

# JUST THE *TIP*



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**By**

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**Ten people can view the same situation ten different ways.**

**Everyone has opinions. Everyone is different.**

**Wake up, go to work, come home, go to sleep. Repeat until we die.**

**All we have then is our love of God and each other.**

# CHAPTER 1

Click.

Sometimes things clicked in life.

A rare event, certainly.

Most times, for Christians like me, the world was against us. We are aliens in a strange land. Not citizens, and not loved.

But for my sojourn, I was a citizen of America. At this time, nothing was clicking my way. Or my wife's.

The only clicking going on was all for people wanting to tear down and destroy.

But at this moment, something about everything... it all clicked.

It was even audible.

I leaned over to my wife. "What a voice."

The singer was a small blonde gal, hair done up in relaxed pigtails who sang the sweetest, soaring notes to a song of faith and trust.

Around us, many of the people were enrapt, smiling, and sometimes swaying to the song.

Eva shook her head in wonder. "I wish I had a voice like that."

One of the men at the large round table looked at us with an encouraging grin of agreement.

I politely ignored him. It was not a snub or an insult. These days, in America, it was best to avoid all contact with anyone. The social field was strewn with deadly mines. Perhaps I shouldn't have ignored him; this was, after all, a motivational conference for three of our largest churches in the city.

Would it hurt to smile at him? After all of the mask-mania and hatred?

I ventured a smile.

He was turning away but stopped and twisted back. He gave a welcoming nod and winked at us.

*Maybe things aren't falling apart after all. I wondered about America. I wondered about the world.*

Eva poked me. "She even looks great with that hair."

I grunted. "You'd look good in pigtails, too."

She snorted. "A thirty-eight year old in pigtails? Please."

"They don't have to look like Pippi Longstocking." I gestured to the girl singing. "They could be as loose as hers."

"Me?"

The man turned back. His eyebrows were up and expression friendly. "Ever tried it? My mother sometimes wears them."

I lifted my chin in acknowledgment. "Where I work, I see hairstyles that are in freakish territory. I'd love to see something more tame like normal pigtails..."

His interest was piqued. "Where do you work?"

I swallowed and shook my head. This was a very taboo subject. "I'd rather not say. It's a giant in America. But... it went all woke."

"I'm sorry?"

"Woke," I repeated. "You know, Marxism thinly disguised as social activism."

He nodded. "I know; I heard you the first time. I was offering my condolences."

I laughed.

He twisted further around and extended his hand – a huge no-no just a month

ago. "Tim. I'm a member of the Victory Christian Fellowship."

"Ah..." I gave him a happy smile and shook his hand. "I'm Ford. This is my wife, Eva. We're members of Calvary Chapel."

Tim tilted his head. "Wasn't your pastor arrested for holding service back in January?"

I nodded slowly. Dangerous times.

He said, barely audible, "I'm glad our governor lifted the mask mandate. It sure is nice seeing people's faces again."

I quipped, "What? You didn't like the practice run for wearing a burkha?"

Eva elbowed me, hard. "Ford."

I let out a vexed sigh.

Tim pursed his lips. "I hadn't thought of it that way..."

I waved my hand. "Don't mind me..."

"No, no, don't be ashamed. So no one wears pigtails where you work? Is it not safe or something?"

"I'm a Data Growth Analyst. It's very safe. It just seems like people are deliberately trying to wear their hair in ways that shock and provoke a reaction so they can virtue signal and be offended."

"What company was that again?"

I cleared my throat and gave him a level stare. "Not. Going. To. Say."

"Why not?" His expression was open and interested.

"I could lose my job. Anything that might possibly be construed as offensive is grounds for immediate termination." I stroked my beard. "I even grew this to fit in."

He gave me a dubious look. "Flying under the radar?"

"It's a good job. The company... used to be good. We're international, too. It's... just... not wise to talk about certain things anymore."

He pursed his lips again. "I getcha."

"Where do you work? Haven't you seen all this..." Shit? But it was impolitic to cuss so openly to other church members unless you knew them.

"KRTZ, the local ABC affiliate. I drive the camera van and operate the lighting." He gave me a level stare. "And yes, I've seen what you're talking about." His eyes shifted to my wife. "Are you lucky enough to work?"

She had been twisting her hair and watching the singer. She let go and blinked. "Oh, me? Oh... I'm a Print Developer for Danby Roth Luxury Real Estate."

"Print Developer?"

"I design and arrange the listings in the pamphlets you see scattered around."

"Oh, you don't actually sell any properties?"

She looked down. "Me? No."

Tim's voice dropped to almost inaudible again. "I'm sorry. Touchy subject?"

"No," my wife said a little too forcefully. "I'm just not a real estate agent."

He didn't answer, but his expression and head movement told us he accepted that.

Eva often wondered to me if she was missing out by not being an agent. But Tim didn't need to know that.

She said, "I don't think my hair color goes with pigtails."

Tim's answer was abrupt, but not insulting. "Nonsense."

She gave him a look but remained quiet.

He turned his head and looked at the singer again over his shoulder. "Just because she's blonde doesn't mean pigtails can't be for everyone."

She said, "Except for ladies named Eva."

He laughed. "Especially for ladies named Eva."

I nudged my wife pointedly as revenge for her hard nudge. "Go on, try them." I knew she carried ties in her purse for when she needed a quick ponytail.

She gave me a dubious look.

I calmed her. "I'll let you know if they look stupid."

"Mm, thanks."

Tim was grinning. "Try them."

Eva pressed her lips against a smile and picked up her purse. "Fine. But don't say I didn't warn you." She dug out the little packet of ties.

The other couple at the table gave us neutral looks, though the wife appeared more interested than the husband.

Eva divided her hair at the back and pulled equal parts to the sides. "Loose?"

Tim confirmed, "Try loose."

I said, "Yeah, you don't want to look like Pippi."

She offered me a playfully dry look. She whipped the ties into place and within seconds had decently matching loose pigtails. She also sported a fairly spotty blush.

Tim laughed.

Eva's eyes flared.

He shook his head and both hands in the air. "No, I'm not laughing at your hair; it looks great. I...I'm tickled by that blush. Such pale skin." He quieted. "I'm sorry."

Eva touched fingers to her cheek and looked down, then back up. "My hair looks okay? Or does it look stupid? Be honest."

Tim's voice dropped to almost inaudible again as the music was ending. "I am being honest. Your hair looks great. The blush was touching."

My wife blushed deeper.

I said, "Look at me."

She turned her head, giving me a suspicious look.

I made a show of giving her a critical once-over. I sighed. "I dunno..."

Tim laughed. "Oh, you're cruel."

Eva slapped my arm.

I chuckled. "It actually looks great on you."

She studied me, looked away, and then studied me again. Then she looked at Tim.

He was grinning ear to ear and nodding. "He's right, you know. It does look great."

She blinked. Then she sat up just a little straighter, with just a little more confidence. She didn't like to think she was being left out or missing out on something. She touched one of the tails and smiled. "Really?"

Tim said very solemnly, "Absolutely. And with that pale skin of yours... Wow."

My wife was very pale. We often joked she wouldn't need any makeup for playing a vampire at Halloween.

She said, "It makes my blushes embarrassing."

Tim mocked shock. "No, don't say such a thing. Those blushes should be celebrated. They're so expressive."

She rolled her eyes behind a barely restrained smile.

He said, "Totally adorable."

I poked her again. "See?"

She lowered her eyes and said with a hint of humor, "You're all against me."

Tim laughed.

She touched her hair again. "Do you really think this doesn't look stupid? Maybe I should go look..."

He said, "Please, leave it. It looks fantastic."

With a compliment like that, my wife could not help but radiate a measure of pleasure.

She took out her phone and tapped. She looked at herself in the camera, turning her head one way, then the next. "Hmm."

I said, "You'd be totally out of place at my office with those pigtails."

She pushed her phone down into her lap in alarm and bit her lip at me.

I explained, "It looks good. Anything that looks good would be out of place. I've shown you pictures."

She giggled, and then looked over at Tim. "Oh, we're not excluding you. He... I've seen pictures. Like, wow, the hairstyles are... indescribable."

"That bad, huh?"

I took out my phone and selected a safe shot that didn't show any of our corporate logos. It would've been an absolute dead giveaway. I offered him the phone.

He made a face and handed it back. "Pretty wild. What company was that you said?"

"I didn't."

He winked at me.

Way too dangerous. The pay and benefits were good – too good to let go with a

stupid slip-up. Jealous people beneath me watched everything. They actively laid traps so they could be insulted and offended and run crying to Human Resources. My Facebook and twitter pages were scoured. In a flash of inspiration just a month before the wave of hatred had swept the United States, I had removed the small American flag from my desk.

It had saved my job.

Roger had laughed at me until he had gotten fired for offending someone anonymous with his American flag. I had watched him go with sadness – not any I-told-you-so smugness.

I found myself looking at the chair next to Tim. I shook myself and lifted my gaze out of my memories. I looked at him and pointed quizzically at the empty seat.

His smile was instant but no answer to me.

I shrugged and said, "Where did that singer with the voice go? She was incredible."

Click.

Click.

Click.

As if it was all slow motion and super accelerated together, something in the air changed. Something in the spirit around the table.

The young woman with pigtails who had been singing pranced to the table and dropped into the chair next to Tim.

I choked. I collected my breath and said to Tim, "Sorry. I didn't know she..." I tugged at my sleeve, then at my collar.

He looked genuinely confused. "What? You didn't say anything rude."

*I didn't? Thank God. I exhaled with relief.*

He said, "In fact, you were quite complimentary."

The young woman looked at me and stopped, staring. Her eyes very obviously dropped to my beard.

*Great. To be as inoffensive as possible, I grow a beard to fit in at work only to not fit in at church. I ran a hand down my beard thoughtlessly.*

Except...

Her eyes were alight with interest and admiration. She leaned her head close to the man with whom we had been talking. "Tim..."

"What? Oh, yes, uh... Please forgive me. This is my wife Cat. And these are Ford and Eva. They're from that church where the pastor got arrested for holding service."

The woman mouthed our names and looked at each of us. Then she repeated our names out loud very specifically. "Ford and Eva."

My wife had missed much of all that and was holding her phone up, but now was looking at her curiously. She said, "Sorry, they convinced me to try pigtails. I didn't mean to—"

Cat's eyes got big. "No! Don't apologize. They look great on you."

I poked my wife, hard.

She slapped my leg.

Tim laughed, catching the byplay.

I said, "If you put your phone down and quit looking at yourself..."

Eva's mouth dropped open in absolute outrage. She looked like she was about to explode. "I wasn't looking at myself. I was trying to figure out Rachel's post..."

I rolled my eyes at her. Rachel was her co-worker. Very young. Very confident. I think she made my wife self-conscious. Eva didn't like to think she wasn't getting the point. I asked, "Did Rachel say something stupid?"

My wife looked between me and Tim and Cat. "She says they were playing Just the Tip and that there was no cheating involved. What's Just the Tip? A card game?"

Cat snickered.

Tim had a blank look on his face.

I cleared my throat. "If... I'm not mistaken... it's a sexual game."

Cat laughed quietly in that angelic, sweet voice.

Tim gave her a knowing look but said nothing to us.

Eva gave me a confused look as if she were experiencing cramps. "What? A sexual game?"

Cat took over. "It's just fun. It's where you only put in the tip so that you aren't cheating."

My wife blinked at her. "Wh— Oh... And that's what the reference to cheating is about?" She colored in a light blush again. She looked at her phone with annoyance.

Cat nodded. "If only the tip goes in, then it's not cheating."

My wife practically exploded in laughter. "What? That's insane! Of course it's..." she trailed off as Tim was wide-eyed and frantically shaking his head.

Cat's eyes were drawn down and her mouth tight. Her words were just as explosive as my wife's outburst. "It's not cheating. It's just a game. It's a fun game."

The other couple was silently watching all of us as if we were a TV sitcom.

Eva scrutinized the young woman. She held back, taking time to study her and think about what was being said. I could see it all in her expression.

I said, "Isn't any penetration cheating?"

Cat turned her crystal blue eyes on me. "No, why would it be? Is kissing

cheating?"

"Well, no..."

Eva said, "Yes it is."

Tim was pale and his lips tight. He shifted his eyes sideways in some kind of signal to or about his wife. Was he trying to tell us not to contradict her? She was obviously upset about it. Or was he trying to signal her to just shut up?

Cat said, "Is kissing your mom cheating?"

Eva blurted out, "Of course not."

"Well?"

"That's not the same as kissing a man."

"Sure it is. It's just lip placement. Look, cheating is fu—" She looked at the other couple and cleared her throat. "Cheating is actually doing it. And behind your partner's back. In Just the Tip, you're not actually doing it. That's the game. It's only the tip, not the whole thing."

Eva frowned. I think she was beginning to understand that Cat apparently had some very concrete opinion about this.

I asked, "This is... something you've played before." I said it gently in the most delicate way possible.

"Yes. If everyone agrees to play it, nothing is behind anyone's back and since there's no full penetration, then it isn't cheating. It's just a game."

The other couple whispered something to each other, but kept whatever it was to themselves.

Eva tried. "But you're naked with another man on you. That's cheating."

Cat was insistent. "No it's not. Don't be silly. If your uncle hugs you, is that cheating?"

"Of course not."

"Right."

Eva coughed. "But you're both clothed."

"So what?" Cat thrust up her chin. "It's cheating just because of the clothes? What if your uncle walked in on you naked? Are you cheating then?"

My wife sighed, relenting. "Well, no..."

"Just the Tip is not cheating."

"But in that case, his di—" Her eyes slid to the other couple. "His thing is in you."

"No it's not. It's just the tip of it. The... shaft stays out. There's no actual..." She looked at the other couple. "You're not actually doing it. Do you know what I mean?"

Those words prodded my wife in ways Cat couldn't understand. "I know what you mean."

Cat sat back, flinging one pigtail over her shoulder. "If you dangle your feet in the pool at the shallow end, you're not considered diving in and swimming."

I laughed. "Well, that's true..."

Tim looked vastly relieved.

Eva said with some hesitation, "I... guess..."

The young woman was firm, her eyes flashing. "There's no guessing involved. You're either doing it or you're not. And if you're not doing it, then there's no cheating."

My wife frowned. "I would think any contact with a naked man should be considered sex."

Cat held up her hands. "What if he bumps into you accidentally in a changing room or something? Does that make you a dirty cheater? You should just get divorced now? Jesus can't save you because a man bumped into you?" There was

a fierce resistance in her eyes – and also the water of unshed tears.

My wife coughed. "No..."

"It's not cheating. It's," her lower lip quivered, "just a game!"

Eva leaned back a little, relenting. "You obviously feel strongly about this."

"I do!"

"Why?" My wife's gentle curiosity did not provoke.

"I've played it. It's just a game. There's no cheating if there's no full penetration and... back and forth. You know." She cast a watery look over at the other couple.

I certainly didn't want to hurt the woman's fragile feelings. I said, "I think I agree."

Tim almost sagged with relief. He gave me such a look of gratitude that I almost laughed out loud.

Cat shocked me. "I could play Just the Tip with you and my husband wouldn't consider me a cheater."

I swallowed hard, mentally aroused by the suggestion. "Me?"

She lifted her chin. "I like beards."

Tim muttered, "The station won't allow me to have one..."

Eva pressed the point, leaning forward over the table. "And what if your husband played Just the Tip with me? I bet you'd think he was a cheater then!"

Cat's chin came up higher. "No I wouldn't. Not if he... didn't do it. Listen, we've got sex ed in kindergarten now, sexualizing kids on TV, trannies flashing their dicks to first graders in school with the teacher's approval, a huge push to normalize old men having sex with six year old girls and anally raping little boys and you're worried about consenting adults playing a game? It's just a game."

Tim said, "It would be a fun game..."

Cat looked at him and back to Eva. "He digs on pale skin. I'm sure it would be a fun challenge for him."

My wife wasn't sure what to think or how to counter it. She fell back on her self-doubt as her answer to everything. "I doubt he'd like me. I'm not... very well-endowed. Not like you. And I've got boy hips..."

It was a deep admission from my wife – something I knew she felt strongly about. She was at her most vulnerable. And she had a point: Cat had bigger breasts despite being younger, and a wider set of feminine hips. Very shapely. Very pretty – where my wife's beautiful facial features were unsupported by her thin and gangly figure.

Tim muttered, "I think the package is top notch."

My wife blushed.

He continued, "I'd definitely find Just the Tip fun with you." He had the courtesy to blush and duck his head.

Cat said, "It's a fun game."

I asked, "Is... this something... you two do...?"

He looked surprised. "No."

She said, "No, never. I mean, I did, but before we were married. With," her eyes fell and she looked away, "someone... else."

