't understand why this was all happening."

She angled her head away, looking at me from the side. "And you still want me to dress sexy?"

I laughed. "Yes. From the very beginning, I wanted it. Then things went wrong."

"Don't you think it was because how I dressed?"

"Tess, you could wear the baggiest sweats and still be sexy."

"Then what was it?"

I let out a slow breath. "Maybe... it's my age."

She looked offended. "What's wrong with your age?"

"I'm ten years older than you—"

"Thirteen."

"Thanks," I said drily. "I'm thinking I started worrying subconsciously that you'd find a younger guy and..."

She coughed with irritation. "Not ever."

I said nothing, but just basked in the love from her.

"Are you sure you still want me to run? I can stop, for you."

Nothing she could have said would've driven that nail deeper into my heart. It was my failure, not hers. "I don't want you to stop. And I don't want to see you in baggies."

"Are you sure?"

The idea that Garth was going to continue flirting with her and getting outrageously indecent erections around her made me angry.

It also woke up my dick.

I wanted to beat Garth, but could I really blame him?

She tilted her head with curiosity, smiling as her eyes flicked to my growing excitement.

My voice was shaky with tension. "Keep running. Keep dressing in the clothes I buy you."

"All right..."

"I mean it."

Her hand began moving up and down. "You get hard when men look down my tops or check out my shorts."

My heart began pounding harder, fueling my anger and excitement. "Yeah, I guess so."

She giggled. "You get so hard when I dress slutty - when I wear dresses with no panties."

I hummed.

"The dresses you buy me keep getting shorter. Are you hoping someone will see up my dress? That I might flash someone? Would that make you super hard?"

I was about to shake my head when I was forced to comprehend the undeniable throbbing stiffness of my manhood. I said hoarsely, "Get on me."

Her eyes shone with interest and happiness. She climbed up over me, straddling my waist.

I grabbed her hips, twisted a little for better aim, and pulled her down. I imagined her wearing some skimpy dress with no panties.

Easy access.

Total slut.

My cock pulsed and pounded to my lust. I drove my shaft up into her as I pulled down. Her eyes closed in pleasure and she bit her lower lip as I

stuffed her full. I began pumping my hips up and down, fucking my young bride eagerly. *Slut dress, fuck. Easy fuck. No panties, just sex. Sexy slut...* I ranted in my mind, amazed at how stiff I was without a hint of softening. Was this all just temporary insanity? Or was it epiphany?

Slut! I loved it. But then the image of the picture Dustin had given me flashed into my thoughts. Sexy Tessa, younger, with a dick lying across her mouth. Jealousy raged up within me. Had she been dressing sexy then? No, she had admitted that she had always worn panties and full clothing. It was one of the reasons I wanted to expose her more – change her from demure to vampy. Something more... appealing to me. Mold her in my image of the perfect wife.

My perfect wife, anyway.

She was mine, now, though, and didn't flirt with guys other than smiles and winks. She didn't text guys – I had checked! She didn't email them, either. She had no secret cheat.

Whatever had led to that picture wasn't happening now. She hadn't dressed my way back then. She was mine now and knew it. She tried to deflect guys who hit on her too hard.

I moved again with more confidence – the jealousy muted and receding. On the other hand, my cock began recovering from the beginnings of deflation.

No, this was all different. She could be my slut as I wanted. Mine. "I'm going to buy you some more clothes."

She murmured something in assent and appreciation.

Maybe she was right. Maybe I did like guys seeing down her tops – except that I had bought only tight ones that showed off her perky breasts and nipples. Maybe I should buy her some loose tops? What would happen if someone looked and caught a peek?

My cock surged, swelling.

Yes, maybe she was right. Maybe I did get excited someone might see what was mine. I liked her dressing slutty; if other guys saw it, it couldn't be helped, right?

Then failure returned, waving happily and knowingly. I looked up at her face and knew a dick had rested on her lips. It disgusted me. Had the guy fucked her afterwards? I drove up into her as the jealousy overwhelmed me. I hammered my manhood up her pussy as if I was going to pummel away the memory of the guy's dick if it had been in there. I grunted feverishly,

harshly, gritting my teeth as I unleashed a torrent of hot cum up into her depths.

The jealousy was so bad that the sex was good.

But this wasn't what I wanted. I didn't want the failure of jealousy.

Spent and disappointed, I endured my dick once again deflating in defeat.

CHAPTER 10

I grabbed Tessa's ass through her yoga shorts and gave her a kiss.

Another day, another run around the park. Day eight since my coming to terms with my anger – even if I was still grappling with my jealousy.

Was I good enough for her? Or not?

I reached between us and lifted my finger up along her camel toe, pressing the material into her cleft.

She gasped with indignation. "Stop that; I need to run, not get all hot."

I didn't argue with her. It was another day of testing myself. "Just go run; I'm sure Garth is waiting." And I was able to deliver that without much sarcasm. Much.

She rolled her eyes. "He's nice when he isn't being a creep. He just comes on way too strong sometimes."

I slapped her ass and sent her out the door.

Then I went to the window to watch. I expected the clothing I had bought online to arrive today, but too late for today's run. Other than the tops and dresses and skirts I had bought, I also had included even smaller and tighter yoga shorts. To my amazement, there were some skimpier than what she was wearing now. I hadn't – couldn't have – imagined there would be, but there were.

She didn't know, but she always accepted what I bought her.

I watched Garth join her a few minutes later. Not hard yet, he just ran alongside her. At this distance, the swing of his cock underneath the material was just a tiny alternating flash of light and shadow on his blue running shorts.

I didn't care about that.

I wanted to catch him looking, and then getting hard. This would make eight consecutive days of consistent erections on my part watching the effect of her sexiness on him.

She had been right.

That explicitly easy fact had removed anger from my daily experience as surely as a surgeon cutting away a tumor. The jealousy was still there, though – just different in a manner I could not grasp.

By the time they passed across the street, he was tented, but not fully. Unfortunately, he wasn't looking at her while they talked – not so near the

house, anyway. Maybe he was still scared of my threats.

I felt the stirring, seeing him excited over her tautly jiggling butt. How would he react when she wore the sexier shorts? I chuckled evilly. He would probably whip out his dick and start jacking off right there. I pushed my hips against the counter, pressing my bulge against the edge and giving my stiffness a tease.

My phone chimed.

My cock wilted.

Fucking Dustin! I snatched up my phone, feeling a hint of anger returning - except it wasn't Dustin and his aggravating picture. It was a text from Bend.

Bernard: Interested in a party Saturday?

Bernard: You don't have to say yes

My eyebrows lifted in surprise. My friend didn't often throw parties.

Clark: Something special?

Bernard: New job

Bernard: Want to come?

I smiled at the thought of seeing him again. Bend was my best friend.

Clark: Sure

Clark: Is Tessa invited?

Bernard: Dude of course

I laughed.

Clark: Sure thing what time?

Bernard: 3pm

Clark: We'll be there

I could see Garth's erection tenting out like usual, now. Whenever he passed near some woman and her kid, he ran so as to use Tessa to block their sight of him. It was hopelessly lame.

I took a deep breath and let it out, relishing the lack of jaw-grinding anger. Our sex life had improved. I had been able to perform again a few days prior.

Easily.

Two in a row wasn't a pattern, but it was a strong coincidence. A third raging and lusty performance would make a pattern. I battled fear and uncertainty that I could be so lucky three times in a row. It would be a big test, but I wanted to wait for the clothing order to get here before risking my luck. I wanted everything perfect.

For all of my petty jealousy, Garth did not make any overt moves to send me into a rage. Tessa came back in, blowing air and panting with the endorphins of exertion.

I hugged her sweaty body, pulling her waist to me and pressing my bulge into her. I wanted to show her I wasn't angry.

Eight days in a row. Now that, at least, was a sure pattern. Success in bed later tonight or tomorrow would clinch it. "Did he check you out?"

There was less of her usual wariness, but still some. "Not much, no. Just blabbed about how cool he is..."

"He was hard, though."

She looked away. "Yeah, it's embarrassing. Kind of hard to miss it."

"You should be flattered?"

She lifted her upper lip, making a disgusted sneer. "Are you kidding? It's gross."

The very idea didn't mesh with the picture I got every day from Dustin. "Dicks are gross?"

"No, I mean, he can't even control himself. Out in public? Come on."

I teased her. "It would be different in private?"

She looked shocked. "Well, yeah!"

"You mean, you might actually look at it then?"

The wariness was instant. "Clark..."

"I'm just kidding with you."

She squinted one eye at me as if I were a potentially deadly bug. "Are you really getting better? Or just getting better at hiding it?"

I followed her into the bedroom and watched her strip. "Talking to my old man was instructive in ways I hadn't expected."

"But he dumped you and your mother." She turned on the shower.

"It wasn't a good marriage."

She gave me a wondering look mixed with wariness and warning. "Am I going to be a good marriage?"

I smiled broadly. "I think we're from the same side of the tracks."

"Huh?" She had gotten in and her voice echoed hollowly in the tiled enclosure.

I ignored it, not wanting to shout to be heard. When she finished and came out a few minutes later, I was sitting on the bed and said, "Bend invited us to a party this Saturday."

"Short? Frizzy hair? The guy you chatted with at the reception?"

"Yeah, him."

"He..." Her face clouded over.

Instantly curious, I cocked my head at her. "What?"

She shrugged. "I don't mean to offend, but he seemed... a little slow."

My grin was back. "He comes off that way. He hesitates a lot and doesn't know what to say. He's a bit of a social coward, but he's all there."

Her voice took on a dramatic, ominous tone. "Does he know you think of him this way?"

I laughed and leaned my elbows back on the bed. "He sure does. I almost fired him from the carwash..."

"And he's still your friend?"

"Yeah. I recognized his effort and gave him a chance. A little extra push and he became a great worker."

"Then why did he quit the carwash?"

"He didn't like getting wax and polishes on his hands. Bad for the skin."

"You don't have a problem—"

"I supervise. Those days are behind me, though I still feel gross after work. Just the fumes of the stuff are enough to drive me to wash."

"Oh. So a party, huh?"

"He got a new job."

"Doing what?"

"I don't know; he didn't say."

"What should I wear? Is it, like, formal or anything?"

"I'll pick out your clothes. Probably from the new stuff coming."

Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "You really love dressing me, don't you?"

I lifted both eyebrows high and hummed, "Mmm hmm."

"Have you decided on my Halloween costume yet?"

My pleasure evaporated and I shifted on the bed as if with an uncomfortable itch. "I don't know... I have that cosplay catsuit in my cart, but..."

"But what?" She bounced down onto the bed next to me dressed in a tiny slip of material with spaghetti straps.

"I like the pirate outfit, but fishnets? Eh..."

"Shows too much? I thought that would be slutty enough for you."

I heaved a deep breath, perturbed that I couldn't make up my mind. On the one hand, I had ordered her yoga shorts that exposed even more of her

so she could cause erections in Garth and thus me, but on the other hand, I still wanted to guard her from prying eyes at Halloween. Was the holiday party more dangerous than some public jogging? That must be it. I said, "The catsuit will look awesome on you." I didn't say it because I thought it was true, because I did think she would look far sexier in the pirate suit with fishnets. The catsuit would cover every inch of her. I just wanted her to think I thought the catsuit was better – not that I was driven more by jealousy.

The Halloween party later in the month was going to be a huge test of my patience and newfound tolerance.

Hopefully.

CHAPTER 11

She bent her head way over, looking down, and tugging every which way at her new yoga shorts. "Are these the right size?" She twisted and looked at her backside in the mirror. "My butt is hanging out."

I was already stiffened. "Yeah." I squeezed on my bulge.

"Are you really wanting me to run in these?" She pulled on the elastic, lifting up to expose almost all of her ass and then resettling it.

"Sure, they're yoga shorts. Free movement and all of that."

She gave me a suspicious look. "I didn't think it was possible to buy sexy running shorts."

"Oh, come on."

"Seriously. Like these come only halfway up."

"Low-rise."

"And let my butt hang out."

"It'll be a great run."

"I guess?"

"So, try them." My heart was thudding heavily from excitement and the effort of trying to sound indifferent despite it all.

She lifted the wrist-sized flap of material. "And you really want me wearing this? It's so thin."

The tube top was icing on Garth's cake. It was sort of see-through. "Put it on."

She did the chick thing and stepped into it, lifting it over her hips and up until it covered her perky round boobs. She twisted back and forth in the mirror and gave me a look. "You sure?"

"Mm hmm. Go run."

She made a few adjustments and studied the mirror. "This is see-through, isn't it?"

I lied with some exaggeration, "Nah..."

Her glance at me was tinged by her secretive smile. "Okay, then..."

I was almost panting as I followed her out to the kitchen. She picked out her phone pocket from the new porcelain bowl I had ordered to hold our keys and things. She suited up for running and picked up her water bottle. "How do I look?"

"Messy, frumpy, and disgusting."

She dropped her mouth open and made a scornful coughing sound of miff and vex. "Wow, um, okay."

I rolled my eyes. "Just go run."

She adjusted the band of her ponytail and left the house.

I hovered at the kitchen window and watched her butt wobble tautly as she jogged across the street to the park-side. She looked back, blushing, and shot me a suppressed smile of daring and bravery. I was amazed at how skimpy the shorts looked from a distance. The farther away she ran, the less it looked like she was wearing. On the far side of the park where Garth joined her, it looked to me as if she was wearing nothing.

I was instantly glad I had chosen the light peach color. My dick sure liked it.

The guy ran with her much like normal, except that on the approach to our street - not even a quarter lap in! - he stumbled and dropped as if having trouble with his laces. Tessa ran backwards for about two seconds, but he waved her on. She turned and kept going. His face was not on his laces, though, it was turned and watching her backside - obviously admiring her tight ass exposed to the air.

He got up, mouth dropped open wide, and chased after her.

Jealousy did not prick me... yet. No, instead, I was smiling with arrogance. *That's right, asshole, she's a sexy woman and she's mine. You can look, but can't touch. Drink it in, jerk.*

When they passed the front of the house, he tried to stay on the other side of her so she blocked my view of him. Did he know I watched from the window? Could he see? But I could see his effort was shoddy, at best. His tented erection had occurred faster this time as I could see it bobbing up and down within the material.

I wasn't angry.

I felt contemptuous conceit.

I had turned my anger - for the ninth day in a row now - into something more productive. I channeled it into my lust for my wife and the results were hard and throbbing.

This is a hell of a lot better than throwing shit at the wall...

I reached down and gripped my jeans, squeezing as I watched them.

Garth ran almost like an invalid. He stumbled and missed steps. His head was turned, looking at her, but not at her face; he was looking down at her hip - at her yoga shorts and how little they covered. He also looked a

little higher, carefully following the bounce of her compressed boobs under the semi-transparent material.

I knew he could discern her nipples – not just by impression, but visible beneath the material. His tent bobbed and bounced, vulgar and rude. He was hard for my wife, and I was hard because of it. Despite the tinge of jealousy that hovered over my brow, I was appreciative of his excitement because it was a definite cure for my ED.

For a man, this was something no woman could understand. In sex, a woman could just lay there. She didn't need a physical part of her to morph to allow sex. For a man, everything was dependent on getting stiff. Failure meant no sex, just foreplay. It was a dramatic tragedy for a man to be unable to rise to the occasion – as if he became not-a-man.

Useless.

Shameful.

No, I definitely had to thank Garth for resolving that issue within me – in my mind, anyway. Fuck him.

I would rather see a million erections around my wife than ever suffer from ED again. Tonight was going to be the big test to see if coincidence turned to pattern. My third try at sex with full erection.

It was really that big of a deal.

The loss of stiffness that plagued a man was a horrifying ordeal. What had worked so well at the worst of times before when I was younger now didn't work at all? Despite the will? Limpness was a humiliation and repudiation of my manhood that I never wanted to suffer again. Gladly would I accept other men getting erections around my wife if it meant that kind of reprieve for me from Erectile Dysfunction.

I whispered, encouraging both of us, "Check her out, Garth. Look at her exposed cheeks. Look at her silky skin. Look how little the low-rise barely hides her pussy. Look at her transparent tube top and her beautiful tits underneath. Go on, look."

They passed in front of the house again and Garth didn't even bother trying to hide behind her. He was too busy checking her out. Tessa kept moving away from him, but he kept veering back close to her again. He must have been being too forward, as she put it.

What was he saying? If anything, that was what caused the spikes of jealousy in me – no longer the looks. Was anything he tried on her magic enough to make her consider it?

Did I trust her to be strong enough, or did I trust myself to be good enough so that she wouldn't cheat? Wasn't that the crux of my jealousy, as my father had implied? Self-doubt gave way to jealousy. Anger resulted at the feeling of impotence.

I had learned from him my ability to turn that anger into something positive so that its poison weakened in light of the success of my erections.

My erections were more important: they were an initial first step to total recovery. Could I also find victory over my jealousy? That was something deeper and more insidious. Instead of being physical and superficial, like rage, even if anger stemmed from something deeper, jealousy itself was seated deep in the core of a man's psyche and wasn't as easy a fix.

Could I also overcome my jealousy? Channel and focus it into something productive? What could that possibly be? How could anyone find something positive in jealousy?

Maybe, just maybe, I might find success because my anger and erections were tied into my jealousy. I'd do anything to hold onto my erections now that I had gotten them back. Tonight would be the proof. I'd dive off of high cliffs with broken parachutes to certain death if it meant getting a solid, enduring erection.

It really meant that much to me.

I would no longer be not-a-man. I could hold my head high plummeting to my death in a graceful swan dive of serenity – if only I had that erection.

To say I was desperate...

I ruminated on her third lap, not even looking out there now as I studied without seeing the countertop. I had always liked her dressing slutty – for me. The jealousy had likely brought on my ED – of that I was now fairly certain. Anger had followed at my predicament. But I had fought back, twisting my anger into something productive and regaining my ability to achieve total, sexual stiffness.

Success!

Better than the notice online when paying a credit card bill. Much better.

So where could I push my progress now?

I didn't like that men looked at her – that wasn't something I could deny or alter with a flick of my wrist – voila, I'm a new man! No, not at all. However, using it as I was now with Garth at least had produced a positive effect on my former condition.

Could I live with my jealousy if I could use it to continue producing beneficial physical responses? Wouldn't that be much like turning my anger into something different – positive? If my jealousy could be used to feed my recovery, then wasn't it worth it? Maybe my jealousy would fade like my anger did.

The opening of the front door broke my chain of thought.

What was it I had been thinking? Jealousy might be good? I must have had a look of curiosity and irritation on my face as the fast train of thoughts slipped from my mental grasp.

Tessa froze in the entry next to the kitchen and said, "Is something wrong?" Her eyes made a quick once-over of the kitchen – and the wall where I had thrown the bowl not so many days ago.

I jerked my lips to the side in irritation – talking to her would make the thoughts definitely recede out of my grasp, but I didn't want her to think it was her fault. I gave up trying to remember exactly what about my jealousy had given me hope and had me determined to hang onto it. "No, was just thinking."

"Was Garth too obvious?"

My mind was still reaching, despite my attention to her. Suddenly, I grasped again that I could use my jealousy to continue feeding my erections and it was possible that it would fade like my anger into permanent recovery. *Right.* "Uh, isn't he always?" A chill of relief swished through me at recalling my train of thought.

Her expression was all suspicious. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, though truthfully, I only watched a lap or two."

"You're standing right where I saw you—"

"I really was thinking... so I wasn't paying attention."

Her shoulders relaxed. "Oh. So what were you thinking about?" She busied herself removing her phone sleeve and pulling the tie out of her hair.

"Things my father had said. I'm hoping I can transform my jealousy like I did my anger."

"How?"

No way did I want to try justifying myself to her; she wouldn't understand. I waved her off and said, "Nothing definite; just thoughts."

She accepted that blithely. She changed the subject. "Maybe you could talk to Garth again. I'm starting to dread running."

Surprised, I said, "All right..." This one time, I was thankful for her fault of being casually indifferent to important things and had changed the subject. Maybe she just didn't think they were that important to her.

Good for me.

Good for her.

Good for us.

CHAPTER 12

I stood there in my shower towel and studied her dress for the party. "I don't know."

