



LIZZY & ALAN: A RISK TOO FAR

An Interracial Hotwife Story

PETER G JOHNSON

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Author's Notes

Editors

I'd like to share a big shout-out and thanks to the friends who've kindly helped with editing and proofreading - CBears, RJ, NS, AM, VN and DukeMet – thanks folks. Your help has been invaluable.

Three Times A Lady – Book 2

I'd like to apologize for the delay in publishing the second part of this story. TTAL Book 2 is already written and is planned to be released on August 8th.

Synopsis

(The concluding part of the tale of Lizzy and my life exploring our fantasies)

Discussing fantasies on vacation in the Caribbean had resulted in revolutionary changes in Lizzy and my marriage. Marcus, a thirty-something African American EMT, had become a near fixture in our marriage. Bringing Lizzy and me pleasure in our very different ways! What a rollercoaster we'd been on!

Marcus and Lizzy's relationship deepening and putting down roots. Then a road trip to Tijuana, then a summer long of sexual exploration for my beloved Lizzy – trying all the things she'd never had a chance to savor!

The latest thing she'd ticked off on her sexual bucket list being a whole summertime as the only female playmate in a houseful of horny black teenagers!

And now a man from the very first night we'd really played had resurfaced and was asking Lizzy and me to make decisions which could create a risk too far!

Chapter 1

August 8th Monday

The hour was too early for many of the youngsters to be up and active. After all, it was only seven in the morning.

But Lizzy and Darnell – mainly Darnell – relayed the news to the four house members who were still in the living room. A mix of two who'd been up all night and who'd soon be going to bed, and two who for some reason had dragged themselves out of bed super early. Maybe final minute actions required for their upcoming freshman years at college.

By a strange quirk, the four lounging teenagers were the four who'd made the strongest impression on my consciousness. The *'thick and thin'* twin six-eight, six-nine giants Clayton and Tyrone ... Spider with his menacing facial tattoos and, maybe inevitably, Jayden. Jayden the young, wannabe apprentice to Darnell.

"Look, sorry guys! Lizzy's got to cut short the party ... I've got to head off to Fort Bragg, and she wants to come with me ... so, the last couple of weeks before you head off to whatever the fuck it is you're off to do ... well, you'll just have to make do with your right hands for comfort ... or find yourselves your own Lizzys!"

None of them were particularly awake – just like I'd been the night before – but even in their dulled states, unhappiness soon registered on their faces. But none of them – not even the two young giants – were stupid enough or brave enough to pick a fight with Darnell.

"Okay?"

He already knew he had them cowed.

They just grunted.

Which just left only me to deal with.

"Alan," he grinned, shaking my hand, punching me on the shoulder, then clasping Lizzy around the waist, pulling her to him. "Don't know who's gonna enjoy the next two weeks most! You ... or me and Lizzy! Promise we'll call ... keep you in the loop..."

“Love ya, babe,” with a kiss on the lips, a deep look into the eyes and then Lizzy was allowing herself to be pulled towards the waiting Uber.

I was more with it than the night before, but still I wasn't fully with it as it was slowly registering that I was allowing Darnell to steal Lizzy away from me to head off to North Carolina for the next two weeks. A sinking feeling settling in my gut as I realized the enormity of what was about to happen. Last night I'd seen up close and personal the impression Darnell had made on Lizzy even when he'd had to share her with the rest of the guys. Now he'd have her all to himself – have her all to himself for a whole two weeks. That is, except for the times he chose to share her with his Special Forces buddies, when he judged she needed a fix to feed the super-slutty side of her personality which had become so entrenched these last few weeks.

“Love ya, babe.” A last kiss ... a last hug and then they were hugging as they climbed into the back seat and headed to the airport – a sense of emptiness settling in even before they were out of sight.

~~~~~

Thank heaven it was Monday morning. Even if Lizzy had still been there, I'd have had to go to work. An hour after their Uber headed to the airport, I pulled myself together sufficiently to drive across town to work – although how useful I was when I got there is open to doubt.

My morning was meetings and calls – I was physically present but mentally absent. The effects of the weekend – thank heavens my company had no random drug tests – had finally worked their way through my system and I was vaguely back to normal. But this meant my brain was fully functioning to worry about what Darnell and Lizzy might be doing. And, more importantly, what this meant for our lives when his last two weeks in the Military were finished, and he returned to Houston.

I'd seen and heard enough to know the hold he'd established over

Lizzy and that, unlike Marcus, he was someone who I'd never be able to take at face value.

With Marcus, I'd certainly had my fears and my run-ins, but he'd always been straight with me. When I asked him questions and raised difficult subjects, he'd always been straight with me. He'd admitted his love for Lizzy and even been honest about why he'd never try to steal her away – because she'd not be happy without me in her life.

But with Darnell, I had no such confidence. In just a matter of weeks he seemed to have established an emotional connection with Lizzy that had taken Marcus months and years to achieve. And, simply put, I just didn't trust him ... I always got the impression he was putting on a front and playing a game.

All these thoughts raced through my head while I tried to distract myself with work, until finally it was time to go home – which brought a whole new set of problems.

~~~~~

Every evening, I dreaded going back home. Before, it had always seemed warm and full of love and happiness. Now – with Lizzy gone away in the manner she'd gone, with my agreement only gained under extreme duress – the whole house felt cold, lonely and loveless. I tried to keep myself busy, but it was like that sad old Seventies song 'Love don't live here anymore' was playing on a permanent loop.

Lizzy had been gone plenty of times before – with Marcus and the whole summer she'd been away. But that was different. Those had been things we'd discussed and I'd willingly agreed to, to make the woman I loved happy.

This time I'd been blackmailed in the worst possible way into agreeing and every waking hour I'd had this nagging, painful sense of dread about what Darnell's real intentions were. He said he only wanted to replace Marcus in our lives, that he had no intention of harming things between me and Lizzy, but I simply didn't believe him.

Compared to Marcus, he seemed a much darker and more conniving personality. And the degree to which he'd sunk his claws so deeply into Lizzy in such a short time only added to my sense of fear.

However hard parts of the week at the '*frat house*' had been, at least I'd been physically close to Lizzy and had the comforting hubbub of all the other people in the house.

But now I had none of that – I just had an empty house that echoed with memories of Lizzy ... filled with photos of her, filled with her things and a bedroom where I swear I could still smell the gentle aromas of her favorite perfumes. I even found myself wishing Marcus was still there – but even he'd gone back to his apartment.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday ... the evenings were all the same. Each evening, I found myself contemplating not just the last few weeks and months, but the whole way of life Lizzy and I had slowly allowed to become our new normal.

Sometimes I found myself quite literally pounding my fists against my skull – angry and frustrated at myself at how I'd allowed a single, unplanned night of exploration with Marcus to become such a significant part of our lives.

Everything else of significance in our lives had evolved slowly. Our romance had grown and blossomed over several years. Our thoughts and decisions as to when to have the girls had been carefully considered.

So just how the hell had we allowed something as significant as allowing another man into the sanctity of our marital relations been something we did in such a glib and un-thought through way? Just how the hell had we done something so earth-shatteringly significant in such a spur of the moment, ad hoc way?

Sat, half-drunk glass in hand, in our living room, I knew it wasn't all on me – but Lizzy's skull wasn't available to pummel, only mine was within reach!

Yeah, I'd been the one who'd made that fateful first move, procuring the services of Derrick the masseuse so his thick black fingers could explore the path and see what Lizzy might or might not be open for.

But after that, Lizzy had been the one who'd 'jumped the species barrier,' converting our annual anniversary night out into a dry-humping session with Marcus and a pleading, begging appeal to be allowed to bring him home so she could see what Derrick-plus-plus might feel like.

Sure, at every stage I'd signed off - signed off with a hard cock and with an excited chest short of breath.

But way back when, in what seemed a lifetime ago, Lizzy had been the one who with begging eyes had uttered those fateful words '*I want to take him home.*'

'*No! No! No! This wasn't on her,*' I told myself, dishing out another balled-up fist pummeling to my forehead! This whole thing was the very definition of a joint venture. A joint journey. Each of us driven on by our own desires and knowing that we were making the other one happy.

No, it wasn't just ONE of us responsible for the shit show we were now living - it was BOTH of us.

~~~~~

Each night my thoughts seemed to follow the same trajectory. Blame and guilt. Followed by honest self-reflection about the parts I loved – Lizzy's pleasure, my own kinky desires and the fact this was something we enjoyed together as a couple. Followed then by the heart of the matter – my black dog mood caused by more fears about Darnell as a person and about his unspoken plans for his role in our lives.

That was what I kept coming back to – that while I'd been busy obsessing about the effects of a summer of daily orgies on Lizzy's appetites and desires, a big black and highly dangerous fox had snuck into our marital henhouse. A big black fox who told me I had nothing to be afraid about – exactly the words uttered by every predator throughout history!

*Fuck, fuck, fuck!*

'*How could I have been so careless?*' I pummeled myself.

Because he'd flown under the radar! Just like you'd expect a Special Forces guy to do. When she'd requested total privacy for her first month in the house and only intermittent connections for the second month, I was sure she'd had no idea about how significant a part of her life Darnell would become.

Hell, the ultimate irony was that it was Marcus who'd insisted that Darnell join his other buddy Leroy to help keep the youngsters in check.

Marcus had been the one to put the fox in the henhouse, and now the fox he'd put there was trying to replace him! Likely just his first step before replacing me so he'd have Lizzy all to himself!

No, however rampant my paranoia often was these days, even I couldn't think Lizzy's requests for privacy had been because she'd wanted to fly her growing closeness with Darnell under my husbandly radar!

The facts and chronology said it couldn't have been her plan – it was just that was the way things developed. A happy and fortunate happenstance for Darnell; for me the very opposite. The perfect situation to allow him to sink his claws super-deep before I even realized there might be a problem.

As that first week progressed, several times I did reach out to Darnell (Lizzy was still phoneless) with texts and calls, but he never picked up and all I got back was a series of texts as he blew me off.

*'Sorry, kinda busy ... maybe tomorrow!'*

That was Tuesday's message. When Wednesday came, it was a different excuse.

*'Hey, man ... don't be a buzzkill! Lizzy and I had no privacy these last few weeks – all those other guys. Can't you just use a little common and give us some alone, one-to-one time!'*

Thursday's message was a variation on Wednesday's – only what he added was designed to both hurt and excite a guy like me in equal measure.

*'Lizzy says hi! She sends a big TY for letting her and her new*

*man have some privacy to work out how we feel about each other ... how she feels about all the men in her life...'*

Getting a message like that had me right on the edge of insanity.

The rational part of my brain told me he was exaggerating and just playing mind games.

But the fearful, insecure part of my brain was truly frightened. Truly frightened that after already having the whole summer to work on her, and now with no outside influences these last few days Darnell had persuaded Lizzy that it was only him who could make her happy. That he'd persuaded her that he should replace me as the number one man or the only man in her life!

~~~~~

The weekend brought a whole different tone and set of problems.

It started on Saturday morning when, for the first time, I received a message from Darnell without me having to contact him first.

The message contained a link to a pre-recorded video, the timestamp showing it had been recorded in the last hour or so.

The image was of a dimly-lit bedroom with the two lovers on the bed. Both were in the middle of the bed. Darnell propped up with his head and back against the headboard and Lizzy kneeling between his thighs. One hand fondling and caressing his big balls, the other one firmly grasping his fat cock halfway up its length, the whole erotic scene rounded out by her newly blonde head bobbing up and down as her throat made all manner of pornographic gobbling sounds.

Every minute or so, she'd have to take a break, the drool and saliva glistening in the light from the bedside lamp as she'd move her head a little higher so they could kiss a while – before lowering her head back to the task at hand. Giving the new man in her life a loving and worshipful morning blowjob.

The 'glug-glug' sounds of Lizzy's wet mouth and throat working to pleasure Darnell's oversized cock mixed with the sounds of her moans as he rolled and squeezed her teats and gave her boobs a

morning 'milk'. The only other sound being his constant chants of encouragement and seduction.

"Good girl, Liz ... good girl ...I love the feel of your mouth on me ... so hot, baby ... so hot! Gonna fuck ya sooo good later ... gonna love you so good ... stretch you wide, fuck ya so fast n'deep ... til you squirt and cum all over my big black cock..."

The other bow to his arrow being even more troubling. "Good girl ... Alan would be so happy if he could see you now! He really loves his lovely wife to be herself ... to finally be the slutty, sexy woman she's been holding back all these years ... holding back coz society told her she couldn't be true to herself..."

These and similar mind games filled the air until finally Darnell's treatment of Lizzy's boobs and nipples got rougher – one hand staying on my wife's chest as his other hand grasped Lizzy's drool-stained chin in a vice-like grip. Holding her head motionless as, Lizzy's lips stretched right to the limit, he fucked hard and fast right to the back of her throat.

Until finally he roared like an angry bull and pulled out. His first scalding spurt hitting the back of her mouth and tongue – the rest of his copious load intentionally sprayed all over her face and hair as he moved his cock left and right.

I closed my eyes – screwed them shut in shameful guilt. Despite everything, despite the fears I held for my marriage, my own cock was painfully hard. Darnell had shot his load all over my Lizzy's beautiful face and I wasn't far behind – although my load would have just landed futile and pointless on the carpet!

Watching Lizzy so lovingly service Darnell's large black cock – thoughts of me not even the tiniest of fragments in her brain – had been bad enough, but what came next was even worse. As with the essence of his manhood coating and dripping – Lizzy happily making no move to tidy herself – he layered mind games on top of his early morning physical conquest of Lizzy.

He pulled her up off her knees and next to him on the pillows, cuddling her affectionately to him and giving her the tiniest of kisses

– circumspect and careful to find an area of her lips that meant he wasn't tasting his own seed.

"You look so sexy, Liz! I love the way you look with my seed all over your face! I love to own you like that! Show you who your man is now!" he smiled warmly, winning a matching happy giggle of emotion from Lizzy.

"I just wish Alan was here now! You know, so he could make you and me both happy by licking up my seed like the good lovin' cuck he's become!" he smiled, winning another peel of giggles from Lizzy. Giggles that clawed at my soul and stabbed me through the chest. The two of them shared a moment of silence. Darnell admiring his handiwork and basking in the significance of what it meant. Lizzy staring and smiling right back, being totally happy to be stared at by her new man as she owned the crown, the mask of his seed she wore all over her features.

Eventually they'd had enough and wanted to move on.

Darnell sighed, "Well, I guess as your loving, cuckold husband's not here to lick up my seed, we'll have to find a plan B!" Then he handed Lizzy some wet wipes and cuddled her as she rather reluctantly wiped away his seed.

Clean-up duties now complete, Darnell carried on with his mind games, hugging Lizzy so her head was on his chest as he carried on dripping poison into her mind.

"You know, Liz ... I really, really think that you, me and Alan are the perfect trio ... the perfect throuple ... you and Alan, you've done the conventional, loving couple thing, you've raised two amazing girls ... and now, now it's your time ... you get to be the woman you want to be, living the life you want to live ... experiencing the things you want to experience ... you and me get to be lovers and I get to share you with other guys when you want something extra spicy ... and Alan, Alan gets to be the cuck deep down he always wanted to be ... he gets to love you and make you happy by letting you and me be together ... by being the loving cuck and giving you to a man who can give you what you really need and want..."

Fuck! Listening to those words, I felt like I was right there in real time listening to them. I actually found myself screaming at the screen in frustration before I realized I was just shouting at a recording.

I screamed in anger, fear and guilt. Anger and fear because of the way he was twisting things and trying to pull Lizzy away from me. Guilt because like all world-class manipulators, Marcus was taking elements of truth and exaggerating and twisting them.

I was angry and frustrated with myself. If I'd not allowed myself to become such a weak and subservient cuckold, I'd never have been in this terrible and dangerous position.

Scratch that! If I'd not allowed myself to become such a weak and subservient cuckold, we would NEVER have been in this terrible and dangerous position. It wasn't just myself I'd put in this position – it was Lizzy I'd put in danger. Myself, Lizzy and our two girls. Sure, Lizzy had helped me, but I should have been smarter and more watchful.

As that Saturday morning video ended, I finally realized I needed to start correcting things I'd let get seriously out of control. I needed to rein in my own desires and bring our marriage back into a place with manageable levels of danger.

Chapter 2

August 13th Saturday

"You really are a damned fool, aren't you Alan!"

'Say what you think, Marcus! Now don't hold back for the sake of politeness, Marcus!' I thought to myself as I sat opposite him blushing bright red at the forthrightness of his rebuke. Ironically enough, the two of us sat at a booth in the early-afternoon quietness of the Genesis club that seemed to have played such a significant role in my marriage these last few months.

"Hey, this isn't all on me you know! Darnell's your buddy! You're the one who let him into the henhouse!"

He glowered at me, smoldering with anger. Deep in my own fears and depression, it was easy for me to forget that Marcus loved Lizzy just like I did. But that was something I didn't want to think about right now – I already had plenty of problems with the Darnell-Lizzy problem without tormenting myself about the feelings Lizzy and Marcus had for each other.

"Maybe that's true, Alan, but you didn't have to go and let them go running off to Fort Bragg together! Just why the hell were you so damned stupid as to say 'yes,'" he hissed at me. My cheeks going even deeper red as I sat in silence, too embarrassed to explain, remembering the exact conversation when Darnell had showed me the video he'd used to extort me.

"Oh no ... wait ... you had no choice ... stupid, cuckold idiot that you are, you'd let them stick a giant black dildo up your ass and you stupidly chose to put your reputation above your marriage ... two stupid, stupid things in one day!"

My eyes just bugged even more. I stared down at the table feeling the deep blush of shame.

"Alan, look at me!"

I did as I was told. I was getting used to being told what to do. My sick perversion had turned me from a man used to being in control

into a man now tossed and torn by the desires of others.

"You think I didn't know about that?" he hissed again, choosing to spell it out to maximize my discomfort.

"You think I didn't know about the pegging? You think my nephew Clayton didn't feed that back?" he asked rhetorically. "Just like he didn't feed back about what my 'buddy' Darnell's been trying to do all these weeks! How's he's been trying to muscle me out and take control! What kind of an idiot do you take me for, Alan?"

Thankfully there were no deeper shades of red to go – my face had already reached maximum. All I could do was mutter a quiet, "Sorry" and wait.

Rebuke over, foundation established, Marcus breathed a deep sigh and fixed me with his dark, searching eyes before finally speaking.

"So, Alan ... when it was just me in trouble, just me threatened by Darnell, you didn't think to come and warn me or talk to me?"

Fuck!

"Sorry, Marcus!"

"Sorry's hardly going to cut it, Alan ... so we'll come back to that," he snorted, staring right into my soul before bringing things to ground zero. "Alan, what exactly is it you want from me? Whatever the hell it is, you'd better really spell it out, so there are no misunderstandings..."

The way he spoke, the things he was hinting at ... it all brought a lump to my throat as I realized just how dangerous the ground beneath my feet really was.