"Your previous boyfriend?"

There was a burst of heat in her voice and that watery look to her eyes. "Just someone else, okay?"

The other couple was watching like hawks. I figured it was an opportune time to drop the whole thing. "So... Cat... What is your name short for?"

She said simply, "Cat."

"Not like Catronia? Catlyn? Cathy? Ca—"

Her eyebrows were angry. "It's short for Catiopolialidocious."

I laughed. "What?"

"I tell that to people who don't get it. It's just Cat, okay? C-A-T. Cat."

I held up my hands. "Sorry."

She blew out a breath. "That's all right. And I'm sorry, too. Sometimes it just gets frustrating when people keep pushing on the name."

I nodded in sympathy.

She flashed me a smile. "I'd still play Just the Tip with you."

The man who had remained silent the whole time from the other couple said, "I'd go for it, if I was you."

The woman colored heavily and leaned into him in abject embarrassment. "Oh my god, Jim! I can't take you anywhere."

Tim gave a look of surprised consideration. "Well, it surely would be fun..."

Eva said, "I guess it's something Ford and I can do together the next time we—"

Cat shook her head. "The game isn't for husband and wife or boyfriend and girlfriend. It's supposed to be played with other people. That's the point of the game. Although sometimes two people who just started going out play it, you know."

My wife straightened, forcing the tone of agreement into her voice. "I knew that. I just meant..."

Everyone looked at her.

She became embarrassed again. She said weakly to Tim, "You'd really want to play that with me?"

His only answer was to lift his eyebrows suggestively.

I said, "I keep telling you that you're beautiful."

Tim agreed. "She is."

The table was silent for several heartbeats as my wife looked at Tim and me. She shifted in her seat and then looked at Cat.

The young blonde voice was regarding her with challenge.

I held my breath. I happened to agree with my wife that the game would be cheating, but the way Cat put it, I also agreed with her. Being up in the air and somewhat aroused by the idea of Cat liking my beard, I kept quiet and let my wife chew on it. Leave the ball in her court. I watched her and the other two.

Tim held an open expression on his face as he looked at Eva. Cat sat, arms folded, chin up, daring anyone to contradict her.

Finally, my wife broke the silence. "I... guess it would be fun..."

Tim looked sideways at the other couple before lowering his voice. "Are we... all clean here?"

I knew what he meant. "Totally."

He blew out a loud breath. "Sorry I had to ask. You just never know..."

I said, "Hey, no worries. It had to be asked. Now that it's out of the way..." I looked at Cat. Maybe I was being obvious, but she really thought playing the silly game with me was a fun idea? Could I look past my wife playing it with Tim if I got to play it with Cat?

Maybe Tim saw the consideration on my face. "We can talk about it if you want. No decisions. Our place is on Lakeview."

I rocked back in surprise. "No kidding? We're on Moore." Lakeview was the main road through the Meadowland Development along the lakeside.

Tim laughed. "I pass Moore every morning."

I squinted at him. "You don't drive a little red convertible, do you?"

His eyes went wide. "The Miata?"

I nodded.

"No! The bastard."

All four of us laughed.

I wiped my eye. "Someone needs to run that prick off the road." The Miata driver was an obnoxious dick who tailgated, honked, and gave everyone the finger.

Cat said, "He's probably a transplant from New York."

We all looked at her, including the other couple.

She huddled in her chair. "My dad lives there..."

It was Eva who ventured the idea further. "Sure, Tim. We can talk more about it all. When does this conference end?"

## CHAPTER 2

Tim and Cat had an older place in the development. We sat in the car at the curb while the couple went inside to turn on lights.

Eva looked bashfully at me. "I don't know..."

I knew exactly what she meant. They seemed nice and everything, but what was said at the conference a couple hours ago was not sounding as reasonable now. "Yep."

"What should we do? We don't know these people. Do we really want to play some silly game with them?"

"No, we don't have to."

She looked out the window. "I don't want them thinking we're flakes, but..."

I offered, "We can go in. Have coffee, like they suggested. Chat for a bit and just leave. We don't have to do anything or make any commitments."

She studied my face. "You don't think they'd think bad of us?"

"Because we don't want to play a game? Like Tim said, 'nonsense.' "

She didn't laugh, but instead pursed her lips in thought. "Do you think he was just saying all those things to lure us into his house and they're like axe murderers or something?"

I laughed.

"I'm being serious."

"Axe murderers don't get married. They hate other people."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Haven't you seen Friday the 13th? Halloween? None of those freaks are married."

"Those are movies, Ford."

"Fine. Dahmer. Bundy. The Hillside Strangler. These people weren't social. They weren't married. They didn't go to church. They didn't sing in church bands."

She didn't answer; she was looking at the front door.

"Anyway, let's go in, make nice for five minutes, then I'll beg us off, okay? Tired, long weekend, big week ahead and all that."

"You'd lie to them?"

I sighed. "Not lying exactly, just making excuses. I'm sure they'll understand the delicate difference. They'll know right away that we're declining anything other than coffee."

"Okay..." She opened her purse, then closed it and placed it down by her feet. "I guess I don't need my purse. No more than one cup, okay? I want to be able to sleep later."

"Deal. Let's go."

We got out of the car and felt the light breeze of the May evening. Still chilly, but warming and promising more heat as the nights merged into days and marched back into nights. Around and around the sun and moon went, leading us along the merry-go-round of life and the plodding nature of waking up and going back to sleep.

It was an easy walk to their front door without any weight of expectation. We had talked about a silly game. We'd have a cup of coffee and be gone. Maybe we'd even be cordial acquaintances after that.

A wave at the grocery store. A nod at the gas station. A knowing smile to each other as the Miata driver illegally swooshed past us in the center divider.

Life was going to be fine. It was going to be normal. We'd go to sleep in a couple of hours and the conference forgotten.

Although the voice would remain with us.

Tim let us in to the aroma of brewing coffee. "Is decaf okay? We only drink caffeinated in the mornings."

Eva sighed gratefully. "That's perfect, thank you."

He extended his hand to the living room. "Go ahead and take a seat. Cat's in the bathroom." He ducked back into the kitchen to the side.

I touched the small of my wife's back and guided her in.

Click.

Both of us found ourselves just standing in front of the couch. It was an ugly couch, all grayish charcoal and fluffy-looking. Truly hideous.

But...

But it fit. It fit directly into the much more comforting rugs and decorations.

Eva slowly turned, taking in the living room.

It was not cluttered, but all of the space was arranged and used.

She stared and then laughed.

"What?"

"I couldn't tell what it was at first, but..." she was facing the entertainment center.

I turned with her, looking at the array of pictures lovingly arranged around a tiny handful of the family elders. I saw Tim's mother right away. The boxy face, open and wide with a smile. The relaxed eyes and the easy lines of her forehead. They were Tim's, just older. Not of money, obviously. The woman wore a big brown bead necklace that said more about her character's generosity than any amount of gold or gems.

Eva said, "Do you notice it?"

I lifted my eyebrows. I had been busy looking at the pictures, the vases, the glorious statue of the arch-angel Michael slaying Satan. I couldn't keep the surprise out of my voice. "No TV."

My wife was smiling with delight. "I knew there was something about them that seemed so..."

She left it unsaid, but I knew. Something sympathetic. Similar. Friendly. Matching. Something compatible.

I sat, sinking into the ugly couch with ease – but not too much ease. There was just enough soft to go with the stiff and I found myself comfortably gripped. I silently appreciated the designer of the hideous couch.

I patted the spot next to me, but my wife had moved to the entertainment center to look at the pictures.

Tim came in carrying two cups. "Ah, you didn't have to sit on that ugly thing, although, it is quite comfortable."

I patted the cushion again. "It's amazing."

He laughed. "If you can get past its looks. The designer obviously thought that the uglier it was, the pricier it should be. I laughed at him until I sat on it. Cat positively hates the thing."

"Then why'd you buy it?"

"I bought it before I met her. Despite it being comfortable, I sometimes can't help but think I got suckered." He set the cups on coasters. "Do you like cream? Sugar? Something else with your coffee?"

I answered for both of us. "We both like it straight. Black coffee is the best coffee."

He flashed a grin. "Same here, and I'm relieved you didn't ask for cream or sugar because we don't have any."

I started laughing and couldn't quite stop.

He chuckled along with me.

The weight of the weekend and the week – in fact, the entire start of the year – went wafting away like the steam from the coffee cups.

I liked Tim.

Cat came out, totally different.

I stared.

She had removed her pigtails and brushed out her hair. Her hair hung long and straight, blonde and severe. The oddity of her hair accentuated her large eyes. She made a face at me. "You didn't have to sit on..." She rolled her eyes. "I keep telling him we need a new couch."

"I like it."

She made a comical face at my suggestion. She pouted out her lips in a frown that barely hid a smile. "I'm surrounded by weirdoes."

Eva stood beside the girl. "I don't know, that couch..."

Cat's eyes got larger. "I know, right?" She scowled at her husband. "Come on, Tim. This thing is way past its due date."

He grumped, "Do you know how much it cost? I had to take out a loan to buy it."  
"

Cat gave me a weary look.

Tim threw up his hands. "I have another twenty-six years left in payments."

My wife snorted and wiped her nose in a rush of embarrassment.

I laughed.

He dropped his hands. "Maybe," he muttered disconsolately, "it's time to dump it. No one likes it in the least."

I offered, "It's comfortable."

He grunted sourly.

All of us sipped coffee for a moment.

Feeling the time was right, I ventured, "It's been a long week..." I figured that was the perfect segue into our excuses to leave, despite the ease we felt.

Eva botched my opening. She looked at Cat with critical question in her expression. "How does one win at Just the Tip? Or lose? What's—"

Cat blinked her large blue eyes. "You win and you get to do it again another time. You lose and you don't. It's pretty simple. It's all about control."

My wife made a dismissive noise. "More like a man's control."

"It depends on how much you want to succeed. Are you in it to let what happens happen because you don't care, or do you help him maintain control? It's involving."

"I think I'd care..."

"Then you'd be good at the game."

I scooted forward on the couch and slapped my knees as if a decision had been made. "So... big week ahead..."

My wife wasn't getting it.

*I thought we had agreed...?*

She said, "Don't guys want to purposely lose the game?"

I sighed. "Not all guys—"

Tim spoke at the same time. "Some, probably. Not all." He looked at me and we shared an amused look.

Cat tilted her head as if struck with an idea. "I think we'd all play this game really well."

Eva hummed in dubious thought.

As if she was actually considering the notion.

I gave her a scowl of confusion, but then my expression went slack as I thought about it. A chance to see Cat nude? It was a sexy game, certainly. What harm would it be to play it and win the contest of wills so that there wasn't any cheating? I found the idea fun.

Click.

I opened my mouth and said the one thing that I knew would eat through anything my wife was thinking. "I don't know, guys. My wife has never played the game. She doesn't know how it gets played. I don't think she'd... be a good player." There. The game was either totally sabotaged or my wife was facing the big FOMO moment: the Fear of Missing Out.

Either way, the work week was ahead of us and we would return to the routine of get up, go to work, come home, go to sleep to start it all over again.

Decades had passed, just like that.

I was thirty-seven. My wife was thirty-eight. Tim had told us he was forty-one and Cat was twenty-two. It was safer to just go home. Time was gone. Life had us in a grip of work-death and we would work until we died. The idea that I could put a hand on Cat in any fashion was stupid.

It wasn't going to happen.

But Tim was watching my wife. He held no expression of expectation, just patient curiosity. Was it any different for him? He was only a handful of years ahead of us; was he facing the long slide into the grave?

Any moment now, I expected the sudden stiffening of backs, the persimmon-sucked pursed lips, the tight head wag of arrogant disapproval, and the contagious distancing from anything that other Christians could point and accuse of being sinful.

But maybe their church was as open and free as ours. Maybe theirs wasn't focused on the fear of sin, but rather the victory of grace.

Like ours.

Was it an excuse?

Or was it really freedom?

Eva's voice was subdued and timid. "It's true, I haven't played it before. But I'd like to think I could handle myself and be a good participant even if I have never tried it before..."

Cat said, "I think I'd doubt my husband. He'd be tempted to lose with all that pale skin so close."

Tim reacted indignantly. "I would not. She's beautiful, but there's no way I'd throw it all away and lose out on the chance of playing it again."

My wife smiled, chin lowered. "I'm not beautiful."

He lifted his chin in response. "You most certainly are. For being a brunette, I'd have to put you right beside Cat. You're both beautiful."

Eva looked at me, blushing. She gave a half-shrug, a dismissive toss of her head, and a quick lift of her eyebrows. "I... We could play this..." She was covering her insecurity and she knew that I knew it. She was putting on a brave face for me.

I said, "You don't have to. We can always talk about it at home."

Her chin came up. I had not calculated my offer as a challenge, but it appeared she took it as such. "I don't need to run from it. Or hide. I want to play."

Click.

Tim smiled happily.

Click.

Cat gave me a look of challenge.

Click.

And I began to harden in my slacks.

## CHAPTER 3

My wife's uncertainty threatened to derail the circumstances. "So... we don't actually get naked, do we?"

Cat took over, standing, placing hands on hips and facing me, but talking to her. "It can also be played with clothes on. In fact, the idea is that it's never ever cheating if you don't remove clothing."

I chuckled.

She gave me a dry look. "If you hug your aunt, is it cheating?"

I said, "No, it's just a hug and we aren't playing a game."

She made a face at me.

Eva interrupted us. "How is Just the Tip usually played? I don't want to force some kind of rules-change thing..."

Cat answered, "Usually naked. Although when it's super cold..."

Tim said, "I'll turn up the heater."

My wife scrubbed her arms as if chilly anyway.

Cat said to Eva, accurately assuming my wife was the uncertain one needing encouragement, "Would you like it if he and I go first? Sort of show you the ropes?"

The grateful aura that radiated from my wife was almost touchable. "That sounds... reasonable." A false show of bravado colored her next statement. "I don't think I'd need to be shown, but it might be wise to supervise my husband."

I coughed.

Then I cleared my throat.

Then I growled and coughed as if trying to quell a ferocious throat-itch.

Eva rolled her eyes at me, but I saw the pleading nature of the gesture: please play along so I have time to gain more confidence.

I sighed and nodded to Cat.

She announced, "I'm not playing on that couch." She crooked a finger at me and beckoned. Her look to Tim and Eva included them.

We followed.

In the bedroom, Cat began unbuttoning her blouse.

It was an intimate move that had me breathing heavy. However, I was also nervous. I dropped my slacks and left my shirt on because it covered the fact I didn't wear underwear. I couldn't find any that didn't pinch, cramp, or squash in the most uncomfortable way.

Cat unbuttoned the side of her skirt and was stepping out of the puddle of material before I could savor the move. She stood in her panties. "Are you going to wear your shirt and tie?"

*All or nothing. I yanked my tie loose and unbuttoned my shirt. My dick came into view.*

Cat's large eyes got larger.

Tim whistled.

My wife pursed her lips.

Cat started to laugh.

Tim shook his head. "No contest. He wins."

I've always been sort of large down there, but I wasn't connecting with his comment.

Eva voiced my confusion as if psychically connected, "What? Why does he win?"

"There's no way he can even get the tip of that in my wife."

Cat blinked and blinked. Finally she said, "Well, that sort of negates the game..."

I shrugged helplessly.

She said, "You're supposed to put the tip in and try not to put more in."

I said, "I can do that."

She looked doubtful. "Well, let's play it then." She bounced back on the bed and then sat up. "Wait."

"What?"

"It's just too big. Let me do the work. Lay down." She yanked the covers down.

I repeated my shrug but settled into the sheets on my back. Being naked with a semi-hard dick around a couple of almost strangers had me a little nervous. But these were church people, not... weirdoes.

Cat removed her bra and panties and there I was, looking at her curvy body. B sized breasts, curvy hips, and a light patch of trimmed blonde hair between her slightly thick thighs matched what she had up top.

I gulped as my pulse pounded a little harder.

She climbed over me and gripped my rapidly hardening dick.

Eva's hand came up and gripped the top button of her blouse. She appeared to be holding her breath.

Cat jacked my shaft a couple times. "Wow, you're big."

Eva said, "Is that allowed?"

The girl looked over her shoulder. "What? Touching him? Well, sure. It's all going to be touching soon, right? As long as there's no penetration."

My wife accepted that and relaxed. She glanced sideways at Tim with an expression of consideration.

Cat swung up over me and settled onto the underside of my dick. She began moving – rubbing my length with the labia of her pussy.