She frowned at me, fists on slender, youthful hips. "You were all lit up about me wearing this. You bought it for the party."

"I know, but..." I could see her nipples and outline of her breasts through the ultra-thin fabric of what was supposed to be a short little day dress. The top part was loose and a slight lean forward would allow the blouse part to hang out, exposing her breasts.

I was getting firm down there.

Also, the dress was so short that any movement might expose that she wasn't wearing panties. I swallowed and allowed my jealousy free reign. "It's too short."

"Clark, you bought this. You like me dressing slutty. You like when men look down my tops. What happened that—"

"Maybe I went too far." My dick, however, slid up between the ends of the towel and poked out.

She saw it and smiled suddenly. A couple of steps and she was close, gripping my growing member in her hand.

I was pleased, but also embarrassed. Now that my dick was working again – five times in a row now over two weeks! – I didn't want to endanger it, but neither did I want to ignore my jealous wariness. Maybe stepping back a little wouldn't hurt? Surely she could dress a little more conservatively?

But her stroking kept me hard. "You really like it when I dress slutty around men..."

"Yes, but—"

"You like them checking out my breasts."

"Well, yes, but—"

She guided the tip of my dick up her thigh to the hemline of her dress. It was very close to her pussy underneath. "So now suddenly my dress is too short? You bought me all these clothes and they make me feel sexy."

I groaned, torn. "I... really do think it's too short."

"Clark, you're starting to sound like my father..."

I swallowed hard. Now that I knew my dick worked, I wasn't so eager to continue exploring how much my jealousy could contribute to my recovery. "I... uh..."

She squeezed my shaft. "Your dick doesn't lie. It's throbbing." She stroked it back and forth. "You've always liked me wearing short skirts and no panties."

My erection twitched in her grip.

Her smile told me she felt it.

I had to give up. She was right, and I knew it. But I felt that deep-seated fear rise inside me that guys would look and she would cheat. I was able to dress after a few seconds because my erection went away – fast.

Bend lived in a little apartment on the ground floor facing the pool. It wasn't easy access at all, though. The little patio facing the pool had a short iron fence with no gate. The pool itself was behind a higher iron fence and behind a locked entry.

I surveyed his little home after he invited us in.

He was all grins. "Good to see you again, Clark. Hello, Tessa."

She said, "Tess is fine, really."

He blushed. "Tess."

I waved at the only guy I knew in the room – Mickey - and asked Bend, "So what's the new job?"

"Assistant Administrative Secretary for the county."

I frowned. "What the hell does that do?" I watched Tessa cross the living room and offer her hand in introduction to the few guys sitting. Could they see under her dress?

Bend watched her, too. "I'll be learning how to liaison between departments for coordination."

I was still mystified, but said, "Oh, right."

Every guy Tessa shook hands with checked her out. Eyes fell from her face to her breasts through the semi-transparent material and then lower to her hemline. The dress was so short that the beginning of her thigh gap was visible.

Surely she was in imminent danger of exposing herself. Even a slight shift of her shoulders in a shrug would likely prove dangerous.

Personally, I liked it, but... For me, not for them. Jealousy seethed within me and I approached Tessa to pull her away.

She was done with the introductions, however, and spun towards me wearing a happy smile.

That was a huge mistake. The skirt part of her dress had just enough loose material to flare out. The guy behind her must have caught a neat little glimpse of her bare ass.

She smiled up at me while unbeknownst to her the guy behind her dropped his mouth open and his eyes shone with immediate interest.

Had she spun on purpose? To show him? To tease him? I set my jaw tightly and pulled her away. Tension tightened everything inside me and my head burned with spite. "Did you have to expose yourself?" I whispered fiercely out of earshot.

"Expose myself?" Her eyes narrowed in concern.

"That little spin. The guy behind you almost popped his eyeballs out of his skull."

Her pale face turned so beet red in embarrassment that she clung to me for comfort. "Oh my god..."

"I told you the dress was too short."

"But you bought it—"

"He saw your ass."

She fanned herself and looked furtively around the room. Everyone was looking at her and she turned her back to them so they wouldn't see her blush. "But, I thought you liked when guys—"

"Yes.... No... "

"They were all very nice."

I tried breathing to calm myself. "Just try not to expose yourself."

"Okay."

Bend approached us. "Beers and soda are there in the ice chest. Grab some if you want."

I said, "Thanks, Bend."

He appeared oblivious and just nodded vacantly.

I told Tessa when he walked away. "Grab us something."

"Okay." She smoothed her dress down nervously and walked stiffly over to the ice chest. Aware of the watching eyes, she made sure she lifted the lid and looked inside with her backside aimed away and into the empty kitchen.

I swallowed hard in panic as her attempt to keep eyes from seeing her exposed ass had another unintended effect: the loose material at her top

billowed enough to show everyone in the room her round boobs. Being young, hers didn't hang, despite being full. I saw everyone looking – and getting a long look at her nipples.

Mickey was speechless and gave me an alarmed glance before looking away at the wall.

Another guy I didn't know blew out a breath and moaned happily. "Oh, yeah, dude..." Two others chuckled in agreement and... stared.

Pressure built inside me like a boiler. I was going to burst. Fortunately, a knock on the door kept me from blowing.

Bend answered and let in some guy and his gal. He called out, "Everyone who doesn't know, this is Steven and Parris." He continued making introductions.

I was relieved and pleased that Parris immediately garnered all the attention. Her breasts were enormous, her midriff-exposed blouse was tight, and her red hair was deliberately wild. Her jeans shorts were purposely cut and shredded to allow enough skin to show that she couldn't be wearing panties. She was long, tall, and full of sex appeal.

Tessa came over to me, handing me a beer. She held a soda. She said, "You look like you're going to pass out."

I whispered back, "I'm glad she's here."

She looked at me with intense and sudden scrutiny. "Why?"

I sighed happily. "Notice how everyone is looking at her? Now they won't notice you."

Her lower lip came out. "That's not nice."

"I didn't mean it that way—"

"I thought you liked—"

"When you bent over, your dress showed everything you have up top."

She clapped her hand to her dress top so hard that the sound made people look. She turned her back to them. "Are you serious?"

I was still watching the redhead vamp at everyone. "Yes."

She noticed it and looked. "You like her better, don't you?"

"What?"

"She has bigger breasts. You guys are all about breasts."

"No—"

"Don't lie to me; you haven't taken your eyes off her since she came in."

I gasped in irritation at her. "That's not true—"

"Oh, now you finally look at me?"

"You're just as sexy as she is."

"Then why is everyone all over her and not me?"

I muttered, "I'm glad they aren't." My phone chimed. I took it out and thumbed the Home button. Dustin's text popped up, with the picture. I started to whip the phone down and stuff it in my pocket, but Tessa grabbed my forearm.

She wasn't strong enough to stop me, but she asked, "What's that picture?"

"Nothing."

Her eyebrows knit together and she glared up at me. "Where did you get that?"

"It's nothing."

"Why do you have that picture of me? Who sent it to you?"

My shoulders sagged in defeat, despite my tension. So she had seen it long enough to identify it. I brought the phone back up and waved it. I said disconsolately, "Dustin."

She looked straight up at the ceiling and blew out an angry breath. "Why?"

"I threatened him at the pool party and he's been sending me this ever since. Every day."

Tessa's mouth tightened down to a thin line, but her eyes looked hurt. She turned with a jerk and hugged her arms to herself as best she could while holding a soda can. She stalked away from me.

I didn't know if she was embarrassed, mad at me, or perturbed about our previous conversation.

She jerked her hem down frantically before throwing herself down to sit on the couch. She held her can at her thighs with both hands, blocking anyone from looking.

Mickey came over to me and stood by my side, beer in hand. "Sorry I missed the wedding."

I dismissed him, watching my wife. "It was a small gathering..."

"Your girl is really cute."

Everything caught in my throat. I didn't know whether to thank him or push him to the ground. Jealousy spiked so hard in me that my clenched jaw began to hurt. I finally grated, "I think Parris wins the trophy today."

He looked at me weirdly. "I think Tessa looks fine, unless you're jealous that everyone's checking out the redhead instead of admiring your wife."

I squeezed my eyes shut and shook my head.

Mickey wasn't getting it, though. He whispered confidentially to me, "I like full breasts, but not massive ones. Tessa has some really nice ones. When she bent over... I mean, like wow."

Anger rose up in me, and at the same time, my dick firmed. That I had so deliberately diverted my anger into excitement was betraying me now. Fortunately, not a single person cared about my jeans when they were all looking at the redhead's generous tits and tight jean shorts. I sighed audibly.

Mickey nudged me. "Everyone's ignoring her. Aw, man, that sucks. I feel bad for her." He gripped my shoulder and squeezed it. "Don't worry; I'll keep her company."

My chest was too tight to answer. Maybe talking was fine, after all. I knew Mickey well enough that he wouldn't be putting moves on her and maybe it would make her forget how angry she was at me.

I watched him sit next to her and bend his head down to try catching her lowered gaze. For several minutes, the conversation was mostly one-sided and Tessa barely responded. *She must be super mad.* I took my first swig of beer.

Despite her cold shoulder, it began to soften and she began responding to Mickey's chatter with interest and her usual warmth.

Tension drained from my muscles so fast that I almost staggered. I sat in a chair freed up by a guy who was busy standing in front of Parris, talking to her tits.

I rested that way for over a half hour, talking alternately to Bend and Steven. The latter seemed totally uncaring that his girl was being perved. I asked him before he moved away, "Aren't you..."

"What?"

"Aren't you jealous that these guys are drooling on your girl's tits?"

He made a dismissive noise. "Fuck no, it's funny. She hates guys that talk to her tits."

That confused me more than anything. I would've been jealous; he found it funny. Didn't he see the danger? Or was he really so confident that she wouldn't cheat?

Tessa handed me another beer and sat gingerly down on my thigh. She put one arm around my neck. Her words were careful. "You have to make him stop."

"Mickey? Bend? Or the other guy that was talking to you?" A few had sat next to her and talked.

"No, Dustin."

The picture. "Oh, I can't."

"Why haven't you blocked him?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"He said if I blocked him, he'd send it to a lot of friends and at least one of them would make sure it got posted on the internet."

She growled in frustration. "He wasn't such a dick when we..." She sighed and looked away for a moment. "Why would he keep that picture, anyway? We broke up."

"How long did you go out with him?"

"Two months."

I was amazed that she had gone as far with him in just two months to have a picture taken of his cock on her mouth. "That's a long time—"

"Especially for... him."

"Why did you go out—"

"Don't ask."

Now my jealousy came back, raging against her secrets. "I deserve to know."

Her shoulders rose and fell in a silent sigh. "It was just something... to replace something else. A rebound, okay?"

I could live with that, definitely. It meant Dustin wasn't a serious interest – despite the picture.

She changed the subject, putting on a lighter tone. "Your friends really seem to like me."

I considered her practically see-through dress. "I bet." Personally, I was glad we were off the subject of Dustin and the aggravating picture.

"I didn't think anyone liked me, especially when a real woman came in." She risked a glare at Parris, but the redhead wasn't looking.

"I like you better."

"You said you were glad she was here."

"Only because it meant guys weren't perverting on you."

"But, I thought you liked it. You said it helped get your erections back."

I shushed her, hoping she hadn't said it too loud. Really, though, no one was near enough to listen or hear anything. Still, it was an embarrassing

subject. I whispered, "Yes, but—"

"Either you do or you don't. You dress me like this and you get all hard."

I nodded reluctantly. "Yes..."

"So then you get all angry when someone notices?"

I knew she had a point. I had been angry when people looked, but I had used that with Garth to ease away from self-defeating anger into productive energies – and my erections had returned. I had also thought that I could do the same with jealousy. However, once the erections returned, I hadn't seen the need to shift my jealousy into something else. The contradiction was not lost on me. It was okay for Garth but not for others? I hated Garth. I decided to placate her. "I'll... try... to work on it..."

She pulled her arm, giving my neck the suggestion of a squeeze with the edge of her forearm.

I could feel the pull of anger-induced erections tugging one way and the insanely disruptive jealousy pulling the other. I needed to find a solution or it would tear me apart.

CHAPTER 13

Garth supplied me with erections for only a few more days. Tessa demanded I talk to him. Where I had found success, I now was forced to confront him or she would find somewhere else to run and that meant somewhere I couldn't watch her.

She went out running after having told me to come out and talk to him.

I didn't want to talk to him. I didn't want him to stop. What if it meant I lost my erections? But, she was adamant and I had to accede to her wishes. It was only right, just, and my duty as a husband. Dustin texted me before I went outside.

I sighed in resignation and deleted the picture. The previous day had been the first day he missed. I could only hope that eventually he would tire of sending the text and picture every day. Walking outside, I stuffed the phone into my pocket and headed across the street.

Garth, upon noticing me, faltered as he ran beside Tessa. Despite his uncertainty, his dick jutted up and down stiffly beneath the stretched fabric of his running shorts. He came to a stop, threw his head to the side as if looking to run somewhere else, then reluctantly ran on, continuing his approach. His pouting, petulant scowl was annoyed and peeved. He spoke first, "Leave me alone."

I blocked him, placing my hand against his chest. "No, you leave my wife alone."

"Fuck off, dude. It's a free country."

"Right, and she has a right not to be harassed by you." My wife stood beside me, hands on hips, watching.

Garth held out his arms dramatically. "What, are you racist? Because I'm a quarter American Indian?"

I looked at his freckles, reddish hair, and blue eyes. I brought my knee up hard. I felt the impact against his soft ballsack and the bottom of his stiffness. The knee-to-the-groin move shoved his dick upwards, popping it out of his shorts. He went down onto his ass, hard, dick flopping in the air. I whipped out my phone and thumbed, grabbing several seconds of him groaning and rolling around, then I leaned over him. "Listen... Garth. I have this cute video of you now, exposing yourself in public. If I hear any more about this, or you ever talk to my wife again, I'll make sure this gets

seen by the police." I was pretty sure such a thing wouldn't stand up to any legal scrutiny, but I was hoping this asshole didn't know it.

Tessa had covered her mouth, amusement sparkling in her eyes. She touched my arm and mouthed, "Thank you." She ran off while Garth squirmed and panted, hiding his dick and cupping his balls at the same time.

I turned and left him.

Over the next several days, he left Tessa alone, flipped the bird at the house whenever he passed on a jog, and I lost my erections.

Failure and emasculation crowded in on me like old familiar clothing, pressing in on my psyche and robbing me of the ability to breathe.

This was worse than before.

Tessa, on the other hand, was bubbly, bright, and believing that my problem was just a temporary glitch. She was definitely happier not having Garth saying lewd things to her as she ran.

She held up the vinyl catsuit. "The pirate outfit was cuter."

"This one has ears," I said warily. I held up the hairband and wiggled it. "Very cute."

She pursed her lips at me and tried on the ears. "If you say so."

"Maybe the party will..."

"What?" She dropped the ears back into the box.

"Maybe I'll get hard again."

She looked at me with large eyes. "I'm going to be covered from neck to ankle."

It was true. I just didn't want guys checking out my wife. Except that my dick seemed to need it. I had gone for two weeks now without an erection. Days passed to weeks and I grew more and more emasculated. My nerves had frayed almost from the start: to overcome my issue and then have it come roaring back had disintegrated my mental and physical recovery.

I was worse, physically.

On the other hand, I wasn't angry over men checking out my wife, just jealous. Still, the worse physical condition far outweighed such an advance. A return to the same syndrome as before would have been total failure. Even a semi-return would've been defeating. But worse?

My helplessness produced an anxiety that tore every rational sentiment from me and left me falling on the inside.

Falling faster.

An ache had developed in my muscles, tensing my shoulders and neck to the point I could barely move. I felt it day and night, awake and asleep. My eyes had developed deep circles. Even my teeth hurt from the misery of my masculine failure.

Tessa seemed not to think it was serious, but that was often how she viewed things. Her indifference showed that she didn't put much thought or care into believing how bad things could get. She did care when it concerned me, but it just didn't show; she thought I would recover eventually. Setbacks, she called them.

I didn't agree.

My entire being knew she was wrong. This wasn't some simple little step backwards.

The Halloween party was not something I looked forward to; I imagined my already shattered nerves becoming totally unraveled. As I drove us to the house where it was being held, I clutched the steering wheel with the sure knowledge that I would not be driving home ever again. No, I was going to be tied up in a straitjacket and hauled off to some filthy insane asylum for hourly electric shock treatments.

I wanted to babble incoherently already – even before turning off the car.

Tessa almost bounced in her seat, looking out the window at the bright lights and people standing around on the spacious lawn.

And here we were, at the Halloween party that I had hoped would be another domino falling in my victorious march of conquest over my ED. She got out. I sat, hands gripping the wheel, panting in panic, and dizzy like I was going to pass out.

"Come on," she said.

I'm not sure how I got out of the car. I tottered around it as if I couldn't even feel my feet or legs. Was I walking on stilts? It was as if my legs had fallen asleep without the stinging tingles.

"Is that part of the costume? That act?" Her head was tilted in curiosity.

"No..." I was wearing a few bandages: one around my head; a big square one on my upper left breast exposed by my unbuttoned shirt; an arm sling; and a belt on my thigh tightened to look like a tourniquet. All of the bandages were liberally soaked in spots with blood red dye.

"Are you okay?"

I nodded, not wanting to get into it here. "I'm fine."

She touched my arm briefly, and then took the lead. I followed her into the house, checking out her form from behind. Dressed in a full black vinyl catsuit, she almost disappeared in the gloom outside. But once inside, she gleamed like moving obsidian. Every curve and cleft of her body was almost perfectly outlined and displayed. Almost. It was the best we could do with online ordering.

A pit of sickness knotted in my stomach and I looked around at the ages of the people cramming the large house. I wasn't the oldest... but... almost everyone was younger than me.

An Arabic guy confronted me and Tessa just inside the door. "Invitations? Who invited you?"

I proffered the bright green flyer. "My wife's old high school friend, Fairuza?"

He grunted and nodded and dismissed us as fast as that, moving beyond us to the next incomers - cold, quick, and callous.

Tessa said into my ear as if anticipating a question from me, "They're Lebanese Christians, not muslims."

I shrugged.

The enormous table in the dining room immediately to the right was stuffed with people crowding around the heaps of platters containing little left of what had probably been mounds of food. People were flicking over the remains of carrot sticks and celery chunks. The party was only twenty minutes old.

Music blared, modern, American, and loud. At least it wasn't rap. Everywhere, people shouted their conversations, laughed, and checked out costumes.

I got separated from Tessa by a thick girl who looked up at me expectantly. She was dressed in a western outfit with a red bandana at her neck. I drew my eyebrows down in focus and concentration. Her face was wide in a cute way, and her eyebrows rose in counterpoint to mine – as if she was expecting me to talk to her. A little smile graced her lips with a hint of... challenge.

Huh? I drew back just a little.

Another girl gave me a dirty look and shouted to the thick girl, "Come on, Bella. Not here."

"He's checking me out. He's a sexist misogynistic pig—" Her eyes blazed at me with eager fury.

"Come on." The wide girl's friend pulled her away.

"We can't let the patriarchal social—"

"Come on!"

I glared after the thick girl. *What the fuck is her problem? I was just standing here.* I looked around desperately for Tessa. So many people packed the place that I couldn't see more than six feet in any direction.

A carrot was shoved in my face. "Want some?" Tessa's raised voice was barely audible.

I shook my head vigorously. The carrot looked as limp as my dick.

A light-skinned beauty in a belly dancer outfit attached herself to Tessa. "Hi!"

"We made it! It's so crowded..."

"I know..." Her eyes were dark and outlined in black. Her hair was as black as her eyeliner.

My wife tugged me towards them. "This is my friend Fairuz."

I nodded and tried to say, "Nice to meet you," without shouting.

Tessa called into her ear, "This is my husband Clark."

Her smile was infectious and she touched my other arm, not bothering to yell. She turned her eyes to Tessa, and made an unintelligible noise while checking out her costume. She slid her hand down my wife's arm to feel the vinyl. Her approving nod and smile put me at ease.

Then Tessa was pulled away from me.