"You know, Alan ... with a guy like Darnell ... you know there are no half-measures! Alan, you do know that, right?"

I knew what he was saying. I knew what he was hinting at. I'd come here with no real plan or solutions – I'd come here with nothing more than a cry for help tattooed on my heart. And now Marcus was filling in the gaps, making me think things I didn't want to think, but which I knew in my heart were almost certainly necessary.

The significance of what he was saying had me wallowing in silence ... looking inward ... asking myself deep, life-defining questions.

"Alan, what is it you want?" he asked again. This time his tone not angry and accusing, his tone even and matter-of-fact.

"I want him gone, gone from our lives," I sighed, fully aware of the significance of what I was saying, fully aware of what I was becoming party to.

"Our lives? Or your life, yours and Lizzy's life?"

"Our lives," I said with a quietness that reflected the significance of what I was conceding.

"Ok, but do you know the magnitude of what you're asking?"

I nodded my head, not at all comfortable with the talk we were having but not seeing any alternative.

"This isn't a small thing that you're asking me for, Alan! You do know that, right?"

I nodded again. Nodded my head in resignation.

"Okay, but if I'm going to help you out with the mess you've made of your marriage, then there are gonna be some things I'm gonna need in return..."

'Oh fuck! Was I about to exchange one fox for another even worse, even larger fox?' I wondered, before a little voice deep in my gut reminded me that virtually anything and anyone was preferable than a predator like Darnell.

~~~~~

I nearly crashed three times on the drive back from Sunnyside, my mind was so utterly preoccupied.

In fact *'utterly preoccupied'* doesn't describe even one percent of what I was feeling. I felt like a man staring at a Smith & Wesson loaded for a game of Russian roulette. A *'game'* (now there's another totally inappropriate word!) brought on by nothing more than my own total and utter stupidity.

Sitting in the dim light of the bar, Marcus had coolly and calmly laid

out the alternatives for me. As he talked through the alternatives, he made it clear that with a man as single-minded and obsessive as Darnell, he didn't think any of the more 'moderate' options would work.

An appeal to reason and decency ... an appeal to greed ... a cooling-off period followed by Lizzy being the one to choose ... he knew Darnell far better than me, and he reckoned none of these would work. Who was I to disagree?

All of which left far more extreme measures as the only effective way forward.

"Da ya wanna know the details?" he'd asked me. The way he'd said it causing the color to drain from my cheeks as I nodded a definite 'no.'

"Wise choice! Better that way ... let's just say there are a couple of ways to go ... a guy like Darnell, a guy who's even double-crossed an old buddy like me, well ... let's just say he's pissed off a fair few people through his career ... there's a three-star general whose wife ended up in a psyche ward ... there's a loadmaster and a poppy farmer in Helmand Province who aren't exactly fans of his..."

I didn't like the sound of any of this and I was glad he was only hinting not describing the details, but even so it didn't leave me feeling good. Not in a moral sense – given the seriousness of my predicament, that ship sailed long ago – but in terms of the possible jeopardy I was looking at.

What if things failed? What if things succeeded, leaving me in a decidedly vulnerable legal position?

'Trust me, Alan,' he'd said. 'Trust me, you and me, our interests are aligned. I just wanna make Lizzy happy, be around for Lizzy ... make things back like they were before ... like they were before, but with just a couple of little adds...'

~~~~~

Pulling up back at home, I sighed deeply, staring at my hands seemingly glued to the wheel. Fuck, my hands were physically

shaking as I recalled what Marcus had said when he'd laid it out as to what he had in mind for his *'couple of little adds.'*

Sitting there frozen in our drive, I felt like a man between the devil and the deep blue sea. In what world were the two things he was demanding *'little'*?

What he was asking – if Lizzy signed up for them – would turn our marriage totally upside down. Although a wry little voice inside my head whispered, *'isn't that another ship that sailed long ago, Alan? The good ship normal fucked off out of your marriage ages ago, Alan!'*

Just when I thought my head might explode, I heard a car horn beep behind me. Shaking my head to try and clear my mental coma, I stared in the mirror.

Carmina and Holly! Carmina and Holly grinning broadly as they closed their doors and walked towards me.

"Hey Dad!" Their hugs felt good. Really good – exactly the comfort and anchor to simpler, happier times that I needed right now.

"Your mother's not here right now..." (*Why is it that dads the world over always default to thinking their daughter's main driver for a visit is to speak to their moms rather than themselves?*)

"Oh, that's okay ... we know mom's away..."

The way that Carmina spoke and smiled leaving me in no doubt that she was fully aware of where her mother was and what she was doing. Taking me right back to that day back in May when Lizzy had told the girls about our new lifestyle and her new 'friend' Marcus. When the three of them had ended up cackling like trailer park tramps as they'd talked about Marcus's physical 'attributes' and they'd jokingly pressed their mom about whether there were any more at home like their mom's new lover.

Thankfully it was only a flying visit from the girls – they'd popped in for an hour or so prior to meeting up with friends downtown.

After the initial awkwardness and implicit agreement to brush over the reasons for their mom's absence, having them around and

receiving a fair few hugs and kisses did me a power of good.

Just as they were getting into Carmina's car, Delores arrived. A 'coincidence' that had me wondering whether our daughters weren't the only ones Lizzy had been in contact with these last few days! A thought that left my gut scrunching up with pain and cuckold angst. *'So, she can get hold of Darnell's phone to contact the girls and Delores, but she doesn't contact me...'*

And as if that wasn't enough, the cheeky, knowing grin that passed between Delores and the girls left me in no doubt that they knew exactly what kind of *'friendship'* their dad and the buxom black woman shared!

Having waved a fleeting 'see you' to Delores, the grinning look that passed between my daughters could only be interpreted one single way. *'So it ain't only mom who's getting some strange! Who's enjoying some extracurricular R&R...'*

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"Hi there, sweetie!" Delores beamed. The girls' car barely backed out of the drive and Delores had already slid into my arms and looped her soft, dark arms possessively around my neck. Her vibrant, energized smile making my heart beat faster as I sensed we were going to enjoy some hardcore physical distractions before anything more deep and meaningful came on the agenda.

Damn it felt good to be rolling round the bed feeling the soft flesh of a warm passionate woman next to mine! Mostly I focused on her and us, but a part of my brain was thinking how Lizzy and I had lost this part of us and who we were these last few months. If we did get safely through these next few days and weeks, we needed to make damn sure we rebalanced our lives. The whole black lover, BBC, voyeur-cuck thing was way too deeply entrenched to disappear – but we needed to do a better job on balancing things so it didn't eat us alive!

But that was tomorrow! As my lips hungrily smashed into Delores' mouth I cupped and stroked at her XL boobs, enjoying their slightly larger dimensions than Lizzy's as I kneed her thighs apart.

Fuck! That felt so good to sink my slightly under-sized white cock all the way into her warm, welcoming pussy. From the cheeky, knowing look she gave me ('I know it's a little small, baby ... but let's just think of it as 'fun-size' ... a compact cock, easy to park around town...') I'm guessing I must have sighed out loud.

No matter! Mere details! Within seconds we were riding up and down together. Both of us loving the classic missionary position. Exchanging kisses and meaningful looks as we both got what we needed. I could see enough emotion in her eyes to know she was loving this as much as I was. Loving being with a decent, kind, loving and humorous guy who was interested in sex and also her as a person. Not something that had often been the case from what she'd shared of her past.

*Why does skin-on-skin feel so damned wonderful? Why does a look between a man and a woman have such ability to lift the soul? To make huge problems look small and distant.*

Such philosophizing could wait. The look she was giving me ... that wonderful, tingling feeling at the top of my cock and in my balls ... "I'm GONNA cum in you!"

It wasn't a question. It wasn't an 'asking for permission' set of words – it was a statement of ownership and intent. A statement that made her smile extra cheeky, made her lips more hungry as they pushed hard and her tongue smashed my own ... a statement that made her hug me even tighter as she locked her calves extra tight around my back as my little man exploded and we both saw stars. My lungs bursting as I gulped down air ... straining every sinew and muscle to get just that little bit deeper ... evolution and instinct taking over as my mind sought to give my juices every last advantage ... never mind that post-snip my juices were like an army lacking in soldiers.

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"Well, lover boy, that was intense!" she grinned, ruffling my hair as we lay there together, recovering.

We exchanged a few sweet looks, a few tender kisses and then she

spoke. "Do you wanna talk about it? Or would you rather not?"
Her look was one of genuine care and concern.

"I take it you've spoken to Lizzy?"

She nodded.

"And Marcus? Have you spoken to Marcus?"

"Not really, he started saying something, but then he seemed to think better of it ... stopped himself..."

That made sense. He wanted to protect her. Just like he'd not fully spelt out the details to me. The less people who knew, the better ... for their own protection.

I sighed. Part of me did want to share – 'a trouble shared' and all that. But I felt inspired and influenced by Marcus's attitude. It wasn't fair to burden Delores with my troubles, or to put her in any kind of jeopardy, however small.

So I settled for no talking and maximum cuddling. Maximum cuddling, kissing and caressing. Her skin was so soft, so wonderful to touch. I was more than happy to savor our time together as I slowly felt my cock, balls and spirit re-energize for round two.

Chapter 3

August 13th Saturday

I managed to persuade Delores to stay for a third round. Despite the challenges all men face in their mid-forties - I even managed to consummate our relationship for a third time before eventually she had to leave. That evilly wonderful tongue piercing of hers playing a major part in my ability to consummate!

When she eventually did have to leave, her departure was made sadder as she shared the news that she'd be away for the next week visiting family on the other side of the country.

Seeing her taillights disappear into the distance, I felt that sad, all-consuming feeling of being all alone again.

The girls and then Delores had provided the most pleasant of distractions for the last few hours – but now I was back on my own, back facing one of the biggest decisions of my life and I sighed deeply as I knew I couldn't put off a decision much longer.

It was already eleven and Marcus had demanded a decision by midnight, and the two options I faced felt nigh on impossible to choose between. It was a choice between a known danger – the danger of Darnell and the kind of deceitful, destructive guy I knew him to be – and an unknown danger. The unknown danger of the two new things Marcus demanded. That is, if Lizzy agreed to what he wanted.

Fuck! I really was between the Devil and the deep blue sea. The girls and Darnell had provided the most welcome of reasons not to think about the decision, but now time was growing short and Marcus had been crystal clear. If I didn't call or text him back with a decision one way or the other by midnight, he'd take that as a 'no' ... a 'no' that I didn't want his help in sorting out the problem with Darnell.

'Then, Alan ... no hard feelings ... but you'll be on your own ... I'll cut off all ties with Lizzy and you ... you know my feelings for Lizzy, I'll

not pretend it won't be hard ... but I'll move on ... it'll be the only way I can cope with losing Lizzy ... but you, you my friend, you'll be alone to deal with a guy like Darnell...'

That's what he'd told me before we'd left Genesis to go our separate ways. And I had no doubts which way he wanted me to jump – it was the only way he'd keep his relationship with Lizzy alive. But at the end of the day he made it clear it was a decision first for me and then later for Lizzy.

That had all been eight hours ago – and now time was pressing and I needed to choose. But it was just so damned hard! What he asked was so damned hard ... what he asked would change my life and our marriage so much! Which was exactly why he was asking for it. Because, in his own words, *'I can't ever let another thing like this Darnell thing happen between me and Lizzy ... you screwed up Alan, I screwed up ... but it can't happen again ... that's why we've all got to move things on...'*

Damned! Why was it all so hard? I felt like a man being torn from limb-to-limb by unstoppable, cosmic horses. Like one of those olden day paintings of a guy in the middle of a Coliseum with teams of competing horses tethered to each of my limbs. Damned if I did, damned if I didn't! Either way I was going to be torn in two. The only question was which direction of pain and death I'd choose – which set of horses I'd go with!

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Just when I thought my head might literally explode with anguish and indecision, my phone pinged with an incoming message. The number immediately recognizable – it was Darnell's.

*'Hey cucky boy, thought you might like to see how your beautiful wife loves being with real men! Enjoy! Cuck.'*

The message being completed with a new link, to a different video than the one he'd shared this morning – the time stamp showing me the fifty-minute-long video had been created just moments ago.

I closed my eyes and struggled with my demons. Part of me told myself the first part of my journey back to being a half-normal

husband started now and started with refusing to take Darnell's bait. But that voice was shouted down by a practical voice that said that I needed to gather intelligence and know just what the hell my sworn enemy was up to. A practical voice that had a more poisonous, insidious brother that hissed *'come on bubba, you know you want to see, you know you're gonna give in the end...'*

Despite my best intentions of starting my road to sobriety, it was no contest – my shaking fingers were soon pressing play. Delivering me the first of several heart-stopping moments as my brain oriented to what I was seeing and started drinking in its significance.

From the décor, thudding background sounds and strobing lights leaking into the room, it appeared that Lizzy and her companions were in a small private room at some nightclub.

The camera was static and close enough that I could see and hear clearly – the high-def clarity making it obvious to me that Lizzy had no idea she was being recorded. Just like she'd been unaware when Darnell had recorded and transmitted the morning blowjob and facial they'd shared.

But unlike this morning, Lizzy wasn't with Darnell. She was right in the foreground, right next to the camera. Only wearing matching pink bra and panties, sat side saddle on the lap of a huge man who only wore boxers. A man who, for all the world, looked like a darker-skinned version of Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson.

*'Oh great!' I thought to myself. 'Just the kinda guy Lizzy's gonna be all doe-eyed and lusted up about ... isn't it bad enough I gotta choose between Marcus and Darnell! Now there's another rival for her charms!'*

Although the room was small, aside from Lizzy sat on Rocky's lap, in the background I could see seven other guys in the room – six total strangers and Darnell. While some of them had lighter skin than the others, all of them were Black and from their ripped bodies, short hair and collection of tats I was pretty sure they were all the Special Forces buddies Darnell had spoken about.

Aside from Lizzy and Rocky, all the others were lazing on two large

sofas as they watched a pre-season football game on a big screen TV – the large amount of cash on the table suggesting divided loyalties and significant bets had been wagered on whether the Browns or the Packers would prevail.

As I flipped the image up onto my own big screen TV, my heart sank as the larger picture allowed me to see that cash wasn't the only thing on the table. Not only were most of the guys smoking joints – harmless enough - but the large quantities of white powder laying as casual as you like between the cash told me where things were likely to head before too long.

The game was in the fourth quarter and the guys seemed evenly divided, half of them whooping and shouting as Packers managed to finally pull away to a comfortable margin.

It was only Lizzy and Rocky who seemed disinterested, their closeness to the camera allowing me to see and hear everything passing between them. From the smitten way Rocky was smiling at Lizzy to the conversation they shared.

"I still can't believe what Darnell told us ... that your husband lets you run around like this!" Rocky whispered. His deep, low voice and the sweet way he was smiling at Lizzy suggesting he wanted to keep her all to himself – an attitude that matched the way his huge forearms were wrapped possessively around her waist.

"It came as a bit of a surprise to both of us as well!" she grinned, smiling at him just as intently as he was smiling at her.

"A mid-life surprise, I guess," she chuckled, brushing her brassiered breasts against his huge pecs. "We finally shared our fantasies and found I love big black guys and he loves watching me with big black guys!"

"Oh baby! I gotta get me one of you," he laughed, only belatedly remembering to keep the volume down. Whispering, "When I get back from Kandahar, I'm definitely gonna come and look you up!"

"Mmm ... that sounds lovely," she purred, her eyes still locked on his.

"Show me your tits, Lizzy!" he said, changing tone, his deep voice

quiet but commanding. "They look beautiful, Lizzy, I wanna see them ... unhook your bra so I can get a look."

"No," she teased with mock sternness, before putting her arms straight up and giving him the biggest of smiles. "Why doesn't my big strong Rocky take what he wants! Why doesn't he unhook my bra and make me his..."

(Hah! I'd been right about his name! Although, on reflection, given his facial and bodily similarity to the great man, maybe I should have been less surprised.)

He didn't need to be asked twice – Lizzy's pink lacy bra was unhooked by his big, thick fingers and his hands were soon feeling the weight of her boobs and squeezing.

"Do you like them?" she purred, her need to be appreciated shining through in her tone.

"Of course I do ... they're beautiful! So full, so heavy ... and your nipples ... those nipples are so swollen they look like they could feed an army of babies!" she chuckled, the way he was pulling on them making Lizzy moan as her eyes closed with the sweet mix of his touch and words.

When her eyes finally opened, he placed one of his giant hands behind her neck and pulled her gently in for a soft, lingering kiss.

"You really sure you're okay with this? It's a helluva of a going away present you're giving all of us!"

"I'm sure," she giggled emphatically.

"After all, I'm a patriotic girl and what better way to send our brave boys off to battle," she smiled with a genuine emotional connection, meaning every word.

"I know it's dangerous, so I'm happy to give you all something to remember ... a little going away present! It's the least I can do," she giggled, stroking Rocky's face.

"But all of us!" he coughed, as if he still couldn't believe it. "I mean, what would hubby say if he knew you were doing all of us!"

Just then, before she could answer, one of the unknown guys

offered her a straw and mirror. The game had just finished – Packers winning by six – the TV was off and he'd already shared half the powder to his buddies.

Even after everything I'd already witnessed in the frat house, I still felt a hollow sense of sad disappointment as Lizzy took the straw and snorted with zero hesitation. Only after the mandatory sharp neck shake – her eyes now bulging wide with life – remembering she owed Rocky an answer.

"What would hubby say?" she grinned. "Hubby's little cucky cock would be as hard as nails at the thought of his slutty wife – the mother of his children – putting out for real men ... real men with real cocks ... cocks that can please me like his little cucky cock can't ... that, Rocky, is what my excuse for a husband would say and think if he knew what his wife will be doing for the next few hours..."

The only good thing about her words were that they took my mind off the drugs.

In the past Lizzy had teased. She'd said things not a million miles different from what she'd just said. But before it had always been with me there and it had been part of the game. Teasing and tormenting me, as she knew up to a point it excited me.

But this was different. This sounded very real. She wasn't saying these things to heighten my masochistic pleasure as she didn't know I was listening in.

No, the way she spoke sent a tidal wave of fear washing over me. I had to hope it was the drugs talking, because otherwise I was deeply afraid something had irrevocably changed. I was deeply afraid Darnell's mind games had finally snapped something in her mind and that there was no way back. That her image and thoughts about me had changed from a loving husband who allowed her to play a game we both enjoyed to a sad, unmanly guy whom she no longer deemed worthy of her love.

Fuck! My mind in a total panic, I closed the video. I think what I'd just seen and heard had finally cured me of my desire for any more of this lifestyle.

I'd seen and heard enough. Before that video, I'd been right on the fence. But now I knew I had no choice. The dangers of Marcus might kill me and our marriage in the future. But unless I did something about Darnell right now, our marriage wouldn't even survive that long.