*Now this is fun! I tried not to look too pleased and just let the girl do her thing. But my cock swelled to full and she used her hand and pussy to cup my shaft and slide along it.*

I was very conscious of my wife watching, and also of Tim. What was he thinking watching his young wife practically ride me? I didn't want to appear eager in any way: I didn't want him to call it all off. I was having a good time and Cat appeared to enjoy what she was doing. So I remained carefully quiet as if this was all no big deal and I was almost disinterested. Really, though, I was scared to do more than breathe, and barely that.

Back and forth she slid on me. I felt the wet of her lips coat my cock and I swelled even further until I was in pain from being so hard.

She squeezed me. "You feel hard now... and so... big."

Eva murmured something.

Tim said, "No, we can use the couch out there."

They left the bedroom.

Cat lifted and angled my shaft upwards. She rubbed the head around her entrance. She whispered, "Just the tip..." She tilted her hips and pressed down.

My dick felt like it was going to burst wide with excitement. I felt the heat of her pussy on the head of my cock. I felt it lodge there up against her opening. I wasn't even inside of her and I was already panting. Playing this game with her was more fun than the waking-sleeping cycle of work and social solitude.

A moment later in the living room, I heard Tim and Eva talking low to each other. My wife giggled. He chuckled. She tried to assure him of something.

Then silence.

What were they doing? Was she looking at his body? Was he looking at hers? Was she blowing him? I asked Cat, "Are blowjobs cheating?"

She mistook my question. "We're playing Just the Tip; I'm not going to suck you \_\_\_"

"No, I was just asking. I didn't know if maybe Eva knew or not..."

Her eyes lit up. "Oh, sorry. No, it's not cheating. Penetration is cheating. Well, more than the tip, anyway." She suddenly giggled and it was cute. "It was so hard trying to describe the game with Mister and Missus Police Detectives listening."

"They were police?"

She shrugged, still moving on me. "I don't know. They just seemed very intent on making me stutter. I was trying to figure out how to describe everything and sound clean."

Tim groaned out in the living room.

What would cause him to groan? I was curious.

Cat pressed again against my cock. The head refused to budge past her entry.

Tim groaned again, sounding more excited.

*What are they doing? I glanced at the door.*

Cat ignored them.

I said, "I might need some oil if I'm going to get the tip in."

She frowned. "Hmm, good idea. KY?"

"No, like olive oil or sesame or something like that. Not KY."

"Why?"

"Parabens."

"Are those bad?"

I asked dryly, "You want cancer down there?"

Her eyes got bigger. "Um, no..."

I smiled up at her.

She hopped off. "I'll be right back."

Just at that moment, the sound of slapping – like balls slapping – came from the living room. It was followed by my wife's voice, wailing low and excited.

I could contain my curiosity no longer. In fact, I was marginally angry. I got up after Cat to go see what was going on. The noise was too obvious. The evidence on my ears was that my wife had surrendered the game without even trying. Eva was not a flirt or a slut; she was a good Christian lady who loved America and tried to avoid being a problem.

Tim's voice was gaspy and high with effort and lust. The rhythmic slapping continued.

I was no fool; they were fucking.

Cat faltered on her way past the couch.

I planted my feet, dick hard and straight, heart racing, and said, "I think that's more than just the tip."

Tim had my wife's legs up at his shoulders. He was pounding down onto her hard and fast. He shook his head as if to clear it, then looked around. "Oh? Hey."

Cat said with a mixture of suspicion and warning, "Are you giving her more than the tip?"

He blinked. "What? No. I haven't even gotten it in. I was just..." He pulled up farther and Cat and I could see: his erection was between her thighs, not inside her.

The girl twirled and continued to the kitchen as if nothing had been said.

I nodded with realization.

Eva's face was flushed and excited. Her mouth was open and she looked at me

devoid of any other expression.

Tim grinned. "I'm not as big as you, I'm afraid. But it's nice to make sure everyone is lubed up before playing the game in earnest."

I hummed in acknowledgment. I turned to go back into the bedroom because I felt somewhat awkward standing there looking at them while my dick was pointing at him. Despite the fact I had seen my wife naked thousands of times, Tim's nakedness made me question the propriety of looking on.

Were my wife's nipples harder and larger than I had ever seen them? Or was it a trick of the light or distance perspective?

I sat on the bed.

Cat said something to them out in the living room and then there was silence for a few seconds. Tim murmured something.

*What are they saying? It burned in me and I stood up, determined to satisfy my curiosity again.*

Cat came in, forestalling any move on my part. She waggled a bottle. "I gave some to Tim."

*Ah, that's why the delay. I sat back down.*

She handed me the bottle as if offering me a cash pizza-tip. "Here. You lube up and then you drive."

I felt a little more comfortable with her that she trusted me to do the work and I felt even more conscious to play by the rules and not lose the game. So if I control myself, this was something that could happen again? Possibly? I was definitely determined not to lose.

The slapping sounded out in the living room again. My wife began moaning, louder and louder. The sounds slowed. The slaps came slower and louder, accompanied by Tim's growing grunts of effort.

Even if he was just teasing my wife, it sure sounded nasty and I was momentarily stunned into inaction as I tried to come to terms with the fact that

my dick was pulsing and aching to the sounds they were making. Each slapping grunt radiated the length of my dick and I was helpless to relieve the intense pressure unless I wanted to jack it.

This was new to me; I had no experience with this kind of psychological and physical reaction. Sure, I had gotten hard over Eva when I had seen her naked the first time. Sure, I had gotten hard seeing Cat naked for the first time. The erection wasn't new, but the situation was. I had never gotten hard over other people having what sounded like sex – one of them being the woman I had been married to for over fifteen years! That one of them was intimately familiar to me making sounds of ecstasy was somewhat odd. It wasn't me making my wife make those sounds; it was another man bringing her pleasure.

Was that a good thing?

It wasn't a bad thing, was it? Maybe it was bad that it wasn't me, but was it bad that she was finding it pleasurable? I felt deep inside as if it was a good thing, not something repulsive. And I felt good for her if somewhat bad for me.

I had never imagined being in some kind of sex game or even involved with another woman or man. This was new territory for me and the bulging sensation in my dick was irritatingly painful.

That was my wife moaning out there and it sounded and seemed normal and good. But the grunting from Tim vibrated along my dick as it brought vocal responses from my wife.

I decided I liked what I was hearing. She was clearly having a good time with this game. And the painful sensation of maximum swelling in my dick was bearable – barely. Any further and I felt like it would explosively rupture.

"Are you okay?" Cat's quizzical tilt to her head spurred me to motion; I had been frozen in thought.

I lubed up my dick extra and knelt between her legs on the bed. Just seeing this young woman spread open beneath me was intoxicating. Her pussy was all trimmed and clean. Hours before, she had sung the sweetest song about grace and faith.

My dick throbbed with excitement. Don't screw this up! I panted quietly and

aimed my cock.

Eva's moans and groans became strong and heavy. It sounded like she was building towards an orgasm and it spurred me with quivering eagerness to get the head of my dick into this pretty girl.

My wife's apparent fast-build amused and hurt me because she was always a slow builder and required a lot of effort. Did she like Tim, or was he just really doing a good job of teasing her? Or was it the unusual situation overall?

Her sounds became muffled.

Alarmed, I had only one thought in mind: he was suffocating her. Murder! I was off the bed and running for the living room.

But it wasn't the worst of my fears. I stopped, chest heaving, heart pounding, and dick throbbing as I took in the situation.

Tim's butt moved up and down, but my wife's legs weren't open: they were closed. He had his cock angled down so it was all still between her thighs. However, the wet sounds and the appearance of the motion had me breathless. It so much looked like they were fucking and I was instantly overcome with a numb kind of stun. My dick positively climbed higher and ached with the strain.

There was my familiar wife with her long white legs and thin body. Her bony hips and flat chest were everything I remembered from seeing up close. But here she was willingly writhing under a naked man we had just met this day. She was responding to him in pleasure and lust.

Tim's body strained on her, shaking and thrusting with the effort of his tease. Pressed underneath him, my wife's hips flexed and tilted, moving with him.

My cock began to ooze. The whole scene in the living room looked beyond hot.

He wasn't suffocating her, he was kissing her.

Deep inside my gut, a knot formed and grew. It made me want to double over, but it also sent warm tingles along every inch of my body that radiated intense satisfaction.

I... approved.

A major part of my soul definitely appreciated and commended their ease of interaction. The kiss was laudable and reassuring. There was no murder going on here, just normal indulgence in a little fun.

The world wasn't spinning off its axis. It was all in order.

I returned to the room after sparing no more than a second peeking in on them.

Cat was coming towards me. "What's going on?"

I swallowed. "Uh, she sounded strange. Turns out they're kissing."

Her eyes flickered to the door. "Oh..." She turned back for the bed even if she glanced twice more at the door.

I found my place before the interruption and let the sounds from my wife and Tim flow through my soul. There was something there that was lost, but it wasn't something vital or critical or even important. I lost the oldness and found the new.

I lost the solitude I had with Eva and discovered that what we shared was now including another man – even if this was all just a teasing game. With the newness, I felt fresh and energized inside.

I handled my dick, pressing the head to her pussy and moving it around.

Cat's mouth opened and her eyes were locked down there, watching.

I wedged the head into her folds and pushed. It felt so very good to push my dick against a new pussy like this. Not that Eva's was old or strange or anything, but the novelty of it all had me harder than I could remember. Sometimes things happen in life. It seems like they happen a lot to other people. Sex? Sex happened to other people. Other people got lucky and had sex. People that weren't me found themselves in fun sexual situations. Me? I was too normal. Sex didn't happen to me. Sex didn't happen to Eva. We had sex with each other and that was all of it. This fun, extracurricular sex business was the realm of other people who sent different kinds of signals or something.

Really, though? I knew that sex happened and sometimes not when you think it would or with the people you expect. Sometimes sex just happened along and pulled you in like an unstoppable whirlpool.

It happened.

It was happening now.

I knew that, despite my utter amusement and self-denying disbelief. Yes, it was happening now and I also knew that to avoid this would be to possibly forever face never having this particular opportunity again. Sex like this happened. Maybe not often.

Maybe only once.

The slapping of Tim's efforts spurred me to give a single hard thrust, followed by a heave of my hips as I strained against the young woman's hole. It wasn't difficult and the lube helped immensely. The head began to slide in.

Cat's eyes opened wide. She gasped, "Just the tip!"

I stopped. "Yeah, I know."

"I think you have more than that..."

I made a motion for her to look. "Take a look. The head's not even fully inside."

She arched her neck, looking down between us. "Oh my god, it feels like you're in halfway."

"Half the head. Is that the game? The tip of the tip, or is the tip meaning the whole head?"

She spread her lips with one hand, inspecting it all. "The whole tip. The head. Put it in more."

I pushed while she watched. The head sank in slowly, spreading her wide until the rim of the helmet disappeared.

She gasped, quivering. "Okay, that's it."

I whispered harshly, "I win?"

"Now we tease each other without it going in any farther."

"How?"

"Move in and out. Pull it out and use it to rub. Poke it in. You know, play."

I had to resist every natural instinct inside me to avoid pushing the rest of my shaft into her curvy body. I felt honored and privileged to be feeling the entrance to Cat's pussy and I sent my thanks silently to Tim, even though I only felt the good stuff on the head of my dick.

I wriggled around a little and pulled out.

Cat panted breathily.

I rubbed it around and poked it in, watching with fascination as my cock parted her lips and spread them in a perfect circle around the head of my dick.

It was beautiful.

Cat gasped quietly, watching. She was motionless, letting me make the movements. But after a few moments, her hips began tilting up to my thrusts.

*This is fun.*

I poked in and rested there. I pulled out and rubbed the wet tip all over her clit. Slowly, I pressed the head back in.

Tim said, "Wow..."

I yanked my dick out of Cat. I gaped, wide-eyed and startled, feeling guilty.

He stood at the side of the bed, stroking himself. "Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. I was just burning up wanting to know if you'd gotten the head into her."

Eva stood in the doorway, watching all of us, hugging herself.

I cleared my throat of the sudden clenching. "Oh, ah... yeah. The oil did the

trick."

Cat said evenly, "Just the tip."

Tim's face broke into a smile. "Good, good. Are we all winning the game and not losing?" There was a hint of careful consideration.

Cat confirmed it. "Just the tip. We're good." Her words came more carefully. "How about you?"

I could tell she felt a hint of cautious jealousy towards what was happening with her husband. When she had played before, was it someone as close? It had been before she was married. A boyfriend? Someone else?

Tim grinned firmly. "We're all good."

A moment later, they were back in the living room, talking low to each other in mutters I couldn't make out.

There was silence out there for a few seconds as I teased Cat's hole again. She had her legs thrust wide and open in the most inviting way. But she was bent up, leaning back a little on her hands, watching down there.

Out in the living room, Eva moaned long, low, and relieved.

Tim shushed her and both commenced laughing.

Cat spread her lips with her fingers, mouth open and gazing intently at what I was doing.

My wife's cry of exclamation rose long and drawn out. It was quickly muffled. The slapping sounds came fast. Underneath the level of noise, she groaned through an obvious orgasm.

For just the briefest second, I pushed a little deeper.

Cat's breath caught.

I yanked it out, feeling ashamed.

She looked at me with a flick of her eyes that offered no accusation. But she

knew.

Was it enough to lose the game? It had barely been more than the tip.

My wife yelped out in the living room.

Tim said, "Oops, sorry."

"That's okay..."

"I'm really sorry."

Eva laughed.

I rubbed the head around Cat's clit, hoping she wouldn't give my brief push the critical scrutiny.

Eva leaned into the doorway. "So..."

I pulled up my dick out of contact and raised my eyebrows at my wife.

She scrubbed her upper arm with her hand. "When do we go?"

## CHAPTER 4

We made our goodbyes to Tim and Cat and everyone seemed subdued. I was at a total loss. Not only did I not know what was going on, but I felt as if we had lost an opportunity for a better conclusion.

In the car, I asked, "What happened? Why did you want to leave so suddenly?"

She looked out the window away from me. Her words were all caution disguised as indifference. "He had an accident and I... just wanted to get home."

"Accident?"

"He came." She looked at me with a neutral expression that tried to hide her uncertainty.

I laughed in a burst of tickled amusement. "Oh?"

"I don't know, it was all teasing fun and everything but suddenly his stuff was on me..."

"Where on you?"

She touched her lower abdomen and looked away again. "I just... wasn't sure how the game was supposed to end. I don't know. I didn't want to look stupid."

I allowed her the space of silence. I knew when she needed it and her tone implied this was the time.

At home, though, she turned her moodiness into something different. She was in my arms as I undressed for bed. Her face pressed to my neck and she whispered, "Is there any of that fun left for me?"

Normally, she was not so direct, though we had this intricate dance of hints and winks that led to suggestions and questions about intimate activity...

I was definitely in the mood, so to speak. "Everything is left for you."

She closed her eyes and pulled me to the bed.

I climbed over her slowly.

She tugged and pulled on my arms and shoulders.

I grinned. "Got all worked up?"

She was not playing along and instead asked, "Do you still think I'm sexy?"

Stunned by the abruptness of the question during a moment of intimacy, I pulled my head back. "Yes. Of course."

"But Cat was so much prettier."

"She wasn't any prettier. She was different."

"And younger." The accusation and petulance in her voice left no doubts as to the direction of her thinking.

I sighed, knowing she had pretty much killed the mood for herself. "So what? The gal next door is younger. So? The bicycle girl is younger. So what?"

"But you were naked with her. You saw her. She had a much better body—"

I cranked, "Oh, shut up." I gave her my annoyed look.

"It matters to me, Ford."

"I know it does. What matters to me is that I love every year and wrinkle you've earned in our journey together."

She regarded me quietly for a moment, then pulled me with more urgency. "Give it to me..."

I didn't argue. I pushed the head in and it slid in much easier than usual. "Wow, you're wet."

She blurted, "I had a strange guy rubbing his thing on me—" But she cut herself off as if realizing that saying it was self-incriminating.

"And you came." I shoved my cock into my wife with a satisfyingly smooth thrust. I went deep and flexed inside her.

She gasped and panted, clutching me until her fingernails were digging into my skin. "I was... afraid... that it ruined the game."

"But he came too..."

She turned red in the lamplight. "That's why I thought the game was over."

I made a facial shrug – a mix of lifted lower lip and eyebrows at the same time. "I guess that's when it is, unless you lose. Did... Did he observe the rules?"

"Yes," she said, too quickly.

I slowed my thrusting, studying her.

She looked away.

Click.

My wife was lying to me.

Why?

I thrust hard once, driving it in.

She opened up, gripping me. "Do it Ford! Take me."

I stroked the hair out of her face and pushed my cock in and out of her.

She didn't look at me. Her eyes were closed, head turned a little to the side. Was she thinking about Tim? The situation? Trying not to look at me because the head of my dick had been smeared with Cat's juices? Or was she ashamed another man had painted her skin with his juices?