Girls. I sighed with resignation and began maneuvering through the throng to find someplace... Quiet was quite out of the question. There was a spot directly behind the large sofa and I hovered there at one end – away from the other end where I might make the chick sitting there think that I was trying to look down her top. The sofa was all packed, though, and the man I stood behind craned around to look up at me. I pretended to look elsewhere and he gave up a second later.

If the pressure inside me wasn't enough, the extremely loud party was definitely enough to create tension all on its own within my skull. Didn't Lebanese Christians believe in quieter parties? Was it something cultural? Religious? Racial?

If I felt I was falling due to my ED, I realized a faster feeling when first I saw girls touching Tessa's vinyl, and then their boyfriends. Much worse and more dramatic, some guys who didn't seem attached also slid their

hands on her vinyl. Instantly, I regretted not getting her the slutty pirate outfit.

As a guy would touch her, oily sensations of sickness slid down my soul. Pain knotted in my stomach, causing an almost physical distress so severe that I struggled to avoid bending over.

She danced with Fairuza, though it was really more shouting at each other to be heard. How girls could dance and talk at the same time escaped me. But then Tessa danced with guys and they... touched her. None of them appeared to make any moves and I was frozen into place, cacophony receding in my ears, watching the admiring hands feeling her vinyl. Blood pounded in my ears alongside a heavy high pitched hum – as if my ears were ringing in deafening silence.

This was not a case of tinnitus, however, but rather of panic. Jealousy juiced my body into a tension that was so tight it caused severe physical distress.

Hands roamed over her arms and hips. She smiled through it all with that flirtatious spread of her lips that encouraged them to... partake.

My throat was so tight I couldn't swallow.

When one of the guys pulled her for a close dance and ran his hands up and down her shaped little butt, I got hard. I also gaped, trying to breathe, as my vision swam with intense jealousy. She was mine and being touched. They might as well have been naked. Was that what she was thinking? Why wasn't she stopping him?

The answer that pounded into my chest – and heart – along with the thumping music I could no longer recognize, was that she perfectly enjoyed the guy's physical attention because he was her age – or at least looked it. He was as young as her; I was almost old enough to be... their fathers? Maybe not that old, but I was on the backside of life. Didn't people die in their fifties and sixties? All the time. I was thirty-five and on the short side of time. My prime had been passed long ago.

I watched perfect youth dance with perfect youth. There was no place for me there. My dick swelled further as the guy's hands slid all over her and she didn't stop him. He hunched his hips, pushing his crotch forward into her.

They fit together and she did not try to get away. Her arms were around his neck and she still moved as if dancing, but really all they were doing was grinding. Like a tsunami, the awareness that I was ill-suited for her

swept away any swelling down there that I had achieved for the first time in days.

Driving that sinking feeling home was when the guy kissed her and she accepted it. Her head tilted so they could kiss easier and they basically just stood there, in the cleared-off dance area, and lightly swayed as they engaged in a deep kiss.

My guts twisted so violently that I gave a dry heave and a gargling gasp.

They were perfect together and everything inside me knew it. I sank faster, trembling now as if ready to tumble over in a faint any second. I began stumbling around the couch, walking on wooden legs towards my wife.

She saw me at the last second, and disengaged from the guy. I could see why she liked him; he was cute in a boyish way. She reluctantly met me and looked guilty.

I said through a jaw that didn't seem to want to work, "I'm leaving. I can't... I'm going. I'm sure you want to stay. I bet you can get him to drive you home—"

She grabbed my arm and pulled. "What are you talking about?"

"I saw you kiss him."

Her face took on a reddish hue and she looked down. "Clark..."

Bitterness at my inadequacy made my voice brittle. "I'm sure you want to stay with him. Will you be back in the morning?"

"I'll come home. With you!" She said it, but looked disappointed.

I knew.

I knew I was wrong for her.

CHAPTER 14

She removed the costume, slowly, without much energy behind her intent, and listened to me rant.

"Why did we get married? What the fuck did you ever see in me?"

The same lack of care kept her expressionless, but there was a slight tightness around her eyes that told me I was getting through. Or so I thought. I had seen her kiss him; there was no attempts at denials from her.

Finally, I asked, "Why did you kiss him?"

She straightened, resolute, irritated, and looked at me with a vague look as if she were looking through me. "It was just a kiss, Clark."

"We're married."

"Is this that whole cheating thing? Yeah, because I haven't cheated on you. Kissing isn't cheating."

"Hey, maybe I could see a peck on the cheek, but a full-on tongue fuck?"

She rolled her eyes. "A kiss. That's all it was."

"Do you even understand—"

"Have you ever kissed a girl besides me?"

Huh? She knew I had. I gave her my best pained look. "Oh, come on—"

"Well, have you?"

"Of course."

"And did that mean you were going to marry her?"

"Of course not, but—"

"Did that mean you were going to have sex with her?"

"Yes."

"And did you?"

"No, but my intention—"

She held up a hand. "I know, all guys want is sex. But girls kiss and it's just a kiss. I've kissed lots of guys and didn't throw my legs open for them."

I let out an audible sigh to show her my frustration.

She shook her head. "Don't get pissy. I've kissed girls, too. Didn't mean I was going to have sex with them or marry them."

My eyebrows twitched. "Girls kissing isn't cheating."

"Whoa, we agree on something."

"Well, it isn't."

"But kissing a guy is?" She pressed her lips into a questioning frown and lifted her eyebrows as high as she could in mockery.

"Uh..."

"Uh huh..." Her dry tone delivered her verdict on my ambivalence as surely as a single pound of a gavel.

I heaved a silent sigh. "Okay, maybe kissing isn't actually cheating—"

"Great. Now that that's settled, can we get in bed?" She was already tugging at the covers where I sat on her side.

I got up, not wanting to necessarily go to bed but not wanting to give her any ammunition that I was being inflexible.

She climbed in naked. "Get undressed and come to bed."

It was late. She was in bed. I stood there hand in the air as if to continue the argument until I realized there wasn't one – on kissing, anyway. I frowned ferociously and went to undress in the bathroom. Several splashes of water on my face later, I came out and climbed in.

She immediately turned over to me, grabbing my limpness.

I tried to twist away, ashamed at my condition, but she held on.

She murmured, "Want to know something?"

I grunted noncommittally.

"All those people putting their hands on me and feeling my outfit?"

I made the same noise, but with a lessening of indifference.

"A few of the guys who felt me up said they wanted to try it naked."

I wasn't liking this. I scowled at her. "The guy you kissed?"

"No, not him. Other guys. Maybe that's why I kissed him; he wasn't as crude."

"Wow, that's a relief."

"I'm being serious. Feeling all those hands on me... By the time I danced with him, I was all... slippery... down there. The nasty things they said—"

"I don't want to hear this."

She clenched her hand on me. "Seems you do...?"

I realized my shaft was thicker and I jerked in shock.

She said, "One guy said I was practically naked, like my suit was painted on. He said he wanted to rub himself all over me naked and that I was the sexiest girl at the party."

There was no doubt at all that my dick thought differently than my doubts. It was thickening further. She began shifting her hand, massaging

and finally stroking it. I was amazed that I could attain an erection after all that had happened and I was forced to deal with an abrupt dilemma: I didn't want her getting perved by other guys, but my dick was responding.

The mix between jealousy and arousal was potent and perplexing. The jealousy produced some anger in me and I was good now at turning the anger into lust. Was there that much difference between jealousy and anger? The enormity of my predicament left me mute as I mulled over my insanity. I knew I was slipping and my hold on sanity was insufficient.

She stroked me and smiled. "You pretend to be mad, but you get so excited when guys flirt with me. Did you like them all touching me?"

I gasped and my dick flexed happily, even if my brain was horrified at the thought. I didn't want her to flirt. I didn't want...

I didn't...

I watched her hand in horror as it slid up and down my stiff shaft.

If ever I scorned and scoffed the idea that men had two heads, I was tragically attuned now to that truth. My bigger head wanted Tessa all to myself. My littler, more powerful head, wanted... guys to touch her. I twisted over towards her, climbing up to my knees.

Her sweet smile was eager, and she spread for me to mount her.

I panted frantically, chest heaving with surrender to the lust raging in my dick. Shaking, trembling, and awkward, I got between her legs as fast as I could and drove my erection home. I stuffed her hard, sliding in deep.

She squeezed her eyes shut briefly, then opened them. She was very wet inside. "Were you hard when all those guys were touching me?"

I thrust as if panicked.

She continued, softly, "I liked their hands on me. It felt so good."

I groaned heavily as my cock swelled. "Did you... want to be naked with... that guy you kissed?"

She bit her lower lip, eyes sparkling, and wriggled under me. "That might have been fun. Should I have gotten his number?"

I gasped and went still.

Prodded by my sudden cessation, she said, "I know his name. Maybe I can find him on Twitter and send him a message?"

I exploded with a rolling burst of cum out of my swollen dick. I humped frantically, surrendering to the orgasm that ripped so urgently from me. I filled her with all the lust and excitement that vibrated in my erection until I was totally spent. Unfortunately, then, my little head went silent and

satisfied, leaving my bigger head appalled and regretful that my dick had taken control.

Abandoned by the fleeting fever of our fuck, I felt nothing now but sickness – deep, ugly sickness.

CHAPTER 15

I kept her away from parties; the twisting knot in my guts prevented me from allowing it. Such a brilliant plan also robbed me of any repeat erections: I hung as limp as ever. Months passed and... nothing.

No reactions.

No twitches.

No erections.

With each passing week, I became ever more disconsolate and assured that this time, the Erectile Dysfunction was permanent.

I bought her a couple of dildos and played with her; there was really nothing else I could do. Her attempts at talking me to erection using other guys flirting with her all failed.

I didn't know why it didn't work, but I was relieved.

Spring brought something safe: her family reunion. She was eager, joyous, and thrilled. That I was invited, too, made her even happier. To be there with her had the opposite effect on me – none of her family liked me in the least bit.

She wore a more conservative skirt that ended billowy, just above the knee. Her pink, sleeveless blouse was safe and even safer around her family; none of them would be checking her out or flirting with her and I felt as unencumbered with worry as I had in months. I judged my ability to suffer through the reunion was good enough to let her have fun visiting all her relatives.

The event was held at a park retreat with little cabins and a huge recreation room. It looked too sunny to me and even at the end of April was almost too hot to stay outside.

I searched for shade as soon as I got out of the car.

Tessa latched onto me and pulled, jumping eagerly forward like a happy dog out for a walk. I breathed deeply, trying to find the sublime that would allow me to endure.

People were about and in groups.

Tessa stopped, waved, and greeted each one on the way to the pavilion where she had spotted her mother.

At least there's shade there... But I made a face of annoyance, anyway, because I hated her mother and she hated me. As we drew closer, I felt

bands of badness tighten across my chest. I'd rather be teaching a deaf guy with no arms how to wax a Ferrari.

Tessa was smiling so wide it looked like it hurt. "Hi, mom!"

Her mother was a pleasant woman to everyone else but who held nothing but the dourest disapproval for me. Her bright smile turned to a twisted look of disgust as she turned her eyes from her daughter to me. She might have found mildew in her shower and the expression would likely have been no less conspicuous. She almost groaned with disappointment, "Clark..."

"Hello... Gina..." I applied as much scorn on her name as I could.

Her face twitched and ticked. She turned her head away as if wanting to avoid seeing something so disgusting.

Tessa bounced on her feet. "Donny!"

My eyes shifted away from Gina to the guy.

He was holding a wrapped popsicle and opening his arms to embrace my wife. "Hey, Tess."

She hugged him tightly and let go. Her eyes lit on the popsicle. "Oh, my favorite. I'm going to grab one—"

He laughed. "I think they only had two. I saw Aunt Carly with one and I got the only other. Not many outfits carry chocolate peanut butter sicles."

Tessa pouted. "I want some."

He chuckled wickedly and unwrapped it. His eyebrows moved once suggestively and he held it down and out by his jeans – like a dick.

I blinked. *He's doing this right in front of her mom?*

Tessa didn't hesitate and squatted down with a laugh. She gripped his thighs and opened her mouth over the popsicle, taking it in like it was his dick.

I gaped.

Her head moved back and forth as she looked up at him.

Worse, Gina folded her arms and gave me such a satisfied look that I gaped at her, too.

Like, what the actual fuck? I'm sure the pained look of confused outrage on my face must have been evident because Gina's smug look became supreme.

Bouncing into the small group was another girl who was blonde, bright, and bursting with curls. She skidded to a stop and gaped as hard as I was.

Her tone was filled with all the shock and outrage I was experiencing.
"Donny!"

"What? She's my cousin, Tessa."

She put both fists to hips and glared up at his face.

Tessa bit off the end and licked her lips suggestively at Donny.

He said, "Tess, this is my wife, Hailey."

I pulled her up and hauled her away. When we were at a safe distance, I said, "How could you do that? I mean, like right in front of your mother!"

She giggled. "Who do you think I learned that from?"

"What?"

"I saw her do that to my uncle once. It was hilarious."

"Wait... her own brother?"

"Well, no, her sister's husband." She looked up at me curiously. "What? Everyone laughed. It was funny."

I rubbed a hand back over my hair. "Your mother?"

"Come on, Clark, it's just... a little family joke. I've done that to Donny lots of times before. In front of everyone."

I was on the verge of hyperventilating, but I began to wrestle it under control. "Your mother? Figures..."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"She gave me a shitty look when you did that – like a challenge. She really doesn't like me."

She shook my arm and changed the subject. "Try to be nice, okay? This is my family."

All at once, the tension in me deflated in defeat. "Yeah, sure..."

"Really."

"I'll be nice."

And I found myself seated across from her mother at dinner. The long picnic table in the fading light of day was breezy and comfortable – except that Gina just had to sit across from me. Worse, Donny sat on the other side of Tessa on my right. They were almost immediately huddled together talking and laughing.

Gina gave me satisfied looks.

I twisted my lips in a grimace at her and tried to pretend my wife wasn't talking to her cousin instead of me. The hot breeze of the day did little to cool the itch on my skin and the tablecloths of the picnic tables fluttered and flapped forlornly in response. The gusts were sometimes sharp and I

only had to be careful when my cup of fountain soda got low and in danger of being lifted away.

Even the gusts conspired to betray me.

The aunt next to me on my left smelled of something sour and musky – likely a perfume considered posh and expensive, but unpleasant nonetheless to the nose. She deliberately avoided talking to me, much less look at me. When the gusts died, her strange odor assaulted me. I tried to time the lessening of the breeze and gusts to looking away towards my Tessa.

Done with my drumstick, I held my plastic soda cup to keep it from lifting off for Mars. The tablecloth flapped noisily and I was appreciative for all of a few seconds that it caused much of the conversation to cease or be held close. In this case, Tessa was no longer talking to Donny, but had a strange, glazed look on her face. Her mouth hung open as if panting after a run or as if she had seen a shocking picture. Her eyes, however, avoided mine and stared down at her plate. Her hands were down at her sides and her left hand between us twitched.

Donny was leaning away from her a little, though they still sat together, touching. His face was angled away and his chin was propped up by his palm.

Suspicion led to thoughts of betrayal.

I leaned back quickly and scrutinized my wife.

Both she and Donny stiffened, shifting fast with a twitch and a jerk.

I lifted the flap of the tablecloth and looked down into my wife's lap. His hand wasn't there, but her skirt was rumpled up and her thighs exposed. Donny twisted away from her so that his back was almost to us.

She looked at me with surprise and question. "What?" It wasn't delivered with sincerity, though, and was filled with duplicitous guilt – as if she were a teenager challenging me to describe exactly what I thought in hopes she could deny it for some obscure little reason based on my perceptions.

But there was nothing except my suspicions. Had they been holding hands? Had he been rubbing her thigh? "Nothing," I said. I looked away in disappointment with myself. Not only could I not get an erection, but I couldn't produce tangible, concrete confirmations of anything that tormented my mind.

Her mother was giving me another smug look.

As I scowled at her, Tessa got up and excused herself, somewhat hesitantly, to use the facilities.

I dreaded being alone with her mother sitting across from me and staring with all the satisfaction of a cat who had drunk all the milk. I looked away.

Donny fumbled around and shifted back, giving Gina an airy look of expectation. Tessa's mother blushed and gave him a suggestive, demure smile of guile and goad.

Both of them tried not to look at me but both failed simultaneously.

What the fuck is going on between them? Whatever it was involved me. I half expected young Donny to attack me as Gina cheered him on, but no such thing happened. Trying to avoid the uncomfortable air between all three of us, I finished off my soda and pretended to look elsewhere.

The uncle who was sitting next to Gina and across from Tessa and Donny's spot said, "We should do this more often. Getting everyone together is a... huge chance... to reconnect. Right, son?"

Donny nodded.

Ah, so his father.

Gina giggled and touched his arm, eyes sparkling. Was this the man with whom she had made the popsicle stunt?

I looked to his other side and studied the woman. The aunt over there looked much more like Gina than the man. She was looking proudly at her husband and occasionally giving her sister Gina approving looks. Twice, her eyes flicked to me and her face went cold and rigid.

Outsider. I read that in her expression instantly. *Hey, no problem; fuck you, too. I don't want to be a part of your family.* I drew in a breath of sufferance and looked away.

Donny had gotten up and was carrying his plate and cup to the trash receptacles.

I scowled at him for a second, then looked back. Gina, her sister, and the uncle were all staring at me. I swallowed at the social audacity they exhibited with the obviously exclusionary expressions. I rolled my eyes and turned my head to the odorous aunt who thought her perfume was special. She wasn't looking at me and I was at least able to avert my eyes from Tessa's weird relatives.

After a few minutes of doing nothing, I decided I didn't want to sit any longer. I got up woodenly and took my plate and cup to the trash receptacle.

That's when I noticed that Tessa still hadn't returned. Neither had Donny. Frowning with annoyance, I was certain a little looking would produce the giggling pair flirting with each other or something – maybe another popsicle joke of some sort filled with sexual suggestion. I ground my teeth together in jealousy.

I walked purposely, looking, poking my head in the rec center, peering around corners until I stopped at a sound. I might have been mistaken, but in a lull in the gusty breeze I thought I had heard a gasp.

Male? Female?

I racked my instant memory. Had it been light and female? I stood there between two buildings – one a shed and the other a two-story white structure that held some offices and staff facilities. A third building was one of the little cabins, but over on this side was likely a staff hut. I planted my feet still on the grass as the gasp came again, followed by a rush of breath.

Someone was getting hot and sexual, by my guess. Was it staff? Or was it my wife? Surely not Tessa, right? I clenched my fingers into fists. Which way had that gasp come from? The arrangement of the buildings caused echoes and I couldn't determine direction for shit.

A low, light moan wafted between the buildings. It didn't contain any kind of accent in the way foreigners might moan with the inflection of a different language. Maybe not the help. Probably not the help. Possibly Tessa? I strained, hoping the breeze wouldn't pick up again, but it did. A gust blew through and swirled hot dust across the grass and around my ankles.

The moan came again, louder, competing badly with the sound of the wind. I gnashed my teeth in aggravation at the intrusion of nature that clouded my sense of direction. Was the moan and gasps coming from one of the windows? I scanned upward. All the windows of the tall building were open. So were the ones on the hut. The shed wall facing me was blank. I took a few steps, straining harder to detect anything. I needed another moan. Was I going away, or coming closer?

A masculine combo of groan and sigh echoed lightly between the buildings.

Frantic, I searched the white walls. Was it from there? Up there? Or over there? I twisted and turned, whirling with certainty that someone was having sex and maybe the woman involved was my wife. Warring inside me was my sanity that suggested Tessa certainly might joke with her cousin

but definitely wouldn't actually do anything with him, and my jealousy which pounded my suspicions deeper that maybe my wife had found a guy to flirt with among the help. But would she have sex so fast?

A very long moan of relief and satisfaction echoed distantly. I went back to the spot where I had originally heard the noise and looked around wildly. I wanted to call out, but I held my tongue because I wanted to be sure. Except that the long moan had definitely sounded like Tessa.

A faint sighing murmur reached my aching ears. "I really missed this..." Whoever was having sex had done it before.

Male gasps answered her, followed by silence.

What had happened?

Was I imagining something sexual when nothing at all was happening? Was it or was it not my wife making the intermittent noises? I ground my teeth together in futility as I tried to gauge where the sounds were coming from. I circled the shed and looked at the next nearest building. I stopped, waiting for another directional clue.