With shaking, sad fingers I made the call to Marcus.

## Chapter 4

*August 14<sup>th</sup> Sunday*

I guess that night Darnell was too preoccupied to notice that I'd only part-watched the video he'd so kindly sent.

But sure enough, Sunday morning he reached out to let me know he knew all about my actions and that he wasn't pleased.

*'Hey cucku! That's the great thing about tracking software ... it lets me know exactly what you did and didn't do! Tech's so wonderful ... just like it gave me that video of you loving the black dick pegging Lizzy gave you!'*

*'If ya know what's good for you cucku, you better damned well watch the other videos your wife's new boyfriend and bull sends you!'*

Bastard!

Tech might be great, but even tech can't tell the difference between a laptop playing a video with a covered up screen and a laptop playing a video with a visible screen! (Although I knew enough to make sure I left the little laptop camera lens uncovered. We've all heard enough stories about that camera being remotely triggered to know that Darnell's military-grade tracking software was likely monitoring whether there was or wasn't someone sat in front of the laptop as the video played.)

For the second-only time – last night was the first – I had a lack of desire to watch what was on the Sunday morning video he sent.

I did watch the first few seconds – I wanted to confirm if it was another morning blowjob vid or something else – but after I'd confirmed it was a samey BJ video, I covered the right-hand side of the screen, turned the volume down and drank my coffee whilst reading the sports pages of my online newspaper.

And honestly, with the way I was feeling about how things had spiraled ever since Darnell had arrived on the scene, I was far more interested in the NFL pre-season and the various articles about how

Michael Phelps and Simone Biles might do in the upcoming Rio Olympics.

It wasn't that my cock didn't get hard or my pulse race at the thoughts of the physical activities I'd see if I had watched the video. It was just that the other side of the coin – my hatred, dread and fear of Darnell - had finally reached a place to dominate the cuck part of me.

So for the next few minutes I just sat and read, occasionally lifting the hand towel I'd hung over the screen to see how many minutes were left.

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The same thing happened later that day and the first couple of days in the following week – although in the office I had to be slightly more creative in how I covered the screen. A stack of photocopy paper folded over and the privacy of my own office doing the trick! But by Wednesday, my lack of engagement with him seemed to be making Darnell suspicious and even more aggressive and manipulative in his game playing. I guess it was inevitable he'd pick up on my change in attitude. The week before I'd been the one bugging and chasing him – and now all of a sudden it was like a wall of silent 'Omerta' had descended between me in Houston and him in North Carolina.

True to form, once he'd clocked the change, it wasn't a change he took lying down.

'Hey cuck! As you don't wanna be friends with me and your beautiful wife any more, thought you wouldn't mind if we stayed a few extra weeks here! Text or call if you wanna know the details! D & L xxx'

Bastard! Just when I thought I'd broken free from his grip, he'd dangled a bait he knew damned well I'd find impossible to resist. His text had been so troubling and yet so vague that it ate away at me all day until finally I gave in and texted him back.

I thought long and hard how to respond – what words to use so as

not to totally throw away the progress I felt I'd made the last few days. I didn't want to go back to appearing totally subservient and submissive.

'I got nothing to say to you, Darnell! Are you a man of your word or what? The agreement was for two weeks. Suggest you get Lizzy to call me. That is, if you got any kind of honor ... or does 'Semper Fi' mean nothing to you!'

I especially liked the last bit I added. Knowing he'd come up the Marine route into Special Forces, baiting and taunting him with the Corps' own motto about faithfulness and honor felt good. Felt good and I felt gave me my best chance of success.

'Nice try, cuck! But the Corps' real motto is 'overwhelming force' ... 'never lose' ... And as for Lizzy, she feels no need to talk to you ... whenever we discuss you, she agrees with me that having the separation makes things even hotter and more exciting for a cuck like you! See you in two months' time, cuck! Oh, and in case you're worried, Lizzy's work already signed off on it! Apparently they're so keen to make sure they don't lose her, they're okay to hire a temp to cover her these next eight weeks...'

My whole being was consumed by anger and fear.

Eight weeks! Eight, freakin weeks! Would there even be the tiniest of fragments left of my marriage if Lizzy was captive under Darnell's malign influence for another eight weeks?

Even the thought had my heart breaking in two – my chest feeling like it would split as the bottom dropped out of my world.

Contemplating a life either without the woman I'd loved since fifth grade or a life where our love was just a mere shell of what it had been before. A life with Lizzy physically present but spiritually absent as Darnell owned every part of her body and soul.

Just for a moment I'd been stupid enough to allow myself to think Darnell might act honorably and stick to his word!

What a fool I'd been for ever thinking a guy like him would ever do the decent thing. Like he said, all that mattered to him was

winning!

That Wednesday night, as I tossed and turned, the only thought that vaguely cheered me up was the thought that I'd made the right call back on Saturday when I'd texted Marcus to help me fix Darnell.

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It took me a couple of days to get over the shock, and another day to swallow my pride and call Carmina.

A father should never have to have the kind of conversation I had with my elder daughter that Saturday lunchtime.

Even now, looking back, I'm too embarrassed to share the details of the call. But the heart of it was that I explained to Carmina I needed her to intervene with her mom and persuade her mom that, whatever Darnell might say, she needed to call me as we needed to talk.

To her credit, my daughter showed what a wonderfully mature and sensitive young woman she was. She sensed that I was burning up with shame and she offered the perfect mix of love, support and lack of judgment as she agreed to talk to her mom. Doubling down by saying that one way or another she'd talk her mother around, no matter what Darnell might say. Adding that, if needs be, she'd enlist the help of her sister Holly – a thought that I got but which just added even more shame to my burning cheeks.

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"Hi baby, our baby girl said you wanted to talk!"

It was only an hour since my hyper-shameful call with Carmina and in those first few moments my heart cycled through at least three different sets of emotions.

Utter, huge and soul-lifting joy that I was finally speaking to Lizzy. Then confusion as I took in the fact that Lizzy was again sat scantily-clad and perched on Rocky's lap – it was like the last seven days had never happened! Then fear and anxiety as I wondered which version of Lizzy I'd be talking to – her pupils were dilated and her eyes looked glassed over. If Darnell had been forced to concede a

call from Lizzy to me, then it looked like he'd taken out an insurance policy by dosing her up with coke.

Despite her glassy-eyed look, Lizzy's smile looked warm and loving.

But she seemed a little spaced out - the ball was definitely in my court and my brain scrambled to find the right words. I wanted a connection, I wanted progress, but I didn't want to start a fight.

"Hey, babe ... thanks for calling! Who's your new friend?" My tone was light and happy, matching my smile. However lacerated my heart was feeling right now, I had no axe to grind with this Rocky guy. I might be wrong, but in my few minutes' exposure to him last week he'd come across as a decent enough guy - more Marcus than Darnell!

"Rocky, Alan ... Alan, Rocky!" Lizzy giggled, the glassiness disappearing just for a moment as emotion and happiness broke through the narcotic fuzz.

"Rocky's a friend of Darnell's ... he's another one of our brave warriors ... I got to party with the kids ... now I get to party with the real men!" she giggled, her words breaking my heart, even if they did harden my traitorous cock.

"Lizzy ... I'm real happy that you're having fun ... but I really, really miss you ... I let you have all summer ... then I let you have these extra two weeks ... and now Darnell tells me you're staying there for another two months! How can that be right? How can that be fair to me, baby? Your husband loves you and needs you, honey!"

"Just be patient, honey!" she beamed, the face I knew so well breaking my heart all over again. "Just a few more weeks, baby ... then I'll be home..."

All through this I felt my cock getting painfully hard. I knew this had all been staged to manipulate me. No sign of Darnell - that would have just made me pissed - but a perfectly staged scene to arouse me and strengthen my cuckold demons. Lizzy sitting sweet, submissive and bare-breasted (she only wore panties) on the lap of another extremely large black guy. Sitting smiling at me as his dark, shovel-hands weighed and pulled at her boobs, making her smile

with physical pleasure as she tried to concentrate on talking to her husband.

Maybe it was the manipulation, maybe it was my anger and fear at Darnell – whatever the reason, something in me snapped.

“No, Lizzy ... I need you home ... enough is enough ... I think I’ve been plenty giving, plenty patient...”

Just for a moment she looked shocked – surprised that after taking so much I’d finally bitten back.

“Don’t be like that, baby! After all, you were more than happy for me to come all the way to Fort Bragg to be with Darnell and all our brave warrior boys!”

“Only coz the fucker blackmailed me!” I spluttered, again seeing surprise on Lizzy’s face.

I’d not meant to open that can of worms! But in for a dime, in for a dollar!

“Did he tell you that he threatened to post the video of you pegging me with that black dildo?!” I spat back, enjoying her continued look of surprise. “No, I guess lover boy neglected to include that part of the story!”

That was the most satisfying point of the conversation – the moment I thought Lizzy might finally see sense, might finally call a halt to this whole crazy manipulation. But that was me and my optimism not taking account of how deeply Darnell had sunk his claws into Lizzy – and not taking account of the mind-altering effects of the coke she’d just snorted.

“Well, whose fault was that? If you didn’t want people to know about that, you shouldn’t have played along ... you shouldn’t have let me peg you ... and, anyway, as I remember it, your cock had never been harder! You came and came, your little boy cock spurted and spurted until you couldn’t spurt anymore! So don’t blame Darnell ... he didn’t force you to do anything you didn’t wanna do!”

“And what the fuck was I meant to do, Lizzy?” I shot back angrily.

“Let him ruin me ... let him ruin us? Get me fired so we can't pay for the girls' college or keep the house? Is that what you want...”

“Oh, don't be so dramatic, Alan! Darnell would never do any of that! He cares about me too much! He was just negotiating ... negotiating like a real man, like a real man does to get what he wants ... to get the woman he loves!”

I dearly hoped this was the drugs talking! Because if this was Lizzy really talking what she thought, then we were done! Our marriage was officially over! No matter what Marcus's plans for Darnell might be.

“Screw you, Lizzy!” I screamed.

“If that's what you want ... if that's who you are now, he's welcome to you! You can fuck off and stay in North Carolina for the rest of your natural!” I shouted as I slammed the phone down.

I'd finally broken. Finally been pushed beyond the limit.

I still loved her. But this was the limit. Either she'd come crawling back on bended knee and apologize, or we were done.

Chapter 5

August 20th Saturday

The rest of that weekend crawled along at the most painful and glacial of paces. I was hurting more than I think I'd ever been hurting before in my entire life. And there was nothing, nothing at all to distract me from the pain. The girls weren't home, for once my hopper of work tasks had run dry and Delores was out of town. And as for Lizzy – the cause of my broken heart and deep well of self-pity – the less said about her, the better.

So I moped around the house switching between deep depression, hollow-chested sadness and the occasional burst of anger.

It was a call from Carmina on Sunday that slowly started moving things on – she had the presence of mind to call. Her simple, short question – 'Hey, Dad, how did it go?' – unleashing a torrent of words and tears.

Ninety minutes later her car pulled up in the drive and I was bawling my lungs out on her shoulder. Not exactly the image any self-respecting father ever wants his daughter to see – but I was way past caring about such niceties.

When I'd finally got sufficient control of my chest muscles, I looked at our first born through red, tear-stained eyes and apologized.

"Baby, honey ... I'm so, so sorry ... I think me and your mom have really screwed it up this time ... I'm not sure there's any coming back from this!"

Cue more sobbing, only several minutes later was I finally able to engage in any kind of rational conversation.

"Look, Dad ... I get that right now you think you and mom isn't fixable ... but that's coz you just had a horrible, horrible conversation ... a horrible, horrible experience ... maybe Darnell is twisting her, and like you say, it's likely it was more the drugs talking than what mom really thinks ... but the deep truth here ... the deep truth you have to hang onto is that Mom loves you with all her heart..."

“Yeah, you two have gotten a little crazy and stupid ... have let things get right out of control ... but that doesn’t mean she’s stopped loving you ... or that the two of you can’t make things right ... you just need a little time and to get Mom back home and get her away from that snake Darnell...”

I knew there was a huge slice of truth in what my daughter was saying and I felt even more hopeful when she reached for her phone and called the number she and her mom always used to communicate on these last few days – Darnell’s number.

But of course, he didn’t pick up. He could see who it was calling and he didn’t need to be Einstein to work out why our daughter would be calling. And letting Lizzy speak to Carmina so soon after Lizzy and I had fought hardly fitted with his agenda right now.

Carmina tried twice more before finally admitting defeat. “I’ll try again tomorrow, and the day after, until he finally lets Mom talk to me ... he won’t block her forever ... he knows that’ll just make her mad at him.

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Carmina stayed the next two nights, and she was right in her prediction – it was Tuesday evening when Darnell finally handed the phone to Lizzy when Carmina rang.

For a multitude of reasons I well understood, Carmina took the phone somewhere quiet and out of earshot.

As the minutes passed, I took this as a positive sign – it meant the discussion between mother and daughter was deep and meaningful, touching on the difficult subjects I knew needed airing.

It was a full hour before Carmina returned to the living room, and she walked in holding the screen of the phone in front of her, the image of Lizzy’s face close-up and occupying the whole phone screen.

“Alan!” There was a hardness to her voice. A flat, emotionless control that matched the tautness of her facial muscles. No smile, no anger, nothing. But at least her pupils looked normal – no signs

she was doped up to the eyeballs by her new boyfriend.

"Lizzy..." I so nearly caved and used one of our normal terms of endearment, but I just about kept control and maintained my self-respect by not being the weaker of the two of us.

"Alan ... I don't want a big long conversation ... but after talking to Carmina, there are some things I want to say..."

Face still flat, still controlled, she took a deep breath.

"Alan, I'm sorry for some of the things I said ... but this isn't all on me..."

"I do still love you, and I don't want you and me to end ... I really don't, but while I was in the house with all the youngsters, and while I've been here with Darnell, I've done a lot of thinking ... and I've decided that when I come home, I'm gonna break things off with Marcus, because I want Darnell to be my lover and my boyfriend ... and I know Marcus hates sharing me..."

There was a long, long silence while Lizzy let her words sink in. I guess none of what she'd said should have surprised me, but still hearing something like that said out loud gives it a certainty and impact that makes it all ten times more scary. I just stared at her emotionless face as my stunned brain processed what she'd said.

"Alan, can you be a better man than Marcus? Can you agree to share me with Darnell? I really hope you can, because I don't want to lose you ... I really don't!"

"I can't answer that, Lizzy," a voice that sounded like me and which resonated from deep within my throat said, some deep instinct pushing sounds out even if my brain was in full-on meltdown. "I'll have to do some thinking, Lizzy ... but like you, I don't want you and me to split ... I want that we're still a couple ... still mom and dad for our girls..."

For the first time I saw a flicker of something, of some emotion move across her eyes. The mention of our girls had cut through, had reminded her of deeper, more permanent and important things in her life.

But it was only a moment. Only a fleeting instant. But as the call ended and I was left back alone with my thoughts, it was something. Something to hang hopes on.

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Hope was in pretty short supply the next few days and weeks.

What hope I did receive came mainly through the support from my two wonderful daughters and when Delores returned from visiting family.

Now that Darnell had allowed the first call between mother and daughter, Carmina and Holly were back in regular communication with their mom. They were both talking to Lizzy pretty much every day and they were both smart and skillful enough to use this as an avenue of communication between Lizzy and me.

Various little messages started flowing back. Lizzy asking how I was doing. Lizzy expressing some regret and telling them to tell me she was sorry if I'd gotten hurt as things had developed. Lizzy asking them to tell their dad that she loved me and always would.

Although it stuck in the gullet, I tried to be rational and constructive. Asking after how she was and asking the girls to pass on my best wishes and reciprocate that I also still loved her and that I hoped we could get through this difficult patch.

The girls worked on their mom to have another direct face-to-face call with me, but Lizzy was adamant – she'd only talk to me when I gave her an answer to her question. That 'yes', unlike Marcus, I was prepared to share her with Darnell and accept his new role in her life when the pair of them returned to Houston in mid-October.

But that was the one thing I couldn't give her. With the benefits of hindsight, I knew I'd made some pretty terrible decisions these last few years and I knew in my heart that accepting Darnell as a permanent part of our lives would mark the end of our love and marriage. The only question being how long it would take to move from difficult and troubled to terminal and dead.

So the direct lines of communication between me and Lizzy stayed

firmly closed – and I wish I could have said the same for communications between me and Darnell.

By now he'd given up on taunting me through his hour-long video specials of the various intimate times he and Lizzy or him and Lizzy and his buddies shared.

So instead, he tried a different tack. Every few days he'd send a single image with a simple, teasing message designed to torment me.

~~~~~

The first image arrived the Friday night a week and three days after Carmina had brokered the only direct call between me and Lizzy – the first Friday in September.

The image itself seemed to be a harmless shot of Lizzy posing outside a hair salon in downtown Fayetteville – the nearest city to Fort Bragg, where Darnell's apartment was.

The image was a close-up of Lizzy's newly short and newly blonde locks. The image accompanied by a single question mark and a single word – 'Sunday.'

I immediately knew the bastard's game. Sending a message like this on Friday and pointing so directly at Sunday – he was trying to totally screw my weekend. His single objective to get me to spend the entire weekend fretting about just what the hell message and image would arrive on Sunday.

Well, fuck him! My weekend was pretty crap, but a visit from Delores and a visit from my wonderful daughters did go a long way towards making the pain and fear more tolerable.

Instinct told me he'd stretch out my suffering all the way to Sunday evening. So, fearing the worst, I made sure I was alone on Sunday evening. When, right on schedule, Darnell's promised message arrived.

At first, I actually felt a huge wave of relief wash across me. Her hair had been returned to its natural brown color but the style had been changed to something totally unrecognizable. It had been

braided with the help of extensions that hung all the way down to the front of her boobs – and the braids had been decorated with what must have been around a hundred little seashells.

My sense of relief briefly turned to a sense of grinning laughter – the hairstyle looked just like Monica in an episode of Friends Lizzy and I had watched when the girls were still in elementary school.

But then I suffered a sense of humor failure as the significance of what Darnell was doing sank in. He was reclaiming Lizzy from the way the boys in the house had wanted her to look and was making the biggest, most obvious statement of ownership by giving her such a uniquely Caribbean look.

It was like he was saying 'she ain't your sweet, white, WASPY wife anymore, she's my hot, slutty, Caribbean girl now...'

And the way Lizzy smiled so happily in the photo just made it a million times worse!

The bastard even played it so sharp and smug that thirty minutes after he'd first dripped the poison in, he sent a final taunting message.

*'Night, night, nature's cuck ... do try and get some sleep ... until the same time next week!'*

Oh great! Having fucked up my weekend, now he was trying to fuck with my work week!

The only thing that allowed me to get any sleep at all that night was a brief call from Marcus.

Since I'd reluctantly agreed to the conditions which he'd demanded for giving his help, he'd kept his distance from me. Which I appreciated, as I was ninety-nine percent sure what he was planning was almost certain to fall on the wrong side of the law. The way he was minimizing the risk of blowback on me showed me just how different he was to Darnell.

"Hey Alan ... just wanted to say, hang on in there ... Delores tells me things are pretty tough for you right now ... hang on in there! Everything's going to plan ... I need a few weeks more, but then

we'll both get what we want..."

"You ain't changed your mind now, have you? I know this ain't easy, but I need to check that if I'm gonna do this thing for you, for us ... then you ain't gonna go back on our deal ... however difficult it might be for you..."