Her hips humped up at me with vigor not usually seen.

I gave it to her, somewhat angry that she wasn't telling me something critical. What did she have to work through in her mind before consulting or informing me?

Her hand pulled on my butt and she scrunched up her face with effort.

Was she feeling guilty because she had cum? That it had been faster than usual with Tim than with me? Was that a shame that she desired to erase?

She had definitely sounded excited. She had enjoyed having Tim tease her. Was that so bad? It had looked and sounded fun. Was it really so bad that she had been in a situation that was likely more fun than she had expected? Fun was bad?

I panted, driving in. "You had fun with him."

She called out wordlessly, overcome by whatever emotion I had called forth with my prompting words. She pulled harder.

I soothed her. "It's okay, Eva. It was new and interesting. It's okay that you had fun. Really."

She pushed her chin up and up, tilting her head back until her upper back arched. "Oh Ford! Oh Ford! Fuck me!"

She didn't often use that word. But we all have trashy mouths when certain times arise.

I drove my approval into her pussy, ramming home the confirmation that it had indeed been fun.

She slowly lowered her back and neck down to the bed, eyes squeezed shut so tight her eyelids were all crinkled. "Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes..." Her hips came up in a hard buck and she was suddenly thrashing beneath me in an orgasm the likes of which I had never seen from her.

I stroked her face with my gaze, riding with her convulsions. It was on her second or third convulsing squeeze that my dick was coaxed beyond the edge. I groaned heavily with relief and thrust as deep as it would go. I squirted my satisfaction into her, thinking once of Cat and wondering what her pussy felt like, but glad I had my Eva and never willing to let go of her.

It was a wet and emotionally satisfying end to an amazing Sunday.

I thought it might all have ended there, even though we had exchanged cell numbers with Tim and Cat.

It was Tuesday when I fielded a text from Timothy Taylor.

*Tim: Hey.*

I had time in my office while I was looking at data streams.

*Me: Hi*

*Tim: Everything okay?*

*Me: Seems fine*

*Tim: Good to hear*

I got nothing else from him. I looked at my phone considering opening up more of the conversation with him, but put it away instead. If he wasn't being talkative, why should I? Safer to... play it safe.

In all things.

Wasn't that the kernel of success for the work-sleep cycle until death? Play it safe – never deviate, never take risks, never reveal the desires lurking down beneath...

Get up. Go to work. Sleep.

Success.

Play it safe and...

Tuesday night at home was another tiny shock. Sitting over dinner, Eva asked me, "So... are you planning to play the game again with them?"

I pursed my lips. I knew my wife. Instead of asking if we were going to play, she put the weight of decision on me so that she could take a position of disapproval if she disagreed. Instead of working together as a couple, she often took a stance as if I was automatically opposed.

I was not annoyed. But I always had to remind myself that this was how she operated. After a moment of studying her face and reassuring myself, I said, "I was waiting for your input before making any decision."

That made her annoyed.

I didn't intend that, though I knew it would happen. It was just a mean little trick I used to remove the auto-blame from me if things went sour.

I pressed, "This isn't something I decide alone. You approve or it doesn't happen."

That made her look more sour. She didn't like being put on the spot any more than feeling she was missing out. She didn't want the responsibility of a poor decision.

She surprised me. "Cat texted me."

"Oh? What did she say?"

"She asked if we wanted to come over this weekend."

"What did you tell her?" I was certain I knew, but asked anyway.

"That I would talk to you." She feigned indifference.

It was as I expected. "Tim texted me, too."

Her eyes snapped up, intent and direct. "What did he say?"

Something was bugging her.

What part of the situation was eating at her? Cat? Tim? The fact that she had cum so fast with him, or that he had cum on her?

And why did I find it amusing that he had? He had an accident. She treated it as if it was an embarrassment. I was not angry since I believed that and I had no reason not to. She certainly wasn't lying about him having the accident; even Tim had seemed curious in his texting about the state of things.

I leaned back in my chair and lifted my chin in thought. "Asked if everything

was okay."

She leaned forward, "And?"

"I told him it seemed fine."

"So what does that mean?"

I shrugged as if none of it mattered, though I wanted to go back and play again. It had been fun. I said, "It means we go if you think you can still play the game." It was another mean little trick I used for her own good. When she wanted to place everything on me so I could take all the blame, I prodded her fear of missing out and made her step forward.

She said, "I can play."

I wanted to corner her and press the point until she admitted that this all wasn't about me. "Did you think it was fun?"

She looked at me timidly, but nodded.

"Fine, we're going." I lifted my finger at her. "As long as you play by the rules."

She lifted her chin in challenge. It was at times like this that she was her most beautiful.

Saturday was going to be the day that I felt Cat's lips on my dick again. Fun! But also, it was going to be the day when my wife got naked with another man and he teased her. I was going to hear her moan again and what then? I felt a tingle of thrill and danger in anticipation. Would my dick respond as before? Or was the novelty all worn off and dull now?

Eva was self-conscious about her age. That Tim thought she was beautiful was a silent boon that I looked forward to indulging. I wanted my wife to play the game with him. Most definitely so. I wanted him to tease her with his dick: there was no better way to reassure her of her sexiness and allure. And if they could observe the game's rules, this was something that could be repeated for a long time. This kind of confidence builder was exactly what my wife needed.

I amused myself the rest of the week looking forward to the time when another

man rubbed his dick on my wife's clit. I don't think I ever laughed at myself as much as I did then.

## CHAPTER 5

I stood dumbfounded for a split second.

No laughter.

"Well, I... guess that's fine. Tim and my wife can play."

Cat's shoulders dropped the tension she was holding up. "Sorry. I mean, I thought I had another day or two, but my cycle hit early. I don't want to spoil the fun."

So I wasn't going to get to play.

*What a disappointment. I think I even pouted.*

Tim looked uncomfortable.

So did my wife.

No reason for us all to be uneasy. I nodded my confirmation. "They can play."

Tension drained out of Tim and my wife.

Cat said officiously, "We can supervise."

Not the greatest solution, but about the only one that made any sense. What was I supposed to do? Dance? Recite poetry? Entertain them while they all looked at me?

Despite a couple days of hyping myself up for this, I was let down that my wife got to play the game and I didn't. But at some point, she would have her cycle conflict with the game and Tim would be in my position while I played with Cat.

All is fair in the end, right?

Didn't change the fact that I was going first sitting on the bench, so to speak.

Tim seemed flustered.

Eva fidgeted.

Cat peered at both of them as if a cat considering a juicy small bird for a snack. She said, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

We had chatted less than five minutes in their living room at that point. And from the woman forced to sit out came the verbal spurring that initiated the game.

*This is a stupid game. But it sure is fun!*

Tim's look towards me the previous Sunday at the conference to not argue the point with Cat that Just the Tip was or wasn't cheating was curious. But everyone was different. Everyone was raised different. Some families walked around their houses nude in full sight of each other, adult and children. They thought it was normal. Other families acted shocked if a family member caught them coming out of the bathroom – it was a faux pas unheard of.

What was Cat? A weirdo? Or was she normal and I was the weirdo? She was certain that only full penetration was cheating and that Just the Tip was a fun game that didn't count as cheating.

I agreed with her on the fun part.

The cheating part...

My wife seemed to accept the game, though I knew she had strong feelings that she was keeping to herself that the mere idea was cheating. She must have been questioning whether or not she was too strict and prudish in her demarcation of the game's limits.

But she was as eager to play this today as I had been, though she tried to hide it.

I moved to sit beside Cat on the loveseat that didn't match their hideous couch.

I got to sit back while Tim exhibited his reluctance and finally began to strip. I had one arm thrown back, not touching Cat's shoulders – one could never tell how a touch might aggravate a woman on her period - and a leg crossed over a

knee.

Cat kept looking at me, or, at my beard, specifically. I finally glanced to the side with my eyes at her and gave her a quizzical look.

She colored.

Tim began helping Eva undress. She glanced down once at his dangling manhood and looked away.

I whispered to Cat, "What...?"

She murmured, "I wish Tim could grow one like that. Is it okay if I touch it?"

I snorted, snarked, and sniffed. "Uh, I guess so... It's not like it hurts or something."

She gave me an unreadable eyebrow lift.

My wife kept looking down as Tim faced her to be demure or something, but this only caused her to look at his dick. She licked her lips nervously and kept her eyes down on it. I knew the licking gesture was her thinking, not wanting to gobble his cock. I knew my wife. Nevertheless, she was looking at it.

I approved.

My wife feared a lot of things; having the courage to look at his package was a good thing.

Really, Tim had a nice stick down there when it was erect. Right now, it was thick and filling. Undressing my wife, he found her attractive, sexy, and worth the excitement. That made me feel good inside. I also was glad she could see it and derive benefit from the boost to her confidence. I felt good for myself, felt good for her, and appreciated Tim's too-honest physical indication of his arousal. There was no duplicity in Tim in this regard: his arousal barometer was peaking while undressing the woman I married.

Cat's fingers touched my beard and explored the texture.

I found that oddly provocative and felt myself stiffening.

Tim helped my wife get naked.

I took the time to drink in my wife's narrow figure. It was not an ugly figure, but more like a runway model: tall; too thin; a little bony; and not possessing a very feminine shape. She was just tall enough to look Tim directly in the eye.

They were kissing before I could begin to guess what was going to happen.

Eva kissed him back as easily as if I was standing there in her arms. It was a good kiss, full and deep. The one thing my wife loved to do was kiss. We had done that often enough while courting, but less now over the years. Tim was definitely rubbing that spot with her and she responded with hunger.

I had thought... perhaps... that I might view kissing as cheating. After all, it is a very intimate gesture between two people. But sitting here getting my beard stroked while watching a man kiss my wife was not what I had expected. The anticipated danger, warning, and sickness? Nothing.

It was a kiss.

It was a very good kiss.

And it didn't even raise an extra beat in my pulse.

It was just a kiss.

I had thought it might be cheating?

What could have led me to the idea that it was cheating? Social expectations that a man did not kiss two girls? But... did a kiss mean that you instantly loved someone and should be married? Was kissing my first girl in kindergarten all those years ago cheating? Was it so serious that it meant I should marry that girl and that girl alone?

But of course, that was just all in fun. The kiss in kindergarten didn't mean I had to marry the girl.

What was different now? Did Tim's kiss mean he was supposed to marry Eva? The idea was ludicrous, but... it was all intricately woven in the conception that a kiss was cheating. Was it really cheating? Or was that all just an excuse?

Cat was running her fingers through my beard now. I allowed it and enjoyed it much as a pet might soak in the attentions of master's hand.

Then Tim was lowering my wife to the couch. At some point during the kiss, Eva's hand had reached the short distance and gripped his cock. She tugged gently on it.

Now that sight right there electrified me. My dick stiffened so fast that I shifted on the loveseat. My wife was so enrapt with Tim and the kiss that she had naturally reached out to give him some manual attention – as if it was a normal part of a kiss.

I supposed it was. If, in kindergarten, I had played with the girl I kissed, did that mean I had cheated, or that I was supposed to marry her? Kids could do and it was all fun and funny, but adults couldn't?

Cat whispered to me, "Why don't you take it out? We can play with it a little."

I knew exactly what she was talking about. "Are you sure?"

She gave me another eyebrow.

*Damn! Moody. I cleared my throat and undid my pants.*

She attempted to give the appearance of helping, but her fingers just danced here and there on my belt and zipper.

Eva said something.

Tim said, "Huh?"

"Can you just... kneel right there? Maybe..." She pulled on his dick.

He moved until she seemed satisfied.

She gave us a searching look that lasted less than a half-second. She scooted her hips to him and guided his tip.

I really enjoyed seeing my wife take a little charge in the matter and help direct what was going on. Good confidence builder. Or maybe my corporate attitude

was bleeding over into my personal life; I didn't know.

*Pin a gold sticky star on a chart for Eva Knight's participation! How many stars can she get? I laughed to myself, but was greatly pleased. I jerked when Cat's hand joined mine on my dick.*

My wife maneuvered herself back and forth a little, some to the side, until she found a sweet spot. But she didn't stop moving. She thrust her hips and at the same time pulled on Tim's cock. It had the very sexy effect of stroking him and teasing the head of his dick simultaneously.

I was floored by how good it looked while maintaining the strict rules of the game. I definitely regretted Cat having her cycle this weekend because I was wishing I could be the one getting that kind of treatment.

But she wasn't sitting arms folded and scowling; Cat was actively playing with the head of my dick now while we watched Tim and my wife play the game.

Cat had taken notice. "Wow, nice move, Eva."

I couldn't detect if the girl's moodiness was hiding an insult or if it was a genuine observation. I leaned latter. Her light touch on my cock was delightful. Soon I was up fully erect and throbbing.

Tim saw it. He was also gasping with effort. Finally he said to my wife, "That's... Let me..."

"What's wrong?" Eva looked uncertain.

He was quivering with strain. "Holding this position is... Let me do the work."

My wife sounded disappointed. "Oh, okay. I was having fun."

He laughed, covering the effects of his weariness. "Oh, it was. Definitely fun. We'll get back to that soon. Promise." He lifted her legs, putting them together.

My wife's pussy flashed and he was looking. That he didn't look away and didn't act embarrassed made me feel at ease.

Pussies came in all different shapes and sizes. Some were ugly, some pretty. The

eyes of the beholder made them attractive or not. Tim found my wife's folds at least not repulsive.

I didn't think they were.

Cat's fingers trailed around the rim of my head – the other hand holding the shaft.

I panted happily.

Tim slid his erection between Eva's thighs and laid it directly on her pussy. He clutched her legs together and began moving. This was his safe move – teasing himself and my wife in preparation of playing the game.

The wet sounds of his passage along my wife's pussy lips became audible. He thrust faster, harder.

## CHAPTER 6

Eva moaned quietly, gasping her approval and encouragement. Those so very familiar sounds from my wife was comforting.

Soon, Tim was smacking his hips forward against the backs of her upraised thighs. He grunted with effort and my wife moaned happily with the attention his sliding erection gave her clit.

This was the move he had been doing that sounded so much like sex the previous week.

I was much more cozy now with it all knowing it was just part of his teasing. Hearing the sounds from my wife vibrated a long line of tingles up my shaft until a drop of precum oozed from the tip.

Cat's thumb found it immediately and smeared it around. Was her playing with my juice cheating? The very idea seemed ridiculous.

My wife cried out wordlessly as Tim worked his cock back and forth.

Suddenly, I stiffened.

Cat's head came over and her mouth descended on the head of my cock. Her wet tongue caressed it and I almost clawed up out of the loveseat. I barely strangled back a cry of surprise. I didn't want to make noise and draw attention to have Tim object – or my wife question the rules of the game.

Besides, does one interrupt a young woman from sucking cock?

*Never!*

I fought the urge to push her head down. I resisted the desire to yank her by the hair off my dick so her husband and my wife would have no grounds to object.

But Tim noticed. He looked at her over his shoulder, then flicked his eyes up to me.

Was there a touch of jealousy there? Suspicion?

Maybe suspicion.

I held up my hands and shook my head as if declaring no connection to the cause of his wife licking my dick.

Tim didn't stop thrusting and he didn't say anything.

My wife looked up.

I felt the heat of embarrassment rise up my neck and cheeks. I repeated the innocent gesture to her.

Fortunately, she didn't have time to say anything. Tim changed his style. Opening her legs, he aimed his dick down and stabbed forward towards her hole. Keeping a careful grip and watching what he was doing as if performing a surgery, he barely poked the tip into my wife's folds before withdrawing. Then he sawed back and forth on her clit. Then poked again. This went on, captivating my wife for several minutes.

Cat's mouth went further on my dick. She began working the head into her mouth and sucking.

I was panting with delirium.

Hey, maybe I don't get my dick sucked by strange women all the time – who does? But was I going to stop her? Who would? If kissing wasn't cheating, and the tip wasn't... Who was I kidding? I certainly thought this crossed the lines of whatever others thought fun and games were. Someone else's wife had her mouth on my dick? I didn't have to be a Christian to question where the lines should be drawn.

Maybe I was too old-fashioned. Maybe the young being oversexed were the ones that had it right? But this felt...

No, it really did feel great.

But it also felt wrong... inside. As when you know the line had been crossed. If Cat held the silly idea that this wasn't cheating, fine. But to me? Definitely.

But who was right? Who was wrong?

Was adultery kissing?

Was adultery penetration?

Was adultery more an issue of theft when women were considered property of the man?

Modern times changed things, surely, but even if I felt like a personal line had been crossed here, had it? Was cheating any kind of sex at all? Or was it the full thing? If it wasn't in kindergarten, even though there was no marriage involved, when did it all stop being fun and games and suddenly become the most serious of crimes? Because of a birthday?