A male groan, louder, but now more distant.

I hurried back around and waited.

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I looked up at the two story building and wondered if I was catching a couple of staff going at it in secret. I swallowed hard, thinking Tessa might be back at the picnic tables. Would it profit me to go look and be mollified if I found her? But what if she was here and not there?

A louder and very sexual feminine expression echoed around me. I went cold in the heat because this noise had definitely sounded like Tessa. What was she doing? Where was she? I kept looking up at the open windows, but there was nothing to see. I wanted to call out, demanding to know where she was, but if I did, I knew the two would grow immediately wary and silent. No, I needed to find her so that there was incontrovertible proof to my eyes of what my ears told me was happening.

Silence again.

If I called out and she was doing things like using the exercise room or getting a massage, I would be embarrassed in front of whomever. I definitely needed to be certain before I made a fool of myself.

Unfortunately, I was stuck. The spot between the three buildings provided the loudest audible aura of echoes. This spot was the closest and there were no nearby doors. If I barged into the two story building, I

wouldn't know which floor or room might hold the pair. I could look, but then I would miss out on the sounds – and right now, the sounds were my only connection to the truth.

I trembled with sweat, cold and hot at the same time, and clenched my fists and jaws.

Faint at first, then louder, paired gasps came faster and faster.

No, this wasn't a massage.

Unfortunately, I couldn't be sure from a gasp who was who. Had I heard someone who sounded like Tessa with the moan? Or had it really been my wife? I strained listening, hoping and dreading to hear something more concrete. At least if I was wrong about whom it was, I was standing where no one else could see me. That way, if the woman of the couple having sex wasn't Tessa, I wouldn't be seen to be embarrassed. I clutched within myself the secrecy of my knowledge. I just had to wait...

The pants came fast and frantic. Gasping whispers taunted and mocked me. Why couldn't they be louder? Clearer? Why couldn't they call out each other's names? Did people really have sex so quietly other than the grunts and gasps? Did I?

My eyes watered with frustration. The push-pull within me dragged me one way, then the other.

Silence, followed by another sigh. A male groan sounded loud. I looked up, craning my neck as if I could see up, into a room, and down. Bending vision? Why not? Why couldn't I? Suddenly, the male part of the grunts turned harsh. The feminine gasps turned harsher. A sharp slapping sound began to rhythmically echo around me. I knew the sound instantly – balls slapping down hard against an ass. Whoever was fucking was now in the missionary position, likely with the woman's legs up in the air and the man driving his dick down into her pussy. The slapping was heavy and loud – firm and commanding. The rhythm was stable, steady, and sustained.

Drilling me with dread, I heard a harsh, gasping whisper. "Oh, Donny..."

So it was Donny. My hopes of the pair being someone unknown were dashed and deflated. My shoulders ached with doom as I frantically wondered who the woman might be. Was it his wife Hailey? Had they snuck off to get some action? Had it been a while since they had done it so the woman said she had missed it? Or was it my wife Tessa? I had a glimmer of hope and relief that it could be Tessa's mother, instead. Hadn't

Gina and the uncle and her sister all shared looks after talking to Donny about reconnecting?

I was desperate to hope Gina was weird enough to have something going with her nephew. But behind that vain wish was the certainty that Tessa was cheating on me. I was trying to find any excuse not to believe it, despite her protestations she had never cheated. But her cousin? Would Tessa have ever done something with her cousin? I could believe it more of her weird mother... And somehow it didn't seem all too weird. What if it was Tessa and Donny?

I was struck with a strange relief, not complete, but nonetheless a lessening of the jealousy. Curiosity wriggled in there, trying to make room in my tortured mind. Almost as if I would be relieved if my wife was having a fling with Donny, I heard the echoes in my mind of a little voice claiming at least it wouldn't be as bad as having an affair with someone like Garth or Dustin.

I took out my phone and thumbed to last week's text. I expanded the picture and looked longingly at the hard cock. I wish mine was like that – hard and erect. Dustin hadn't sent anything since and seemed to finally be wearying of getting his revenge on me. That I had not deleted his last few pictures reminded me of my ED and my useless hopes of ever attaining an erection again.

The slaps of Donny's balls grew louder and faster. His groans got harsher and harder. He was going to cum and he was drilling whoever it was with no intention of pulling out. He growled triumphantly with a final resounding slap of his balls against her ass. His grunts replaced the slapping sounds as he vocalized his orgasm. A feminine gasp and sigh preceded a rise in her efforts. Fierce whispers grew until her panting approach to orgasm replaced his diminishing ejaculations. Suddenly, loudly, she called out, "Oh, Donny. Yes! Yes!" Her panting gasps signaled her orgasm.

It was my wife, Tessa.

And my dick was half swollen in my pants.

CHAPTER 16

I saw her, a few minutes later, walking without Donny, apparently searching for me. Her hair was wild and messed with sex. Her skirt was rumpled and her blouse was mis-buttoned. Her mother gave her an approving smile and me a smug look of satisfaction. Donny showed up seconds later, looking sweaty and worn out. His father clapped his back and his mother smiled at him sweetly. She hugged my wife tenderly later. I took her home at the end of the day, saying nothing, but she knew something was up. I had wallowed through the rest of the day as if some alien had abducted me and removed my stomach to replace it with something heavy, metallic, and filled with ill.

She chewed seriously at her fingernail, looking both worried and sexually sated. The flush of orgasm had rested on her for hours. In our bedroom, she broke the silence. "What's wrong, Clark?" Her face told me she knew that I knew. The expression was common to a child having been caught but trying to deny it.

I stood there, naked. "You and Donny have something going on?"

Her eyes went large and dropped down to my dick, then away.

I got into bed. "I heard you two." I didn't feel like sleeping but it seemed like giving up on the day was the easiest thing to do.

She rubbed her arms nervously. "You...? You what?"

I was a total turmoil of relief and jealousy. How dare she? But then again, it was her cousin and they had done it before? Had they really had sex or had it just sounded like it? I needed to know. My dick started feeling warm.

She undressed slowly and didn't say anything else. She got into bed naked and avoided my eyes. That motion almost caused me to roll out of bed on my side, as if my body was as repulsed as was my mind. It was a physical force that rolled me away from her, as sure as the hot acid feeling in my bruised gut. She said, "Clark..." There was a note of desperation in her voice.

"I took you to your family reunion and you fucked your cousin." I looked at the wall.

She didn't answer, though I felt a shift in the mattress as if she had sank lower in sudden surrender.

I breathed evenly, numbly amazed that I felt no anger. But the jealousy... I asked, "What right does he have to...?" I trailed off, at a loss for words. No, no anger. But the seething loss and inadequacy inside belittled me.

She sighed heavily. "I'm sorry..."

I spat, "You enjoyed it."

Another sigh of weariness. "Yes."

"And your mother saw; she knew. How could you do that in front of them? In front of me? How—"

"Yes, she knew."

I turned towards her, stunned at the audacity her mother had shown towards me. "It looked like she was rubbing it in my face."

Her face was drawn, downcast, and discouraged. She flicked her eyes up, fast, and saw me looking. She cast them back down in a hurry. "I'm sorry."

Curious as to how Gina had known, I said, "This has happened before, too?"

She nodded, but said nothing.

"Why? How?"

She heaved a small, slow sigh and firmed her lips. "We were always very close..."

I waited.

"When we were young, we made a pact that by fifteen we would cash in each other's virginity if we hadn't already with someone else..."

"A... pact?"

"We made it when we were twelve."

"Were you two sexually attracted to each other...? Before that? And did your mother know?"

She swallowed and her eyes shifted back and forth between me and the mattress. "Well, yes..."

"So? Tell me."

"There was one time we were at my uncle's cabin. I think we were like seven. Maybe eight. There was only one bathroom and they put us in the tub together..."

I coughed in disbelief and shook my head.

"I was fascinated by his little... Well, you know. Anyway, my mother came in and caught me tugging on it. I thought we were all going to be in

trouble, but she just stared and gawked. She ran out and told my aunt and uncle."

"You got in trouble?"

"No, they laughed about it."

"Laughed? Are you serious?"

She nodded. "Mom told me later that if I had to play with someone, she would rather it be someone she knew and trusted, rather than some strange boy. She said my aunt and uncle agreed."

It made sense in a strange way. I shook my head in wonder. I hadn't been raised that way, but I knew a lot of people my parents' age had much looser sexual morals. Not everybody was from the strict Baptist Bible Belt.

Tessa said, "I think mom and Uncle Roger have... goofed around... I saw her do the popsicle thing to him and they... have always had this energy between them."

"But he's your mom's sister's husband."

"Yeah, so? I don't question what they do. Anyway, so we sort of kept playing around. Not in front of anyone, but..."

I squinted at her. "How long did this go on? Or did it ever stop?"

She blushed a bright red. "We, uh," she licked her lips and darted her eyes around the bed, "I don't know – I guess we stopped when I turned eighteen."

"Four years ago?" My voice trailed off, stunned. "What did you do with him? I mean—"

"At first, we just played. I liked how his dick went from limp and small to large and hard. And I was fascinated by how it grew over the years. I mean, it became huge..." She held out her hands to indicate and bugged out her eyes.

I gauged the distance and scoffed, "No way."

"I'm serious. And this big around." She motioned.

"I call bull." She was just saying it to hurt me, I was sure.

She twisted over and grabbed her phone. "Wanna bet?" She thumbed and swiped, then showed me. A dick as large as she had described was thrust into my face.

I recoiled, shocked at the thickness more than the size. "Wait, what? That's Donny's?"

She nodded and stifled a giggle. "Sorry, I had to take a picture."

The dick was in her hand and I could just see the edge of her wedding ring in the shadow. "You took that today?"

"Yeah, it seemed like the thing to do..."

I marveled at the length and thickness of it. It didn't put me to shame all that much as far as size, but it was definitely a little more substantial than what I was packing – when I could get it hard. That he could get so hard so easily was what really ground into me my failure.

She waved the phone gently to draw my attention. "So... you see why I couldn't resist?"

I looked away, deliberately. "And your mother knew about this? And your aunt and uncle, too?"

"Mm hmm. They thought our pact was a great idea. That it would ready us for the real world."

"But sex?"

"It's not like it's weird or something—"

"Yes it is."

"They thought it was sweet that we'd make that kind of commitment to each other and that it showed how strong our family bond was."

"So you fucked at fifteen?" Warmth rushed into my dick.

She nodded. "But we played a lot before that. I learned how to give blowjobs from him and we did anal the year before we—"

"He fucked your ass?"

She nodded. "I didn't like it, though. It really hurt but he seemed to like it. We only did it the once."

I threw up my hand. "So, like, did you consummate this pact on your birthday or something?" My dick began to get stiff. It was an odd feeling after going for so long without an erection.

"No, it was a little after. Like a week or something."

I laughed incredulously. My voice held a tone of hysterical sarcasm. "Really? Like, did your mom watch and give pointers? Did your aunt—"

"Clark, no, just stop. It wasn't like that."

"But they knew."

"Yeah, they knew. They were all waiting and wondering if we were going to go through with it."

I asked sarcastically, "Did they throw a celebratory party in honor of the big event?"

She laughed and said pedantically, "No, they didn't throw a party. The families got together and nothing was said. And we did it."

My dick was throbbing. "Did you like it?"

"Of course." She lifted the sheet and saw my reaction. Her eyes widened in joy and delight. "It's hard!"

It was my turn to blush in embarrassment at being caught. I knew I shouldn't be liking what I was hearing, and maybe my stomach didn't, but my dick sure did.

She grabbed it as if seizing it before it went away. She pulled on it and I wondered in that instant if her method of tugging was learned directly from her cousin. The thought drew out a moan from my lips and an acceleration of my pulse and breath.

I asked, "He liked it, too? I guess?"

She nodded absently, too busy marveling over my hardness. "You're hard; you really like hearing this?"

I could lie right now and reject it, but my dick was evidence against me. As much as I was shocked at her story, I couldn't deny that it sent life-giving blood pumping into my dick. At that instant, I knew if I lied and denied it, my erection would wither and go away. At the same time, if I admitted it made my dick hard, I knew my stomach would probably also heave in rebellion. Donny had fucked my wife today and it still made me incredibly jealous and emasculated.

However, that was mitigated by the fact that they had done it before and they were cousins. Donny wasn't some new guy who had stolen her away. And her mother had done something with her sister's husband? *Kinky. Very kinky.* My dick pulsed with health and vigor. I panted and moved my hips to her tugging.

Suddenly, the horror of her act lost the element of cheating and wrongness. I grasped after it mentally, groping and begging for the affront to return, but it evaporated from my anguish. Left alone with my erection, I had to admit that she had fucked her cousin today and I was turned on by it. The jealousy and sickness receded and allowed my excitement to drive my emotions.

I said, "I guess... I do. Did you like it, today?" My voice became a harsh, shaking whisper. "What he did to you?"

Her eyes flashed with interest. "Yes. I hadn't realized how much I missed... doing him."

I gasped at the surge of sensation tingling along my formerly dormant dick.

She said, "He's slow at first, then he fucks me so deep and hard – like he can't control himself. I... like that feeling."

I groaned. "Did you... make plans to do it again?" A sliver of jealousy returned, burning bright against the raging lust pounding inside me.

She stopped tugging, looking a little guilty. "No. I didn't want... to hurt you. It was just like... I don't know, for old time's sake or something... But if you want, I friended Jake on Twitter—"

"What? Who?"

"You know, the guy from the Halloween party I kissed?"

My dick pulsed and she felt it.

She said, "Anyway, I can flirt with him if you want—"

"No!" The reaction was instant. The jealousy flared. For some reason, her flirting with him would be different than anything she had with her cousin. My throat seized up; I didn't want to tell her that I thought Donny was okay and Jake wasn't. I didn't want to admit to myself that something inside me somehow approved of her pact with her cousin. For whatever reason, it just made clean sense.

She said, "But the last time you got hard was over—"

"I don't want you talking to Jake. I'd rather you unfriended him."

"Unfollow, you mean."

"Yeah."

"You don't want me to flirt with him?"

My answer was delivered without hesitation. "No."

She pondered that while feeling my erection. "But you're turned on over the Donny-thing?"

I swallowed hard. "I guess I am. It... doesn't seem so bad..."

She bit her lower lip and began climbing over me.

A wave of revulsion swept through me over the thought that her cousin had been in her earlier, but the pounding erection flexed eagerly.

She pressed the helmet of my dick against her clit and pushed it back to her hole. She tilted her hips and took the head into her opening. She was gasping, mouth open and excited. She took me in, sliding her pussy down my straining shaft.

It felt so good to me to be hard after so long - and to actually be having sex! I moaned as her velvet heat descended on my hardness.

She began riding me, moving up and down and her hips back and forth. She closed her eyes and trembled as she moved, sighing happily.

That jealousy that had hidden and returned to nag at me made me ask, "Are you thinking of him?"

She moaned loudly and then panted fast, eyes closed. She whispered, "He felt so good..." She moved her hips faster.

Scintillating flares of euphoria shot up my dick and I gripped her hips, fucking my cock up into her with effort. It was good to be fucking again. Very good. Once again, I was faced with the dilemma that wouldn't die within me, no matter how deep I dug its grave: cast it away dead and lose the erections? Or savor it and engage the cruel wickedness that drove my jealousy and fed my sexual excitement?

Would I rather live being jealous and get erections, or live with defeat and Erectile Dysfunction?

I fucked with desperation, trying to work out the balance of my physical predicament against the crushing emasculation of my life. Erections, jealousy, and the shame of her cheating? Or ED, sexual defeat, and the shame of my emasculation? The balances weren't fair. The scales weren't equal. The choices were not good.

My wife gasped above me, body trembling on the verge of orgasm, eyes closed, "Oh... Donny..."

I gasped, alarmed, "Did he... cum in you?"

She cried out, her voice rising with surprise and ecstasy, "Yes... Yes, he did...Oh!" She clawed my chest and hung her head as her body jerked with relieved convulsions. Her voice turned into a grating whisper riding the edge of her orgasm. "It felt so good... so deep..."

Stars flashed before my eyes as my cock swelled and spurt. I gripped her hips and pulled down as hard as I could, adding my cum to any that might remain inside her from her cousin.

But once again, after the sexual endorphins of my orgasm receded, my jealousy and defeat came crashing back down on me. I panted, satisfied, but my interior voice was wailing in failure.

CHAPTER 17

I watched Tessa dress for Allison's pool party. Her tiny bikini provided underwear for her jeans skirt and tube top: it was the only disadvantage of going swimming. I liked reaching up and feeling her bare under her skirts. I liked cupping her little round ass. I liked the moist feel when I could push a finger up her pussy without underclothing in the way.

One week had passed since the reunion. She asked me again, "Are you sure you don't want me talking to my cousin?"

Once again, I was faced with the dual dilemma: defeat or defeat. There was no win in this for me. My erection of the previous week had not been repeated and the loss of it crushed my chest with profound disappointment. But here I was again, facing the question. "I'm... sure."

She looked at me doubtfully.

I said more forcefully, with probably more force than I meant to, "I am." What other choice did I have? Let her cheat? Let her be stolen away by a better, younger guy?

This was insane.

We drove to Allison's parents' house. I felt a little out of place knowing I was more than ten years older going to see her friends and that they didn't even have their own place; they had to party at their parents' home. I felt almost as if I should apologize to Allison's mom and dad.

I was assured, though, that they were on vacation and that the alcohol was free. It didn't make me feel any better - worse, maybe.

Tessa told me on the way to the party, "You know that Donny was fingering me at lunch last weekend?"

I gripped the wheel harder. "No? What's this?"

"Under the table. He had his fingers all over my pussy." She giggled. "I started playing with him..."

My hands jerked so hard, the car swerved. "You...?"

"Yeah, under the tablecloth. I was stroking him. That's when I sort of decided to do it again with him."

"Right in front of your mom and his parents? Your aunts and—"

"Well, yeah. It's not like they didn't know."

I coughed incredulously.

"What?"

"That's kind of ballsy of you—"

"He started it."

I swallowed hard, wondering if my dick was going to react, but it didn't.

She said, "It made me so wet..."

"Tessa..." I warned.

"I couldn't help it. Are you sure you don't want me—"

"I'm sure." I stamped down hard on the side of me that didn't seem all that bothered that she had fucked her cousin. She was my wife, not his. "What about Hailey? Is she all approving of this fuck-thing you got going on?"

She sighed in exasperation. "No. Donny made me promise not to say anything to her."

I laughed sarcastically. "Yeah, like she couldn't figure out from your messed up clothing and his sweating that you two hadn't had sex."

A worried look crossed her face. "You think she knew? Do you think they fought about it?"

They? What about us? "How the fuck should I know?" I discarded thoughts about erections and let my jealousy run away with my mind. I didn't want my wife cheating and flirting and that was that.

She pouted. "I hope he can make her understand."

My voice was filled with aggravated anxiety, "Am I supposed to understand?"

She tilted her head at me. "I thought you did?"

I tried to explain to her, "You're my wife, Tess. Not Donny's. Let him fuck Hailey all he wants. I don't want you cheating with him—"

"It's not cheating. We've done it before, dozens of times—"

"I don't want to hear about—"

"What is it with you, Clark? One minute you're all turned on and the next you're all pissed off?"

I sighed loudly. "I didn't marry you to share you with other guys."

"Donny isn't just another guy; he's my cousin."

"But you're married to me. He should be hands off, now."

"We can't just deny all those years we did things, right? I mean, they happened."

I groaned at the futility of it all.

She said, "It's not like we haven't fucked before. It's like a tradition kind of thing, that's all. It's no threat to you."

"Do you even hear what you're saying?"

She held up a couple of fingers and said with confusion all over her face, "Like... duh...? Yes?"

"When you get married, you stop having sex with other people."

She looked away. "I mean, I like totally understand the idea of monogamy, but it's kinda outdated—"

"Outdated?"

"Clark, everyone knows that sex is good. There's no reason to deny it like you're some prude or something."

"I'm not a prude."

She coughed and looked at me from under her eyelashes. "Like, uh, from where I'm sitting, it sure looks like it. I don't know what century you were born in—"

"Gee, thanks."