~~~~~

If somehow I managed to sleep that Sunday night, that late night call with Marcus and his mentioning of the conditions I'd agree to stopped me sleeping through the early part of the next week. I spent several evenings and nights second guessing myself all over again – wondering if I'd backed the right horse and which of the two guys from that fateful first night would be least destructive to our marriage.

Whenever I tormented myself with all these what-ifs, the only good news was that I always came to the same conclusion. What Marcus was asking was truly huge – but it was still a damned sight better than the alternative.

Visits from Delores and the girls made the week just about tolerable, but by the time I reached Thursday, my brain was already fast forwarding to what kind of message Marcus would torment me with the next day.

Last week's image had seemed harmless at first and had actually made me smile. There was no chance of that with this week's message. This time the image showed Lizzy posing outside a shop with a black and gold heavily Italicized sign that shouted out a wholly more troubling message. *'Timeless Tattoo, NC.'*

Just like the week before, he taunted me with aggressive economy.

'Until Sunday, loser!'

If last Sunday's message had been straightforward and hidden in plain sight, this Sunday evening's message – when it did eventually arrive – was a study in opaque but hostile spitefulness.

It was an image of the tattoo Lizzy had worn through much of the summer she'd spent as the sexual plaything of Clayton and all the

other housemates.

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But it wasn't just a photo of that memento tattoo – which I knew to be temporary. The image was accompanied by a simple but spiteful message.

'Lizzy wanted to explore this summer. She explored and found she loved it. Maybe she wants something much more permanent now! Something more permanent for the new man in her life. Something more permanent than a ring, an old and outdated ring!'

And, as if that wasn't enough, ten minutes later three new images followed. Each of them just as inscrutable and hurtful as the first image.

Picture number two was of a wound dressing which covered the exact spot just above her pussy where the temporary memento had been applied. The taunting, tormenting inference being crystal clear.

Pictures number three and four just added to my misery – each showing a similar but smaller wound dressing on Lizzy's right and left breasts respectively. The dressings each three or so inches above Lizzy's nipples, right in the center next to her cleavage, right where they'd be seen any time she wore any normal kind of top.

'Cryptic?' They were only cryptic in the sense that the wound coverings hinted at what MIGHT be below but tormented me by not showing me what was ACTUALLY below.

Before this summer I'd have bet my life that Lizzy would never let any man deface her body with permanent ink like the ink Darnell was hinting at. But then again, I'd also have bet money that she'd have been the last person to so casually and frequently let a lover pump coke up her nostrils!

Chapter 6

September 16th Friday

After Marcus had scored such a painful bullseye with his Friday-Sunday messages in mid-September, maybe I shouldn't have been surprised by the messages that arrived one week later,

This time the name of the shop Lizzy was smilingly pointing to was less obvious. The big letters said '*Transformations*' – it was the smaller letters that gave the game away. '*Piercings a specialty.*'

The moment I saw that Friday night image, I knew what would be arriving on Sunday evening. However much I hated the man, I wouldn't deny the last few months had shown him to be possessed of an crude level of animalistic cunning. But he was definitely showing himself to be predictable.

The moment the Friday image arrived, I knew that it must really irk Darnell that his rival Marcus had '*gotten to the North Pole first.*'

In the sense it had been Marcus who's persuaded Lizzy to have her navel pierced in the same fashion that our young and hip daughters had.

In the sense that it had been Marcus's 'M&L' initials which had first hung so sexily from Lizzy's navel. Hung so sexy and provocatively just above the entrance to her pussy.

'*Irked him?*' More like '*ate him alive.*' That was the look that I saw on his face as he stood with Lizzy posed outside the shop – posed outside grinning at the lens, holding four fingers up. The message clear - '*Marcus may have got there first, but I'm gonna top all that.*'

My whole stomach turned inside out as I stared at the image.

Four. Four! Just what the hell was Lizzy thinking? Why was she being so subservient, so submissive? This wasn't the woman I'd fallen for and married. What was this bastard doing to exert such malign and evil influence on my beloved Lizzy?

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If Darnell handed me some kind of predictable moral win in the middle of September, the following week he snatched that victory away. He had me back suffering bursts of agony at the state of my marriage and the love I'd previously shared with Lizzy.

Friday night he just texted me a simple message.

*'?? Until Sunday'*

And on Sunday the bastard just sent me the following message.

*'Got ya! Now you'll have to wait a whole extra week until you see what Lizzy and me got planned for our obedient, loving cuck!'*

When next Friday's message did arrive, it was the worst of the lot.

This time Lizzy wasn't smiling and standing outside pointing at the sign of somewhere as harmless as an ink or piercing shop. This time her eyes were back to that glazed over, glassy-eyed look from when we'd had that huge argument, and this time she was pointing at a shop that looked a whole lot more expensive.

*'Lift, tuck and uplift the real you.'*

It was a helluva a strapline. They didn't need to bother with 'Inc' or 'LLC' – they were selling a dream, and from the way Lizzy's eyes were glazed over, I was fearful that the mix of drugs and the way she was smitten with Darnell would weaken her resistance to the kind of augmentations she'd always scoffed at.

Living in suburban Houston, we'd seen no end of friends who'd started the month with one look and ended the month with very different looking faces, boobs, tummies and asses.

The picture Darnell had sent had me suffering all kinds of fears. Lizzy had always been dead set against any kind of cosmetic surgery – *'a woman should age gracefully, a husband should love his woman for who she is, not how she looks'* – but as a red-blooded male, I'd always been more flexible.

It wasn't that I objected to the idea of augmentation per se. What I objected to – my heart and soul screaming out at the top of their collective voices – was that such permanent and public changes to