Cat had supposed all kinds of scenarios that skirted the line. Being naked with another man meant the wife was cheating? But what if he had come in while she was changing? Was she a filthy cheater then? No... though the circumstances are identical except for... intent.

And what was the cheating intent? Wasn't it doing something behind your partner's back where you had promised to be theirs? And then what if your partner allowed whatever was happening... was it cheating then?

My head and heart told me no. But I definitely felt as if a line had been crossed.

Being that neither Tim nor my wife had done more than looked at what Cat was doing and neither of them had objected, was I the one being a prune-prude here? Slowly... slowly, I calmed down.

Cat's mouth felt good.

How much different was her mouth on me than her pussy on my dick? If it was part of the tease of the game...

Then I was feeling objectionable over... nothing.

Tim's tip stabbing of my wife continued, but he was barely even putting it in – not even the whole head.

I laughed. It wasn't derisive or insulting, but rather a release of tension.

However, Cat stopped sucking, Tim stopped stabbing, and my wife stopped gasping.

Everyone was looking at me.

My corporate instincts kicked in. An answer was expected. I immediately, instinctually responded with finely honed business instincts. I kept my voice even, low, and calming. "Tim, you're not even putting the whole tip in; just the tip of the tip."

He grunted, partially annoyed at the interruption and somewhat distracted. "What?"

"You're barely even breaking the entrance with a touch. If it is just the tip, you're not even getting the tip in there." I didn't want to laugh that his tip was small – or mention it. "What? Are you even getting a quarter inch inside?"

Cat's grumpy addition brooked no argument. "The tip is the tip. The whole head, but not the shaft."

I coaxed Tim, hoping to avoid any further concentration on my laughter, "Get the head inside. Or I'd have to consider you're cheating by not even playing the game properly." I laughed through the last part.

Tim's expression went from scrutinizing to considering. "Oh... I thought the tip was just like—"

Cat said, "The tip. The head. That's the tip."

"Okay, okay. I get it."

Eva watched us, expectant, but saying nothing. I knew her; she was willing to play the game but was no authority on how it needed to be played.

Did it need to be played a certain way? Was there some kind of download PDF from the official Just the Tip site? Trademark? Copyright? About and Contact Us links?

I didn't interject my thoughts into this conversation.

Tim did a few double-takes, then concentrated on my wife's opening. His dick was a straight, fleshly almost-connection between their bodies. He guided it, moving forward until they touched again. He muttered, "The tip..." He pushed the head inside with care.

Eva's legs quivered and she gave a barely audible gasp.

Tim let out a quiet gush of air he had been holding. "Like that?"

Cat got up.

So did I.

Craning her head to see, she said, "I can still see the rim of the head."

He sounded surprised. "So... more?"

"Just a little. Just the tip."

He sighed as if relieving some pressure and pushed just a little more. I watched the rim of the helmet disappear into my wife.

Cat nodded.

Tim caught the motion and stopped immediately. He made a coughing sound and panted. "Wow, that..." He looked down at Eva. "That feels so good."

She nodded, eyes bright and encouraging.

Seeing her do that drove a huge wave of pressure up my dick. I positively quivered all along my shaft as my skin stretched and strained in a very hard and throbbing erection. I'm not sure what about what I was seeing caused that. But the head of his dick inside my wife's pussy followed by her happy nod was like a quiet thunderstrike of accomplishment and victory.

I was about to take a step back and leave them to the game when my wife looked at me and at my dick. Her mouth dropped open and she moaned. Her eyes closed and she lifted her hips right up to Tim's dick.

Half an inch more of his dick was swallowed by my wife's pussy.

He cried out. "Hey, careful!"

The tension in the living room broke.

Eva rushed, "Sorry! I didn't do that intentionally."

Cat said, "Tim didn't break the rules. He didn't put more than the tip in. It was Eva that—"

I rushed to my wife's defense. "It was an accident. She only fidgeted. Besides," I pointed at the head of my erection, "I get a lot more skin inside than Tim does."

Everyone went quiet.

Tim looked at the head of my dick.

Cat nodded thoughtfully.

Eva whispered, "Sorry."

Tim had withdrawn and was poised there, erect and expectant.

His wife said, "Ford's right. He gets two inches in. A little accident by Eva didn't even get what I get." Her shoulders relaxed. "I'd say the rules weren't broken. It wasn't my husband's fault and she said it was an accident, and it didn't even go as far in as Ford's. I'd say we're good."

Tim's forehead cleared and the lines around his eyes went slack. "Whew." He laughed. "I didn't want to be the one ruining the game."

I appreciated his effort and looked at him with mutual admiration. I liked him. I said with as much relief, "Yeah, I get two inches in. No worries. Really, I mean, I couldn't complain if you got two inches in. It would only be fair. That accident wasn't even two inches."

He looked back and forth between Cat and me.

Eva lifted her head. "That does seem fair."

Tim stroked his shaft once and looked at my wife's wide-open pussy.

In that second, I wanted him to do the full two inches to match me.

Cat forestalled any input from me. The game-master was speaking. "Yeah, that seems fair. Match tips by size. The tip of Ford's is two inches. Then my husband should match that and no more. Having different rules for different sizes is racist."

I blinked. Tim was white and so was I. So was Cat and Eva. But I connected a half second later: at work, anything and everything was racist with younger people. I nodded confirmation though I thought the idea of racism being part of the stupid game was... stupid.

Everyone was in agreement.

Tim waved his erection in consideration. "Two inches. All right." He wasn't small, just average. But the head was not entirely in proportion to his shaft. I felt sorry for him, a little.

I had started to turn to go sit back down, but waited to watch. Cat stood by my side and reached over to grip my dick.

Tim's eyes followed her hand and his mouth dropped open in lust.

I did not get the impression he was gay or bi, but rather he was excited by the sight of his wife's hand gripping me. All was good.

Cat stroked me and I had to again carefully control myself so as not to call out, moan, or do anything that might be considered too much for this game that I was technically not even playing. I didn't want any of it to end because I called direct attention to it all. Keep your head down. Say nothing. Don't cause a stir. Don't call attention to any idea that I'm outside the currently accepted norm. Yes, the corporate mindset was strong in me. The norm could change day to day, dependent on who thought they could wriggle in some victimhood off a newly perceived racist slight.

So there I stood, erection in full glory, getting stroked by Tim's wife. I felt wonderfully connected to her and Tim in that second.

This was good.

Tim stroked his shaft a little faster as he watched his wife, then turned back to Eva.

My wife waited, legs spread as awkwardly as they were on the ugly couch. One leg was bent up and leaning against the backrest. The other was thrown wide with her foot on the floor.

She looked gorgeous and I hoped Tim appreciated her despite her figure.

He moved forward and down, pressing the tip against her open hole. The head popped in. He pulled out after only an inch and moved his dick across her clit like a violinist pushing and pulling his bow across the strings.

Eva tilted her hips, turning her pussy up to the underside of Tim's erection.

Back and forth, I watched that shaft slide along my wife's familiar lips. Cat's hand slowed, then matched the speed of her husband's movements. I don't think she did it consciously, because her eyes were keen with attention on what they were doing.

Nevertheless, it had an electrifying effect on me. I leaned my hips forward into her grip and gasped because I just couldn't help it.

She glanced up at me, smiled, and gave a quiet cough of a laugh. She kept stroking, though I felt a change in tension in her hand. She was focusing on giving me a little more effort.

Tim moved, aiming his cock down to enter my wife. His hips pushed forward and the head slid into her hole. Some of his shaft followed. He panted, "Does that look right? Two inches?"

Cat never stopped stroking. She said, "Looks right."

I trembled on my feet, overcome by her hand movements coupled with the sight of Tim's dick poking into my wife's pussy. It looked sexy, nice, and fun.

He pulled out, gripping the shaft, and began poking it in. He moved, sliding the head into and out of my wife.

Eva craned her head up, looking down to where they joined. She watched his shaft with an open mouth of excitement and... lust.

I saw it on her face. The slackness around the corners of her mouth and eyes. She was enjoying this on a deeply sexual level.

And...

And that was good.

I was hoping she wouldn't hate it.

Instead, she watched with fascination and anticipation. Her hips began moving, lifting when he pushed.

It looked so hot that I moaned.

I ruined it all.

## CHAPTER 7

Everyone looked at me. Again.

I was instantly overcome by a rush of tingles. My eyes opened wide in panic.

Tim was stopped, his dick two inches inside my wife, staring at me with curiosity.

Cat didn't stop stroking, but she was looking up at me.

I could not stop what was coming no matter what I did. Sometimes I knew what was coming and knew I was too far gone to avoid it. Nothing worked to stop the orgasm when it was charging up for release.

This was a sneaky fast one.

Before I could yank my dick from Cat's hand, cum erupted.

Tim's eyes went wide and he panicked, moving sideways away from my shooting dick. His shaft sunk into my wife another inch, angled awkwardly.

Eva also gave an expression of surprise and she jerked her hips up as an orgasm tackled her from out of nowhere. Another inch of Tim's cock disappeared into my wife.

It all happened so fast.

But then Tim noticed.

Eva noticed.

Cat noticed. She called out, "Hey!"

My wife dropped her hips down fast. She gasped out with desperate pants in the middle of her orgasm, "S-sorry!"

Tim's face was another experience altogether. His was pure panic. He acted as if he had been stabbed. He frantically pulled out and I understood why.

He was cumming.

I don't know if his first surprise blast went inside my Eva. All I saw was a long squirt erupting as he pulled out. The wet stream hit Eva's inner thigh before he was off the couch and away.

He gasped, "Oops!"

Pulses and lights flashed through my brain as Cat stroked me empty. Apparently, she wasn't all that surprised and just went with it.

I was thankful.

I was embarrassed.

I gripped her around the shoulders and said weakly, "That was my fault."

Cat murmured, "What was?"

"I lost control and then it caused my wife and Tim..."

She pursed her lips at me. "He went in deeper than the tip."

"Yes, but I—"

Tim interjected, "It wasn't my fault. I didn't do it purposely. She lifted her hips —"

Eva's eyes were wide. "Did I do something wrong? I saw my husband cum and —"

Cat exclaimed, "All right, enough!"

Bossy girl.

She snorted through her nose. "Too many things are happening. I guess it was all an accident and no one intentionally did anything—"

Tim said, "I swear."

Eva sat up. "I was trying to lie still."

I remained quiet; you didn't contradict the boss unless entirely necessary. Of course, I think Tim wore the pants in their family, but right now Little Miss Bossy had the floor.

She frowned ferociously. "Listen up. Next time we play, we are in separate rooms."

Tim's response was fast. Too fast. "That's a great idea. Agreed."

My wife wanted to please. She wanted to be a part of the game and not be an issue. She said, "I'm fine with that." She bit her lower lip and pointed at her thigh. "So... this doesn't break the rules, right?"

Cat responded angrily. "How many times do I have to repeat the rules? Just the tip. The tip and no more. It's not cheating. Teasing is fine. Okay?"

Eva's chin came up, but she kept quiet.

Tim came to her defense. "It doesn't break the rules. It's just... embarrassing. Sorry, Eva. I didn't mean to lose control."

Cat agreed. "It doesn't break the rules. Really, getting someone to cum from it is half the fun. If you can tease them with just the tip and get them cumming from that, everyone wins, right?"

Not wanting the game to end before I even got a second chance to play with Cat, I instantly supported her. "That's the way I understand it."

She nodded curtly.

Tim relaxed.

Eva smiled.

In my mind, I saw the split second when Tim's dick was almost all the way inside her. It had certainly been an accident and it had been my fault. But I saw

it. I could never unsee it.

I didn't want to unsee it.

I... hoped I never forgot it.

## CHAPTER 8

I drove my cock deep, grunting with effort.

Eva gasped up at me, cupping my face and beard. "You're not mad... that he..."

"No." I thrust faster, remembering his cum squirting out as he pulled out. Had he cum in her? A squirt? I asked, "Did he cum in you?"

"You saw. It was on my leg."

Not really an answer.

Click.

"Did you feel any of it squirt inside before he pulled out?"

She looked away.

Click.

I trembled with lust, driving my cock into her. "I don't blame him if he did; you're beautiful."

She looked up at me, searching.

I gasped, "No way could I blame him. If I was him, I'd be all instant-cumming and blasting inside you."

Her eyes started to close, glazed over. She mumbled, "Do... Do you think he thinks I'm pretty?"

I hoped he did. But if his looks were any indication, I had nothing to worry about. "I think he does. The way he looks at you..."

Her eyes cleared. "The way he looks at me?"

"Hungry. Appreciative."

She smiled, biting her lower lip. "Really?"

I nodded. I felt a touch of jealousy and anger, though. Why should it matter to her what he thought? If it was just a game... I wanted him to enjoy her. I wanted her to enjoy the game. But I guess the whole thing with women went deeper than that. She needed a more cerebral connection – something beyond just the hot lust of it all. I added, "He's very concerned with what you think and feel. I can tell, though, that he finds you very sexy."

"What? How?"

"The fact that he's hard. Guys don't get hard over gals that turn them off."

She turned her head a little doubtfully. "Are you sure?"

I laughed, pausing my thrusting. "I have a good feel of Tim. I think he might be hiding some things, but he most definitely is not hiding that he's attracted to you."

Her smile became more excited.

"So, tell me. Did any of his orgasm release inside you?"

"Um... maybe a little. Are you mad?"

I saw spots as my dick strained and stretched. "No. I can't blame him. It was an accident after all." I couldn't control myself any longer. The sight in my memory of his dick almost all the way in my wife – even if by accident – was bold. The idea that he had begun to ejaculate inside her threw me into a lusting frenzy. I pounded my dick into my wife, pushing deep into her pussy, and wondering how much had been released in her. I gave word to wordless thoughts. "I like that he came." It showed just how turned on he was by my Eva. "You should make sure he cums next time."

Her mouth dropped open and she lifted her hips. "Yeah?"

I slammed my cock into her hard. "Make him cum! Cat said it was part of the fun..."

Eva lifted her hips up and squinted her eyes. She quivered violently and then flopped, her body convulsing and jerking to an orgasm that left her breathless. "Oh Ford! Oh Ford, I love you..."

I kept pumping, pushing hard and deep. I was close. "I love you, too, Eva Knight. Make him cum next time."

I released my orgasm into her, sharing with her the joy of our lust and satisfaction. I was amazed at how easy it was to find pleasure and deep, soulful satisfaction with each other when another man had been added to the mix.

It wasn't wrong.

It was just... different.

Tim texted me again later that week asking if everything was okay – worried his accident might've ruined things.

I assured him it hadn't and told him Eva was looking forward to lying on his ugly couch again.

She hadn't told me that, but I was pretty sure she felt it.

Proof was Sunday, instead of Saturday. My wife had come down with her cycle on Monday and put her out of action until late Saturday. We postponed until the following day.

And it was on an overcast Sunday after church that we met at Tim and Cat's place.

Not a few seconds after commenting on the Miata driver as senseless chat that my wife draped onto Tim and gave him an expectant look.

Tim looked at her, mumbling at me, "We... I... We wanted... Let me get with you a little later. I think your wife wants to start the game."

Eva giggled.

Cat seemed disappointed, but dismissed the expression from her face. "Come on, you." She took my hand and dragged me to the bedroom.

Okay, I went willingly.

I looked back.

Tim and my wife had stopped undressing and were kissing. It was a tight hug filled with urgency and need. Their heads moved, totally locked at the mouths while their tongues fought whatever desires they had in their mouths.

It was a sweet and rewarding sight.

Cat whispered, "I think they like each other."

I whispered back, "I hope so."

"Me too."

I said in the bedroom, "You're not jealous of seeing your husband like that?"

"Oh, a little. I think that's what makes it all fun. But I'm not worried about him. I know he has a fascination for tall women with pale skin, but I know he loves me more than that."

"I feel the same about my wife."

Her small mouth broke into the prettiest little smile. "Good. Then we all can have fun with our game."

We undressed.

She pulled on my cock and got me to the bed. "Let's play."

I was eager, though not fully erect yet.

She reclined and beckoned me. "Let's do what Tim and Eva do. Slide it..." She motioned to her inner thighs and closing her legs.

I had no reservations. I slid my half-erect dick between her thighs and rested the underside on her outer pussy lips. It felt hot and inviting resting there.

She lifted her knees back just as moans came from the living room.

I said, "That couch must really be comfortable."

"No way. Nuh uh. Not going to happen. I hate that thing."

Slapping sounds came from the living room, accompanied by my wife's moans of delight. Tim's grunts were just under the surface and I hoped he was having fun.

I slid and rubbed her.

She pulled my head down and we kissed. I moved my hips until my balls were against her pussy, motioning as if I was sliding all the way into her.