"But guys and girls have more than one partner now, you know?"

"No, I don't know," I said heatedly.

"Didn't they show you films in school about how to have sex?"

"Basic things, yes—"

"About how to pleasure another person? How to use sex as a tool for satisfaction—"

I remembered the clinical cleanliness of the film. "No, nothing like that."

"How did you learn how to masturbate?"

I coughed, incredulous. "I taught myself..."

She shook her head.

I asked, "They taught you that in school?"

"Well, yes..."

"They didn't teach me that."

She looked like she couldn't believe it.

Annoyed, I asked, "What else did they *teach* you?"

"Just, you know, things. How to do anal. How to roll on a condom. How to masturbate someone else."

"And they didn't teach you that these things were wrong?"

She looked at me in horror. "No? They're not *wrong* ." She emphasized the word argumentatively. "It's sex. It's part of human nature."

I shook my head and turned the corner onto Allison's street. "They didn't teach you morals?"

"Morality has nothing to do with sex. It's a natural human function, not a morality question, no matter the history of patriarchal ideas about marriage."

I laughed.

"What?" She genuinely sounded curious and affronted.

"I guess we were born in different times. In my time, it was all about being true and not cheating."

She said petulantly, "I know what monogamy is."

"But you don't agree with it." I pulled to a stop at the curb.

"Let's just say I understand it. It's not an idea everyone agrees on, Clark; it's an outdated concept. It's one choice among many valid choices."

"Not for me it isn't."

She sighed and got out of the car.

I tucked my towel under my arm and went around to where she was waiting. "So you'll just have sex with everyone—"

She touched my arm. "No, Clark. Not everyone. Sex is beautiful and they have to mean something to me to..." She trailed off quietly and looked down.

We walked to the door. *Mean something? Like your cousin?* Except that the bitterness of jealousy was less in thinking it. Better her cousin than Dustin? Garth? Jadin?

Allison answered the door and let us in. She gave Tessa a big hug. "Everyone's out back already."

My wife said, "We aren't late—"

"No, everyone else was early." She rolled her eyes with a crooked smile. She glanced at me quickly, with much uncertainty reflected not only in her eyes, but her voice, too. "Hey... Clark."

I grimaced and moved past her.

She said, "Drinks are there just outside the sliding glass door. Just be careful with the glasses."

Outside, a bunch of kids lounged around, but on a quick count I saw there were only seven. The deck table held all sorts of bottles of booze and two pitchers sat filled with orange juice and something deep red.

The kids were old enough, of course, or at least of adult age. Anyone eighteen or older could drink in a private – not a public – place. Yet, I felt the weight of age press down on me and my face heated from the flush that rose from my t-shirt collar.

Out of place.

Furtive looks pressed the point home far more effectively than pugnacious prattle.

Tessa stripped off her tube top and skirt as soon as she took over a chair. Her smiles and looks as she greeted everyone were as smooth as an oil slick and she was definitely in her element.

I heard one kid with the beginnings of a beard say, "Who's the old dude?"

"My husband, Clark."

Disgustedly, "Oh..." The patchy-faced kid sneered with disapproval and held up his glass of alcohol as a talisman against my... age.

I breathed a silent sigh and poured myself a small couple of fingers of vodka.

That drew several snickers from the guys who held glasses almost filled to the brim.

I suppressed another sigh at their ignorance and bravado.

Allison's boyfriend, tall and lanky Garren who had taken a lap selfie with Tessa the previous year seemed much more friendly to me. "Not working today?"

Why? Were you hoping I would on a Saturday? "Nah, normal weekdays for me."

"Silverlake is big business on Saturday—"

"Surely. I run the department like the business it should be and keep mostly normal hours."

He grunted his assent. "I guess you can't work twenty-four seven."

"I have a great assistant supervisor for the weekends."

"Pay must be shitty, though, huh?"

I searched his face for acrimony and assault, but there appeared to be none. Some kids just didn't understand manners. "I'm debt-free."

Garren hooted in appreciation. "Whoa, I wish I could say the same for myself. I'm eight grand in the hole." He bounced his head with pride.

I pasted a plastic smile on my face and wandered away from him to Tessa.

Allison and another girl were with her, talking with big eyes and low mutters of wonder. Tessa saw my approach and continued to just listen to them.

The girl I didn't know said, "I really want to try it."

I butted in. "Uh oh, is this about drugs?" I didn't do drugs – not even pot – and didn't want to be around it.

Allison said, "No, it's about..." her eyes danced back and forth between me and Tessa, "that train last year."

"Train?"

The girl leaned towards me, pretty in a skinny way. "I remember you there. The pool party where a Latino chick took on a room full of dudes?"

Garren had followed me. "I missed that, but Ally told me about it."

The girl's eyes were large with amazed wonder. "Dude, you so totally missed out. Seeing her laying there..." she shivered, "She looked snatched as fuck. I want to be her just once."

I said, "That gal was married."

Everyone looked at me. The skinny girl said, "So? I'm a lesbian and I still want to try it." Something in her challenging look made me shy away from the chip on her shoulder.

Tessa said with morbid curiosity, "Without condoms?"

Skinny girl said wide-eyed with wonder, "That would slay."

I rubbed the bridge of my nose, knowing she meant she'd like it. I picked up a lot of lingo at the carwash.

Allison said, "I keep remembering it, too. I've dreamt about it a few times."

Garren chuckled. "Let me know when you want to set it up and I'll—" he held his thumb to his ear and extended his pinky to his mouth, "get some bro's."

I looked at him, checking for sarcasm, but there appeared not to be any. Next I looked at Allison. For her part, she didn't look eager, but she didn't look disgusted, either. She simply looked as if she accepted the promise of something in the future.

Tessa, on the other hand, looked marginally ill. "I don't think I could do that. All that," her eyes flashed to me, "cum all over the place. Yuck." Her tone was all honesty.

A sense of pride swelled my chest slightly. At least my wife thought pulling a train was something to be avoided, rather than admired.

The girl wasn't taking any dissent, though. "Come on, haven't you ever felt like just being tied down and letting dozens of men have their way with you one after the other? That would be hot as fuck."

Another guy that overheard bounced his head. "Trying anything once is always a good thing."

Like eating a Tide pod? I thought sarcastically.

The girl said, "I know, right?"

I sighed and sat down.

Garren said to the skinny girl, "Amy... what about your wife?"

"Hmm?"

"Your wife? What would she think?"

The skinny girl frowned. "She prefers to be called hersband."

The other guy popped his head back. "Whoa, I didn't know you married her."

Amy beamed with pride. "Yeah, fuck them all."

Garren pressed the point. "How would Kristy take a gangbang?"

She looked down. "She can't know; she gets all salty over guys."

I smirked to myself, *So that's why she's not here. Hates dudes.* I tried to smooth out the twist in my lips. For a while, I listened to Amy moan about how desperately she wanted a gangbang.

The chatty dude who bounced his head a lot changed the subject. "Anyone for skinny-dipping?"

Garren laughed. "Again?"

Allison snorted. "Sure, why not?"

Tessa had sat down and she looked up at Garren. Her knees parted instantly and I remembered what the jerk Jadin had said at the previous year's pool party. I watched her lick her lips as she looked at him. Despite being Allison's boyfriend, my Tessa obviously felt some kind of attraction to him.

Tension filled my shoulders, but she looked away and closed her knees. Was she even aware? Was she consciously attracted to him, thinking about him even now as she looked at the pool? Was her body reacting subconsciously or consciously? Was she deliberately sending him physical signals that he was missing?

I couldn't tell.

Kids were already stripping. Dicks flopped out. Boobs jiggled. I goggled. Tessa stood and removed her bikini top.

I got up and shielded her from view. "You really want to go skinny dipping?" It might have been a question, but I meant it as a big hint of my rejection.

Her nonplussed expression was followed by her stopping the removal of her bottoms. "Well, yeah. We've always skinny dipped. It's kind of a tradition."

Like your cousin? I ground my teeth together not wanting anyone to be looking at her boobs, much less her bare pussy.

Allison must have heard me. She came to me and clung to my arm, naked as she could be. Her breast pressed against my skin and she looked up at me prettily. "Why don't you join us, Clark?" She called a little louder to those in hearing, "I got dibs on Clark for after the swim." She giggled at me. "I'll need help with the suntan lotion."

I blinked in so much dumbfounded mystification that I croaked, "Okay..."

She laughed with delight and bounced away to the pool. My eyes followed her young, jiggling bare ass. I swallowed hard. When I looked back, Tessa had removed her bottoms.

She leaned up and kissed my cheek. "Thanks for that; you're sweet."

Mollified by her approval and lack of stern warning over me watching Allison's ass, I grunted with relief. I swallowed again, pleased and reassured that something possibly sticky had been avoided so easily.

She said, "Join us."

"I don't know."

Allison called to me from the pool. "Come on in, Clark. I want to swim with you." She was a great-looking girl, big in the breast department and trimmed but not bald down below. Her dark hair was wavy and looked sexy.

Tessa encouraged me. "Come on, it'll be fun. It's swimming, not sex."

"I guess..."

She pranced to the pool and waded in. Almost immediately, Garren swam to her and they circled like playful seals.

I watched warily for a moment, but they didn't touch.

Allison called again, "I'm waiting..."

The two other guys eyeballed my wife, but didn't pursue her. With a sigh of patience, I stripped down.

There was a smattering of giggles mixed with the noise of the water. I looked. Eyes from all of the girls were on me – on my dangling part.

Allison's eyes were alight with sheer delight. "Wow, Clark, that's... impressive. I'ma definitely swimming with you."

Amy and the other two girls giggled. One of them licked her lips at me. Tessa smiled with a mixture of pride and... sadness.

I flushed a very warm shade of embarrassed. It might look great limp, but getting it up was another issue altogether. But they didn't know that.

I wasn't going to tell them.

I waded in feeling a little more secure with myself on the surface of things. Underneath, the core of my failure shook like a tower of bricks in an earthquake.

The guy who had been in the conversation with Amy had her backed to the edge, his hand down between her legs. They were kissing. Married or not to another girl, Amy must have been bisexual. But they were the only two touching. The rest of the swimmers just swam around, splashed, and laughed.

I began feeling it, though: the exertions after drinking really began to make my brain float. Woozy, I allowed Allison to attach herself to me. The other guy I didn't know who had the patchy neckbeard was on her other side, touching her tits, but her attention was on me. She asked, "Would you ever let Tess do what Maria did?"

"Maria?"

"That married chick last year that let—"

"No, definitely not."

"Even if she wanted to?"

"I don't think she does."

Her lower lip pouted out in thought. "I think you're right."

"Would you do it?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. Yes, I guess. It sounds like fun for like... maybe once."

I gave her an astonished look.

She giggled and squeezed my arm to her wet breast. "I'd definitely want you to be one of the guys."

"Me?" I was amazed. "Aren't I too old?" I asked sarcastically.

She laughed. "No, not too old. Besides, I like guys a little more mature."

I nodded absently. Garren certainly seemed a lot more mature than others his age. I looked over to him where he had Tessa backed up against the edge of the pool. They were close, but just talking and I observed no handling of anything. His hands were gripping the edge on either side of her. Her arms were back – elbows supporting her on the edge of the pool. It

had the effect of thrusting her round breasts out at him up towards his face. From the side where I was in the shallow end, I could see him talking to her tits about half the time.

I worried suddenly that I was going to get hard, and I strained my senses to detect the first stirrings of my member. But it was as dormant as ever. With relief, I got out of the pool to get my towel. I had chosen what I thought would be a fine towel that wouldn't attract notice: an old white bath towel without design. Picking it up now, I realized that it was not only out of place with all the beach towels sitting around, but also drab and desultory – just like my dick.

Failure.

CHAPTER 18

I felt a cold wash of uncertainty as I was the first one out of the pool and didn't know if everyone would laugh if I immediately got dressed. I had never skinny dipped with others before and didn't know if there was some kind of etiquette.

Already, the skinny lesbian, Amy, was sitting up on the edge of the pool, legs parted, while the chatty guy floated between her knees looking at her pussy. She smiled down at him knowingly and superior. She didn't seem anxious to clothe right away.

I wrapped the towel around my waist, feeling stupid.

When the kids started getting out, they made a big deal of preparing for some sunbathing with sunscreen. Talking all the while, they applied the lotion to themselves and helped others.

My breath came hard as Allison approached me, holding the sunscreen bottle out to me, and smiling with satisfaction. "Lube me up, dude."

I swallowed hard and glanced over at Tessa to see if she was making a disapproving face. Her eyes saw and met mine, but she was chatting with Garren and another girl as if they all weren't sitting on the edge of the pool naked. Nothing in her expression changed. She stood up and grabbed her towel. She said to Garren, "I'm going to rinse first, real fast."

He said, "Sounds good; so will I."

They went into the pool house together.

I accepted the bottle and raised my eyebrows in question. I couldn't help but let my eyes fall to her breasts and down to her trimmed pussy. I looked away fast.

Allison giggled. "Be brave; I don't bite. Just make sure you're thorough. After, I'll oil you up." She patted her hair with her towel and swept it out of the way. With her back to me, she waited.

I gulped and squirted some lotion in my hand. My eyes admired the delicate and youthful swell of her ass. My heart hammered as I began spreading the sunscreen on her shoulders. Within seconds, I was working it in as if I were applying the first coat of wax on a car. My work instinct took over and I worked fast and thorough. My hands traveled down, caressing her waist and ass. Down further along her young legs and down to her feet. Working this way, I was able to finish her backside while not concentrating

too much on how silky her skin felt. I wasn't interested in Allison, anyway; I was interested in my wife. The work ethic took over and allowed me to get it all done without exposing my nerves.

Tessa came out with Garren, giggling. He was fully erect. She picked up her bottle of sunscreen.

My breath caught. I asked Allison, "How many showers are in that cabana?"

"One, why?"

"Nothing..." But my mind was feverishly trying to fabricate more time than it had taken for the few minutes that they were in there. They must have rinsed off together.

Allison twisted around as I finished with her heels and suddenly her pussy was in my face. She smiled down at me and said, "Front now."

I thought I was going to faint. I couldn't stop looking at how differently her folds were shaped than my Tessa's. Allison had a protruding clit with a generous hood and fleshy labia. With a hand tremor as violent as any sufferer of Parkinson's, I applied lotion to her feet and worked up. I both dreaded and anticipated reaching the area of her hips and I faltered several times as I looked directly at her pussy.

I didn't ever think of Allison that way, but suddenly I just wanted to open my mouth and... bite her pussy. I wanted to lick it so savagely... As my hands worked just above her knees, I became aware of the stirrings of my dormant dick. I looked down in alarm, but the swirling sensations of filling were just the initial beginnings. It was maybe a little swollen, but still hung limply. I breathed with relief and was fast with reaching the level of her hips.

She stuck one leg out a little to allow me to get between her thighs.

I rubbed faster, hoping to get to her pussy and also yearning to be beyond it and have this all over with. My sight and senses were all on her. My fingers and palms avoided reaching too high. I moved my hands around, sliding lotion up her hips and moving higher.

She said reprovingly, "Be thorough. You missed the corners of my legs." She pointed to the joining area of her inner thighs to her lower abdomen.

I panted desperately, knowing there was no way I could apply the sunscreen without touching her pussy. I wavered and held the bottle up towards her. "Maybe you should do it..."

She laughed. "Go ahead; I trust you. Don't you wax cars for a living?"

I groaned, " Yes..." Reluctantly, I oiled the indicated areas. My fingers brushed slickly along her labia and she thrust her hips forward to allow me to get it done right. With her pussy just inches from my open mouth, I swayed and swooned. I finished and moved higher, lightheaded as I rose unsteadily to my feet to finish her upper body.

She was looking at me with a questioning smile that appeared to ask if I liked what I saw. But she said nothing.

I didn't make a response. I furrowed my brow and pretended to be unaffected. Once again, my hands took up a decided tremor when I brushed them over her large breasts. I could not stop my fingers from giving them some instinctual light squeezes and caresses, though I cursed myself for not being able to control them. My face flushed deep with heat and my chest was so constricted that I panted for air.

Her nipples stood out and for a few seconds I couldn't tear my gaze away. Finally, though, I did, and I finished her with immense relief.

She said, "You're really good at that, and thank you for not pinching my nipples. Garren and the other guys always do." She rolled her eyes.

I almost coughed. "Uh, well, my work, I guess. What does Garren do?"

"Graphic design for websites."

Ah, computer work. Fingers constantly twitching. I almost asked, "Does he pinch hard?" But I suppressed it with a thorough throat clearing.

She grabbed the bottle. "Now you."

"Oh, uh, nah..." I shook my head and looked around for Tessa. She was fully oiled up and was already spreading lotion on Garren's back and arms. I felt relief that she wasn't overly interested in how I oiled her friend and also that I hadn't seen her get lubed up by Garren. A quick check showed erect nipples, but she was otherwise intact and not otherwise aroused.

Could I forgive her that? Him? Had they touched in the shower? Or only danced under the showerhead like giggling teenagers?

Allison admonished me. "You need some protection."

I need to be left alone! I sat and exposed my dick as the towel parted with my knees.

She pointed. "If I don't lube it up, it'll burn."

I gulped. "No, no... uh..."

Her look turned dour.

I relented. "Okay, fine, but just my back. I don't really want to tan..." I just wanted her to go away. My wife was rubbing sunscreen on Garren's

tight butt and working lower. He stood there, taking it all and his dick was throbbing, lifted outwards.

On the other side of the pool, the chatty kid was lying back and lesbian Amy was talking to him while stroking lotion onto his dick. Really, though, she was jacking him. How many strokes did it take to spread lotion on it? Her hand was in constant motion and he was fully erect. From the back, Amy was bony and scrawny in an unattractive way - almost emaciated. But the guy was enrapt in whatever they were discussing among themselves.

I felt the coolness of the lotion hit my back as Allison squirted it directly onto my skin. Her little hands began spreading it all around my shoulders and much tension left me at the feel of her skin spreading oil on mine. Almost like a good massage, the sensation was super relaxing.

My eyes watched Tessa finish oiling Garren's backside. He turned to face her and she had to move to his side because his dick was pointing straight out. Fortunately, she didn't look at it other than to glance and realize she wasn't going to succeed in lubing his front if she had to lean over the thing.

Okay. I was okay with that. She was acting as I would expect of a decent, demure wife, and my long exhalation of relief was supported by the wonderful feeling of Allison's hands.

I hunched over, offering her my back and she must have sensed it because she started moving her hands more like a massage. A few fingernail scrapes from her was all it took to send delicious shivers down my spine and bring out a gratified moan from my lips.

Unfortunately for me, my dick was responding.

Or was it fortunately?

Swelling more, it began to lift a little.

I was instantly faced with a dilemma worse than not having erections – as if anything could be worse. Yet, I was mortified that Tessa might see me get an erection while her friend was spreading lotion on me. I definitely didn't want to give that impression, despite its truth. Further, was the point that everyone might see it.

Dramatically, Allison cooed in my ear. "Oh... I guess I do a good job, too..."

I clamped my knees shut and arranged the towel properly.

She giggled and finished my lower back down to the towel. She spread some lotion in her hand and began my arm.

Shocking me even more was the more dramatic swelling that occurred when I felt it all on my right arm. The slick slide of her skin on my bicep and forearm lifted my dick under the cover of the towel. How is this possible? It's just my arm!

Tessa robbed me of my astonishment. I focused on her like a cop on a bad guy as her hand neared Garren's waist from his side. His dick was straight out and throbbing and she was looking at it.

Jealousy roared to life inside me and made me grit my teeth. I held my breath, wondering what she was going to do.

The neckbeard guy was lying back, stroking himself with no one to talk to after getting oiled up. He was watching Garren and Tessa – no, he was not watching Tessa. His eyes were on Garren's erection. Neckbeard stroked himself, not fast or slow, as his open-mouthed expression looked at Garren's bigger dick.

I guessed oiling dicks was part of the tradition and my breath squeezed to the point that it hurt to draw breath. My eyes swam as I watched my wife.

Tessa spread some lotion onto her hand and smiled down at Garren's dick; she was going to oil it. She was going to put her hand on it and...

I gasped in a breath.