Lizzy's body might be made not as the result of a loving, mutual conversation between us. But as the result of a narcotic-numbed quarter-conversation between her and a guy who didn't really love her – but who just saw her as the latest chapter in his sick games to dominate and conquer.

~~~~~

That picture was my Friday night.

And my Saturday morning, afternoon and evening.

By Sunday night I was climbing the walls with fear and frustration.

And the image he sent me just made things infinitely worse.

With something like this, he could hardly torture me with strategically placed wound dressings – inviting me to wonder what Lizzy might or might not have agreed to.

No, instead on Sunday he sent me a whole salvo of photos perfectly chosen to twist the knife. The first one showed Lizzy in the same pose as Friday night – outside the clinic, finger pointed up at the strapline. The only difference being that her normally tight top and short, short skirt had been replaced by a long flowing and very baggy ankle length dress. The kind favored by flower-power hippy women in the Seventies – totally the kind of thing she'd not normally wear – and totally the kind of thing to hide any changes to the body underneath the dress.

Fuck, somehow the bastard had found a clothing equivalent of the wound dressings! The perfect way to torture me.

That first image had me on edge, and the subsequent barrage just made everything worse and worse. A series of images of post-surgery female bodies. Each of them intentionally faceless, but obviously not Lizzy. Each of them showing a different part of the female anatomy, each one more extreme than the last.

The first one's were just warming me up – a before-and-after tummy tuck, not exactly something Lizzy needed. Then he moved onto a photo of perfectly normally proportioned lips followed by the same lower face but this time sporting really exaggerated and puffed-up

Botox-filled trout lips. The kind of lips thought sexy by some men – perfect for sucking cock. The kind of lips that would get you stared at in every social setting and judged as a slut by at least half the people who stared.

He was on a roll now. Ten seconds later an image arrived of a perfectly normal and sexy looking female ass. Two seconds later my jaw dropped as I stared at a high-def shot to show just how large the surgeon's knife and syringe could make a female butt.

'Hey cuck, I know you lived a sheltered life ... so, in case you're wondering ... it's called a Brazilian Butt Lift ... who knows, maybe we get her some work as a background dancer in a Hip-Hop video or two!'

Bastard!

And he wasn't done with me yet. I knew in my heart he was leaving the most obvious to the last. This time the 'before' image was definitely not of some random woman – those boobs were definitely Lizzy's. I'd recognize them anywhere – the number of times I'd held or sucked or watched them feed our babies.

This time there wasn't just a single 'after' photo - there was a whole series of escalating images. Each image accompanied by numbers and letters, question-marks and various smiley and winky-eyed emojis.

Ever since she'd gained a cup-size through nursing Carmina and Holly, I knew Lizzy had wore 34C. A fact also known to Darnell as he piled hurt and pain on me with increasingly freakish photos.

A 34D or small DD wouldn't be the end of the world – I could live with that and not be too upset. But by the end of the photo spool he was tormenting me with Es, Fs, Gs and even H's. Like a plastic surgeon's marketing spiel, each letter accompanied by a CC number to indicate just how many CC's of silicone had been used to create the pseudo-pornstar look in each image.

Bastard!

If Darnell persuaded Lizzy to have anything halfway as extra as

these boob jobs done to her, I wouldn't have to worry about people staring at her lips or butt! She wouldn't be able to walk down any grocery aisle in Texas without men and women alike staring and wondering how gravity didn't make her topple over!

I definitely didn't sleep much after those Sunday images.

I kept reasoning with myself – surely he wouldn't do any of that? Surely, like me, he liked Lizzy just the way she looked now. Surely, he was just screwing with me?

But then I remembered some of the rap and hip-hop videos I'd seen playing in the background during my weeklong stay at the frat house – so many of the backing dancers in those videos were ridiculously pneumatic, with huge boobs and huge, prominent butts they took great pleasure in twerking for the cameras.

Fuck, if that was the kind of woman Darnell took to be the height of sexually desirable, then what better way than to show his power over Lizzy than by transforming her from a respectable middle class white mom into such a black sexual stereotype!

The thought had me grinding my teeth with frustration and fear. My face screwed up with anger that I was powerless to do anything.

Having scared myself with all these thoughts about how Darnell loved all these voluptuous Hip-hop dancers, I tried to calm myself by looking at the calendar. It was already early October and from messages relayed back through the girls, I was pretty sure Lizzy and Darnell would stick to their plans to come back to Houston by mid-October.

Which meant only two weeks until Lizzy would be back home.

Scanning through all the photos he'd sent with forensic care, my heart leapt with joy as I saw no signs of any kind of extreme plastic surgery.

Sure, I couldn't tell what was underneath the various wound dressings – but none of the photos showed any signs of more extreme cosmetic surgery.

But just as I was about to breathe a sigh of relief, another thought

hit me. A thought about how at every single turn Darnell had shown himself to be cunning and crafty and had outmaneuvered me.

Going back through every image, this time I skipped the image itself and focused on the 'date created' field.

Darnell, you fucker!

He'd suckered me. Every single image showed exactly the same 'date created' information! Every single image had been created on the afternoon of August 21st – the day after Lizzy and I had that huge fight. A time when Lizzy would be at her most vulnerable and suggestible – when she was super-pissed at me and could well agree to pretty much anything Darnell might suggest. No matter how extreme and contrary to views she'd held for many years.

Oh fuck!

As this grinding set of fears tore at my soul, something else came back to my mind. Three days after we'd fought, when Carmina had brokered the one and only direct call between Lizzy and me, the whole call had been conducted with the camera zoomed in on Lizzy's face.

Oh fuck! Was this because even then – just hours after we'd argued – she'd already been under the surgeon's knife, but to fit in with his plans to torture me, Darnell needed to make sure I couldn't see any part of her body. That seeing anything more than her face would upset his carefully crafted plans for many weeks of sticking it to me with images and texts?

There was no way of knowing!

Which was exactly how Darnell wanted it to be!

Not only had he skewered my sanity, he'd also guaranteed yet another night with zero sleep and a maximum of tossing and turning and beating myself up about why I'd ever been so stupid as to let us explore this tortured path.

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Over those first few days in October, thankfully Delores and the girls spent plenty of time with me over the next few days. Without their

presence, I genuinely think I'd have gone insane with fear and worry.

Especially as their presence helped me damp down yet another question that had started to trouble me.

Every week Darnell had found some way to raise the table stakes. So, the question that just wouldn't go away was *'after last week's images of the plastic surgery clinic, just what the hell did he plan to send me this week?'*

All week, whenever I thought I might get some kind of mental peace, this question floated to the front of my mind.

By Thursday I was beside myself with fear, and on Friday I got my answer – an answer that was just as bad as I feared it would be. Not through the images that were attached or the topics they hinted at, but because of the simplicity and significance of the words in the second and third sentences.

Friday's message simply said:

*'Happy days - home next week!'*

That sentence wasn't the problem. The problem was what came next:

*'You owe Lizzy an answer to the question she asked! She'll ring Sunday 7 p.m. for the answer.'*

## Chapter 7

*October 9<sup>th</sup> Sunday*

Even though my whole body was lit-up with nervous tension, I was glad the waiting was finally over.

Ever since that message on Friday, I'd not stopped thinking about what I was going to say to Lizzy.

I'd wanted to talk to the girls and Delores about it, but I felt I couldn't. Because I'd only be able to tell them half the story. Because, to keep them safe and avoid making them '*accessories before the fact*', I dare not share with them even the tiniest of details about my deal with Marcus.

*'My deal with Marcus.'* Even saying the words in the privacy of my own mind made my gut churn with anxiety at the enormity of what I'd agreed to in order to get Marcus's help to fix Darnell.

In a sick, perverted way the enormity of what I'd agreed to only had one upside – thinking about his dual conditions did take my mind off the talk I was about to have with Lizzy.

Unable to talk to the girls or Delores, Marcus had been my only source of counsel as I tried to work out how to handle the call and what to say.

"Look, Alan ... it's simple, really ... you gotta play for time ... the only thing that matters is that you don't say anything that blows things up ... that stops Darnell coming back to Houston..."

The way he raised his eyebrow was enough. He was still being a stand-up guy, protecting me from the legal consequences of knowing too much.

I accepted his logic, but knew the conversation would be hard. He was basically saying that I'd have to go along with whatever Lizzy suggested. Give her what she wanted. Because this was the only way to minimize the risk of a blow up and Darnell staying put in North Carolina. Staying put out of reach of whatever Marcus had planned – plans about which I remained blissfully ignorant.

Easy in principle, but in the heat of discussions about such fundamental and life changing things, maybe not so easy. Especially if Darnell decided to join the call or find some other way to needle me into some angry response that blew things up.

*'That would suit him, wouldn't it?' I thought to myself. 'Give him the perfect opportunity to get Lizzy in her own mind to blame me and then keep her all to himself.'*

No, I wouldn't give the bastard the pleasure. I had to stay strong and in control – no matter what the provocation.

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"Hey, honey?" she smiled.

'Wow, this is a good start,' I thought to myself. *'Honey'* ... the word sounded so sweet in my ear after so long not hearing that or other terms of endearment. And looking at that soft, loving smile of hers ... there were no signs of drugs or dilated pupils, and her face wasn't a hard emotionless mask like last time.

No, this was the real Lizzy I was talking to. The woman I'd fallen in love with all those years ago. The woman I'd shared my life with, counting myself so blessed to have such a wonderful woman and best friend by my side all these years.

Maybe there was hope after all!

"Alan..."

"Darnell," I replied, trying not to be too obvious in my teeth-grinding animosity as I replied to his terse greeting.

"You got an answer for ME and MY girl?"

I ground some more. Trying my best to control the anger boiling up inside. Breathing exercises, controlled deep breaths helping me regain control of my feelings.

"Alan, sweetheart," she smiled, the two of them working me over as a team – Beauty and the Beast, "I've been doing a lot of thinking,

and I really think it's for the best ... I think this can be even better than it ever was with Marcus..."

She smiled again – sweetness and love personified.

"Honey, Marcus was right before, but not now ... deep down I think he wants to take me away from you ... he's never hidden the fact he hates sharing ... even sharing with you! Darnell's a much better fit ... he's happy to share, doesn't want to steal me away," she chuntered on, believing every word she was saying, having swallowed every lying word Darnell had fed her.

"... And he loves sharing me the way I've loved being shared this summer," she continued, her cheeks blushing at the memories, the old Lizzy back for a guest visit, too embarrassed to spell it out what *'this summer'* had actually consisted of.

"So, Alan ... baby, what do you say? I miss you and love you, I want to come home and carry on living this amazing life we've discovered ... living it and sharing it with you, my loving husband and best friend..."

Damn, she was good. If it wasn't for all the pain I'd endured and my unshakeable beliefs about what kind of guy Darnell really was, I may well have genuinely signed up for what Lizzy was asking.

But as it was, my smile and my agreement were of the crocodile variety. About as honest as genuine as the horseshit Darnell had fed Lizzy. A symmetry that made me smile with pleasurable irony. Just about the only pleasure I found in this life and death moment for our marriage.

"Look, Lizzy ... I've also been doing a lot of thinking ... I'll not pretend I don't have fears and doubts ... I think a husband in my position's always gonna have fears and doubts ... but, for the sake of our love, for the sake of our marriage and the girls, I'm prepared to give it a go ... I won't stand in your way, I'll let you and Darnell pick up how you had things with Marcus..."

Lizzy's eyes started welling up with tears. My own emotions became impossibly complex. Even at a moment like this, I couldn't turn my love of Lizzy off. Childhood sweethearts - thirty-five years and counting, love wasn't a switch I could just flick off, no matter how much hurt I'd suffered these last few months.

"You won't regret it, honey ... you'll see! It'll be even more exciting than it was with Marcus! Darnell's promised me that," she giggled, drying her tears away. "He's even promised me a welcome home party that he says my loving cucky husband will enjoy just as much as me..."

As Lizzy prattled on, it suddenly occurred to me that even though Darnell was still in the shot, whoever was holding the phone was being very careful to keep it focused on their faces. Just like the only other time I'd seen Lizzy this last couple of months. A symmetry that brought all my earlier fears flooding back about what Lizzy might have allowed Darnell to do to her body this last couple of months.

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The die was now well and truly cast.

Those last five days between when I'd lied to Lizzy about being prepared to allow Darnell to take Marcus's place and the Friday when she was due to arrive felt like they'd drag on forever.

I felt like a guy in some grainy old black and white movie watching a second-by-second launch sequence for the Apollo rocket. Only that sequence only lasted half-an-hour, mine lasted nearly a whole damned week.

Several times each day I definitely felt like I was in *'Houston, we have a problem'* territory.

I must have picked up the phone to call Marcus – to tell him it was all off – two dozen times in those five days. The closer their return came, the more I was aware of the enormity of the thing to which I was about to become a party.

Marcus had been careful to shield me from the details – but Lizzy and I had watched enough episodes of Law & Order to be fully aware that commissioning a crime is just as serious as committing the offence itself.

I didn't know for a fact that Marcus planned physical harm to Darnell – but he'd made it pretty clear that with a guy like Darnell, extreme measures were called for. Anything that didn't in some way put him permanently out of the picture would just invite revenge and retribution.

From the little that Marcus had shared, there were only two real questions in my mind.

Would harm befall Darnell directly from Marcus's hand, or would it come indirectly from one of the many people Darnell had screwed over through the years?

And, far more importantly, would Marcus's plan work?

I trusted Marcus's planning and connections. But at the same time the fact Darnell had survived all these years despite various people he'd crossed wishing harm on him spoke to the fact that he was cunning and that there were no guarantees that Marcus's plans would work.

As time treacle-crawled through those last five days, many times I thought I could end up in the worst of all places. I could end up being party to a felony that had failed and staring down the barrel of a very angry Darnell who would surely wreak his revenge on me – a scenario I couldn't bear to contemplate.

In the end, it wasn't me who contacted Marcus – it was him who contacted me. Arranging for us to meet at *Genesis* the day directly before Lizzy and Darnell were due to fly back into Houston.

"Look, Alan ... I'm gonna ask you one last time, because after tomorrow there's no going back ... are you really onboard with this thing with Darnell ... and, just as important, are you gonna stick to our deal? If I'm gonna risk everything, I need to know you're not gonna screw me over and I've put everything out there and got nothing back in return..."

He asked a good question. I gave us both the benefit of a long and serious silence as I thought it over. Thought over all the negatives, all the ramifications ... all the alternatives ... but even after all this, I still came to the same conclusion.

"Yes, Marcus ... I am sure ... I can't pretend I'm happy about any of this ... but knowing Darnell, and knowing you ... I'm sure this is the course I want ... I'm not enthusiastic ... I believe it's what's technically called 'The Least Worst Alternative' ... but I promise you I won't go back on our deal ... it'll all be down to what Lizzy wants, and if she wants this ... I won't stand in her way ... not on either of the things that you want..."

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That lunchtime talk and drink was the last I saw of Marcus until Saturday. Saturday when we had a very different conversation. But by the weirdest of coincidences – maybe the Universe was playing a joke on me, well and truly kicking me in the balls – Friday saw me back at *Genesis*.

I'd assumed I'd meet Lizzy at our home – but she and Darnell had other plans, and I received a text from Darnell telling me that he and Lizzy wanted to meet me at Genesis. And that the first day of the rest of my life was about to begin.

Chapter 8

October 14th Friday

Describing how nervous I felt as I left work that Friday evening to meet Lizzy for the first time in more than two months is totally and utterly beyond my powers of description.

My stomach was home to a nest of vipers – vipers that had been fed on a diet of crack cocaine. My whole body tingled with nerves, every inch of my blood system flooded with adrenaline as ‘fight-or-flight’ consumed my whole being. And my poor old heart, my poor old chest felt like it was teetering right on the edge of a mushroom cloud explosion.

Fuck I felt like shit! I felt like a man looking down the barrel of a tank while he looks at a smiling clown about to light the fuse.

Had my life, had our marriage really come to this? In some ways the last three years seemed like some kind of surreal dream. It almost felt like I’d been sleep-walking in a dream until we’d finally reached this cliff-edge of reality.

It had all started so harmlessly. So healthily. Nothing more abnormal or dangerous than a loving, committed couple exploring their fantasies. But from that harmless beginning things had progressed to that fateful anniversary evening at the nightclub. That fateful evening when Marcus had entered our lives. That fateful evening when, unbeknownst to us, Darnell had first met Lizzy and the whole rivalry for Lizzy’s affections had spawned its first poisonous spores.

And here I was, three years later, knowing that I was headed towards my own personal Alamo. Not knowing what would greet me at the club, and not knowing whether Marcus’s plans to bring my marriage back into a vaguely safe place would succeed. Or whether his life and my life were about to spiral even more out of control.

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Pulling up in the club’s parking lot, I looked in the mirror and tried to

calm and gather myself.

*'It's now or never, Alan ... be a man ... at least go down fighting for the woman you love ... tonight things are either gonna start recovering, or at least you'll know you tried your best, but your marriage is over...'*

It was a sobering thought.

But it was accurate, and it gave me strength. It was the somber, dangerous place Lizzy and I had jointly allowed ourselves to reach. Her hunger to explore ... my acquiescent, slow-burn enjoyment as cuckold fires took hold, consuming the man I'd been ... neither of us had planned it this way, but together we'd allowed things to come to this momentous crossroads.

Ours had been a love thirty-five years in the making – but the slide that had brought us to this cliff's edge had only taken a single summer.

But isn't that the nature of life? Slow to build, so easy and quick to destroy?

*'Here goes! Don't die wondering!'* I told myself.

*'Remember, take strength from your love, from your history ... think of the girls ... think of your future, your and Lizzy's future ...'*

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The first shock was the voice of the doorman. The doorman who obviously expected me.

"You the cuck?" he grinned, looking me up and down. "Course you're the cuck! Go right in ... back left, the little office ... Darnell's expecting you..."

Following his instructions, I winced at his taunting words - shouted insultingly at me when I was already ten yards gone. "Oh, by the way, cuck ... say thanks to Darnell ... I'm gonna love to screw that sweet cheeks wife of yours later..."

Fuck!

Fuck and damn! I'd had such optimism as I'd locked my car and

strode manfully across the parking lot! *'How's that working out for you now, Alan,'* I asked myself.

Knocking on the door – why the fuck did I do that? – my heart sank as I saw no sign of Lizzy.

The only thing I saw was the grinning, arrogant face of Darnell.

Just for a moment, I saw something in his grin that made me wonder about a question that had nagged away with a painful intensity these last five days.

Darnell, Marcus ... they went way back ... they'd been kids in the hood together ... both joining up at the same time to escape the consequences of their various adolescent misdemeanors.

The way Darnell smiled at me – was I being played here?

Was this whole thing with Darnell a giant, pre-planned set-up? A plan hatched between the two childhood buddies so that Marcus could leverage me to agree to his two huge demands? Demands that under any other set of circumstances would have caused me to tell him to go fuck himself!

That smile on his face ... it raised so many questions.

After all, hadn't the whole summer long fling in the 'frat house' – the summer long fling that had allowed Darnell to get so close to Lizzy – all been Marcus's idea?

He'd said it was all because Lizzy wanted 'to explore' and, as he loved her, he wanted her to explore – even though he hated sharing her.

But as I looked into that smug, smug grin of Darnell, I found myself questioning whether I really believed all the things Marcus had told me? Was it true, or was I the victim of two childhood friends playing the sickest and most self-serving of jokes on a middle-class white guy from the burbs?

"Alan, glad you could make it..."

Fuck, he made it sound like a country club committee meeting! Rather than a meet-up to re-map a loving couple's whole new life!

'Where was Lizzy? Where the fuck was Lizzy?' my soul screamed – screamed in full CAPS, font-size fifty. The mind-reading bastard answering my question almost before it was asked.

“Liz ‘ll be here in a minute ... she’s dying to see you ... to talk to you about what she’s discovered about herself these last few months... about how she desperately wants you to be on board and happy with her future ... but before all that, I wanted for you and me to have a few minutes together...”

The way he said it was a spine-chilling mix of old-world polite – think Clark Gable in *Gone with the Wind* – and street-speak understated threat.

“Look, Alan ... there’s no easy way to say this ... but if you and me are gonna rub along okay, you’re gonna have to accept your role in the whole Lizzy-Darnell-Alan set-up ... your Beta role in the whole Lizzy-Darnell-Alan set-up...”

He let the words sink in – his dark, menacing eyes never leaving mine, not even for the smallest fraction of a second.

“These last few weeks, Alan ... our girl’s come to realize her life has had three parts ... the part where she did what society wanted ... the *'Lizzy the mommy, Lizzy the wife'* part ... then the transition part, where she and you started exploring, started understanding who each of you really was and wanted to be...”

“And, now ... finally the part you both really want ... even if it’s easier for her to admit it than it is for you ... the part where Lizzy and me are a match ... are the real, true couple ... and you, you Alan ... you get to live out your deepest, darkest fantasies ... get to be the true Beta, the true cuck you really are ...”

As I listened to his poison-tipped words ... as I tried to keep a face as neutral and natural as I thought he’d expect ... my rib cage froze as every muscle prepared for the ultimate fight.

In my mind’s eye, I pictured myself taking the desk’s heavy, marble ashtray and slamming it into his skull ... slamming it right where the top of his nose joined his skull. I pictured the blood spurting out ... jet after happy jet, covering his ugly face as his earlier grin turned

into a look of desperate realization. Desperate realization that he'd misjudged me and that his life force was ebbing away.

But that was just fantasy. Wishful thinking.

I knew that in reality if I tried anything like that, my wrist would be grasped and snapped before it even got within an inch of the ashtray.

Which is why, by some superhuman feat of mind over matter, I stilled the vice-like grip in my ribs, stilled the flames of anger playing in my skull and played along.

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My performance was convincing enough that Darnell stepped out and held the office door open for Lizzy - before he, with a graciousness that shocked me, disappeared to leave us alone to talk.

*'Lizzy'.*

I knew it was Lizzy – we'd been life partners for thirty-five years – but the barrage of shocks and changes hitting my brain had me questioning who exactly was now standing just inches away from me in that tiny office.