She moaned and kissed harder.

I was erect now and pulled up to get to work. I held her legs together and gave her that pounding kind of tease, sliding along the outside.

I stopped abruptly.

Tim was standing there, dick straight and throbbing to his pulse. Eva stood beside him, holding the base of his cock.

I blinked.

Cat lifted her head. "What?"

Tim cleared his throat. "Uh, about... I..."

Cat said annoyed, "Just ask him."

He frowned and then took a deep breath. "We were wondering if you'd agree to... um..."

I said, "What?"

His head tilted over as if mentally kicking himself for not having the right words. "We... Cat..."

His wife coughed. "How hard can this be?"

Tim took an even deeper breath. "Would you mind if we suspended the rules or the game for two seconds and you put it all the way into Cat? She's never seen one that big or felt one..."

I blinked a few more times. I made a motion between them. "You... want me to put it in her?"

"All the way. She is dying to know—"

Cat grumped, "I'm not dying; I'm just curious."

He sighed in exasperation. "Could you give it all to her? Just one push, let her feel it, and then we'll go back to the game. Is that... okay?"

I looked at my wife.

Her hand was stroking Tim's cock, watching us. When her eyes met mine, she was carefully neutral.

*So, you're leaving the decision to me. But that told me a lot. She didn't want to upset the game, didn't apparently overly object, and was letting others decide to suspend the rules for this little slice of time.*

Click.

Sometimes, things are different in reality than when thought about it all beforehand. I took stock of the situation at this moment, feeling with every sense that I had. The process only took two seconds, but much went into my mental quest.

There was no darkness here, only light.

We were surrounded by joy.

Despite preconceptions, there was no feeling of wrong, only right. With different people, things would've been different. But at this moment, with these people, everything clicked into place. It was like the proper combination to a safe. Click click click, chances were, it wasn't going to open. But this had the proper combination. Everything smoothly clicked and settled and it was all open.

At any other time, I might have said that this was evil and wrong, but I was here. I was experiencing it. It was not evil. It was not wrong. It was just something different and it all clicked.

I said, "All right. She wants to feel all of it?" I took a breath. "I don't know if she can take all of—"

Cat surged up. "Well, that's for me to try." Her resounding certainty told me not to rob her of her choice.

I held up my hands. "I'm just saying..."

Tim said, "Cool, give it a shot."

I said, "Oil would help, or this is probably going to take longer than ten seconds or however long you think—"

Cat said, "We'll suspend the rules until you get it all the way in." To her husband, "Would you get the avocado oil from the spice cabinet?"

He stood for only a half second looking at her and then spurred himself into action. He left the bedroom.

Cat tugged on my dick with both hands, masturbating me. It felt good. "Is this okay? I just want to feel it once."

I tried to sound indifferent. "Sure, not a problem. It's a good thing to help out your neighbors."

Eva was standing, arms lightly folded, and said, "I agree. Helping is important. Even with something like this."

That surprised me.

Tim returned and started to give his wife the oil, then abruptly changed and handed it to me. "There you go." His smile was bashful.

I oiled up my dick and poured a little on Cat's pussy. I smeared the lips and worked my fingers in and made sure she was well-lubed.

She moaned, widening her legs as I did it.

I was distracted by Tim's breathing, but took care not to react or look: he was breathing very heavily.

Eva grabbed his dick again and he moaned.

I thrilled to seeing her hand on him and I offered her the oil.

Her face lit up with appreciation and she took it, oiling up her hand. When she touched him again, he groaned louder. Within seconds, her hand was sliding noisily along his slick erection. She giggled. "I like this."

He gasped, "You can do more out there after... your husband..." He trailed off, panting.

Cat nudged me. "Let's do this." She dropped to the bed, her breasts bouncing, and her legs splaying wide.

I shook my head. "Up. Give me your legs."

"Oh..." She lifted her feet and I placed them over my shoulders.

I angled my cock down and pressed the head to her hole. I moved it around, making sure her lips were parted around the head so they didn't get dragged in.

Tim panted faster.

Eva quickened her strokes.

He whispered, "No, stop. Wait. I... don't want to cum. Yet. I mean..."

My wife snickered.

I was eager and pushed.

Cat's eyes widened just as before when I had gotten the head into her. Her mouth was open in preparation for crying out.

I pushed more. The head went in and about an inch of the shaft before I felt pressure and awkward positioning. I pulled out and pressed back in.

Tim gasped, "I thought you were going to just put it in. In and out is breaking—"

Cat said grumpily, "Shh! We suspended the game."

I said, "Have to readjust or this is going to take forever. She's very tight."

Tim chuckled and then coughed, going quiet.

Cat said, "Readjusting is fine. Right? Whatever it takes to get it in."

I was getting dizzy. I had just stuffed a good four inches into Tim's wife and it felt so normal. It was a pussy, like any other. I pressed into her again, pushing deeper.

Tim let out a long sigh.

Eva started stroking him again, her hand moving as slow as my hips.

I readjusted, pulling out a little and pushing again. More. Again and again, I pushed in, pulled out, and got a little deeper.

Tim panted, "It looks like you're fucking her."

I said, "Do you want it all the way in her or do you want me to stop?"

Cat said, "All the way in. Come on, you can do it and I can take it."

Tim said, "No, don't stop. Keep going."

I was a little dizzy than I thought and was really not paying all too much attention or focusing. I couldn't help it. I humped into her, going deeper and deeper, pulling out, pushing in and clawing my way into her inch by inch.

Her breasts moved with the force of my thrusts and she whimpered with pleasure as I strove to get deeper. Finally, I was all the way in.

I panted, wanting more. Her pussy had felt so heavenly on my shaft. I said, "Okay, one more to make sure it's all the way in."

She didn't even pretend to argue. "Okay."

I wasn't in complete control and couldn't fabricate in my mind a man who would've in my position. I pulled out and pushed forward all the way to my balls. Then I did it again. All the way out, then all the way in. Then a third time. Her pussy felt so snug and good on my shaft that I just had to. For the third time, I had pushed my cock as deep as it would go inside Tim's blonde wife.

I leaned down, panting. "Okay, it's all in." I kissed her, driving my tongue in and experiencing the feel of her tongue and lips. I tried to stay still, but the kiss made me delirious. With a jerk, my hips moved, pressing inward, then a little outward.

Cat moaned and kissed me with a fervor I could not grasp. Her hips pumped up at me shamelessly, moving her pussy a good four inches along my shaft.

I went still, letting her fuck me on her own. I gasped and breathed with effort.

Tim groaned feverishly.

Cat whispered, "This feels so good..."

"Did you like it all the way in?"

"Yes."

I said, "Okay, one more time, then."

Her eyes lit up and her teeth showed in a smile of wonder.

I shoved my cock into her to my balls.

Instantly, she shoved back, but she kept going, humping me and fucking me with as much effort as she could muster.

*Well, if she's willing to bend the rules this much... I planted my feet and hammered her pussy. One, two, three, ten strokes. We glared at each other with a mixture of lust and daring. There was anger there about the game, as if she was daring me to call out the rules or admit she wasn't good enough to break them. I was fierce with effort, driving my cock into her pussy even with her husband standing and watching. For maybe twenty seconds, we stared at each other with fire in our eyes, grunting and fucking as hard as we could while the rules were suspended. Both of us hissed through our teeth with effort as my balls slapped*

*her ass. She clawed at me, pulling, demanding more. Her hips slammed up to mine and the bed shook so hard the headboard banged the wall with loud thumps.*

Fucking her was good.

It was so good that...

It was so good that I had to stop.

I pulled out.

Her fierce expression became angrier, then suddenly went slack and sad with loss.

Tim breathed, "That was beautiful."

I said in a broken, shaky voice, "I... uh... got it all in. Finally." I looked at him, bravely hoping nothing would be said. I had pretty much just fucked his wife, and it had been good. My cock stood out throbbing, leaking pre-cum.

He stood there with my wife kneeling to his side. Her mouth caressed the shaft. A long line of ooze was hanging from the end. Her lips on his skin mesmerized me.

He said, "Wow, she's all stretched out."

Cat was on her back, hips moving in little humping motions as her lips were gaping open. Slowly, her open hole convulsed and closed a little. A little more each time.

I wanted to plunge back in there and give her three more good thrusts. Okay, maybe a hundred.

My wife hummed something.

I turned back to them.

She had taken his cock into her mouth and was sucking him as good as she had ever sucked me. She moved back and forth, pulled off and kissed the head,

licked around, then sucked him back down.

Tim's eyes closed.

I had never seen a more beautiful vision of my wife's face than at that moment.

She broke the spell though. She climbed back to her feet and whispered into Tim's ear. "Let's go back to the living room and play the game."

Within seconds after them leaving, the sounds of their moans drifted in.

Cat curled up, looking longingly at my dick.

I asked her, "Did you like it? Was it okay?"

She opened her mouth, then shut it.

I had never seen her speechless. What wasn't she saying? I said, "Did I do too much?" Careful. I was worried she now regretted it and... I had definitely lost control.

Eva moaned so loudly out in the living room that we both looked at the door. But as if spurred by the noise, Cat said, "No. No, not at all. I just... We suspended the rules. It was... very good." She looked away.

*What does that mean? Is she lying? Regretting it?*

Out in the living room, Eva suddenly wailed out. "Yes!"

Ball slapping sounds echoed in.

I shook my head. It sure sounds like they're having sex. What if they were? Had they suspended the rules out there without all of us consenting? I looked towards the door.

Cat said, "My husband really digs on your wife."

"That doesn't worry you?"

"Nope."

The sounds coming in grew louder and louder. Eva moaned, "Deeper..."

Tim's whisper was still loud enough to hear. "Shh."

I said in a low voice to Cat, "Did I miss something? Or are they playing with suspended rules, too?"

For the very first time, Cat looked doubtful. "I know he really likes Eva, and he loves me so completely I know I'll never lose him, but that does sound..."

Seeing as she hadn't asked to continue playing – for whatever reason – I said, "Should we go check on them?"

Her chin came up. "Okay." It was a resolute, one-word statement. She was off the bed.

We entered the living room.

And must have missed whatever.

Tim was out of her, back and jacking his dick. He was saying, "Are you sure?"

She saw us and blinked. "Oh, hi." A little too loud.

*Duh.*

Tim turned quickly, shock on his face.

I said, "What is my wife wanting?"

He choked and croaked, "Oh, uh, I pulled out – I mean, I pulled out the tip, you know. I was going to cum. She said to jack and let her watch and it was okay if it landed on her."

My wife blushed so hard anyone could have mistaken her as being permanently sun-burnt a deep brick red.

Cat giggled.

I said, "Yeah, we talked a little about it." We hadn't come to any definite, conclusive mutual agreement, but I covered for her. "Getting your stuff on her is

not a crime."

He looked vastly relieved. "Oh..."

My grateful-looking wife said, "See?"

Tim fanned himself for a few seconds. "So... I can jack off and finish? And if some lands on her...?"

I cleared my throat. "I wasn't worried about a little bit possibly being accidentally shot into her..."

He laughed with such relief I thought he would start breaking down into a bubbling puddle.

Eva's legs were spread. She was toying with her clit. She said, "Come on, let me watch. Aim it over here."

I nodded. "It's not breaking the rules, surely."

Cat agreed. "Nope." A woman of many words.

Tim smiled and began jacking happily.

Eva spread her pussy lips, rubbing and holding them open. She looked totally lost in lust.

Had he been in her? More than the tip? Or in his case, more than two inches? Had they secretly agreed to feel it all in? Had he given her several pumps like I had Cat? Would that be fair? Or unfair?

Tim panted faster. "I'm really close."

Eva's smile was sultry. "Come on, lover. Do it. Can it even reach that far?"

Cat snickered and whispered to me, "He shoots really far." She went to her husband and took over jacking him. She aimed his cock at my wife.

Tim was a few feet away from her. At my best, I probably would fall short. He gasped to my wife, "Hold it open."

She pulled on her opening with one hand, spreading with her fingers.

He said, "No, really open. Use both hands."

Eva reached her other hand down and pried open her hole. It gaped, much like Cat's had several minutes before.

Tim groaned with appreciation. "So beautiful. You're as sexy as Cat."

Eva grinned with pride and pulled her pussy open as wide as it would go.

He moaned low, his wife's hand moving fast, and suddenly went stiff. He panted fast, then held his breath. A little squirt came out maybe three inches and dropped to the couch.

I had to suppress laughter. But I was premature.

His second squirt lanced out in a long stream, strong and vigorous. The leading edge landed high on my wife's hip, followed by the rest of the stream traveling downward. One squirt covered her in a long line of wetness. From the top of her hip, it splashed down, traveling across her lower abdomen, to the side of her clit, down across her pussy, and the final amount on the couch. A little bit of it had entered her hole as the stream had crossed her opening diagonally.

I was electrified. Tingles raced up my back and my knees went numb to the point I thought I would collapse. And that was just the second squirt. Three more squirts erupted, though not as far in distance as before. But between each squirt, Tim moved forward several inches and Cat adjusted the aim. The third squirt landed mostly on her pussy with some inside. Cat guided the fourth and fifth squirts almost all into my wife's open pussy.

I'm not sure when it had happened, but I found myself rapidly stroking my erection and calling out with lust.

A split second later, Cat was on her knees, taking the head of my cock into her mouth. She slurped on me, sucking hard on the head until I burst. I pulled her head just a little, trying to get as much of my cock into her mouth as possible, but didn't try very hard. Really, I was too big for her mouth. I came, grunting and cumming, and filling the sweet girl's mouth with my cum. My knees threatened to buckle.

I laughed at the tickle that follows an orgasm and pushed her head gently. I laughed weakly and said more as a joke, "Now go kiss your husband with that mouth."

Tim laughed low and amused. "I'd kiss her anytime. Even like that."

Cat got up, winked at me and went to her husband.

He appeared a little surprised, but took her into an embrace. They kissed. Deep.

My wife had been toying with her pussy on the couch, moving her fingers in and out. She was watching them and the kiss caused her to jerk and gasp. She croaked, "Oh my gosh, that is so hot..." Her fingers twirled Tim's cum around her clit and she lifted her hips in sudden tension. Her legs quivered and she let loose a low howl. "Oh yes! Kiss him with my husband's cum in your mouth. Oh!"

My dick flexed and another stream of cum leapt out.

## CHAPTER 9

I asked my wife, "Did you have fun?"

I introduced the subject over a Wednesday dinner.

She murmured, "You asked that already. On Monday."

I shrugged. "Women change their minds all the time. Do you want to stop going over there?"

"No. But why not have them over here, too? I think we can safely say they're not axe-murderers."

"Well, sure. So you want to keep playing with them?"

She said with a straight face, "It's a fun game." But it was too studied.

Click.

I blurted it out, though it was tempered and even, "He broke the rules, didn't he?"

She was quiet for a moment. "Yes. Does that mean we have to stop playing?" There was worry in her eyes.

I sat back. "No... because you were honest with me. I think you've been trying to hide—"

"He broke the rules the very first day. He apologized and said he couldn't control himself. That I was beautiful and he couldn't help it. He stroked my face. He kissed me. Ford, I didn't want to ruin the game for you and Cat and him if I said anything—"

"So you let him break the rules."

"He treated me with such respect and tenderness that I didn't have the heart—"

I stopped her with my hand on her shoulder. "It's okay."

"Do you forgive me?"

I released her as if burned. "I..."

"Do you?"

I shook my head. "I forgive you if that's what you want and need, but I wasn't holding him and what happened against you."

"You're not mad?"

"Mad?" I was incredulous. "We've had the best sex we've ever had the past couple of weeks."

She smiled seductively. "They make me feel so... alive."

"I made you feel dead?"

She slapped playfully at my forearm. "No, silly. I have always felt secure with you and loved. But with them, it is more. It is good."

"So you want to keep seeing them?"

She nodded. "I hope you do, too. Despite what... you know now. I thought for sure you'd end it all if you found out he came in me two weeks ago."

"It was just one squirt?"

She nodded. "I didn't cover over that one. I think he didn't want to pull out, but he did after the first shot."

"He was breaking the rules then?"

She looked at me for several seconds, studying my face.

*Keep being honest and I won't have any reason to call all this off. I willed her to tell the truth. My Eva was not a liar; but she often omitted details if she thought people could be hurt over them.*

She pursed her lips and nodded.

"That's okay."

She looked up at me through her eyelashes with hope. "Really?"

I sighed. "I want us to be honest with each other. That's what marriage is all about. To be honest, I can't get the image out of my head when I startled everyone and his cock went in you further. It was... so sexy. I was happy for you and—"

"Happy for me?"

"I know you are self-conscious. He absolutely digs on you, Eva. You should run with that as far as you both are able to go. Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless you were planning to dump me for him."