Allison was working on my left arm and asked, "Are you sure you don't want me to oil your cock? It won't take long and I'd love to touch it..."

"No!" I gasped.

Tessa's hand rubbed lightly at Garren's balls, then curled into a grip on them and started sliding outwards to the shaft. Her hand moved leisurely out along his stiff dick as she looked at it with rapt attention. Spreading was a matter of movement and measure; her hand slide was very slow – slower than it needed to be. Her grip reached the end of his dick and everyone heard him moan. Then she moved back, just as deliberately, sliding her hand back down the shaft to the base.

Garren groaned loudly, thrusting his hips out and almost losing his balance as he lifted onto his tiptoes.

Tessa had definitely taken about ten times as long as she needed to spread oil on his dick, even if it was just one single stroke out and then back in.

I was raging hard and to open my mouth to stop her was out of the question. Fortunately, she looked at me and I gave her the fiercest

expression I could. She quailed visibly and dropped down to finish his legs. That put her head near his dick and I saw her look at it for a split second, biting her lip. Lower, her squatted posture revealed to me her swollen pussy and pink coloring of excitement.

Had Garren touched her pussy when he oiled her? Had I missed it and said nothing because I had missed it and she had thought that meant I approved? I didn't know what kinky shit went on at their traditional skinny dipping parties, but I wasn't going to allow any more nonsense. She was excited and I could see it. I could also feel it in my gut and it wasn't a happy feeling.

On the other hand, my cursed cock betrayed me and was literally throbbing hard, sending delicious sensations of sexual excitement along paths that mourned the memories. It was a blessing, and a curse.

Why did it have to work now? Of all times?

Tessa kept glancing at his erection and each look sent a huge pulse of excitement up my dick. What would happen if she suddenly grabbed Garren's dick and stuck it in her mouth? Would it be any worse than getting her pussy pounded by her cousin? And why did that event not seem so bad as what was going on now? I had stood there and listened to Donny's balls slap hard against my wife's ass. I had heard her cum. I had heard him blow his load in her. I had heard her call his name. Why did that not seem as serious as what she was doing right now?

Because she had fucked her cousin for years before?

Had she oiled Garren's dick before we were married? Would that make it any better? If knowing she had, would it make my jealousy recede as it somehow did with Donny?

I must have been making a really bad face, because Tessa came over to me with a very worried expression. She said quietly, "Do you want to go?"

I couldn't get up without exposing my erection. As it was, I was leaning on it forcefully with my arms crossed over it. "No."

She looked slightly relieved and some of the tension left her. "I'm... sorry about..." She waved her hand over her shoulder. "It's just that we always oil each other when..." She trailed off uncertainly.

So there it was. They had done it before.

And my dick did nothing except throb madly with arousal.

CHAPTER 19

Fortunately for me, my erection waned back into its familiar dormant, dead state and I was able to dress when everyone else did. I thanked my cock for finally shrinking and withering.

Strange.

Every other time and day I cursed it for not erecting.

But I was cursed all over with erections that came only when I least wanted them – and never when I needed them. When it was dead and limp, I always hoped and looked forward to any kind of hardening. But when it happened, I swore viciously at it in my head and demanded it go down.

I couldn't win.

At least the pool party moved inside the house as the heat became too much and the alcohol made the kids woozy.

It didn't take much for my wife to get tipsy and she was already bubbly and slurring her words with enthusiasm. She and Amy hung on each other like best friends.

At least she was being chummy with the lesbian and not hanging on Garren.

Nope, the man of erections around my wife was busy talking to me about work and that was fine by me. Allison was clinging to Garren's arm as if my wife hadn't stroked his erection to a loud moan in front of everyone. I couldn't grasp how she just dismissed it as nothing, or normal.

She said, "Looks like Amy is sweet on your wife."

I looked. The lesbian was kissing my wife's cheek playfully. I muttered, "That's fine; my wife is hetero. She won't go for any of it." I was certain of that, though my dick once again began feeling... something. Would it be feeling the same thing if Garren was kissing her? The thing jumped in my pants at the brief thought.

Allison murmured, "You're all right, Clark."

"Huh?"

"I didn't think I'd like you, but... you're all right."

I coughed.

Garren said, "You really saw that gangbang last year?"

Confused slightly by that question, I said, "Yeah, I guess so."

"Was it hot?"

"Yep, too many people crammed into a stuffy room with no air conditioning—" I remembered the stifling heat.

"No, I meant sexually, you know. I've seen plenty of porn videos but never been—"

I coughed louder. "I don't know. Maybe it was, but I just can't understand how the husband just stood there—"

Allison interrupted me. "And came, too. He shot cum all over." Her tone was filled with bragging that she had witnessed it firsthand.

I pointed my question at Garren. "Would you really want to give her that experience? A gangbang?" I indicated Allison.

"Sure, why not?"

I said with much exasperation, "Wouldn't you be afraid that she'd fall for one of the guys and get taken from you? You'd lose her—"

He was making a pained face. "No. What makes you even think that?"

I said as plainly as I could, "It's sex."

Allison was shaking her head.

Garren frowned. "I might see her leaving me if she loved the guy, but I know she loves me, so it's just sex. I mean, it's just... sex."

I said, "But, right, it's sex. She'd fall in love—"

Allison snorted. "You can have sex and not be in love. Duh..."

"But—"

Garren interrupted me. "I've fucked plenty of girls and not been in love." He shrugged. "It's just getting off..."

Allison said drily to him, "We girls use guys just like you – for getting off. No big deal. I mean, a lot of people have side chicks and side dudes. Lots have fuck buddies now. It's easy and clean, especially for like, college. You find a fuck buddy and keep your beau if distance has you parted. What's the big deal?"

My face felt drawn from the pull of gravity I felt that they didn't. "Fuck buddies?" I had heard of it, but dismissed it as flights of male fancy.

Allison nodded. "If I went to a different city for college, I wouldn't dump Garren. But I might find a fuck buddy while I'm there. No strings, no hassle, no drama, just... fucking. That way, I stay true to him while relieving the pressure of being away."

I asked him incredulously, "Garren? You'd go for this?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, sure, as long as it was just a fuck buddy thing. I mean, I would, so why shouldn't she?"

I gaped at him before looking away.

Tessa sat on the couch, face glistening with a very light sheen of inebriation. Amy sat next to her, arm out taking a selfie. Both of them had their tongues out, touching.

I felt not a speck of jealousy.

Neither was there any movement in my dick over what was a typical lesbian-suggestive selfie people often posted on Facebook.

However, their tongues flicked and moved and a second later, Amy and my wife were kissing.

I still felt no jealousy, but rather amusement. She was tipsy enough to kiss a girl? It almost made me want to laugh because I knew she wrinkled her nose at the suggestion of lesbian relationships: she liked guys, not gals. I asked Garren with a low, curious tone, "Um, did you two shower together? Rinse off after the swim?"

His cheerful smile accompanied his answer. "Yeah."

I swallowed with difficulty and tried to keep my voice level. "Did she touch you?" I looked down at his shorts in emphasis.

"Oh? There? Yeah. A little rinse stroking, you know."

I clamped my mouth shut as the intense flare of jealousy ground everything down into tension. I looked over at Tessa to excuse my sudden silence.

She was still sitting, but her head was back and Amy was kissing her neck. The lesbian had also discovered that my wife wasn't wearing anything under her short jeans skirt and was fingering her pussy. My wife hadn't wanted to wear a wet bikini under her clothes and it was hanging outside to dry.

I gaped with interest, wondering if my wife was imagining Donny, or just allowing Amy to play with her. Whatever the answer, I didn't see any need to rescue her from this hilarious situation. I was definitely going to tease her about it later.

Amy pushed her over and settled her down on the couch. She slid her hands up and pushed her tube top up. Then she began rubbing up and down on my wife's boobs – massaging, caressing, and moving around in vigorous swirls. She leaned down and sucked a nipple into her mouth. Tessa moaned. Amy used her other hand to return to fingering my wife's pussy. One of the other two girls got down next to my wife and kissed her after taking a

tongue-selfie that made my wife laugh. Her gaiety drifted away to be replaced by quiet moans.

Amy got up to remove her t-shirt.

Tessa took the opportunity to sit upright – coming up for air. Her eyes attached to mine and she panted woozily. She gave me a tentative smile.

I shook my head, laughing silently.

Her smile brightened.

I turned back to Garren and Allison. I asked her, "If you left for college, and you heard that Tessa had become your boyfriend's fuck buddy, wouldn't you be worried?" I said it with emphasis as I was sure that my point would immediately be clear: jealousy and anger.

Allison looked surprised. "That would be awesome!"

"Huh?"

"She'd be perfect because I know her and trust her."

I gaped at her. *This isn't going like I expected.* "But—"

Garren said, "I'd love to have her as a fuck buddy. She's nice and quiet, and—"

I coughed. But before I could utter anything, I had glanced at Tessa. Amy was down between her legs and apparently giving her pussy a licking, though I couldn't see it. I almost laughed, except that the other girl was kissing her and rubbing her right breast. The chatty guy who had been stroked by Amy was rubbing the other. Tessa was kissing the girl while getting felt up and licked.

I warred for a small instant that the guy was taking liberties with my wife. I felt again the stirrings of jealousy. At the same time, my dick began to move in my jeans. *You fucking prick; don't you betray me again.*

Allison asked, "Would you mind if Garren tried her out?"

"What?" I was somewhat distracted.

"You know, tried her out to see if she'd be a good fuck buddy?"

My voice was raised in incredulous outrage. "Are you planning to leave town for college?"

"No, but they could still try it." She looked hopeful.

"You want him to fuck your best friend? What if he likes it?"

She looked at me seriously. "That'd be for the best, I mean, I wouldn't want them to hate it."

"What if you married him and they didn't want to stop?"

Her face brightened. "That would be so cool. We'd be so close – like family. Let me know when we can try it."

Jealousy surged through me like a roaring wave, washing away all other sounds.

Amy had stopped licking Tessa. The chatty guy had his fingers stuffed up my wife's pussy and was kissing her. Her legs were spread as wide as she could for maximum access. His fingers pressed frantically into her, spreading her hole open as he shoved hard to get them as deep as they could go. Their kiss was gasping and filled with lust.

I shot to my feet, suddenly knowing we couldn't be here with her so-called friends. And Allison thought it would be like family if Garren fucked my wife after he got married?

Family?

Like Donny?

My cock raged in my jeans, but I took the few steps over to the couch and yanked chatty guy's hand out of my wife's pussy.

He looked up, angry, and said, "Dude."

I explained perfectly clear, "She's my wife."

"So? She wants it."

"And you aren't getting it." I hauled Tessa up and she leaned against me.

She murmured to me, "I was having fun..."

I bet you were. I half carried her out back and collected her bikini and our towels. We left the house with Garren and Allison trailing behind wondering what had happened that made me so determined to leave.

Maybe Allison knew because she said as we were getting into my car, "They were just making out..."

I knew we could never again go to one of her friend's parties. I sped us away in a swirl of dust and heat.

Tessa was half slumped against the door, resting woozily. Her hands were in her lap and before we even got onto the freeway, she was moving one of them and breathing lightly – playing with herself. Her hand shifted, pushing fingers inside and drawing them back out and up over her clit. She spread one knee out.

I unclamped my jaw barely enough to say, "You're that turned on, huh?"

She hummed quietly in response – which I took for affirmation.

Was she thinking of Donny? The chatty guy? Amy? Me? I laughed to myself at the latter. So, I asked her. "Who are you thinking about?"

"Hmm?"

"You're fingering yourself right here on the freeway and liking it. Who are you thinking about?" I felt as if steam were rising from the collar of my t-shirt.

"I don't know..." Her eyes couldn't meet mine.

"Donny? Are you thinking of your cousin?"

Her lips parted, opening in a quiet gasp and she shoved her fingers up her hole in response.

I began panting with a frantic need to know. My cock was rigid in a painful way inside my jeans and I was unable to adjust it while driving.

She moved her fingers in and out, closing her eyes.

"Tess!"

"What?"

"Are you thinking of the guy that just had his hand up your pussy?"

She closed her eyes again and moaned, shoving her fingers faster. She slouched down and lifted her hips.

I realized just how toasted she was; she was out of control – fucking herself with her fingers while thinking of Donny and the kid at the party.

"Stop it!"

She straightened and sort of more fell over onto my lap face first. She struggled with my jeans while I protested angrily. She was able to free my cock, however, and her mouth descended on it hungrily.

I tightened my grip on the steering wheel as she gave me one of the wettest, hardest blowjobs I had ever gotten. Up and down her mouth slid and worked on my shaft with a desperation that led me to believe she wasn't thinking of my cock at all.

I didn't cum, but I was throbbing harder than I had in months. It wasn't just stiff, it was straining like it was going to blow apart.

CHAPTER 20

Seven weeks passed after the skinny-dipping party with not a single erection. I couldn't coax it, beg it, or demand it to harden in the slightest. I avoided talking about Donny or the party so as to remove the anxiety of jealousy from my life.

I didn't want it or need it.

Unfortunately, Tessa began to suffer. Almost a year into our marriage now, she was starting to show the despondency of not getting the kind of sexual fulfillment she needed out of our union. I had bought her dildos long ago and they began to see more frequent use.

It pained me to know I was unable to feel the slightest sensation down there and definitely could not attain any kind of stiffness for penetration. It wasn't Tessa's fault; she tried to help me.

Except nothing worked.

Again, I was overly aware that my condition was getting continually worse. Each time I did get an erection, the Erectile Dysfunction that followed was more severe and lasted longer.

Not even anger got me hard anymore. Seeing Garth outside – even if he wasn't running with Tessa – produced not a flicker of feeling in my dick.

It's dead, Jim.

I answered my phone to a call as the mechanical voice announced, "Incoming call from Bernard Taylor."

"Bend? What's up?" He usually texted.

"Hey, dude, I have a favor to ask."

I said again, "What's up?"

"Remember I said I got a new place?"

"Yeah?" He had texted me months ago about it.

"Well, the lease on my apartment ends right on time, but the escrow got delayed by a few days. "

"Oh? You need a place to stay?"

"Yeah. All my stuff is being stored by Mickey's company and I need a place for four days. I'd get a motel, but the moving cost has me stretched..."

"Bend, shut up. Of course you can."

"You really wouldn't mind?"

"Fuck no. Four days is nothing."

"Thanks, dude; you're a lifesaver."

"When is it? Now? Or...?"

"Middle next week, from Wednesday morning to Saturday afternoon – that's when I get the keys. Supposedly. If nothing else gets delayed."

"It's not a problem. You can crash here."

He sighed with relief. "Thanks."

I ended the call with a frown. Bend was my best friend, but would his presence exacerbate my issues? Would anyone hinder me worse? Better? I had become more reclusive as far as reaching out to people. Having Erectile Dysfunction was embarrassing. I was a man without being a man and the dichotomy was damning.

When Wednesday rolled up like a car at the carwash, the routine of limp manliness had not changed. It was another day, another car to be washed, another wax, nothing new.

I came home to find Bend on the couch reading his escrow papers. "Hey, guy."

He lifted his chin at me and set aside the papers. "Thanks again—"

A measure of my old playfulness poked its head above the surface of my strife. "Shut the fuck up."

He grinned expansively.

Tessa was sitting in my recliner looking neglected. If he had been reading important stuff and she was hoping for chatter... Her legs were clamped together to my satisfaction, insuring her commando status didn't show up her skirt.

However, I caught Bend looking at her skirt and the flicker of his eyes to it reinforced itself over the next couple hours.

After dinner, he asked me, "So, uh..."

"Yeah?"

He leaned over to whisper, even though Tessa had gone to the bathroom, "Mickey told me that she goes commando... Like you?" Amusement flickered in his eyes. Bend was always curious, but otherwise too timid for my tastes; he needed to be led.

Faced with the truth of his question, I did not deny it. "Yeah... that promise I blabbed about before I got married?" I nodded.

He chuckled. "I hope I can get my girlfriend to do that."

"You got a girlfriend? Who's the lucky—"

He shook his head sharply and looked down. "You know, when I get one."

I felt sorry for him. He was a great-looking guy but lacked the bravery and confidence to approach a girl. He was shy to the point of solitude around women. He also came off nosy, even though I knew it was more curiosity than gossip-derived desire. That was Bend: hesitant; gutless; and nosy. Still, a great guy.

He breathed in awe of me. "Here you are, living your dream."

I ground my teeth together. As close as he might be as a friend, there was no way I was going to admit that after getting the young girl I was seeking and getting her to go commando, that I was now a total failure in the sack.

His admiration made me bitter. I was too old for Tessa. I was too old-fashioned. I was too straight-laced and moral for her. I had old ideas and beliefs. I really... was just not right for her.

The match was a failure.

Chills ran down my back as I faced Bend with my silence and realized it all, side to side, top to bottom.

Tessa had better relations – if kinky – with her cousin than me. That thought instantly replayed in my head the fierce and hard sounds of Donny's balls slapping commandingly down onto my wife's ass. How could I gainsay that Donny's cock was a better match for my wife's pussy than mine? After all, they were close cousins. They had grown up together. She had tugged on Donny's little cock when they were young and in the tub together. She had watched his cock mature and grow as he became a man. She had played with it and sucked it, learning what she needed to know as a woman from her cousin. They had fucked at fifteen in a planned event so they could both lose their virginity to people they trusted. Tessa had admitted that it was wonderful and they had continued to fuck.

To her, fucking Donny was familiar and normal – and not cheating because it was something she grew up with. A part of her. An intimate, intricate idiosyncrasy that I was powerless to alter or oppose.

How was I supposed to combat that?

To her, it wasn't bad or wrong or wicked; it was natural and normal.

The memory of the slapping sounds played over and over in my head, making me jerk with each rapid sound as if I were being struck in my ignorance.

Bend asked something, but I wasn't paying attention.

Was it good that she had this relationship with her cousin? Wasn't it better than with Dustin, or Garren, or Garth? She was married to me and he was married to little blonde Hailey. Wasn't that as safe as could be? The slapping sounds thudded in my head and I gripped the edge of the table as tiny responding pulses echoed in my dick. At the same time, my gut twisted sickeningly in revulsion. She had cum on his cock. He had blown his load into her while she wore her wedding ring.

I argued within myself that it was wrong, it was right, it was good, it was bad. I knew she was in contact with her cousin by text. Were they planning another rendezvous? Reminiscing about his plunging cock stretching open her pussy hole?

I had seen the picture. He was thick. He had put that thing into my wife and fucked her.

But was it bad?

Were Hailey and I the only ones who were outraged? Because Donny and Tessa sure weren't. To them, it was no different than a smile or hug between them. Had he gone home after that reunion and fucked his tiny wife with his cock smeared with my wife's juices?

My cock twitched with an almost unfamiliar surge. For whatever reason, I hoped he had. I hoped she smelled Tessa all over him and felt her juices on his cock as it slid in and out of her.

I discovered I was gritting my teeth hard enough to cause a headache.

Bend left me alone, mostly. He spent his days working and coming home before me. Thursday and Friday I came home to find him and Tessa chatting about inane stuff.

Fashion of all things on Friday.

But it was that end of the week relief in me that tensed when I saw Tessa sitting with her legs open as they talked. Was this the subconscious thing? Her knees weren't parted enough to see anything as she was wearing a mid-thigh skirt. I could see right up her inner thighs to darkness. However, the hint was enough to cause consternation within me.

From my capture of Bend's glances, I could tell that her open legs weren't lost on him, either. But I knew him well and knew he wouldn't act on it, no matter how enticing she might appear – whether consciously or not.

Poor guy; he was being tormented by her.

And more so on Saturday when he came out from his shower to find us standing in the kitchen just before her run. Some slight sound he made alerted Tessa and she instantly moved her hands back to adjust the shorts behind her. It was a maddeningly sexual tease that I had beheld many times: she pulled at the band on her shorts on both sides, exposing most of her butt cheeks, and then resettling the material as if to cover them properly.

Bend's eyes widened, almost popping out of his head. He gulped hard and glanced at me sheepishly.

I ground my teeth together because Tessa continued with her preparation for her run as if the move was just another detail in readying herself. Had she even been aware?

Bend looked at both of us.