"You did say you wanted me to explore!" she giggled nervously, her words taking us both right back to what we'd agreed all those months ago, before she'd headed off on her road trip to Tijuana.

Only five months ago – but it seemed a lifetime ago, so much had changed, and not just in the physical appearance of the woman standing in front of me.

"Hi honey," she giggled again.

At least her nervous giggle told me I was talking to the 'Real Lizzy', not some spaced out, drugged up facsimile of the woman I'd loved since fifth grade. Reassurance I needed right now – as so much of the visual evidence told me I was with a woman who only bore a passing resemblance to the woman who'd left and gone to North Carolina just two months ago.

About the only thing I recognized – which was deeply ironic – was the gently shaking head of hair. Not the soft brown flowing waves

I'd loved since our adolescent years. But the radically different gently shaking head which made the sounds of a small set of maracas as the braided seashells rattled against each other any time Lizzy made even the slightest of neck movements.

Lizzy's radical new Caribbean hairstyle was something I'd seen right at the start of her Fort Bragg stay and then had seen again just five days ago when we'd finally spoken directly.

But the rest of what I was looking at left me stunned and struggling to retain any kind of sanity.

Lizzy was wearing a lacy, white babydoll made from a lacy mesh-style fabric.

The semi-transparent material and the matching thong panties half showed, half hid Lizzy's sexy body. A big white *'unwrap me'* bow dominated her cleavage. A smattering of tiny, embroidered hearts completed a shy, virginal look.

An ironic look, a look totally at odds with the click-clack noise her matching white seven-inch hooker platforms made as she sashayed across the floor towards me.

It wasn't the sexy babydoll that stunned me - it was what lay barely concealed underneath that shocked me.

Some parts of what I was looking at didn't even get concealed.

Back all those weeks ago, one of the first things Darnell had taunted me with had been two small wound coverings - each strategically located on the top inner parts of Lizzy's boobs.

At the time I'd thought it was all a bluff - that neither he nor Lizzy would go so far as to put permanent tattoos in such a prominent, public place. A place that would be visible every time Lizzy wore any kind of halfway normal top.

But now as I stared across the little office at those same two spots on her boobs, I knew in my heart, it hadn't been a bluff at all. Because what stared back at me were two little patches of tiny, artistically designed black ink. Tattoos that had been perfectly chosen to look fashionable and not too trampish in our suburban

circles. But whose true meaning would be totally clear to anyone in our inner circle – to anyone in the know.

The tiny, swirls of black ink on the inner top part of Lizzy's right boob showed a small italic 'C' intertwined with a near identical 'H' – the meaning abundantly clear to anyone who knew the names of our two daughters.

Whatever some of our middle-aged, middle-class friends might think of tattoos, what could be remotely objectionable about such a wholesome thing as the initials of the two girls who'd once been weaned at these newly inked breasts?

After all, wasn't that the whole purpose of boobs? To feed the infants that so hungrily snuffled and snuggled to get close to their mothers' milk? Wasn't that why guys were so often obsessed and attracted to women's boobs? The matchless mix of childhood memories and a subconscious desire to mate with a woman buxom enough to feed our own offspring!

But if the ink on her right boob might be thought fashionable and wholesome, the meaning of the left-hand tattoo was anything but. Because the left-hand boob showed the same black, twirly italics, but instead of a 'C' and an 'H', there was a single initial equal in size to the sum of the 'C' and the 'H'.

That large, left-hand ink was equally simple and symbolic – a single initial 'D'. Inviting anyone in our lives to ask the simple question, 'Who is 'D'? Who is 'D' to Mrs. Lizzy Andrews, a woman who had no husband, no offspring and no one else close and publicly acceptable whose name began with the letter 'D'.

Staring at that single, mocking initial, I felt myself shiver with fear and pain?

How many neighborhood pool parties would I have to endure where I'd either be asked outright? Or, maybe even worse, receive a sly, smiling look from people who'd then gossip and mock me the moment my back was turned.

But even if it made me almost want to cry with shame, and even if my marriage was right on the edge, there was still that deep, sick

part of me that felt my cock fatten at the bittersweet humiliation of it all.

I may have been on the early stages of the journey of a recovering addict, but what do they say? You never truly lose the desire. You never truly lose the urge.

But at least feeling this sick, sad feeling in my gut made me even surer I'd made the right decision. That I'd backed the right horse in my choice between Marcus and Darnell.

Neither were ideal people to have involved in my marriage, but even though Marcus had admitted his deep love for Lizzy, he was infinitely preferable to Darnell.

Darnell, who without any kind of discussion with me, had put his permanent and very public branding on the woman who owned my heart and wore my ring.

But even as the pain of this permanent symbol of new realities tore at my heart, there was something else nagging away at the back of my mind. Something else that even in the dim light of that dingy little office looked off, looked different.

## Chapter 9

*October 14<sup>th</sup> Friday*

I'd been so shocked as I'd stared at those twin patches of black ink, that my overloaded brain hadn't fully processed that the dark crevice between Lizzy's boobs seemed deeper and longer than normal.

That change, not initially totally certain in the low light of the dingy office, had been filed away under 'tbc' while my throbbing temples had obsessed about the tattoos.

But now, even before I'd fully processed things, Lizzy must have noticed some small change in my expression. She pushed out her chest and turned side on, giving me more of a 3D view.

"Do you like them, honey?" she giggled, her happy girly giggle making clear she still had no idea I was merely playing along until she'd get to discover my true feelings – when Marcus's plan finally swung into action.

"Well," she giggled again, looking a little bratty and impatient, "DO you like them?"

I just stared back, totally lost for words, my Adam's Apple painfully bobbing up and down in my sandpaper throat.

Undeterred, and with no idea of the demons festering in my heart, Lizzy happily chuntered on.

"Sorry, baby ... I think I may have let Darnell talk me into going a little too large, but he says black guys love big tits on a white MILF ... he says it'll get me plenty of attention when I'm out with him or you ... and that it'll make me the belle of the ball at all the parties we'll be attending..."

I felt like my whole brain was melting. Now she was fully side on, I was trying to judge just what the hell I was looking at. Covered by the lacy white fabric of the babydoll, just for a moment I thought I was looking at a moderate breast enhancement which looked more extreme because of some temporary pushup or Wonderbra effect.

But then I felt a slow, creeping sense of panic spread through my

brain as I realized the lacy fabric of the babydoll was far too thin and flimsy to make a discernible difference.

Fuck! The two grapefruit-sized mounds I was staring at weren't in the slightest bit temporary – they weren't magically going away when Lizzy switched from babydoll to her normal clothing. Those two mini hillocks were new and permanent and would dominate many a conversation in the neighborhood and at school.

*'Have you seen Lizzy? What was she thinking?'*

*'Have you seen Mrs. Andrews? Poor love ... it must have been some kind of mid-life crisis! Why didn't her husband say something?'*

*'I hear she's been seen out partying in Sunnyside ... Mrs. Jones saw her partying outside one of those rave places ... I know ... I hear she's got a black boyfriend...'*

I could hear it all now!

I could see the smirks and hear the snide comments!

Fuck! It was bad enough she'd agreed to anything at all. But this? Those! Those twin monstrosities!

Nearly as bad as the boobs I was looking at was the fact Lizzy was so lost in her world of blissful self-congratulation and happiness, that she still hadn't clocked the look of horror on my face. She wasn't high on drugs – I could see that in her face. She was high on how her new look fitted her mental picture of the life she thought she, Darnell and I would lead. A picture very different from the one I planned for our future.

Still sticking her chest out and pulling her shoulders back. she just prattled on.

“I really only wanted a D cup, maybe as a maximum a DD ... but Darnell wouldn't take no for an answer ... he kept on showing me photos of this web mom called Janet Mason, said she had two kids like me and that H cups looked great on her...”

“But honestly, honey ... it looked like she had two party balloons stapled to her chest! So when I told him that and he saw from my face I wasn't having it, then he showed me photos of this other web

mom more my height ... she had E cups, just one bigger than I'd been prepared to go ... so when he saw me softening, he said that if I really loved him, I'd push a little further than I was comfortable, go one bigger, something like this other woman he showed me .. Wifey or Sandra or something like that," she prattled, until her nervous energy was finally spent.

Which was when I realized all the prattling was really just cover for her own nervousness about how she'd look back in our real life and just how the hell I'd react.

I knew her well enough to know she'd not been lying about being pressured by Darnell. But staring at those two fruit-sized mounds that dominated her chest and realizing what an impact they'd have on our lives and how they saw Lizzy and me, I wasn't in any kind of mood to be sympathetic.

Instead, a mean-spirited part of me kicked in. A mean-spirited part that allied itself with my addict demons which I knew would never really leave me.

"So, without any kind of discussion with me, you what? You left here a 34C ... and what, you're now a what? A 34D, a 34E? You better spit it out, Lizzy ... I'm in no mood to play twenty questions! And while you're at it, you better tell me how many damned CCs of silicon you let them put in you!" I hissed with real venom.

"I'll need to know how much of the damned stuff they pumped into you for the medical insurance! With bags that big ... with all the stories about much more normal bags leaking and splitting..."

I let my words peter out, intentionally trying to worry Lizzy and make her feel like a freak. I know I'd agreed with Marcus to play nice until he could put his plans into play, but looking at what Lizzy had allowed to be done to her body, I was just too damned angry to stick to the plan. I needed to vent my wrath otherwise I was likely to do something even worse.

"Would you like to see them?"

Still somehow oblivious to the true depth of my anger, she only looked slightly nervous as she turned to face me – rather than

answering my questions, her hands shook as they reached for the silky white 'unwrap me' bow at the front of the bodice.

"Go on then, show me!" a stranger's voice inside me said. "But you still didn't tell me what I need to tell the Insurance company!"

Somehow happy that I'd asked to see them, Lizzy grinned like a proud schoolgirl with a prize day rosette as she pulled at the bow and unhooked the tiny front-loading swan hook closure.

"I refused to look like that Janet freak ... even when he went on about it, that if I loved him, I only agreed to the F-cup, and I think that was about a 900 CC if memory serves," she finally answered, before returning to things which seemed to matter more to her.

"So, honey ... now you've seen them, what do you think? Do you like them?"

She was actually holding them up as she asked the question. Holding them up as if she thought I might like to suckle them!

I hated to admit it - but as Lizzy pivoted left and right - now I was seeing them as nature intended and I was seeing them swing, their weight and shape looked pretty damned good,

I still was super pissed at so many levels, but looking at the skillfully constructed lines of those heavy, gently curving symbols of motherly fertility, biology took over.

I'd always been an equal-opportunity gawker when it came to Lizzy's body. All those years ago in high school, I'd fallen in love with the girl, not the body. But as the years had passed and her body had filled out, she'd never minded the way I'd often stare at her boobs, ass and legs. Genetics, nutrition and her love of the gym combining to mean that I was always spoiled for choice as to which part of her body to lust after most.

And now, however much I hated myself for it, as I looked at her new boobs, I felt myself harden. It was just biology – guys are programmed to love boobs!

Lizzy's old boobs hadn't been small – 34C was just perfect – but these new enhanced boobs must have been three or four times

larger than what I'd been used to. And as I looked at them, the good news was that their gradually sloping curve and position relatively low on her chest meant a suitable baggy top would serve to lessen their impact.

Camouflaged like this, anyone looking at Lizzy would realize there was a substantial amount of real estate hiding under her blouse or dress. But from the curve and position, they might think my wife was just blessed with an extraordinarily large natural bosom.

Thankfully between Lizzy, Darnell and the surgeon, they'd not gone for some 'sit-up and beg' mini basketballs stitched high on the chest that would have shouted 'pornstar' or 'stripper'!

But if the skill and shaping of the surgeon's work was soothing me, I'd still not answered her 'do you like them?' question – because my brain was struggling with another 'enhancement' Lizzy had let Darnell make. An enhancement the dim lights meant I'd only spotted when Lizzy had pivoted left and right to shake her newly heavy boobs.

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I couldn't stop myself!

I reached out to check. To hold and check. In the process, holding and weighing my wife's newly purchased boobs.

Fuck, they felt good! The weight, the softness, the gentle curve towards her nipples. Nipples swollen with excitement, a swelling I'd always loved to see, but now which had me shaking with confusion.

Lizzy's nipples weren't just swollen with excitement, they were also puffier and more swollen from the small silver bars that glinted in the dim office lights as she swayed left and right.

"What the fuck, Lizzy!" I finally exploded, any self-restraint Marcus had urged finally blown out the window. "The tats on your tits ... the fucking huge new boobs ... and then, and then this! THIS!"

The old Lizzy, the Lizzy before she'd spent the whole summer 'exploring herself', would have been shocked by me shouting.

But the last few months, and the last few weeks with Darnell,

seemed to have reprogrammed her sense of what was normal and what was acceptable.

She didn't bat an eyelid at my screaming histrionics. As calm as you like she smiled, all coy, back at me and asked, "But honey, I thought you'd like them! Don't you think they look sexy? Just the kind of thing a hotwife with a big black boyfriend should allow her bull to put into her nipples ... don't you think?"

Fuck, I hated her logic. I was boiling over with rage – all these huge changes done with no asking me what I thought. But the point she made was valid.

After letting her do what she'd done all summer, I could hardly claim tattoos and piercings were some huge new change. We'd hardly been living some '*PTA, Church-on-Sundays, Country club*' existence these last three years. And especially not these last five months.

But I was in too much pain to be rational – as I handled Lizzy's hugely expanded new melons and examined the diamond-tipped little silver bars, my whole soul shouted, '*Without me! All of this without me! We're the couple! We're the center! Darnell, Marcus ... you're all just games to us, stuff we added to spice things up!*'

But even as I screamed this to myself, I knew it wasn't true.

The way Lizzy looked, the changes she'd allowed Darnell to make, spoke volumes about how much I was deluding myself.

And just then, as if the fucker could read my mind, Darnell came back into that dingy little office to really rub my nose into it. To really rub my nose into just how much the binary simplicity of a Lizzy and Alan marriage was a thing of the past.

Chapter 10

October 14th Friday

"Hey Alan," he smiled, slipping an arm possessively around Lizzy's hips, the darkness of his skin contrasting sharply with the whiteness of the lace babydoll. "You like the upgrades me and Liz worked on over the last few weeks? Don't she look great?! A real walking, talking, black man's wet dream of a cock hungry white MILF!"

"I tell ya, man ... your sweet little wife's gonna be a real hit with all the brothers, all the way from here to Fort Bragg and back!"

"And she really loves it, don't you babe?" he taunted, squeezing the flesh on her ass as she giggled in the affirmative.

"Anyway, can't keep the troops waiting ... I might be decommissioned, but my bros from Fort Bragg ship out on Monday ... got delayed a bit by some diplomatic bullshit, but now they're finally off to Kandahar, and I promised them a proper warrior's send-off ... a proper warrior's send-off featuring a pretty MILF they've not seen or screwed for several weeks now..."

"And best of all, Alan," he smirked, squeezing my beaming wife's ass again, "none of them have seen the new, improved, upgraded Lizzy ... so they're in for a treat ... which means Lizzy's in for a treat, if you know what I mean!"

Roughly grasping her shoulders – she didn't seem to mind – he sharply turned her to face him and yanking her head back by her newly braided hair, he forced his tongue deep into Lizzy's mouth as he taunted me with an aggressive kiss that showed just how much he owned her now.

Bastard! Fucking Bastard! I'd have given anything to kill him right now as I watched him pull Lizzy's newly pneumatic body tight into his groin and his chest, every moment her tongue thrust and kissed him back like a stabbing dagger to my heart.

He might have given me the respect of calling me 'Alan' not 'cuck', but the way he looked at me out of the corner of his eye and

grinned as they ate each other's faces was the opposite of respect. He might as well have painted a giant letter 'C' on my forehead ... or better still, a big letter 'C' tattoo ... after all, tattoos seemed to be his thing these last few weeks.

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"First things first," he chortled, finally pulling his lips away from Lizzy. Her brow frowning like a child having its favorite toy pulled away, until Darnell's next words as he fished into his pocket, perked her up.

"A little nose candy for my sweet little candy doll," he chuckled, handing her the metal straw as he opened his little metal box.

It all happened so fast. Lizzy inhaled in two long, drawn-out snorts. Her neck shaking violently each time before she looked across at me with not an ounce of shame. The energizer bunny was back. Pupils large as saucers, her face and torso glowing with a *'vault-tall-buildings'* energy.

She might have looked ready and raring to go, but I was feeling the total opposite. Seeing the things she'd allowed Darnell to do to her body had already ripped my heart whole from my chest. Not to mention stomping on any vestigial remains of self-respect that had miraculously survived these last few weeks.

But being reminded just how casual hardcore drug taking had become for the woman I still loved was the final nail in my emotional coffin. I felt a truly shattered and broken man. The fight in me that had felt so strong and vibrant just minutes ago as I'd walked across the parking lot was all gone. Broken and flushed away by the harsh realization of just how deep Darnell had sunk his talons into Lizzy's soul.

"Come on, Alan ... can't keep the warriors waiting!" he grinned, tightening his grip around Lizzy's hips and leading her out the office down a dark corridor, winking at me and throwing yet more insults over his shoulder as I reluctantly hung back.

"Chop, chop ... don't wanna miss the show do ya? After all, today's the first day of your and Lizzy's new life with me as your bull and

Lord and Master!”

Even with every ounce of my being hating him, I was powerless to resist. I told myself I was going to try and keep her safe – and in part that was true – but my bigger motivation was that *'moth-to-the-lamp'* ambulance-chaser mentality that left me feeling utterly worthless and ashamed of myself.

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“Rocky!” she squealed, excitedly click-clacking toward him as fast as she safely could on such high heels, “Rocky! Darnell never told me you were here!”

She hugged the dark-skinned Dwayne Johnson lookalike with total abandon as like a lamb to the slaughter I followed them out of the corridor and into a small private room. A room just about big enough for half a dozen chairs and a small pole dancing stage that did have the requisite pole but which was dominated by a single large mattress.

As Rocky and Lizzy continued to hug and smooch, the way Darnell looked on with almost paternal pride made me finally realize he really was totally different to Marcus. He really didn't mind sharing Lizzy with other guys. In fact, from the smug look of pride on his face, my mind went back to stories of Frankenstein and Pygmalion – there seemed to be the same creator's pride in the sexual monster he'd created these last few months.

“Baby girl!” his deep voice boomed, reminding me of the first time I'd seen him, when Darnell had dialed me into Fort Bragg and taunted me about how Lizzy now only loved 'real men'. When I'd seen her sitting on Rocky's lap and witnessed an embryonic closeness that had worried me.

“Look at you, baby girl! What's my boy D gone and done with you while we were busy smokin' the bad guys,” he chuckled, holding Lizzy at arm's length and spinning her around for a better view.

Lizzy, high on drugs and attention, beamed like a Cheshire cat, making sure she jiggled her silicone and metal enhanced boobs as she spun.

Spin complete, she burrowed into Rocky's powerful arms, pushing her grapefruit chest hard against his muscular pecs, enjoying a long slobbering kiss until he pushed her a little away again. This time so he could cop a feel and give her new hooters a squeeze as he judged their weight.

"Is this all for us?" he joked, "just how big are they anyway?"

"Guess!" she merrily teased, pushing her elbows tight to her ribs to make them look even bigger and heavier.

"I don't know! I'm useless at this kind of thing! What are they, a D, maybe a DD?"

"No, silly, they're a full F-cup," she proudly declared, putting her own small hands underneath Rocky's shovel-like hands to help him squeeze and feel. Not that he really needed any help, but I guess she was keen to let him know just how pleased she was to see him.

The pair of them were soon locked in another long, passionate kiss – Lizzy's hand reaching between them to do a little squeezing of her own.

"Mmm, someone's happy to see little old me! I can't wait to feel you inside me again, Rocky," she purred playfully. All her attention on him – me, Darnell and the other four soldiers in the room all equally ignored.

"Me too, baby girl ... but you think you can share a little lovin' with my brothers as well?"

"Of course," she smiled, spinning round and for the first time noticing the other men needing her attention. "Any friend of you and Darnell can always have any of the sweeties in the shop!"

As she scanned round the room, smiling in turn at each of the guys who were ogling her, just for a moment her gaze fell on me and we shared the briefest of moments. The look of guilt lasted barely a fraction, and then it was gone, her lust and the coke in her veins damping any sense of shame, or that after all this time away, it should be her husband who came first.

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“Okay, okay,” Darnell clapped, “let’s get this show on the road ... Liz, baby ... get stripped off so your hubby can see the final upgrades ... then lie on me so Rocky, Lance and me can take your hot new body for a test drive...”

*‘Final upgrades...’* The words sent shivers of dread through my body. I was shaking with fear but floating on her narcotic-excitement wave of bliss, Lizzy was giddy with excitement as she looked from Darnell to me. Finally giving me some kind of acknowledgment and attention, even if there was a roomy-eyed glassy-eyed feel to her gaze.

One brief shimmy of her shoulders and the floaty white babydoll was lying pooled on the floor. Careful because of the extreme height of her seven-inch hooker platforms, her huge new boobs swung down as she bent to pull her white thong panties down and around her heels. The mix of the heels and the pendulous motion of those heavy F-cup boobs nearly toppling her over, forcing her to steady herself on Rocky’s shoulder.

It was only when he helped her stand straight back up that I finally saw the last ‘upgrades’ she’d allowed Darnell to talk her into – my memory instantly going back to the taunting images Darnell had sent weeks ago. The image of the wound dressing just above her panty line. The image of him outside the piercing shop, taunting me by holding four fat fingers up to the camera.

“What ya think, Alan? You like the new tats? And yes, in case you’re wondering, they are all permanent ... not like those silly, kiddy stick-on temporary shit the youngsters thought were cool ... these are for keeps, Alan ... just like me and Lizzy are for keeps,” he taunted.

Standing ten feet away, he saw me squinting to decipher the symbols.

“If you’re wondering, it’s me, her, the guys,” he mocked.

The black ink was just above her panty line – so people would see every time she wore a bikini – and just below her pierced belly button. (Her pierced belly button which for the first time I noticed

had gone through a jewelry change. The gold of the 'M&L' that had only been there for a few months already replaced by a silver 'D&L' that matched the silver of her nipple bars.)

The whole summer had been so extreme that I'd grown used to seeing the temporary tattoo the boys had thought such fun. But that area had now been doubled to a five-inch strip and definitely looked permanent, just like Darnell had taunted.

"Me, her, the guys," he cackled as I stared, "we even had it measured to be exactly the same five-and-a-half inches as a certain inadequate part of your anatomy, Alan."