The shock on her face was comical. "Never! Never Ford Knight. I'm yours."

I smiled at the certainty in her voice. "Then I don't have any problems with the game."

She looked down. "I think about it, a lot. I find myself all zoned out when doing layouts. I feel this overwhelming love for you that is all and everything. But I also feel the connection with Tim. He talks to me so sweetly and tells me things I like to hear. Is it bad I like that?"

"Only if you think I'm not giving you those things."

"But you are! What I mean is, you give them to me and so does he – in a lesser way. But it's still good. It fills me with a gladness that's hard to describe."

I squeezed her hand. "Good."

"You don't look at me like I'm damaged goods now?"

I jerked my head back. "What? No."

"He had his dick in me, Ford. We... did it." She gave a shuddering gasp. "And it was," her voice broke, "very good."

I supported her the only way I could think of that meant anything to her: I kissed her. "I love you. I will always love you."

"Do you mean that?"

I nodded solemnly.

"Is it okay if we have fun with them?"

"Well..." I trailed off, giving her a look.

Her eyes went big. "What?"

"Until they turn out to be axe-murderers or something."

She snorted and laughed. "Ford Knight!"

I laughed with her.

She said, "You've really been thinking of him inside me?"

I coughed. "You can't imagine. I can't stop thinking about it."

"Is that good or bad?"

I blew out a breath. "I've been thinking about that, too. It's good. I think about it all and there isn't any darkness. There isn't any evil. It's all light. It's four people appreciating each other and having fun. Maybe our pastor was right after all: sex isn't a sin; God made it. We interpret the Bible and make it fit our social constructs."

"I tune him out when he begins with all that."

I looked more directly at her. "But that's when you should listen. That whole message matters right now. We have made sex into sin. Sure, adultery is sin, but are we doing adultery by the strict definition of the Bible, or by our constructed definitions over time?"

She hummed. "I don't think we are."

I held up my hands. "There you go."

She nodded thoughtfully, then smiled. "So why not invite them over here? Our place is newer, bigger."

I laughed. "Who gets the guest bedroom?"

She blew out a breath. "I need to get a mattress protector for the guest bedroom."

"Huh?"

She rolled her eyes. "If we're going to be... playing games in there and there is cum leaking everywhere..."

I got hard. Right then. Outrageously freaking hard. I panted in a rush of dizziness. The idea of my wife worried about Tim's cum staining the mattress was a turn on as strong as I've ever felt. At that second, I wanted Tim to cum all over my wife – and in her. I shifted very uncomfortably in the chair. I croaked, "Okay."

Was it bad that I wanted to let Tim cum in my wife? Or was it actually as good as it felt?

It more than just felt good; the idea felt and sounded great. I poked Eva.

She lifted her eyebrows. "Hmm?"

My throat was dry and there was too much saliva in my mouth. I swallowed convulsively for a few seconds. "Maybe you could let him cum in you."

Her eyes widened in wonder. "Do you mean it?"

"Would you like that?"

She breathed, "Yes. That sounds so... fun."

I grinned like a kid plotting a cookie heist. "Then let's make sure it happens." I put my bowl in the dishwasher. "Did you really like seeing Cat kiss Tim with a mouthful of my cum?"

Her eyes bugged out and she put her head low to the table as if ducking an obvious question. "Yes!"

I laughed.

"Don't laugh at me. It was..."

"Go on."

She pursed her lips. "I don't know. It seemed so nasty that you blew your load in her mouth and she kissed her husband with it right after. I loved it. It was like you proved to her your manhood and she had to run tell her husband with the evidence. I hope I see that again."

I didn't want to break her mood by telling her I thought that sounded strange. We're all different in different ways. "If I cum in her mouth again. What if I cum inside her?"

She licked her lips – the nervous gesture. "Well, if that happens, I guess it would be fair..."

"Do you want it to be fair?"

"It should be fair. If it isn't fair, people get hurt."

I nodded slowly. "True."

As if coming to a decision, she said, "Then let's be fair."

Was she offering me Cat so she could have Tim?

Did it matter if we were all happy?

Was it wrong if we all wanted it and agreed to it?

## CHAPTER 10

Tim shook his head. "I didn't know the development had built houses this big."

I said, "There's one model larger. Two story."

"I've seen them, but they look small from the front."

"Long houses."

He nodded. "I see you have a much nicer couch."

Cat laughed.

Tim crowded me, lowering his voice. "Say, uh..."

"Hmm?"

Eva gave me a strange look of interest over his shoulder.

He scrunched up his mouth. "Would you mind playing with my wife again and... er... suspending the rules so I could see it again? I have to admit, I really would like to see more. Like maybe Eva could stroke me while you do my wife? I really liked that." By the time he finished his strangled request, there was moisture on his forehead. "Sorry," he mumbled, "a little nervous..."

I let him know he was fine. "No worries. I'm sure my wife and I can oblige you. That is, if Cat agrees...?"

Cat had her hair done up in braids again. She was wearing her glasses that she rarely put on. She looked positively adorable. She bit her lower lip and twisted back and forth on her feet. "Yes."

I nudged Tim. "Got a nickel?"

He scrutinized me. Then he searched his pockets. He pulled out change. "Nope."

I chuckled. "Any coin will do. Flip and let's see who gets the guest bedroom."

He nodded in understanding. "Heads I get the master bedroom."

"Sounds good."

The coin went up and came down tails.

Tim grinned. "Oh well. At least I get to see Cat taken," he lowered his voice dramatically, "to your lair..."

We laughed.

Cat bounced along the hall, braids swaying. "This way?"

Tim wagged his eyebrows at me. "Thank you, Ford."

I knew what he meant but it was hard for a man to say thank you for fucking my wife. I grasped his shoulder and nodded. "Thank you, too."

He brightened.

Eva rolled her eyes. "Oh my gosh, are you two going to kiss?"

Laughter, again, minus Cat who had disappeared.

I said, "Come on, I think Cat is lost."

Tim blew out a nervous breath and fidgeted the front of his slacks. "This is very odd..."

Eva gripped his arm. "Well, let's get used to it?"

"You are truly an inspiration. Ford is a lucky, lucky man."

She murmured, "Thank you..."

"You deserve every syllable."

*He really is gaga over her. I felt good about that. I didn't want the love of my life – the woman I married and slept with every night – hurt by some dick's callous*

*attitude.*

I found Cat naked in the bedroom.

She was going through our things. She wasn't stealing, though. She was picking things up and looking at them, sniffing the perfume bottles, inspecting the curios. She ran her fingers along the wood of the armoire. She saw us in the mirror and turned, braids flailing.

She really was a beautiful girl. She had the right curves where they mattered and even slightly wider hips than seemed to be the normal taste for guys. Very good child-birth hips.

And I wanted to bury my cock deep in them again.

I started to undress, but she interrupted it and did it for me.

Eva and Tim also got naked.

Cat did a little dance, shimmying against me and sliding her boobs up my dick. It felt very nice, even if I wasn't a boob man. Still, the girl had nice round ones that were young enough to defy gravity.

Luscious.

Cat knelt and said, "My husband said he really liked this, so..." Her mouth covered the head of my stiffening dick. She pulled off quickly. "I can get more of it in this way. Until you get hard." Again, my dick was covered. The warmth of her mouth heated me and I was swelling fast. She kept me in her mouth, letting her jaw open with my expansion.

Finally, she pulled off as I got hard. "Ouch, how do you do it?" She shook her head. "That made my jaw hurt."

Eva assumed the question was for her. "You get used to it, though my jaw still gets sore after a little while."

Instead of trying again, she comically ran her tongue all over the head of my dick. "I love a man who knows how to clean. I had a boyfriend once who... I don't know. He didn't know how to wash or something. He smelled bad. Really

bad down here."

I lifted my eyebrows. Was this something young people talked about during sex?

However, she stopped talking about it and just slurped on me. She stood up, handling me. "Kiss me and you can stick it in me."

I didn't know if there were extra conditions, but I had no problem kissing her after she had sucked me. I kissed her and she moaned happily, pressing her body against mine.

Tim grumped, "Let him do you, Cat."

She gave him a playful look, much different than the post menstrual grumpiness the week before. "A girl has to get primed, you know?" She hummed at me and pulled me to the bed. "Are you going to be okay doing me on the bed?"

I looked at her funny. "What do you mean?"

Her expression became more serious. "This is sort of like your domain, you know? If it bothers you to do this where you sleep with her..."

"That's kind of you, Cat, but I don't think..." I looked at Eva.

She was busy stroking Tim and wasn't even paying attention.

I said, "Let's do it."

"Let me drive first." She ran her hands down to her lightly trimmed pussy. "I really really want to ride you."

Wordlessly, I acceded. I rolled over on the bed and let my erection be the lighthouse.

Cat climbed up over me and moved up so her pussy touched the head of my dick. She pulled it in and pressed it to her clit. She moved her hips, rubbing. Her eyes were alight and totally focused on me. "I love that beard. Have I told you that before?"

"No." I smirked.

She made a dismissive sound. "Like I haven't."

I was hard and her pussy felt good.

She said, "It's nice to do this with a handsome older man."

I returned, "It's nice to have a beautiful young girl massaging my dick."

Her teeth flashed happily and her braids swung as she turned her head to the side in a feminine gesture of "tell me more!"

Tim and Eva had moved to the side of the bed.

Cat lifted, guiding my erection. She pressed down. "Oh boy..." She lifted and tried again.

I chuckled. "I think I need to drive and we need the oil."

She pouted. "Someday I'll be able to do this on my own. Help stretch me out, Mister Knight?"

"My pleasure."

She bounced up and down on my thighs.

Eva handed me the bottle from the nightstand.

Cat said, "Oh, you have a bedroom version? I guess we need to do that, too. For when you come over."

We maneuvered.

I oiled up and motioned to her.

She put her legs out wide.

I considered it. "We can try it that way."

Her eyes got large. "Oh, I forgot." Her feet came up into the air.

Eva laughed.

I shook my head. "Nah, let's try it your way. At least as far as you on bottom. Go ahead and spread them; I think we can do it. It wasn't hard once we had the oil."

Her feet went down and I moved forward.

Fingers got in my way. Eva had reached in to spread Cat's lips. She said, "She looks good, doesn't she?"

I wanted to wave my wife off because I didn't need help, but I stopped from doing that. "She does."

"Did she feel good last time?"

I wasn't sure what she wanted to hear – what she needed to hear, so I just replied and kept it simple. "Yes."

"Do you think she tastes good?"

*Ah, that's where we're going. "Let's find out." I scooted and brought my face down to my wife's fingers and Cat's pussy.*

Eva continued to hold the girl's lips open. She whispered, "Do it, Ford."

I licked Cat's clit where my wife was holding everything open and exposed.

Cat called out and her legs flopped once.

I could hear Tim panting somewhere close. I could also hear skin sounds. I moved my tongue up and down, side to side and explored the girl's folds.

Eva was fingering herself with her other hand. Her whisper held a note of command I had never heard from her before, "Lick her pussy. Lick it good."

I was shocked for a second when a hand touched my dick. I jerked, jumped, and yelped. But it was only my wife, reaching under me and gripping my erection as she held Cat's pussy open.

She said, "Keep licking!" Her hand yanked on my dick, giving it some hard strokes.

I saw spots, but kept licking the girl.

Cat moaned, groaned, and thrashed about on our bed.

Faster and faster, my wife's hand stroked my length. "Okay, Ford, do it." Her whisper was stern in my ear. "Fuck her."

I moved with my wife's urging, until her hand was guiding my cock to Cat's entrance. I took over and pushed. Cat spread her legs farther and lifted her hips.

Tim gasped, "Do it. Open up for him. Yes."

Cat moaned, "Just put it in me."

I croaked, "I'm trying." I worked the head in, then remembered Tim. I leaned up. "Is this what you want to see?"

He sighed dramatically. "Yes. More. Please."

I pushed in response, sliding more of my shaft into his wife. It felt good, tight, and hot.

Tim was feverish. "Stretch her out. Force it in. Wreck her pussy."

I shoved more into her. Half my length was stuffed into Cat.

Tim pulled my wife in front of him and stuck his cock between her thighs from behind. The head of his dick stuck out between her legs and he pushed and pulled back and forth, teasing her and himself. "Shove it in her!"

Eva moaned.

I pushed more, adjusting. I pulled out and pushed again. Back and forth, I worked my cock until the girl was lubed and loosening up.

Tim's voice was a bare whisper. "Oh man, that looks so hot."

Eva said, "Doesn't it?"

I was only half-listening. I was concentrating on staying upright so Tim could see. I was focused on Cat's face, gazing into her eyes as I speared myself into her hole. She had given herself to Tim and was magnanimous enough to allow me to experience intimacy with her for fun.

It was fun.

I could see in her eyes the love she had for her husband. I couldn't miss it from the looks she gave him. I wasn't missing the devotion he had for her, either. These weren't people who were bored. They weren't tired of each other. They celebrated each other, mutually giving each other what they both wanted as a strong, bonded couple. This was as clean and good as it could get and I wanted to do my part in helping them engage their fun.

Of course, fun for me, too.

I slid more in until I was planted deep. Now Cat was looking only at me. For the moment that we shared locked together, I treasured the woman's gracious permission for me to access her pussy. It was a gift from a loving married woman to another man that was beyond measure. I relished the feel of her tightness that was devotedly reserved for her husband. This bestowal from her of her most prized intimacy was something I instantly understood as an honor.

They loved each other, just as much as I loved Eva. I wanted the best for my wife. I wanted to give her what she wanted and desired. I wanted to fulfill everything in her life so she understood that I was invested in seeing us share her goals together. I saw that same bond in Tim and Cat.

That I was allowed and asked to stick my dick in her was a privilege I was going to absolutely treat with reverence and respect. No question.

Tim's moans of lust spurred me. I drove slowly into Cat, moving deep into her and savoring the feel of her pussy. But she wasn't just a hole. She was a person – a beautiful woman married to someone else. I would revere and uphold her bond to Tim by not assuming or taking what wasn't given. I was allowed to share and that is as far as it would go. But she was a person, too.

I leaned down, resting on my elbows and kissed her. I moved my hips slowly, giving her everything gently. "You feel so good, Cat."

She whimpered with happiness and stroked my beard. "Thank you..."

"For what? I should be thanking you."

"I... We..."

*Cat? At a loss for words? I smiled.*

She seemed to grasp I wasn't smiling to make fun of her. "This isn't something we really planned, you know, but... all of this kind of happened. I wanted the game to be strict, because... I'm married and we're Christian..."

"I understand."

"Do you? I didn't want to commit adultery."

"This isn't adultery. You're not property to be stolen—"

"But sex outside of marriage—"

"Many of the men of God had concubines or used prostitutes. God didn't correct them."

She looked away, eyes bright, and giggled. "No, He didn't, did He?"

"We're doing this with the full approval and permission of our partners. This is about respect, not theft. And... I had... doubted before about the game, but this isn't cheating."

She let out a loud breath with a grin. "That's comforting to hear from other people."

"Who was it you played Just the Tip with before?"

Her face stiffened and she clamped her mouth shut.

*Okay, I guess some things aren't meant to be shared. I shook my head. "Never mind. Doesn't matter."*

Her face relaxed and her breathing resumed, peaceful.

I kissed her, holding my cock in deep – just lying on her unmoving while we kissed. I wanted her to feel my appreciation. I wanted her to know I respected her. Then I leaned up a bit and began slow strokes in and out. I looked to the side of the bed.

Eva was kneeling, licking around the head of Tim's cock while holding the base.

Her eyes, though, were on me.

Tim's mouth was open and his chest moved fitfully. His eyes were glazed with satisfaction and his lips wore the hint of a euphoric smile.

I kept fucking Cat and said to him, "Thank you, Tim. Thank you."

His lips spread, but didn't lose the overall slackness of his daze. His head dipped and came up slightly and I realized he was nodding.

I wanted to give him what he wanted. I wanted to fuck his wife. But more than that, I wanted to make love to her. I didn't want to just use her in some cheap fling.

Nope.

I pulled out and grinned at the girl. "Okay, you drive."

She let me lie down and climbed over me. She hunched over, lifting, and placed me at her entrance. She settled, the head of my dick poking in and spreading her open.

Tim said, "Cat..."

"What?" She didn't want to be distracted.

"Could I speak to you a moment? Real quick?"

She looked annoyed, but the expression vanished when she looked at her husband. Instantly, a look of love came over her and she was off of me without glancing back in my direction. "Of course."

Tim winked at me. "Be right back... Don't move."

I made a gesture and nodded. If they needed to talk, that was fine.

Eva sat on the edge of the bed and gripped my erection. She just held it and leaned over to kiss me.

I said, "Are you okay?"