My wife seemed to notice him and gave him a very bright smile and a shiny eye-twinkle that put me on edge. She reached over to the fruit bowl on the counter and grabbed up a banana – Bend's morning breakfast. She lifted it near to her mouth with a subtle wave in front of her lips. "Breakfast?"

The pit in my stomach hardened, curled, and whirled with anxiety.

He grunted, sounding strangled, "Yeah, thanks."

Just seeing their hands touching the same banana as she passed it to him caused a sickening slow roll in my stomach as if the ship of my sanity was capsizing. Did she even realize she was teasing him? Even if this is what I wanted – had desired to teach to a malleable young wife – was she aware that she was succeeding to the point I questioned my manhood?

I had wanted this, and now that I had it, I was suffering consequences I had not considered. I had envisioned my fantasy of a young wife as being someone whom I could shape and form, but I was faced with the reality that she was just as much an individual with emotions and ideas as was I. Why had I not thought to consider my desires might be altered by whomever I chose as my wife?

My insides were being crushed and ground under the weight of my internal struggles. Unfortunately, such sharp and deep passions did not help raise erections; the complete lack of sensation there was decidedly counter to the rending of my sanity.

Bend left on Sunday after having witnessed Tessa's teasing twice on her mid-morning runs.

CHAPTER 21

Monday started as a relief and ended in a nightmare. I heard her when I came home from work.

I heard it all.

Her gasp was quickly followed by a sharp request: "Harder, Bend. Deeper. Come on!"

Mental balance fled – if I had possessed any. I nudged open the bedroom door, expecting to find the worst of my nightmares. Instead, I found her alone, dildo in one hand and vibrator in the other. She plunged the fake cock deep into her pussy and flexed upwards with her upper body as she teased her clit with the vibrator.

She moaned longingly, wrapped entirely in whatever fantasy of my friend was playing through her mind, eyes closed with the vision, and whispered with a quaver, "Oh yes, fuck me, Bend. Fuck me... Hurry..."

Hurry? She knew it was getting later in the day and I should be home soon. That I was home a little earlier than normal and had caught her made me wonder if this had occurred before. How many times had she fucked herself and thought of Bend? Of Donny?

I didn't have to say anything. She opened her eyes as she was cumming and erupted into a volcano of flailing limbs, shocked gasps, and effusive apologies. "I'm sorry, Clark! I... I... Oh my god! I..."

My fingers strained as they curled into knotted fists. The dildo lay on the bedspread, covered in her juices – mute with the testimony of her excitement thinking about Bend.

She was pale and shivering, worry wrinkling her eyes at the corners and causing her lips to quiver. "I was just... How long were you standing—"

"Long enough." I could say no more. My gut was so twisted that I wavered on my feet.

She ran to me and clutched my arm. She swallowed several times.

I shook my arm to be rid of her. "Don't touch me."

Water wavered in her eyes as if in sympathy with the wobbling of my knees. "I'm sorry, Clark. I love you—"

"Sounds like you love Bend."

Her frantic head shake was punctuated by her intense look of pleading. "No, that's not true. I..."

"You just fucked yourself thinking about him."

She was shaking her head again, saying something...

But I wasn't listening. My flat statement had produced a surge where I hadn't felt anything in... months. A slight stirring in my pants where only numbness had lived for so long left me speechless. My stomach wanted to heave, but here I stood in my own bedroom and experienced a tickle of movement in my formerly lifeless dick.

I swallowed and looked away from her.

She tugged on my arm. "I'm sorry, really..."

I pulled away, ashamed that the circumstance had produced the one thing I most desired now in my life.

Funny how priorities change so suddenly.

I had desperately wanted a young wife I could sexualize. I had gotten that, but now my number one priority was getting an erection. I turned away from her, covering my shame with words. I hoped that my voice would keep her attention on my face, though I realized that if she looked at my pants, she wouldn't see anything noticeable – it had been just a strong tickle. "You do this all the time, don't you?"

"No! Well... yes. But not about Bend, really. I'm serious."

I knew. My lips felt packed with wood and glue. "You imagine Donny."

Her silence was her affirmation.

I sat down on the bed with my back to the drying dildo. As before, I felt as if I was falling. I felt that all the time, really, except now it was...

Less.

I looked up at her wet and red face. "Actually, I don't care so much about him."

She blinked. And again. Her chin jerked to the side a little. "Wh-what?" Her nakedness was blazing in front of me, even though she shivered with fear. Her pussy was puffy and excited – swollen from the imaginary fuck with my friend Bend.

I stared at her pussy. *I've been inside there... and so has her cousin.* I strained at my muscles, producing a useless Kegel that accomplished nothing for my disappointing limpness. I shook my head slowly, admitting what I was feeling, "I... am not... so concerned about..."

"About what?" She clamped onto my shoulder with a clammy hand cold and damp with nervous anxiety – more a grasp at steadiness than a gesture of reassurance to me.

The word came reluctantly and tasted bitter, "Donny."

"You... You..."

I said sharply, petulantly, "I guess I could expect Donny. I mean, right? But Bend?"

She let go of my shoulder as she fell in a barely controlled collapse to her knees in front of me. Her hands latched to my knees and I could feel the cold shake through my jeans. "I'm sorry, Clark. I'm sorry; it won't happen again. Seriously. It was just..."

"Just what? Why imagine him? My best friend?"

Her lower lip quivered and her eyes searched frantically around the room for the words she was missing in her head. "I... I guess because he is your friend. Because he's so nice. And he's so cute."

I leaned forward as if I was about to topple off the bed. Maybe I was, but I shifted the move into placing my forehead down onto my palms and sighing. I sat there, in almost the famous thinking pose and just tried to breathe.

She whispered, "I'm sorry."

It was just a toy, not real. Not real. I couldn't even get it up; was it really any of her fault that she imagined someone who could actually fuck her properly?

She shook my knees. "I'm sorry, okay? Don't be mad; it was just a stupid fantasy. I didn't mean to say his name..."

I cringed, knowing that she really meant that she'd just hide it better next time. "Donny isn't enough for you?"

Her silence again hurt me deeply. I looked up at her. Her face was a deep red and her lips quivered with uncertainty. She tried to shake her head, but the move died away. "It was just... I'm sorry."

The anxiety in me strained and quivered until my muscles suddenly released like water and my body flopped over onto the bed. The dildo rolled at the move and touched the back of my head. I heaved a great sigh and mourned my life. I shook my head weakly. "Never mind."

She crawled up and sat next to me on her knees. "Clark?"

"I guess I can't... blame you; I haven't been the man you need..."

"Don't say that. I'm sure... it's... only temporary." Her words trailed off though with the certainty that they were mere hollow refrains after all this time.

"I guess... Donny..." I started laughing with lamentation.

"What? What's wrong, Clark?"

I stared at the bedspread up close and mumbled, "You and your cousin..."

"What?"

"I guess it's all right... You grew up with him."

"Well, yes..."

"You were close. You watched each other develop. It's not like you... love him like you love me."

Her eyes lit with feverish hope. "Right! Exactly! I mean, I do love him, but just as family, not like you."

I nodded. "And you made a pact long before I came along. I shouldn't..."

"Shouldn't what?"

"I shouldn't blame him or you or..."

She waited for me to finish, looking at me intently with question and curiosity.

I lifted up onto one elbow and slumped against it. "I suppose I should thank him for fucking you."

"What, at the reunion?" Her confusion had misinterpreted me.

However, at the thought of that event, the slapping sounds replayed in my head – strong, lusty, sure. She had been fucked good and deep, hard and where she needed it. She had been fucked by the only person... No, no. She had been fucked by the right person. It had sounded... beautiful.

In a flash of realization, I lamented now that I hadn't been in there with her to hold her hand. In another explosive crack of cognizance, I shot upright and then to my feet on the floor. I tore frantically at my belt and jeans until I slid them off and stood naked from the waist down. I lifted my shirt, flexing my pelvic muscles as I stared at my somewhat swollen cock.

The surge of blood felt like a trickle through my dick, but it was a feeling I had lacked now for too long. Even the slight sensation was enough to send my heart hammering with excitement. I gripped the shaft and tugged on it in a frenzy of impending success. "Come on, do it. Wake up!"

Tessa shared my enthusiasm. "Can I help?"

"Just let me..." I tugged desperately.

"What were you thinking of, Donny? Or Bend?"

Her cousin's name elicited a tingle. The mention of my friend caused a surge. I gasped, trying to stroke the semi-soft shaft to hardness. The head

flopped everywhere and the tingling tickle was maddeningly promising an erection any second... except that it didn't harden any more than what it was. I gasped, "Donny..." I didn't want to admit that my friend had caused my reaction because that wasn't entirely true. Thinking of Donny had caused it, although Bend's mention had made an even bigger impression.

She coaxed me, "You're okay with Donny and I... in the past?"

"Yes. It seems... sweet."

She began panting, placing her fingers down over her clit. "Yeah?"

But it was mention of my friend that had really done it. Despite my desire not to be excited over what had happened with her calling his name, was the situation enough to rethink my stand? If Bend and my wife could cause an erection, was it worth pursuing to achieve hardness? Despite my overwhelming, grinding jealousy?

I grasped at Donny, even though I suspected Bend was the answer. I couldn't shake my hatred of the idea of my wife cheating. I whispered with reluctant uncertainty, "You can... dildo to Donny... It's okay..." But it was Bend on my mind. I shook with a sudden surge and almost bent forward too far to stay standing. Almost pitching forward onto her, my half-swollen cock sent a dribble of cum out.

Then another.

Then a pitiful stream of defeat.

CHAPTER 22

I fought against the idea of my wife with Bend for several weeks. Unfortunately, my dick only responded when I let my focus on Donny wander instead to my friend.

Tessa helped me as much as she could or dared, talking about her cousin while stroking me. Still, it only responded well when I closed my eyes and replayed her toying with herself and moaning Bend's name. It didn't get any more than half hard.

I was at a vast turning point in my life and I knew it. With a sick feeling of realization, I knew I wasn't going to be successful as a man unless I gave my dick exactly what it wanted.

No.

No, it wasn't an issue of want, but rather need.

I had to give it what it needed if I was going to once again sport an erection that would save my marriage.

I had to imagine Bend.

It was the only way.

Having denied and fought for the two weeks only to find that my dick wasn't going to respond by just forced thoughts of Donny, I gave in and began thinking about Bend. Only then did I find my semi-erections coming easier.

My dick did not agree with my brain and if I wanted erections, I could no longer side with my brain and expect to get hard. I had to side with my dick. At least I wasn't so murderously jealous about Donny anymore. I viewed him more as an unwanted fact of life that I just had to accept and get over – like an annoying relative who wouldn't go away, but I couldn't turn away because of family ties.

"Tess, are you ready?" We were expected to attend Bend's housewarming bash. I was ambivalent about going - scared that I might get an erection seeing her flirt with Bend, and also excited that I might finally get fully hard. I didn't know if I could handle it, but I had to try.

For the sake of my dick, if not my jealous mind.

"Almost." She came into the bedroom from the bathroom, halter top in her hands. Her breasts stood freely and I admired their form. She was stretching out the halter top.

"What are you doing?"

"Stretching out the arm straps so it hangs looser."

"Why are—"

"Because you keep talking about how you like guys looking down my top."

It had been a while since I had, but I didn't argue. That I was more focused on myself now didn't invalidate her assertion about the past.

She shrugged it on and adjusted it.

I frowned. "That's awful loose." Any swing or turn would expose her nipples.

"Don't be a prude now, after saying how much—"

"Yeah, but you can almost—"

She gave me a look. "It's not that revealing, and all your friends will love it."

I couldn't argue that at all, but it was just that I knew I'd be jealous if I saw guys looking down her top – even if I knew my dick wanted and liked it. The contradiction kept me quiet.

She bounced a little on her feet. A nipple poked out briefly. She gave a satisfied smile and said, "Let's go."

I eyed her miniskirt.

She gave me a dour look of disapproval. I kept my silence and she nodded fractionally in satisfaction and appreciation.

I wanted one thing. I wanted another. Those two things didn't match – couldn't match, and I was being ripped to shreds by it all. I wanted men to admire her, and by proxy me. But I was savagely possessive of her and didn't want them checking out my wife. She was mine. I wanted an erection and could only get one thinking about her with Bend, but I didn't want her cheating with someone. I wanted her to be mine, but had to admit that what she had going on with her cousin was something I couldn't and didn't want to alter. She was mine, but her cousin had claimed her before me. His claim was first, more valid and solid.

I still fell, falling inside with every passing day that showed me yet another failure of my manhood. It had gotten so hard, so easily, for no apparent reasons when I was a teenager. Why couldn't it just spontaneously erect now? If it did, I might run around the park outside of our house with it jutting out in the open air – risking arrest – just to show the world and rejoice that I had gotten an erection.

What was wrong with it?

Bend's house was small, neat, trimmed, and what realtors called a "cozy cottage." In reality, it was a bungalow – a boxy tract house of the nicer sort when houses were built solid to last. The boxiness suggested the neat smallness of the late sixties or very early seventies that sported a large front lawn and large backyard as if to make up for the lack of living space inside. Such a house and arrangement could only be built when property values had been cheap, but houses more expensive. Modern homes were built on tiny lots, filled almost every available foot to squeeze out more interior space, and sporting postage stamp front and backyards.

A commentary on people staying inside where in decades past they had spent more time outdoors sitting in the shade and having BBQs and exterior parties?

Bend answered his door.

I saw straight through to the backyard dominated by a large pool. "This was a pool party?"

He ducked his head, shamed. "Hello to you, too. No, it isn't. The pool guy has some work to do on the pump. It's out of commission right now."

Tessa pouted. "You'll have to invite us back for swimming. Clark won't let us go over to Jimmy's anymore."

"Jimmy?"

I followed Tessa inside past Bend. "Our neighbor."

His eyes lit up sadly. "Oh, that guy."

I think my friend was jealous we had other friends.

He blinked after my wife as if stunned by her presence.

It did not elicit a twitch in my pants and instead I worked my jaw, clamping my teeth down against each other. Wasn't this what I hoped for? His attention to cause a reaction in my manhood? I know I didn't want it, but I hoped for it.

Tessa's voice held a note of delight. "Mickey!"

Bend's friend wrapped my wife up in a friendly hug that almost lifted her from her feet. He released her fast enough for my tastes, but the quick hug still rankled me. His grip had caused her skirt to ride up a little, exposing the very bottoms of her butt cheeks to me and Bend.

I heard him swallow next to me.

Coming in through the open sliding glass door was the guy with the redheaded, big-titted wife. She smiled brightly at Tessa and licked her lips.

My wife hugged both. "Steven? And Parris, right?"

The redhead murmured, "Right on. Nice to see you here." Her eyes said more if her lips didn't.

Steven's eyes drifted down my wife's form and his smile was enough to make me want to bash his face in with something hard. When he had the sense to acknowledge me, my expression must have been sour enough to startle him; he turned away and went out back.

Bend's friend from the job party the previous year gave my wife a slow hug that suggested more intimacy and familiarity than he deserved or had a right to portray.

She giggled. "Hey, Pete." She cast a fast look back at me and then down to the floor before facing him again. He still had one arm around her and his hand rested almost past the curve of her waist where her butt began. Almost.

A twinge in my dick alarmed me and I began moving to do anything other than feed it with my musings.

Pete finished his greeting with a quick peck to my wife's neck, just below her ear.

I froze, feeling a larger twitching in my jeans. It was a spot she found very ticklish and sensitive – sensual even. Her breath caught and her fingers trembled on his arm. If I knew her as well as I did, then shivers had just run down her back and tingled her pussy; she had described it to me before.

Pete let go of her, but not before brushing his hand down her butt cheek in a move that was obvious to me: he was checking to see if she was wearing panties. His smile as he looked away widened.

At the same time, my dick stiffened. I tried to gauge how much by the pressure against it from my jeans, but knew that it was probably only a quarter hard. Only because of the stiffening in my pants did I hold my tongue. Could I shut up and suffer the guy groping my wife if it gave me an erection? Was it worth it?

And there I was, knowing that my dilemma was as simple as that: I had to choose between my erection and my jealousy. One way led me to recovering my manhood. The other way was an endless drop into ruin.

I saw Tessa's eyes drop to Pete's crotch as he was turning away. She stayed there, looking at his butt, too. A considering look of appreciation crossed her features before she remembered I was there, looked at me, and

blanched. Her eyes widened in alarm at being caught and she scurried out back.

Bend stood next to me and shook his head. He breathed, "You're one lucky bastard, Clark."

I wanted to rage at him, shake him, slap him several times to make him understand that she shouldn't be admired for being flirty. But his eyes were misty and wide, gazing after her with enough adoration that it stroked my pride. How could I argue against him? Tessa certainly was sexy and cute. Not as beautiful as Parris, but definitely just as sexy.

The woman of my comparisons gave me a sour look and followed Tessa outside.

Bend muttered very low to me, "She, uh... Is she commando?"

I frowned at him, but the reaction in my jeans pushed away my angry retort.

He laughed quietly. "I gotta tell ya, she drove me nuts with all the teasing. I couldn't wait to get out of your house."

I looked at him, wanting to ask what he thought was teasing. Had I missed much? Had she teased him behind my back? Made sucking motions? Flashed him? My friend's eyes were still on her through the sliding glass door. My dick moved in my pants, lengthening somewhat. The movement was solid and definite. I almost gasped, "Excuse me. Where's the bathroom?" I had to check it.

Bend pointed to the hallway. "On the right."

I walked awkwardly, not wanting to cause any undue stress on whatever swollen condition I currently possessed. I needed to see it. In the tiny bathroom, I undid my jeans with shaking hands and pulled out my dick. It was half hard. I was immediately depressed and pleased. It wasn't any harder than it had been the previous couple of weeks and that was a disappointment. But it had swollen to its maximum in just a couple of minutes upon entering Bend's new house.

I took out my phone and thumbed to the picture Dustin had provided. He had stopped sending them, finally, but I had kept one. I gazed at the dick lying across her open lips. I gripped my dick and stroked it, wishing it to harden further. I had silly visions of running outside with it waving up and down, grabbing Tessa, and pulling her into the bathroom for a victorious fuck. I stroked it feverishly, looking at the sexy picture, but didn't feel much, and it started to wither. In a rage of impotence, I squeezed it like I

was strangling it. The move caused an instant grimace on my face at the flash of pain that sliced through the helmet of my dick. I gasped harshly and let go. *Clark, you stupid fuck, you don't need to damage it permanently.* I raged in my head and refastened my jeans. *Maybe I could just cut it off. Then I'd never have to worry about it. A simple scissor slice and the offensive, stupid, impotent dick would be just a memory.* I sighed raggedly and opened the door to the cooler air in the hall.

As I stepped into the backyard, I saw my wife sitting on a lounge chair, looking up with bright eyes at another of Bend's friends. The guy was looking down her top, seeing everything. From where I was and the way she was leaning forward a little with forearms on her knees, even I could easily see almost everything. The guy would be seeing it all.

Mickey stood next to him, holding a drink and also looking down her shirt. He stood very close to the guy, rubbing arms. They must have been good friends. Would Mickey have told him about Tessa not wearing panties?

An ache tickled along my dick, but it didn't move. I held my tongue for the next hour waiting to see if any of her flirting caused a better reaction in my pants. An hour was all it took for Steven and Parris to drink enough to be loud – the annoying kind of loud.

They wanted attention and they got it.

Parris wriggled her breasts in front of the guy who had been gawking at Tessa. "You've been staring at these babies; do you want a better peek? I mean, Tessa has been showing freely, I guess I can too?"

The guy bobbed his head and hooted, "Yeah! Go for it."

Parris rolled her eyes, but she was game enough with whiskey to go along. "Here you go, Brad. Don't drool, okay?" She twisted down her blouse and pushed up with her palms, elevating her breasts up and out of the unbuttoned fabric.

Brad's eyes went kid-wide and his mouth dropped open.

Steven laughed scornfully. "Come on, Parris, don't be a tease."

"What? He's been staring at Tessa's and—"

"You don't like guys staring at your tits."

"Maybe he'll stop staring now."

Brad licked his lips. He said to Steven, "Hey, dude, mind if I touch them?"