Shit, I hated this guy. But it didn't stop me staring as I matched the symbols to his words. The large black 'D' was obvious. The upturned Queen-of-Spades black symbol with 'L' in the center of the spade was clear. Which only left the two feathered arrows arranged like diagonally crossing swords to be deciphered. This must be *'the guys'* – presumably some Special Forces cap badge or something.

"Cool, aren't they!" Not the word I'd have chosen. "And if you look a little closer ... that little teaser in her pussy will remind her of me twenty-four-seven and make her hot and wet for me every time she walks or moves ... go on, take a closer look!"

I didn't need to, because Lizzy edged her thighs apart enough that I could see exactly what the bastard was referring to. The same silver that marked her nipples and belly button also now marking the hood of her clitoris with the symbol 'D'. A barbell with two little silver balls separated by a single black ball which joined to a half-inch ring fashioned into a 'D' shape.

I hated it! I hated it almost as much as I hated the part of me that replayed in my head what he'd just said and found the whole thing painfully erotic.

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While I'd been busy staring and torturing myself, Darnell had been pulling off his clothes and moving to lie on his back in the middle of the mattress.

“Come on, Liz ... don’t keep the warriors waiting ... keep the hooker heels on, but get your sweet ass on over here ... come and give Daddy some sugar...”

Now naked except for her obscenely high heels, Lizzy grinned and skipped over to the mattress, carefully lying face up on top of her new boyfriend. The two of them so in tune they both reached to spread her pussy, Lizzy screwing her eyes tightly shut and moaning as Darnell tormented her newly pierced clit hood with his fat cockhead.

Staring at their two hands pulling her labia wide, for the first time I noticed Lizzy’s ring finger was totally bare.

The rings I’d given her hadn’t left our home all summer – Lizzy had teased me by very ostentatiously placing them in her jewelry box when she’d headed off to spend the summer with her young lovers. And when she’d headed off from the frat house to Fort Bragg, she’d been wearing the black band her young lovers had given her, as well as the new and exciting ring Marcus had given her back in May.

Darnell caught me staring. “Lizzy don’t need no rings ... the ink, the piercings ... the new tits she got for me ... don’t they tell you enough, man?”

I winced at the harsh truth. The bareness of the finger that had worn my rings for so many years contrasted with the newly installed silver glinting in her nipples, navel and pussy. The black ink on both breasts and just above her womanly entrance rubbing my face in the painful truth Darnell took such pleasure in sharing.

With a hurtful and insulting wink, he pushed his long, fat cock all the way into Lizzy’s pussy. She sighed, the sound more like the whinny of a mare in heat as it happily accepted the stallion’s massive horse cock. The effect completed by the way she pushed her head back and nuzzled against his dark face, rubbing the back of her skull against his cheek, the shells in her newly braided hair doing a noisy little dance as she nuzzled.

Rocky wasted little time joining them on the mattress, large cock in hand as he knelt and carefully lined it up at Lizzy’s entrance – right

next to Darnell's cock that was already deep and cock-blocking his buddy.

At least it would have been cock-blocking for any other woman or group of lovers. But I already knew this was one of their favorite games to play with Lizzy and that she loved it just as much as them – the feeling of being totally occupied, stretched well beyond what mother nature had intended for her pussy.

I hated myself for feeling my cock stiffen even more at the sight of Rocky's dark fingers pulling Lizzy's flaps even wider as he slowly set about his next mission. Like the good soldier he was, breaking his mission into two.

Step one, carefully pushing his fat cockhead down and snug into his buddy's cock – lodging himself in her already full vulva. Then step two, gripping her pale hips tight and slowly thrusting all his long, thick cock all the way in as she whinnied all over again. Now an even happier mare, a mare with two stallions' cocks to play with, two stallions' cocks to pleasure her and breed her.

If Lizzy was a woman wallowing in a world of pure, unadulterated pleasure, I was a man tossed and torn on a sea of confusing agony.

I was totally ashamed of it, but my cock was undeniably hard and my whole body burned with adrenaline. And more altruistically, I was happy for Lizzy – that she was still loving this voyage of exploring all her deepest sexual fantasies.

But the balance had shifted. Had irrevocably shifted. Even if sick parts of me looked at Lizzy's body and saw changes that would have excited me on any other woman, the way he'd transformed and deformed her sickened me to the core. Because I knew it was all about power. I knew that bit-by-bit Darnell was bending the proud, strong, loving woman I adored to his selfish desires. And that his desires were not for her pleasure, but were all about power, control and destruction. Power and control over her, and destruction of me. Destruction of me as a rival for her affections and destruction of me as someone who might influence her against him and what he wanted.

I couldn't stay and watch any longer. I was just about to leave when out of the corner of my eye I saw the door open and the doorman who'd called me cuck entered as he worked his belt.

When he'd told me Darnell had promised him a piece of Lizzy's ass, I'd taken it as spiteful trash talk. But now as I saw him fully strip off and move to kneel right next to Lizzy's head, I realized he'd been deadly serious.

Even this wasn't enough to stop me – hadn't I seen the same and worse many times over these summer months? But as the doorman turned Lizzy's head to the left and gave her a deep, passionate kiss, something about the way his right hand was balled up tight drew my attention – set the alarm bell's ringing.

Fuck, was it more drugs? Was his tightly bunched fist about to open, forcing something even more powerful into Lizzy's mouth. Grasping her neck until she'd been forced to swallow so they could start the countdown until the fireworks really began?

I felt my own fists ball up ready for action. Not a realistic prospect – I knew who they were, they weren't exactly forcing themselves on an unwilling Lizzy and I wasn't plain suicidal – but instinct drives these physical reactions.

But then as the doorman's bulk moved between us, I saw his hand and Lizzy's hand touch, and something pass and glint. Then as he really blocked my view, all I could see for a few moments was Lizzy's arms moving up and down. Her arms only returning to her side as the big brute started rubbing his circumcised cock head all over her face.

My heart broke a little more – even as my cock hardened – as I saw just how much Lizzy loved his actions. It was like the two of them were playing a penis version of 'chase the ace'. Lizzy's neck rotating and twerking to try and get his big fat cock between her lips – but he was too fast and too agile for her, his cock always one step ahead. Even with her reactions sharpened by the coke, that plum-sized exposed cockhead of his was always just out of reach.

For a moment I didn't get it. Why didn't he give in so he could

enjoy the feel of Lizzy's lips locked tight around his manhood? So he could savor the warm, damp, velvety texture of her welcoming mouth? So he could enjoy the vacuuming force of her hollowed cheeks as she teased his balls and played with his puckered asshole? But then as I saw a look pass between him and Darnell, I got it! It all slipped into place. This was the deal. He was foregoing the pleasure of slipping his fat cock into Lizzy's mouth so she'd pivot and twist her open mouth and I'd be unable to avoid the final piece of humiliation.

The winking, glinting bit of metal that smiled sadistically at me from slap-bang right in the middle of the tongue. The final sex-based, deformed transformation Darnell had managed to persuade my smitten wife to agree to – a tongue stud perfectly positioned to give whichever black cock she was sucking on maximum pleasure.

A tongue stud just like the one her new bestie Delores had worn for many years. Something I now felt guilty and ashamed about enjoying.

It was one thing for me to enjoy the fruits of Delores having male-pleasing jewelry in her mouth. It was quite a different thing for the woman I loved to allow her new boyfriend to add a final perverted deformation to her body so she could be the perfect pleasure vessel for him and his buddies!

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Lizzy was so lost in the moment that she didn't even notice me move towards the door. I told myself it was the drugs that had her hooked, that meant she didn't notice. But I knew in my heart that was only the minor. The major was that ever since that very first couple's talk we'd had about fantasies, our whole life and marriage had been one slow, gradual slipway into deeper and deeper waters. Ever since we'd read that damned fantasy book, ever since I'd been stupid enough to arrange the massage and then agree to 'bringing Marcus home', everything had been building until we'd finally arrived here.

Lizzy totally besotted, totally consumed by living out her deepest

fantasies. The safety of a halfway decent guy like Marcus lost as she gave her heart over to the even more intense thrills of letting a wolf like Darnell use her as his sexual toy.

Because that was who he was, and this was what she wanted. It was the natural progression of what had started with the night before the road trip to Tijuana. Ever since that night, everything had just been one long downward spiral.

I turned to leave. Even if my cock was still painfully hard, my heart just couldn't bear it.

As I left, she didn't even notice. She was too busy sucking on the doorman's cock and whinnying as Darnell's and Rocky's hips took it in turn to double fuck her double-stuffed pussy.

The only hope I had left was Marcus.

A totally and utterly ironic thought bearing in mind how he saw our future lives together. Bearing in mind the price he'd demanded for his help in fixing the Darnell problem.

## Chapter 11

*October 14<sup>th</sup> Friday*

Leaving *Genesis* and driving back up the I-45, without the noise of the club and Darnell's constant taunts, I felt a strange sense of calm descend over me.

The only way I could rationalize it was that I knew we'd finally reached rock bottom. We'd finally reached that fork in the road where things would recover (if you could call what Marcus had demanded recovery!) or I'd be slowly letting go and waving farewell to my marriage.

Ironic to think it, but Darnell's actions had done me a favor. The frequent drugs, all the unilaterally agreed changes to Lizzy's appearance ... taking it all together, it all made it crystal clear we'd hit rock bottom ... crossed a watershed from which there was no going back.

A guy like Darnell would always want more. He'd never be happy sharing. To him this was all about power. He'd only be happy when he'd crushed me, won total control over Lizzy – total control over her heart, soul and body.

However much I loved Lizzy and had promised to never abandon her – *'til death do us part'* – no way could I hang around to watch him do this. It would crush me and wouldn't do Lizzy any good.

I could help her, I wanted to help her, but ultimately she was a grown woman who had to make her own decisions. The decisions she'd made these last few weeks in Fort Bragg were the perfect demonstration of this harsh truth.

No – more of the same, a continuum, wasn't an option.

Either Marcus's plan – whatever it was, he was still protecting me by not sharing - worked, or with a broken heart I'd start the process of mourning my marriage and moving on. Something no single ounce of me wanted and something that might destroy me, but something I knew had no alternatives.

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That night I really struggled to sleep. My dreams were filled with giant breasts.

I remember it vividly, giant walking hammer legs from Pink Floyd's 'The Wall' movie. Only these giant, striding hammer legs had giant, wobbling breasts just below the heads of the hammers ... giant breasts that wobbled every time a leg stomped on the ground ... a whole army of breasts wobbling in time with the heavy bass beat ... the heavy bass beat designed to conjure images of destructive fascist armies ... the strangest and most asymmetric of juxtapositions next to the giant boobs ... mankind's most potent symbol of nurturing love.

I also remember dreaming of Delores and Lizzy – both of their warm tongues glinting with metal as they took it in turn, their heads bobbing up and down on my meagre white cock, a cock that was reduced to barely two or three inches in my dream. The two of them laughing and cackling in my dream, abusing me about my inadequate size, telling me I didn't even have enough to make a little boy proud. The two of them finally growing tired of teasing me, locking me back in a black metal cock cage before holding hands as they laid on their backs, kissing each other and moaning happily as a succession of khaki clad black men made love to them.

When I finally woke up in the morning, the sheets were drenched with sweat and I felt like I'd hardly slept at all. I felt like shit.

As I made toast and coffee, I reflected that even now, there was a part of me that was happy for Lizzy.

This whole thing had started three years ago when she'd finally shared about her lifelong hidden fantasies about sex with big-bodied, big-cocked black men ... and how she'd always had fantasies about acting the utter slut for guys like this.

However distraught and depressed I was about the state of our love and marriage, I'd loved her too long and loved her too much not to be happy for her. Happy that, after so many years dedicated to our girls and our marriage, she'd finally gotten to fulfil these long-held

fantasies.

She was like a guilt-ridden pupa emerging from its chrysalis to become a beautiful, proud butterfly ... no longer ashamed of these fantasies and urges ... this summer of exploration having finally allowed her to be the woman she'd long wanted to be.

I was happy for her, I really was. But I was also sad that making her dreams come true had left our marriage hanging by a thread. My hopes resting on plans about which I knew little and on the thought that somehow Marcus and I could get Lizzy to turn back from the extremities of the lifestyle she seemed to have so enjoyed these last few months.

Drugs ... gangbangs ... life as a sexual plaything ... even if we could rid ourselves of Darnell, would Lizzy ever be happy again with the life Marcus was proposing?

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I was just biting into my first round of toast when my phone screen lit-up.

I did a double take.

*Marcus.*

My heart started racing.

Virtually the only thing he had told me about his plan was that it would go down today.

"Marcus?"

"Alan, honey ... honey, come quick..." It wasn't Marcus. It was Lizzy and she was sobbing, bawling so bad I could barely make out her words.

"What is it, sweetheart? What's happened?"

Panic set in. I feared the worst. Darnell had done something terrible to her. He'd found out about Marcus and my scheming and he was punishing me through doing something horrible to one of the three people in the whole world I cared about most. I began to wish I'd never been so stupid as to go against him – to get pain

inflicted on the woman who owned my heart.

"There's been a terrible, terrible accident," she wailed. "He's in surgery now, Darnell's in surgery now ... they say it's not looking good ... I need you here with me ... I need you NOW!"

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One hour later I was at Houston Methodist, clutching my weeping wife as tight as I could. All thoughts of the last months and the last years swept away on a tsunami of love and emotional compassion. Holding Lizzy, feeling the wetness of her tears and the heart-wrenching sounds of her sobs, selfish thoughts about our future and about my own need to be at the center of her life felt unimportant and petty.

And that's without even beginning to describe my own deep feelings of shameful guilt as I held her and looked across at a solemn-faced Marcus. The two of us locked together in our shared guilty secret – that it was him and me together who'd brought such pain and grief into Lizzy's heart.

From the stern, emotionless look on his face, I knew the guilt that was eating me alive sat on his shoulders with an easy casualness that I found chilling. Just like Darnell, another man not to cross.

As I continued to hug and comfort Lizzy and we awaited news from surgery, in between sobs, the picture of what had happened slowly started to emerge.

Apparently, the party I witnessed at Genesis had finally ground to a halt at around seven a.m. and Darnell, Lizzy and Rocky had all headed back to Darnell's crib to rest up after their epic cock-fueled sex party.

They'd gotten into Darnell's car and had just pulled out of the club's parking lot when Rocky realized he couldn't find his wallet. So as to make things quicker, he asked Lizzy to help him search, sure it must have dropped out during the evening's activities.

It only took them three or four minutes to find it, but just as they emerged laughing and joking from the darkness of the club, they

saw a garbage truck careening out of control – running head-on into and over the mid-size sedan Darnell was using until he got his permanent wheels.

As my crying wife told it, just about the only good thing was that by some flukish chance it was Marcus and his ambulance which were called to the scene of the accident. His partner driving while Marcus sat in the back and tended to his buddy's life-threatening injuries – Rocky comforting Lizzy as they trailed the ambulance as best they could in a taxi hailed by Rocky and given a 'money-no-object' bonus to get to Houston Methodist as fast as possible.

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An hour later, the gloomy face of the doctor told us what we were about to hear well before he got within hailing distance.

Cue more sobs, screams and howls from Lizzy as she heard and processed the fact that Darnell was gone. The crash itself had broken many, many bones – but what had actually done for him was something much smaller. As the doctor explained, some part of the trauma had caused an air embolism that had interrupted blood flow to Darnell's vital organs.

The doctor, obviously a religious man, said, 'The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away.' He shared his professional opinion that it was a miracle that Darnell had survived the original impact.

But this favorable output from Lady Luck had swung firmly in the other direction when the air bubble had intervened sometime between the accident scene and Houston Methodist to mean that Darnell was officially listed as 'Dead on Arrival.' A fact they'd hidden from my traumatized wife as they'd desperately applied the paddle boards and anything else they could think of to try and get some kind of response from a body that had stopped functioning properly seconds before the Ambo had rolled into the ER.

Hugging my sobbing wife tight, listening to the religious young doctor, I tried to avoid making eye contact with either Marcus or Rocky. From the corner of my eye I could see they were calm and super-chilled. But for me, this was my first rodeo – I desperately

needed space to process my guilt and feelings.

They'd been involved in the ending of human life a plenty. For me, it was an absolute first. And the absolute hatred I'd been feeling towards Darnell and the burning need for revenge now seemed a million miles away.

Killing might be or have been second nature for them – but for me, holding a sobbing Lizzy, this was a whole new existence. An existence I didn't know how to handle.

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To say the next few days were intense would be the world's biggest understatement. I felt like I was a punchbag, hit by punches coming in from every angle.

Saturday and Sunday were mostly spent comforting Lizzy.

I was constantly by her side. Holding her – she needed that physical reassurance and presence – and listening to her. Listening to her grief, listening to her rationalizations and processing.

"I can't believe it ... I just can't believe it ... one minute he's here, the next minute he's gone ... poor, poor Darnell ... he had so much to look forward to ... he was so looking forward to our life together..."

You can imagine how I felt hearing these words. They were an arrow straight to the center of my chest, straight to my heart, making me wince with pain at the thought of how terrible a permanent life with Darnell would have been for me.

At the same time, especially when Lizzy descended into another wave of sobbing or morose mutterings, I felt terrible guilt.

Whatever his faults, whatever his plans might have been for me and my marriage, did I have the right to extinguish another human's life? It might not have been me driving that garbage truck, it might not have been me directly making the plans. But none of this would have happened without me asking for Marcus's help – which meant this was all on me, and the guilt weighed heavily.

The police coming around didn't help any of this – it just made it all worse, especially as for the first time I seriously contemplated the

possibility they'd expose my role and that I'd end up in prison for the next couple of decades.

'How's that gonna work for your marriage, for you and Lizzy, Alan?' I asked myself ten or twenty times each day.

As we moved beyond the weekend into the next week – I was off work, taking emergency leave – several things happened.

Lizzy's intense grief settled into a long, slow period of sadness. I'd often catch her just staring out the window. When we did talk about it – sometimes she just wanted to be left alone with her thoughts – it was clear her sadness was mixed up with thoughts of *'that might have been me in that car'*.

"Alan," she sobbed, "if it hadn't been for Rocky losing his wallet, I'd be dead right now ... the girls would be motherless ... I'd never get to see my grandkids ... you'd be bereft ... a widower..."

I must have heard these words or a variation on them dozens of times.

The police's inquiry changed tack and they were joined by two members of the Military Police. They were circumspect in what they shared, but from what they did share it was clear that more and more they thought this was connected to opium trafficking from Afghanistan into the South East USA. Their financial background check had found large quantities of cash originating from accounts which had been flagged by the DEA as belonging to known Afghan drug suppliers.

Through all this, I began to feel more confident that my role would stay hidden – but this didn't stop me receiving a couple of serious warning 'chats' from Marcus.

"Don't you go all flakey on me, Alan! Understand?!" He then proceeded to play me a video recording of the two of us discussing the need for Darnell to be 'removed' from Lizzy's and my life.

As the color drained from my face, he just grinned, "Courtesy of my tech whizz nephew Clayton ... just a little insurance for me, Alan ... insurance to make sure you don't back out on your side of our

deal..."

'My side of our deal...'

Lost in Lizzy's grief ... lost in a sea of images of being locked up and fucked to death in the prison showers ... I'd totally forgotten what came next ... our deal that I'd play my part in him getting the two things he most wanted in life.

Fuck!

Talk about out of the frying pan and into the fire!

Chapter 12

November 11th Friday

A month had passed since Darnell's death.

Lizzy was back at work – rightly, she'd concluded activity and distraction would help her. I was also back at work. On the surface, life went on pretty much as normal – the normal we'd lived before we'd opened up our marriage so Lizzy and I could indulge our different fantasies.

She wasn't sobbing her eyes out every day, but knowing her need for her husband's loving support, I tried to travel for work as little as possible.

Sometimes Lizzy seemed her old self – albeit a little quieter, a little more subdued. But sometimes she was lost deep within herself, lost in her grief and thoughts. I'd wrap my arms around her, kiss her hair or face. Half the time I'd get a little smile of thanks and I'd feel the sadness lift just a little. Half the time she'd push me away – sometimes gently and tenderly, sometimes in a way where I could feel her simmering anger. Anger at life and what had happened, anger at me for trying to help her.

If Lizzy was often having a hard time emotionally, aside from dealing with her mood swings, things weren't exactly easy for me in terms of emotional stress.

I always had this low-level, never quite going-away fear that Lizzy would discover my part in what had happened to Darnell. The probability of discovery was receding, (the detectives seemed happy with the explanation it was all down to Afghan criminals), but this gave me precious little comfort. Because if she did ever discover my part, I felt pretty sure she'd never be able to forgive and move past it. Most likely, I'd be looking at a divorce (and possibly jail time.) Best case, I'd be looking at a loveless sham of a marriage – only maintained for the sake of the girls.

That was the fear side of what I was constantly battling. And then

there was the guilt layered on top of that. Darnell had been a piece of shit, and I was convinced he'd been out to steal Lizzy away from me and ruin my marriage.

But even so, often the voices in my head asked me, *'Wasn't there another way? Couldn't you have talked to Lizzy about it, talked her round to seeing the dangers and ending it with him?'* Both questions I could never answer now, questions which might well torture me for the rest of my life.

The solution I'd gone with had worked – but it had left me carrying the weight of a secret that would forever be a barrier between me and Lizzy, and which would mean I'd forever be afraid of discovery. Discovery and all the pain and shame that it would bring upon the three women I loved so much.

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It was a Friday night in the middle of November, about a month after Darnell's death, and I'd made it a habit to try my best to cheer Lizzy up.

Despite my own emotional turmoil, I must have been the world's most attentive husband.

How could I be anything but? Given how much the woman I loved was suffering and my own role in causing this – even if I was more than justified in the course I'd taken!