She went upright with an expression of consideration. "I think so? What's on your mind?"

"Just making sure you're okay with everything."

She gave me a quick kiss. "I'm fine. As long as we're open about everything."

I snarked, "You mean, like Tim breaking the rules the first day?"

She colored in embarrassment and strangled back a smile. "We're going there again?"

I chuckled. "No, just teasing you."

She squeezed my dick. "Be honest with me."

"Always." I awaited her question, but there wasn't one. It had just been a general admonition.

Instead, she changed the subject. "If I were to ask to end this, would you? Or would I be twisting in the wind..."

I sat up. "We can stop right now. I can ask them to leave—"

She placed her hand on my chest, pushing me back down. "I was just asking. What if next week I decided—"

"This is a four-way decision. If you want out, it all ends. If I want out, would you end it with Tim as easily?"

Her face clouded over in doubt. "Well, I just mean that... I mean, if I were to object—"

I laughed. "I see where this is going. It ends if you want it to end, but not if I want it to end."

She pouted. "That's not fair."

"Well? If I wanted it to end right now?"

She gave me her very disapproving look. "Ford Knight, don't play games with

me. I'm just concerned that if I changed my mind next week—"

It was my turn to touch her. I squeezed her arm. "I'm not going to be doing Cat behind your back. If you want it over, it's over."

Her shoulders slumped. "Thank you. I'm fine, but I was just wondering."

"So we're good for today?"

She nodded.

I glanced at the door. They were murmuring out there, somewhere by the front door. I said, "Shoot, they might even cancel."

She looked sad. "You think so? What are they talking about out there?"

"I don't know; let me put on my bionic ears..."

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "Ford, I was just wondering out loud."

"I know. As far as things happening, I wouldn't be doing any of this if I thought you didn't want it."

She said quietly, "Thank you."

"You want it with Tim, don't you?"

She pursed her lips and nodded. "He makes me feel special."

"And I don't?" I teased her.

"Of course you do, but coming from him, too? It's extra-special. I love you, don't forget that."

"No, I won't."

They came back in, forestalling a couple other questions on my mind.

Tim looked pleased and uptight all at once. His gaze kept shifting over to Eva, but he asked me, "Ford..."

"Hmm?"

"D-do you like doing Cat?"

"Well, yes. I thanked you."

He relaxed, nodding. "Yes, and you're welcome. I mean, really welcome. We were..."

I waited. Tim didn't seem all too prepared normally to express himself adequately. Maybe that's why he was a truck driver and lighting handler for the local TV station.

He took a breath and made a face of determination. "We wondered if you'd be willing to finish inside her?"

I laughed.

My wife frowned in disapproval. "What's so funny? They're asking a heartfelt question."

I couldn't stop laughing right away. I squeezed my eyes shut and pinched the bridge of my nose. Finally, I said, "It's hard enough not finishing inside her. I don't think it will be an issue."

He pushed his head forward. "But, are you okay with it."

The mirth died right away. Yes, that was indeed a serious question because he intended it to involve my feelings on the matter. I said, "Sorry, I wasn't laughing at you..." I looked up and away, pondering his question.

Surely, blasting a load in Cat held a lot of appeal. But his question was deeper than that. Was I okay with the idea that I literally planted seed in her? Was I okay with the idea that the act could mean reciprocal treatment? Was I okay with Tim cumming in my wife?

My somewhat flaccid dick sprang back to life.

I asked, "I assume that could lead to you and Eva...?"

He licked his lips and gave a combination of shrug and nod, holding out his hands palms up. He rushed in, "You don't have to agree about me and Eva. But we... want you to finish in Cat."

Curious, I wanted to know. "Why?"

His eyes lit up and flicked to my cock. "I really want her to have that..." he swallowed, "full experience. I want her to..."

"Yes?"

He swallowed two more times. "You have a beautiful package. I want her to have that. Every time. I want your cock in her. I want you to cum in her. I want it running out of her."

"And if I didn't want that with you and my wife?"

His lips portrayed the barest frown of disappointment. "Then we'd still want you to..." He cleared his throat. "We..."

I sat up. I knew nothing would be happening until this was all worked out.

Cat stood patiently, waiting and watching. So did Eva. I knew both or either of them would pipe in if Tim and I said something they found the slightest bit objectionable.

*Hammer time for the men. I took a deep breath. I said, "Eva and I talked a little. None of this happens – it all stops – if one of us objects."*

He looked at his wife, mine, and me. "Agreed."

"Something else was bugging you, though?"

He nodded. "We were wondering if you... do this with any other people?"

Eva blurted, "No!"

He sighed with relief. "Okay, just had to ask. I-- We only want to continue if there isn't anyone else involved."

My wife said, "We've never done anything like this—"

Cat said, "Neither have we."

Tim said, "We were sort of hoping we could be... exclusive..."

I understood. I lifted my chin high in recognition. "Ah, I get you. If I am doing Cat, you don't want to find out I'm doing Mary, and Jane, and Ted, and—"

Eva barked laughter. "Ted?"

I shrugged. "Just a name; I'm not gay."

Tim was laughing, but he looked very happy. He was nodding in support. "That's... what we were hoping to hear. We wanted it to be special. Like you only... have a relationship with Cat and I only have one with Eva."

I wagged my finger, pointing between the two women. "But we still get to do our own wives?"

He laughed. "Sorry, yes. I just meant that we only play between ourselves. I kinda mucked all that up, didn't I?"

"Don't worry. Don't worry. I think we all got the picture." I locked eyes with my wife, silent for a moment. I asked carefully, "Does this sound okay to you?" I was ready for her to say no and I would end it all right here.

Her words were reserved. "As long as the rules don't change, I am very okay with this."

Cat grumped, "I'm still mad at my husband. I found out... Did you know he broke the rules in Just the Tip the very first day?"

I said, "Yeah, I knew."

She coughed and hung her head over. "Why am I the last one to know shit?"

Eva laughed.

Tim said, "I want to stress that for what we are agreeing to now: no secrets. If we can all agree to that..." He left unspoken that without the agreement, this would all dissolve.

I waited to see if the wives had anything to say, but they were both staring at us expectantly, ready to pounce with disapproval.

*Women.*

But I knew my input here was going to match exactly what my wife wanted and I didn't want it any other way. I said to Tim, "We're in agreement. No one else, exclusive, and no secrets. If one of us decides that it should be over, then it's over."

Tim and Cat looked at each other, both with expectation the other might object. Neither said anything.

Eva's eyes danced between the two. She poked Cat. "Oh come now, how good can those terms be?"

She jumped. "What? Me? I was waiting for Tim..." She gulped, wide-eyed. "So... when do I get to ride cock?"

I pointed. "Right now. Get on."

She almost purred. "I love strong, older men. That's why I married Tim." She climbed on and gripped me.

Eva slid up next to Tim and nibbled his earlobe. Her hand took his dick and massaged it.

I felt serene and pleased. It was so difficult to find people who didn't seem strange, and certainly, Tim and Cat did come across as strange, but we all four agreed on precisely the same thing. That was special.

That needed to be celebrated.

Cat's pussy sliding along my hardening shaft was a good prize. Later, I would pound my wife's pussy silly as we talked about the fun we had experienced. It was going to be good.

She drove, settling down onto my shaft. She rose and fell, her wide hips providing very nice handholds for me. I felt good, my cock strained erect, as Tim's wife rode it up and down. I pushed on her hips, dragging them down so I

was deep, and occasionally reached up to rub my hands across her nipples. Cat hadn't removed her glasses and I found myself enamored with the look. They were perched delicately on her nose and her braids swayed with her movements.

Eva was stroking Tim and licking his ear. Tim was staring at us, mouth open, dick oozing.

I grabbed Cat's butt and pushed upwards. The move elicited a groan from both Tim and Cat.

He whispered, "That is so sexy. I love seeing that."

Cat said, "Seeing what?"

"His cock up in you, stretching you open. Your pussy is a big circle around his shaft."

She giggled. "I feel so full."

He asked, "Do you like his cock?"

"Yes..."

"Does it feel good in you?"

"Yes..."

I just did what I was doing, and pretended not to hear them. This was their moment even if it was my dick in her.

Tim's voice cracked, "Do you like fucking him?"

She moaned and lowered herself to my chest. "Mmm, yes."

I pushed up harder into her. We moved perfectly, my hips tilting up, hers tilting forward. It felt good to be so deeply connected to her. I stroked her braid.

"You're beautiful."

She hummed with contentment. "Am I tight enough for you?"

I chuckled. "Yep. It's okay if I stretch that pussy out?"

She was suddenly humping her pussy up and down fast and hard on me. "Yes! Wreck it!" She panted fast.

Eva was whispering something.

Tim said, "Yeah." He sounded very excited.

My wife whispered something again.

He moaned. "I want him to fuck her forever."

"Only if..." her voice trailed into a whisper.

"Yeah. Definitely." He hummed a chuckle. "Can't wait."

Eva raised her voice a little. "Are you getting close, Ford?"

I lifted my head. "Huh?" I was busy enjoying Cat frantically riding me.

My wife said, "We were wondering if you were close? We wanted to... you know..."

"Oh." I got up, pushing Cat back.

She frowned.

"Change of positions." I pushed her legs open and gripped my dick.

Tim breathed, "Give it to her really hard."

I motioned to Cat, wanting to hear her input.

She threw her legs wider. "I want to feel ravished."

Eva laughed. "That's what I want, too. Better give it to her, Ford. Don't let us down."

I lifted my eyebrows and let them fall. "All right, then..." I hefted my erection and pushed forward. I made sure the head was nestled properly and shoved.

Cat clawed the bed. "Ah..." She panted fast, then slowed.

I asked Tim, "Are you watching me dick your wife?"

He stuttered wordlessly in lust and gasped.

I forced my cock inside Cat's pussy. A few seconds later, we were staring at each other with that daring challenge. Our fierce looks drove us into a frenzy. I hammered her hips with mine, driving hard and fast. In and out I slammed, filling her married pussy with my cock right in front of her husband. I reamed the length of her canal with my shaft and...

And it was good.

Cat rose to the occasion with me, humping her hips and clawing at me. Her beautiful voice was lifted in calls for me to fuck her harder. "Ungh! Yes! More!"

The mattress creaked alarmingly. The throw pillow on Eva's side was pushed as I pushed my cock into Cat and thus pushed Cat up the bed. The throw pillow moved with each thrust until it finally butted up against the lamp.

Three frantic thrusts later, the lamp toppled over.

Cat was wailing, "Fuck me! Fuck me, Ford!"

I grunted ferociously, my balls slapping wetly against her ass. She wanted a real dicking? I was giving it to her.

Tim was panting fast, enrapt.

Suddenly, Cat's back arched and she squeezed her eyes shut. "Ohhh...! Unh!" She began convulsing, flopping on the bed under me. Her voice became a high pitched squeal for a moment. Then she began huffing, breathing deeper and slower in big breaths. "Oh wow! I've... I've never had one that strong. Wow...!"

I was almost breathless, seeing spots. "Get ready..." I don't know why I said that. What was she going to do different? I was at the point of total exhaustion. My limbs shook and my back ached. I was panting so hard that I thought I was going to hyperventilate. Sweat wet my brow. My cock strained and swelled. I growled more than grunted, but I thought my head was going to burst with the effort. I felt the numbing, tickling tingle start in my feet and work up my legs. I quivered as the rushing tension reached my groin. My dick had never felt harder

or bigger. It blew, forcing my cum to spew out of my shaft.

I clawed and pushed with my feet, driving my cock as far as it would go while it was squirting. Pulse after pulse of my orgasm blew into Cat. I joyously pumped my cum into her married pussy.

I couldn't see. I staggered on my arms until I gave up and lowered myself to her. I panted out of breath, chest heaving, and placed my mouth next to her ear. My cheek rested on her braid and I felt her stroking my back.

When I regained my ability to think, Tim and Eva had left the room. Already, their moans were coming from the guest bedroom.

How long had I been out of it?

## EPILOGUE

I rested next to Cat and listened to Tim fucking my wife in the next room. Eva's sounds were aroused, engaged, and pleased.

I felt peaceful.

Cat toyed alternately with my chest hair and my beard. "Are you okay with all this?"

"I had fun, did you?"

"No. Yes. What I mean is, are you okay with Tim and your wife? What we did was awesome. What about them?"

"I'm sure they're having fun. Sure sounds like it."

She giggled. "No, silly. Are you okay with them having fun?"

"Oh! Yeah, sorry. I thought you meant... Yes, I'm okay with it. As long as Tim treats her with respect."

She laughed. "You sound like my husband. He was all worried about you treating me like a kid or just using me."

I grinned. "Well, the sex was good. But yes, I think I'm anxious to make sure everyone is satisfied. I'd like to know you and Tim better. Be closer. So many people come and go and you never really know them. But yeah, I'm perfectly fine with what's going on in there as long as—"

"My husband is a good man. He might not be very quick to be forthcoming, but he's someone you can trust when he finally gives you his word. He'll treat Eva like a queen."

"That's exactly what I want to hear."

Their moans drifted in again.

I looked at the clock.

She lifted her head. "Is something wrong? Should we go?"

"No... I was just wondering about the time. They've been going at it for almost two hours."

She stroked her fingers across my chest. "He said he wanted to try making it an all-day event."

"Huh. And you're okay with that?"

She nodded thoughtfully. "We've had more sex in the past few weeks than all of the rest of this year."

I chuckled. "Us, too."

She brightened. "See? It's good for us."

Tim's groans became more pronounced.

I listened, feeling aroused, but wanted to talk and not let there be silence. "So what kind of music do you listen to as a choir singer? I imagine not Britney Spears?"

She looked at me strangely. "No, not her. Nothing wrong with her... music. I like songs about human frailty. Within Temptation has a song called 'The Purge' that really strikes a chord in my soul."

I turned my head and looked at her. She might have had braids and bounced around, but she wasn't empty-headed. "Huh. I'll have to check them out."

"It's gothic stuff, but..." She shrugged. "I wonder how many times my husband has..."

"How many times?"

"He's cum. Should be a couple already."

I lifted my eyebrows. "Really? I thought he was having trouble."

She snorted. "Uh, no."

I sat up. "Wanna go see?"

Her eyes brightened. "Okay."

In the guest bedroom, I was treated to one of those sights I hoped I never forgot.

My wife was on her hands and knees on the bed. Her head was hanging down and her hair flopping. Tim was behind her, pulling hard on her hips, driving his cock into her. The moans were loud in here and so were the squishy sounds of wetness.

Tim saw us and pulled out.

Eva looked around and made brief eye contact. She twisted and fell over. Her feet went out and I got a good view of her swollen pussy. It was soaked out and plastered. Cum was thickly coated outside and dripping out.

My heart jumped twice, skidded sideways, and began thumping at a pace that left me breathless. I stared at the wet mess. I gasped, "How many times has he...?"

Eva was beaming. "That's three loads."

Tim panted, "So far."

My wife's eyes sparkled. "We're hoping for two more, I think." As she said that, her eyes slid to Tim and she spread her legs open wider.

My dick hardened at the sight of her subconsciously opening for him.

Tim crawled over to her, preparing for another entry.

Suddenly, Cat and I weren't there – they were focused on each other.

We watched Tim enter my wife.

He slid in easily and his hips began pumping between my wife's thighs. "You feel so wonderful, Eva..."

My wife sighed luxuriously and wrapped her arms around his neck. Her hands stayed for a second, then stroked down his heaving back. As Tim fucked my wife, I watched her wedding ring gleam with bright sparkles under the bedroom light. She stroked his back wearing my ring.

I was proud.

Cat touched me, trailing her fingers along my growing erection.

I whispered, "I kinda like this Just the Tip game."

She giggled. "We stopped playing that. Now we're playing Just the Shaft."

I realized through their moans that I loved seeing a man between my wife's legs. Nothing beat it. Not even what I had done with Cat. To see my most precious love move and make such joyous sounds while offering her pussy was incredible.

I'm glad it was Tim: we had found the right people.

I was happy to see this.

I was thrilled to witness her elation.

I was going to do nothing that stopped it.

**Thank you for reading Just the Tip! I hope you enjoyed this tale of wife-swapping.**

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Beach Swing – two couples swap, one couple with consent, the other couple without

I Was a Halloween Hotwife – she is seduced by a married man on Halloween and loves it

Independence Lay – a wife takes up with a biker friend in a sexy swap

Office Swap – a young woman is star-struck by someone's husband

Stalked and Watched – a Western suspense erotic story

Adventurous – kinky talk leads to a kinky plan to seduce another couple to swap

**With a Christian theme:**

Taboo Hearts – a nasty churchgoing swap with the pastor and his wife

Love and Liberation – a young churchgoing couple become involved with liberated Christians