Steven began laughing so hard he squeezed his eyes shut. He had to try several times to get the words out. "If you w-want to risk getting stomped on... Go ahead."

His wife gave him a raised eyebrow look of disdain. With a petulant, mocking tone, she said to Brad, "Go ahead; I won't mind. As long as your hands are clean."

Brad wiped them frantically on his pants and then raised them reverently to her boobs. Trembling fingers touched and rested on them before he moved them lightly, rubbing with wonder. Her nipples responded, poking out and hardening to his touch.

Tessa gaped, leaning forward on her chair, cup clasped in her hands. Her smaller breasts were exposed to all. Except that all eyes were on Brad mauling the redhead's tits.

I sighed in revulsion at the display and downed my drink. I got up to get another and grab a cold slice of chicken from the table. I refilled my vodka. Bend's job must have paid well for him to buy a house and stock free beer and booze for us. Most of his previous parties or those among the circle of our friends were always a bring-your-own. Since I was the only one drinking vodka, I poured liberally.

With Parris stealing the attention, I was thwarted in my quest for erections. *Might as well drink and have a little bit of fun rather than none.* I ended up talking to Steven about politics of all things. He had a rabid hatred of our president that had him shaking with intensity. Tired of listening to the endless diatribe, I got up to get away from him and the heat. I didn't care for politics and thought it was all insulting rhetoric. I went inside to see where Tessa had gotten to.

Most everyone had moved into the house as the temperature rose in the late sun of the day. On the couch, I found my wife. Her skirt was up, her legs were open, and Pete's fingers were inside her, stroking in and out of her pussy with slow, gentle moves. He was kissing her neck. Her mouth was open and she was gasping, moving her hips up and down. On her other side was Mickey, kissing the other side of her neck and mauling her exposed breast with one hand. He dropped it down to try fingering her, too.

I stood there, watching, sort of stunned, but numbed by the vodka. This was where I was supposed to blow up. Maybe I normally would have, but my dick responded instantly. I noticed Bend was near, also watching. He wore a look on his face that I instantly recognized and with which I

sympathized: he was jealous. The brooding look he wore was accentuated by the obvious bulge in his pants. He was hard watching them, and jealous.

My own dick jumped further, lengthening in my jeans again as I saw myself in him for a brief instant. Feeling the bond, I moved closer to stand beside him. I had to do something; if I just stood there and looked dumb, people might think I was some wimpy cuck.

Mickey saw me and grinned through the aura of his beer. "She's something, huh? I wish my girlfriend was like this."

Pete laughed into my wife's neck and pulled his head up. "Fuck, dude, I wish my wife was like this." His words were slurred and his eyes watery. He squinted to focus on me. "How did you get so fucking lucky? Want to trade wives, man? I want Tess; mine's a fucking prude."

I wasn't shamed, but I was floored by the point Pete had driven home so deeply: his prudish wife would be perfect for me because I couldn't get it up anyway. I swallowed a gulp of vodka to hide my dismay. While watching their fingers fight to fuck her, my wife locked her eyes on mine.

Seeing that I wasn't clenching my jaw, she moaned with a sudden lift of her hips.

My dick hardened at her pleasure and I struggled to hold my tongue from defeating my erection. I thought of Dustin's picture. I recalled the slapping sounds of Donny fucking my wife. I enjoyed the memory of the attention she had received earlier today and the pride I felt. I remembered the Maria chick getting gangbanged. I wondered if Tessa could do such a thing. Would Dustin lay his dick across her lips while Bend fucked her? Whatever sequence I conjured caused a hard stiffening that began bulging farther than it had in recent months and more recent weeks. Slowly – and very painfully – I got a tight erection in my jeans. It hurt.

Tessa's eyes dropped down, gazing at my crotch for a few seconds until they widened in recognition and realization. Her mouth dropped open further and she heaved her hips upward. Fingers pushed deep and my erection throbbed. With a rising moan, she convulsed on the couch and began cumming on their fingers. A tickle ran up my length and I felt wetness at the tip.

I withheld my jealous words to savor the erection.

Manhood? Or jealousy?

The choice was maddening.

Unable to decide, I still felt like I was falling.

Despite the victory of my manhood, I sensed that I was falling faster. I didn't know whether to be elated or defeated.

Pete took his dick out, showing the ease and strength of his erection. It stood up, throbbing much like my hidden one. He took Tessa's hand and placed it around the shaft.

My heart thumped madly for a moment as she started to slide her grip up and down on it. I was mesmerized watching my wife's hand stroke up and down on Pete's small shaft. It wasn't very big for a dick and I tried to reason away the action. Stroking something small wasn't really cheating, was it? But then her other hand reached for Mickey's lap. He quickly cooperated and undid his jeans. Out came his dick, longer than Pete's, though still not as long as mine. My throat tightened as she stroked him once, a dick in each hand. I swallowed hard, wanting to watch, wanting to scream, wanting to fuck my wife while she had those dicks in her hands.

Then I stopped her and took her away.

CHAPTER 23

I removed my jeans in our bedroom, hoping the erection would come back. The party had been on Saturday and this was Wednesday, day four of minimal erections. I had played up to myself and Tessa as much as I could that I was getting them back, but not wanting to admit that it was because of Bend or Pete or Mickey. Especially not Bend's possessive look that had caused so much sympathy inside me.

No, I had let her believe that I was getting them because of Donny. It was safer that way.

However, I was unprepared for my life to revolve around Tessa and perhaps that had been my entire problem; I had expected her to revolve around my wants and desires because she was so much younger.

She said it plainly, alluringly, "I've been a naughty wife today..."

I couldn't make the connection because I was too fucking stupid to have thought of it myself.

Or so I berated myself.

But I wasn't really making the connection. "What?"

She twisted her hands together and said, "We've been talking about how excited you get over me and Donny..."

Which wasn't exactly true, but it was what she believed because of all the lies I had told her. "Uh...?"

She stripped off her t-shirt and shorts, hopping onto the bed like a little girl. "Does the bed look messy?" She winked at me as if I would instantly clue in.

She had... fucked someone? Or just played with herself really loud? I stammered, "Wh—Uh—"

Tessa giggled and held out her arms. "You know I've been texting Donny, right?"

Not Bend? But at that mental correction, my dick began to harden considerably. Faced with such quick success, I had to go with it or suffer instant deflation and impotence. I pictured Dustin's dick lying on her open lips and Bend strongly pumping between her legs. My dick got harder. Busy with my own concentration to feed the success of my manhood, I was pretty much only half-listening to what she was saying. My brain was going in three different directions and I wasn't very good at multi-tasking.

She welcomed me over her and stroked at my hardness. It was mostly erect, but my thoughts of her hands on Pete and Mickey at the same time made me close my eyes and imagine it as vividly as I could. What if one of them had been Bend?

I was rewarded after a few heart-pumping seconds with further stiffening.

She murmured as she stroked, "I used to do this to Donny all the time..."

I heard her, but imagined her doing it to my friend, instead. I pumped my hips, glad of my stiffness sliding in her hand. "Yeah, so good..."

"It's such a relief you understand. Do you want to put it in?"

"Yes," I panted harshly. I was afraid that any second it would wilt. I kept the image of cocks all over her and Bend between her legs inside my head. I maneuvered over her and plunged my almost completely hard erection into her.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to weep with joy and success and exultation that once again, I had become a man. Or it had returned. Or...

Could I keep the mind-set long enough each time to...? Was this a permanent solution? Could I relent on my jealousy enough to allow my manhood its natural function?

I could do it, couldn't I? I could do it and be a man. Even if it meant that I was essentially sharing her in my head? *But that isn't fair. I don't want...*

I gave Tessa two very deep thrusts as my thoughts ran past the stop sign and skidded to a stop. I looked down in confusion.

There was cum on my dick.

A lot of it.

The horrid realization rolled over and through me like a washing wave of sickness and understanding. She had been naughty... texting Donny. And the bed had looked messy. The slapping sounds instantly echoed loudly in my head and I drove my cock into my wife with frenzied anguish. *This is my pussy! It belongs to me and not Donny!* I gasped so hard that it came out as a croaking groan. I whimpered in barely contained anger and defeat. At its furthest depth, my cock erupted, adding my cum to Donny's.

CHAPTER 24

My erections became history again, after working so well once. Three weeks went by as I struggled within myself at my wife's apparent misunderstanding that led to her fucking Donny.

I had convinced her that I was okay with it, and I sort of was in a very limited way, but it was only to hide that I was having thoughts and needs of her being with Bend.

I saw my error.

I had lied and paid the price.

I saw it clearly.

She did not. Not at first.

"Tess..."

She was putting on her swimsuit. Her t-shirt and shorts were on the bed. "Hmm? You're not going to complain that I'm not covered enough, are you?" A hint of irritation colored her question. She was frustrated that I had performed, and then couldn't afterwards for three weeks now.

"No, listen."

She dropped her shoulders with exaggeration. "What?"

I swallowed. "I... uh... haven't been honest with you."

She froze in a funny pose and squinted at me. She said very carefully, "What?"

"The erection thing... getting them... it wasn't because of Donny."

Her query became more pointed, anxious, "What?"

"All the times I got mostly hard or totally hard were because of Bend."

Her lip curled up on one side and then her eyes widened with realization. "You're gay?"

I coughed with frustration. "No. I mean that," I forced myself not to grind my teeth together, "I was getting hard imagining you with Bend."

She stared at me for a moment, mouth open, arm extended to her t-shirt on the bed. Instead of picking it up, she twisted around and sat heavily, hunching her shoulders over. "Why would you do that? Say it was Donny and—"

"Because of my jealousy."

"I don't get it. It's okay with Donny, but not Bend?"

"It's not okay with Donny—"

"I thought you said—"

"Okay, just stop and let me explain."

She forced a silent sigh and folded her arms.

I held up my fingers and spaced them a half inch apart. "I'm about that much okay with the whole Donny-thing. I get it; he's your cousin and I sort of understand it all, okay? But my dick reacts to you and Bend, not you and Donny so much. My brain..." I shook my head.

"So all the talk about my cousin?"

"I was imagining Bend."

She paled, trembling as suddenly as the thought occurred to her. "And I..." she looked at the bed, "I'm so sorry, Clark. Why didn't you tell me?"

I breathed in slowly and let it out as completely as I could. I drew breath and said, "I thought I could use your Donny-thing, letting you believe it, as a way to cover the Bend-thing." I tapped my head. "Up here, I can't allow you to cheat." I pointed at my jeans. "Down here, it gets hard thinking of you with my friend. I thought I could cover it, but it's tearing me apart inside."

She pursed her lips. "So what do you want to do?"

"Finish dressing and let's go to Bend's pool party."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I think... I want... No, I need..." I stuttered off, feeling my mouth go all wooden and stiff.

She was patient and waited.

With a quavering voice, I said, "I want you to flirt with Bend and... be with him. I think... I need it. I think it's the only thing that—"

"Why didn't you tell me a long time ago? We could've—"

"I was too jealous. It made me want to murder people. But now, I think... I have to do it. I have to have you with him to make my..." I looked down and pointed helplessly at my dick.

She understood and dressed while I stumbled through my best advice on how to flirt with my friend. It made my dick feel good, but my head feel hollow and my heart empty. My hands shook uncontrollably and I couldn't stop blinking. The tension within me was stretched to the breaking point.

I had to do it.

Or face acknowledging that I couldn't be the man my wife needed.

She spun around after dressing, showing me how much she was exposed. Despite her tiny bikini underneath her shorts and loose t-shirt, she

was showing a lot. "Are you sure you're going to be okay with me dressing like this? You won't get jealous?"

I was put on the spot and had to lie. "I won't." I just didn't know how I was going to handle all of this.

We drove to Bend's while I continued to tell her what to do. She accepted it quietly, listening with resignation until I thought she was tuning me out. I asked her, "Are you listening?"

She coughed in irritation. "Yeah, I just wonder why we couldn't have talked sooner. He's cute. I would've done him for you."

That's what I didn't want. But my dick did and still does. I didn't feel like trying to explain my tortured thoughts to her again.

I released her at Bend's. She breezed in with my permission and left me standing around feeling as if I had just let loose my last anchor to sanity. I sat and chatted with Parris in a mutual appreciation of relief; I didn't stare at her tits and she provided adequate diversion from my wife flirting with Bend.

As if I had sent a homing missile after him, her attention was locked on my friend. It wasn't what I wanted, but what my dick apparently needed.

I don't know how many drinks I was into the day - my third, I think - when Parris nudged me. Her chin flick guided my gaze to the wall of the house. There stood my wife, backed up against it, and Bend leaning against her a bit to the side, kissing her.

I felt a sick rollover in my stomach.

It was beginning.

I stood and excused myself with nothing more than a mumble from the big-titted woman. I went to them and was pleased to see the kiss was over. They were staring at each other with interest, eyes glazed over.

I said, "Let's go inside. I don't think everyone else will miss us."

Bend's eyes focused and he ducked his head rapidly, as if he had been caught and knew he was in trouble. "Yeah, uh, sure."

In his living room, he sat and blew out a long breath, prepared for the worst.

Tessa, from what we had discussed, knew what to do and sat on his lap, arms around his neck.

He flinched. "Whoa, uh... Tess..." But he was looking at me, guiltily.

I feigned casual dismissal. "Relax, guy. She likes you."

"She does?" His attempt really sounded lame after the kiss in front of everyone a minute ago.

I went to his side and gently took his hand. I placed it inside the top of her bikini, directly on her bare flesh. "Go for it, Bend. Don't be shy."

He laughed very nervously, loudly, trying to cover his shock. "Oh, well, uh... Sure, okay..." I saw him trembling and compared it to my own.

He kissed her again, this time feeling her up like he had wanted to do at the last pool party. Their kiss was deep and slow, making my head want to explode.

It was all I could do to contain the squirming, raging anxiety twisting inside me.

Remembering my instructions, Tessa said, "Let's go to your bedroom..." She didn't wait for an answer, she stood and pulled on him – just as I had told her he would require due to his shyness.

He went with her, giving me looks searching for assurance.

I couldn't talk – my throat was too constricted. I just nodded and made a grimace that I hoped looked like an encouraging smile.

My life accelerated too fast into his bedroom. My shoulders ached at the lack of control. I didn't have a handle on anything and I felt it, deep.

They undressed, her at first, and then forcing him to do the same. My wife looked down at his mostly erect dick as it throbbed with his heartbeat, erecting higher with each pulse. She did not spare me a look, all of her attention was on his cock.

I had never seen Bend's dick before; I had never wanted to. Never talked about it, either. It was a beautiful thing, much like mine. He was as thick as me by the looks and maybe an inch longer. Maybe two. From my memory of my best erections, so long ago, I definitely had to admit that my friend probably took the medal for length.

Tessa cooed over it, quivering and withering my heart and head with her sensual interest. Her hand reached to it and held it. His younger dick in her young hand looked... perfect.

My respiration became ragged and fitful. My dick started to twitch and swell. I unclothed to let it free and had to suffer a look from Bend that obviously took in my flaccid member in a comparative consideration.

Yeah, it's not as long as yours, but it does get bigger than it is now. I hope...

Tessa pulled him to the bed and pushed him down. She looked at me with a final look of question.

I didn't move; if I did, it would've been to grab her and run away from all this. But my dick needed that of which I was so afraid. I stayed still and she looked away, proceeding with... their tryst.

She bent over him briefly, grabbing his upstanding shaft and giving the perfect head two quick swirls of her tongue. That move sent shivers down my body, electrifying my dick while curdling my heart. She was only at it for a second, maybe, before climbing over him.

She was following my previous directions almost perfectly: get it over with.

I gripped my dick to stroke it alive, but the tickle in it was too great and I had to let go. For all the sensation rampant in my manhood, that it was limp piled aggravation onto the heap of my soul. I needed it to be hard, but it was barely reacting.

My wife leaned up, positioning his dick to point at the very place I had counted as my own. And maybe, grudgingly, Donny's. Before I could do more than hiss in one agonizing breath past my constricted throat, she settled onto his cock. It disappeared as she sank and my heart hammered harder for each inch she lowered.

I thought my pumping organ was going to explode.

Bend's groan was airy and lusty. His hips pushed up, shoving his cock up into my wife as she sank.

I watched it all.

I watched my wife's pussy, all stretched open, sink down on his rising shaft. Within maybe three seconds, I could no longer see his dick as his balls pressed up and ballooned against her ass. He was deep up in my wife's pussy and it drew out a long, guttural groan from Tessa. She was getting touched deeper than she had probably ever been. Even Dustin's dick wasn't longer than mine.

I panted fast as if I were running. My head swam with sick delirium as I watched the violation of my bride's pussy. We had barely scraped past our first anniversary before it had come to this. My dick twitched as Bend's cock came back into view.

Together, they moved. She leaned down onto him, kissing. Their hips moved perfectly, youthfully, and his cock moved in and out of her pussy

along the entire length of it. Her hips tilted and her pussy lips wrapped in a sensual big circle around his bulging shaft. In and out, over and over.

My shaft swelled, starting to lift, and then twitched violently. With a convulsion that almost felt electric and painful, I bent over and my dick started spewing weak streams of cum. I gasped at the pain and disappointment that my release wasn't even a proper orgasm. There was no constriction and release in pulses of endorphin-releasing waves. No, this was more like the sensation of peeing. Cum drained out of me in a long stream of ooze that tickled my shaft but caused severe, sharp pains in my gut.

Still, I couldn't tear my eyes away from them fucking. Bend's cock belonged in my wife's pussy and I knew it. Maybe it was even a better fit than Donny's.

Tessa looked back at me, saw the long stream of cum hanging and oozing out of my dick and called out in lusty surprise. Her youthful body bucked, jerking through a sudden orgasm that scrunched up her face with effort. Her hips bucked hard on Bend.

My wife was cumming on his dick.

Bend leaned up, catching site of my predicament. He smiled, of all things. His grip adjusted on her so they sat on the edge of the bed. He leaned back on one arm, holding her waist with the other, and drove his hips upward. All I saw were his balls, rising up into the beautiful area of my wife's ass and falling back into view. Up and down, faster and harder. He groaned feverishly, "I'm... almost..."

Tessa jerked at his words and suddenly burst into a feverish, circular grind with her hips. She drove her pussy down on my friend's shaft, giving her hardest to make him cum. She grunted with the effort and was rewarded.

Bend leaned his head back, squeezed his eyes shut, and let loose a shout. "Ahh!" He gripped her with both arms, hugging her to him and thrust frantically upwards. His grunts followed the cadenced pulses of his cock in a rapid succession that I knew matched the strong squirts of his cum up into my wife's young pussy.

I thought for a confused second that some big tidal wave was approaching, but realized the roaring was all in my head. My chest felt as if someone had tightened steel bands around it. Distantly, my dick quivered

and my balls shook. A single, weak squirt sent a glob of cum flopping out of my limp dick.

I was moving, eyes blurred with insanity and tears. I frantically pulled on my jeans before I passed out. I think one of them said something; I wasn't sure. They both settled down onto the bed to cuddle.

I fled the bedroom, the house, falling within myself faster than I had ever felt. I swore I could feel air rushing up past my arms and ears. I was in the car with a speed I couldn't measure, and then I was driving away. I didn't see anything; I don't know how I was able to drive.

My Tessa couldn't be mine; not now. Better, younger men had taken her. I was proven to be too old, too useless, too different.

I stopped the car, needing air and wanting to escape the stifling interior. I gasped in great gulps of air as I leaned on the guardrail and barely perceived the cars rushing below me. The air and breeze felt good on the high overpass and began to calm me. My entire body shook with the pressure from the tight steel bands around my heart. My head hurt from the strain. I took a deeper breath and straightened.

My failure was complete.

A few simple things remained.

Tessa could have Donny without my... issues. Maybe Bend, as well.

Balance was something that was difficult at this very second, but I managed it, despite the slippery roundness of the guardrail.

A voice came from somewhere behind me to my right. "Sir? I'm Officer Rodriguez; what's your name?" It was delivered in a tone that might have casually asked my family's ancestry.

I ignored him because... I just really had no ability or care to answer.

"Sir? Why don't you come down from there and—"

I spread my arms wide.

And leapt to my freedom.

Thank you for reading Jealousy! I hope you enjoyed it. All reviews are appreciated so very much.

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