Whenever I thought she might be in the mood, or thought I might get her into the mood, I'd cooked meals, taken us out on walks or to the movies or for coffee or to a restaurant. I'd given foot rubs, mini massages and no end of hugs. All because I hated seeing her down and hurting.

As part of this non-stop care package, I'd laid the dinner table for three.

Laid for four, Lizzy would have assumed Carmina and Holly were visiting again.

(Since the accident, they'd been frequent visitors. But even though they knew about their mom and Marcus, we'd not felt it appropriate

to tell them who Darnell was to Lizzy. We'd only gone as far as saying, 'Your mom's lost a friend in an accident and it was a narrow escape for her herself...')

"Three places? Who's coming for dinner?" she asked, her voice still subdued, her mind only half on me and our conversation.

"Marcus ... Marcus's coming over for dinner ... I thought it might be nice for the two of you to see each other ... I know he's been a bit down too ... you know, with everything that's happened..."

The look on Lizzy's face was a picture of confusion. Half her face seemed pleased at the prospect, but at the same time there were unmistakable signs of guilt.

Since the day of the accident, when 'by chance' he'd been one of the two first-responders, Lizzy hadn't seen Marcus even once.

It was very obvious to me this was a mix of guilt (she'd been planning on dumping him in favor of Darnell) and misplaced loyalty to her recently deceased boyfriend Darnell.

"Oh!" was all she said, but immediately I could see she was on edge and more nervous than before the news, with more flush in her cheeks.

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"Lizzy!"

"Marcus..."

For a couple who'd been the most intense of lovers for two-and-a-half years, their greeting was wooden and stiff – full of nerves, for both of them.

Compared to how she'd normally dressed up for him, Lizzy's appearance was shabby and neglected. She'd had half-an-hour between me telling her Marcus was expected and his actual arrival – but that time had gone entirely unused. She was still wearing loose-fitting grey sweatpants and a matching hoody, as if she were trying to hide her womanly curves. Her make-up and nails – normally absolutely immaculate, if she was 'entertaining' – were entirely absent.

Pretty much the only thing about her appearance that might be taken as 'sexy' was the braids and seashells that remained in her hair. My instinct told me Lizzy had retained them as some kind of tribute to Darnell's memory, some kind of memorial to their time together. But even with this motivation, her frequent bouts of melancholy meant the braids and shells had become tangled and tatty

As we sat down to eat, the stiffness between them lessened. But it was all relative – people couldn't stay that on edge for a whole meal. And there were certainly no signs of the powerful chemistry there had been between them for so long.

All three of us were drinking liberally, but between the two of them it only seemed that it was Marcus who was making any kind of effort to break the ice and build bridges.

He patiently tried all through the starter and main course, but by the main course the wine and Lizzy's lack of effort finally snapped something inside him.

"I can't do this any longer, Lizzy!" he loudly sighed with real feeling and frustration. "Lizzy, I know you're hurting, and I know it's not easy ... but I deserve better than this ... for fuck's sake ... we loved each other ... we do love each other..."

"If this," he waved, "if this attitude is all because you can't face me, because you feel guilty that Darnell talked you into dumping me ... then, if it's going to help, I FORGIVE YOU ... I forgive you the terrible thing you were going to do to me!"

He stared into Lizzy's stunned eyes. She was totally lost for words. Totally shocked by the blunt, forthright way Marcus had called her out.

As my wife's unblinking eyes fixed him, he didn't back down, not even for a moment – his own stare even more unwavering and uncompromising than Lizzy's.

For what seemed an eternity, I held my breath, wondering how this would play out – who'd back down first, before finally I saw the muscles in Lizzy's neck and cheeks start to give her away.

"Sorry..." she whispered, still staring at him unblinking, her eyes now soft and apologetic, not confrontational.

"Sorry for what?" he challenged back – not overtly aggressive, but firm enough so she knew he needed more. "Sorry about being manipulated by a snake like Darnell into dumping me? Or sorry for all this shit? Grieving like a golden-wedding widow over a piece of shit who could fuck, who could twist and lie, but who wasn't worthy of your love ... who wasn't even one-hundredth of the man that Alan or I am!"

His eyes hadn't moved an inch as he'd laid it all out – he was still laser-locked on Lizzy's now frightened looking eyes. Not physically frightened – despite his military background – she knew Marcus would never raise a hand to her, he loved her too much.

But emotionally frightened and challenged. He'd called her on her selfish, self-absorbed self-indulgence – and she had no answers. Her only answer was to continue looking at Marcus, her gaze softening and more begging by the moment.

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With a most dramatic suddenness and speed, Marcus stood ramrod straight, sending his chair skittling to the floor as he strode around the table and pulled Lizzy to her feet.

He looked at me, thought about speaking but decided against it, then turned his gaze back to Lizzy, holding her hand high in the air as he headed towards the bedroom.

He wasn't pulling her – his fingers barely grazed hers – he was guiding her only. But she followed, all her earlier surly attitude melted, half happy for any distraction from her pain, half happy that her intuition told her she was returning to her emotional home. Returning to her emotional happy place, her deepest sub-conscious voices telling her – whatever she'd thought at the start of the evening – what Marcus had said was the truth. Was her life jacket, her way back to shore.

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The room suddenly seemed very empty, very lonely with them gone. The thought struck me that all through this drama, all through this breaking through bullshit to the real choices, I'd been nothing more than a bystander.

In fact, worse than that, I don't think Lizzy had even noticed my presence. I was just a shadow in a room dominated by her and Marcus, dominated by the truths and challenges passing between the two of them.

This realization stung – stung badly.

I comforted myself with the thought this was all just temporary. Lizzy had never had the rupture with me that she'd had with Marcus. She'd seen me, we'd been together every day – although we'd not been 'intimate' in all this time. And she'd not been planning on dumping me like she'd been planning on dumping Marcus.

I told myself these were all positives – these were all the valid reasons that my recent invisibility to my wife wasn't a problem. And like all good lies, it had enough truth in it to be seductive and appealing.

After they'd gone, as the minutes passed, a number of things happened, emotionally speaking.

The arguments I'd used to comfort myself about my invisibility gained strength in my head. They were sound, they were true. I didn't kid myself that I was out of the woods in terms of my marriage and relationship with Lizzy – but nor did I take my lack of importance in what had just happened as an '*end of the world*', '*woe is me*' kind of event.

Another thread in my mind started realizing that what had just happened between Marcus and Lizzy was, in all likelihood, a positive development.

Having seen what I'd seen over the last three years - even if part of me hankered after returning to the safe, comfortable and predictable world of just 'Lizzy and Alan' sex and loving – I knew this wasn't a

remotely realistic option.

I knew right to the marrow of my bones that, even before she'd experienced her summer of extreme loving, there was no way Lizzy would be emotionally or physically satisfied with just me as her only lover and sex partner.

However bittersweet the realization was, I knew she needed someone like Marcus in her life. It might have only started as a fantasy, as the smallest of fires, but the frequency and duration of her relationship with Marcus meant she could never be satisfied with just me alone.

I believed and knew she still loved me – but I was no longer enough for her. She needed the physical satisfaction and emotional excitement that Marcus had provided. Had provided until Darnell had come along and given her even more!

So, if just her and me wasn't a realistic option, Marcus being back her in her bed and back in heart was a step forward – however painful a truth this was to admit.

As I sat alone in the living room thinking, the final thread in my brain was maybe the most predictable of all. After I'd thought through all the pains, realities and complexities – I was left with a simmering excitement. I felt the buzz in my veins, I felt that balled, knotted churning in my stomach. My veins were tingling from a surge of adrenaline, my chest was tight and stressed and my palms were itching at the thought of a decision I needed to make.

My flooding, hardening cock was the final familiar piece of the picture as I struggled with need versus morals. I so wanted to go down the hallway and watch, to see them together in all their varied glory. But a huge part of my conscience told me this was their moment – that I owed them privacy, that watching could wait until later.

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True to who I was, my response to this temptation was half-assed and confused.

Even after all the other confused emotions and stresses had died down, I resisted the temptation to go up and watch for a good ten minutes.

But then I made the first steps – moving to the hall, telling myself I'd just listen and that this wasn't really an invasion of their privacy. But of course, listening – especially as they were strangely muted – only led to frustration and the need for more. Who settles for black and white after tasting the glories of color and 4K High-Def?

So, five minutes after making my first step down the hallway, I smiled to myself as I saw the door to our marital bedroom was open – the soft light and quiet sounds telling me this was where they were. The lovers having chosen the symbolism of reclaiming each other in the same bed where they'd first had sex.

Back then it had been 'having sex' (glorious, newly satisfied, big cock, pussy-stretching sex) – but as I peered in I saw that this was 'making love.' Marcus didn't want to 'fuck' Lizzy to reclaim his 'property' – what I saw was that special, unique combination of satisfying the woman I loved emotionally, physically and the fantasy hinterland that had sparked this whole journey.

Lizzy was laying right in the middle of OUR bed, pale legs splayed wide apart as Marcus's big, dark and muscular body lay on top of her – her splayed legs and their bodies forming something of a black and white cross.

Despite the earlier frostiness and the forthrightness of his challenges to her, that was forgotten now as Lizzy's nails stroked at the bald folds of Marcus's head – so different to Darnell's dreads that had inspired the braids she still sported.

Their mouths were locked together, hands and mouths working together in unison as they tasted and savored each other – painful for me to admit, but a truly special union after all the pain and distance between them these last few months.

And all the time, Marcus's hips were like a powerful, steady metronome, beating time as he pumped that huge cock of his in and out of Lizzy in a way that made her whole body shiver with

pleasure. Even through their intense kissing, even from outside in the hall I couldn't miss the way Lizzy sighed and whimpered every time he drove himself all the way back in.

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I held my breath, sucking in and savoring every micro-detail for five minutes or so. It hurt me, nearly broke me. But it also thrilled the voyeur-cuck who'd thrived and grown into a ravenous monster these last years.

The closeness, the soulful yet deeply sexual connection I was seeing re-ignited – re-ignited after Darnell had nearly extinguished it – was both scary and hugely exciting to behold.

'Excitement' - my hard cock - was all about the here and now. 'Scary,' scary was all about the future ... where this could lead ... where this would lead, bearing in mind the conditions I'd agreed to as the price to get Marcus's help in sorting the Darnell problem.

I watched for another few minutes. I could have watched longer, but multiple reasons drove me back down the hall. Respect for their privacy, an eighty-twenty satisfaction of my own appetites and the harsh reality that the intensity of the love making I was seeing between the two of them scared me witless.

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I '*slept*' in the guestroom that night.

My marital bedroom was otherwise occupied.

It was a night of fitful sleep. When sleep did come, it was punctured by dreams which were both graphic and troubling. When sleep didn't come, I spent hours looking up at the ceiling, thinking about all manner of shit. Darnell's death ... prison showers ... and most pressing of all, what the future likely held between Lizzy, Marcus and me.

In the morning, descending groggy and sleep-deprived to the kitchen, I was greeted by a sight that both surprised and delighted me.

A happy, radiant Lizzy. A happy, radiant, reborn Lizzy cooking

breakfast for her men – the proof being three plates set out, not two.

“Hey, honey,” she smiled. The old, happy Lizzy making a guest appearance. “Waffles or toast?” A choice she’d offered me a million times over. Bacon, sausage and egg. OJ and coffee. She knew, we knew those bits inside out. Just like between us we knew it was only ever *‘Waffles or toast’* that got varied.

Such a small thing. Such a small detail, but it made my heart sing with joy. I didn’t kid myself that we had no problems, but seeing so much of the old Lizzy returned and happy gave me hope that our story might be one of those that enjoyed a *‘Happily Ever After.’*

Five minutes later, Marcus strode into the room.

The vibe, the dynamics between them couldn’t have been more different than the wooden, stiff greeting they’d given each other only half-a-day before.

Marcus, bare-chested and only wearing boxers, confidently strode over to Lizzy, grasped her pale hips in his shovel-sized dark hands, and owned her with a hip-enveloping hug and a kiss-cum-bite to the neck.

“Mmm ... something smells good!” he smiled, smelling the air.

“Something other than you!” he joked, arms still wrapped around her hips, nose lost in her flowing hair. His playfulness earning him an equally playful slap, before Lizzy swiveled around to kiss him full on the lips and surrender herself to him all over again.

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That was Saturday morning, and the rest of the weekend carried on in pretty much the same way.

As the three of us chatted over breakfast, I thought how wonderful it was to have *‘happy, loving, smiling Lizzy’* back in my life - even if it had taken another man’s intervention to restore this version of Lizzy to me.

After replenishing energy tanks with food, caffeine and other liquids, it was a role reversal on the night before as my smiling wife picked

up Marcus's hand, blushed sweetly at me and led him back down the hall.

Her blush might have been sweet, but the smile and glint in her eye were decidedly wicked. A smile and glint that said, *'love you baby ... but you and I know Marcus comes first today ... normal service resumed! You'll get yours later ... but the Alpha comes first! Besides, all three of us know your little cock will be super hard as you listen to me and my big black bull going at it!'*

When you've been together and have such deep love as me and Lizzy, it's amazing what a single smile can convey!

I did 'get mine' later that day when, after retrieving food so they didn't have to break their marathon bedroom session, Marcus sent Lizzy down to get me.

"Marcus thought you might want some sloppy seconds!" she purred, nose and eyes right up close as she wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me lightly on the lips.

She wasn't being mean or nasty – it was all just part of the game, the exaggerated but 'based on truth' humiliation that I'd come to love these last three years.

"Physical and emotional sloppy seconds," she teased, another light kiss and smile twisting the knife an extra turn or two.

Savoring the bittersweet thrill, I kissed her back and proceeded to fuck her as hard as I could on the living room sofa. In between kisses and genuine looks of love, she kept up the game.

"Are you in yet, honey?"

"That all you got, Mister? No wonder I needed to find myself some real men!"

And her best of all, "Come on, Tiny Tim! Do it like you mean it! If you and your little weenie can't make me cum, I might cut you off for good this time! Put you back in that cage and throw away the key!"

That final line did it – sending me over the top as I spat my seedless baby batter deep in her pussy. My climax – we'd not made love in

months – totally mind-blowing. Her climax nowhere to be seen – not even in sight of the stadium as I finished my race!

Afterwards, choosing a less soiled piece of furniture as our venue, we cuddled and held each other close. Lizzy kissed me and said the words I longed to hear.

“Sorry, baby ... sorry I let things get so out of control ... Marcus said sorry to me, sorry that he and Rocky got a little drunk and may have mentioned to someone connected to the Afghans where Darnell was gonna be Saturday morning...”

The look in her eyes hinted that she knew more but that she felt it was best for all of us to leave some things unsaid and a little ambiguous.

I kissed her back, from the bottom of our hearts we reconfirmed our love and commitment, and I said my own sorry.

“Sorry.” Our joint smiles telling us we were happy to draw a veil, speak no more and move on.

The trouble was that, at least for me, moving on involved paying the piper. Paying Marcus the double dose of blood money he’d demanded to fix my Darnell problem.

Chapter 13

As November changed into December and we passed through Thanksgiving, it was almost as if Darnell and our summer of sexual craziness had never happened.

I think Lizzy wanted it that way. It was therapeutic for her, like a trauma victim blocking out the trauma, in Lizzy's case blocking out all memories – good and bad.

Marcus was still working his 'three days on, five days off' pattern – and without discussing it, the three of us seamlessly settled into a new routine. Lizzy would spend the first four of Marcus's 'off' days staying with him in his apartment in Sunnyside, and then the evening before he was due back on duty she'd return to our marital home in The Woodlands.

I couldn't prove it, but my strong suspicion was that this was Marcus sending a none-too-subtle message to me. The exact fifty-fifty split of Lizzy's time being a foretaste of one of the two things he'd demanded as the price for his help. The fifty-fifty split getting both Lizzy and me used to how he wanted things to be in the future psychology and set-up between the three of us.

If this all went unsaid – suspected and known by me, totally unknown by Lizzy – halfway through December Marcus pulled me aside one evening and said the words I dreaded to hear.

"It's time, Alan! It's time for the TALK between you and Lizzy," his face super-serious and super-stern as he spoke.

"And remember, Alan ... you promised not just to talk to her about it ... you promised to really sell it ... if I even get one sniff that you shared doubts or indecision with her..."

He didn't need to finish the sentence. What I'd seen after the garbage truck hit Darnell's car had made a powerful impression on me.

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"Lizzy, honey ... there's something I've been meaning for us to talk about..."

It was Friday evening and we were cuddled up in bed after a long, languid bout of 'welcome home from Marcus's love making.'

I know I'd not rocked Lizzy's world – she'd only cum when I went down on her – but I had no doubts how much she'd loved our time together and our tender love making.

"Oh! That sounds serious..." she teased.

"It is, but I think it's 'good serious', not 'bad serious'..."

"You better spit it out, you got me all tense and nervous now ...."

Turning myself and her so we were face-to-face, propped up on our sides, I went for it. I'd thought of a thousand different ways to broach the subject, and this was as good as any.

"Lizzy, I want you to hear me out, to let me finish before you say anything ... and I want you to know that what I'm about to suggest, well ... I've given it loads of thought ... and, even if it is a little strange and would take a bit of adjusting to, I really think it would be for the best, would make us all really happy..."

She looked at me now boiling over with frustration and annoyance.

"Alan Philip Andrews, if you don't spit it out right now, I swear I'm gonna take parts of your body and feed them into the blender..."

Here goes. She couldn't have been clearer that further prevarication wasn't an option. Taking the deepest of breaths, I plucked up my courage and finally unburdened myself about the first of Marcus's two life-changing demands. Demands so life-changing, that raising even the smaller of the two had the potential to explode and undo all the progress we'd recently been making after Darnell's accident.

"I've been thinking about this a lot, and after everything that's happened, I think you and me should take things to the next level with Marcus..."

She looked at me quizzically – I knew I needed to open this up by stages – her look saying, 'I don't get it, you better explain yourself Mister...'

“What I mean is that Marcus’s already your official boyfriend ... and we all love that ... and you split your life between here with me and down in Sunnyside with him ... and what this whole summer and the last few weeks has shown is that I don’t think we can risk losing him from our lives ... he loves you and you love him, and through all the shit this summer, he’s been a real rock ... and I hate to think where we’d have been if it was still Darnell here rather than Marcus ... Darnell was a snake, out for himself ... Marcus’s solid ... he loves you and always wants to do the right thing by you, even if it costs him...” Lizzy still looked confused, but her impatience with me was dropping as I explained more. Explained what I was really proposing.

“So, what I was thinking was, that rather than you being half the week in Sunnyside and half the week in Woodlands – with both of your men sad and missing you for half the week – why don’t we invite him to live here with us in Woodlands ... that way we get the best of all worlds ... none of us is sad, having time without you,” I joked. “And it’s not like we don’t have the space ... ever since the girls went off to college...”

“What do you think? I think it makes sense ... and it’s the next natural step ... we could be a proper, official throuple,” I joked, but meaning every word. “I believe that’s what the youngsters are calling it these days! A throuple! What da ya think? Getting to wake up every day and be with both your guys ... never having to choose ... the best of all worlds for all three of us!”

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There! It was out there! Out there in the world. The huge thing that had been weighing on me ever since I’d struck my devil’s pact with Marcus was out there in the world.

Words are powerful. Now that I’d said it out loud, now that I’d proposed it to Lizzy, what had previously been just an idea now felt very, very real!

I was in the epicenter of a blizzard of emotions. Dealing with my own feelings at what I’d just proposed out loud ... now suddenly real, I was a confusing mix of fear and excitement.

But I also had to deal with the emotions and words of the woman looking back at me. The woman who looked just as confused and stunned as I did. The woman who was now struggling with the same kinds of thoughts and emotions as I'd been struggling with for the last few months.

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"Are you for real?"

It had taken Lizzy five minutes of unblinking, staring, silent contemplation to even get to these four words.

I gulped hard, knowing the real game was now afoot.

I really didn't know what to say, but thankfully for me (probably!), Lizzy had plenty to say on the subject.

"What you're suggesting Alan is absolutely massive! Absolutely life changing. A 'no going back' decision that will change our lives forever..."

"You're right, honey ... but two questions, 'what's the alternative?' and 'screw the rest of the world, would this make the three of us all happier, happier and more fulfilled?'"

"Would you really want to share me with another man like that?" she asked, her tone almost accusing, with the tiniest edge of sounding hurt.

"Honey, this isn't about loving you any less ... you know I'll ALWAYS love you with ALL my heart..."

The look of hurt, the look of mild anger melted away. She reached out to softly hold my hand.

"I want what makes us all happy ... I know Marcus makes you happy ... and you know how I love the situation between you and him ... screw the rest of the world ... this is about what makes the three of us happy..."

Still holding my hand, still staring silently into my eyes, Lizzy went back into another several minutes of deep contemplation. The lack of clues on her face driving me crazy with frustration – but at least she was thinking about it.

One minute ... two minutes ... three ... finally, after five minutes, she spoke, she smiled. A coy, a *'part of me loves to shock the world'* smile.

"What would the neighbors say?"

And with that single, short sentence, I knew Lizzy's mind was made up. Was made-up subject to one final conversation – and not a conversation with me. She already knew my views.

My heart was in my mouth as I thought about the massive ramifications of what now seemed a whole lot closer, a whole lot more real.

I half loved, half hated the giant throuple image that now dominated my mind's eye.

My whole body surging with adrenaline and throbbing with palpitations at the thought of the conversation that would inevitably come next.

The real make-or-break deal breaker for such a devoted mom as Lizzy.

But before that talk could happen, there was something else I needed to discuss with Lizzy. But that would have to wait until tomorrow as I didn't have the mental or emotional strength to discuss Marcus's second demand today.

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Saturday had started with another wonderful hour of touches, kisses and then making slow, tender, emotion-rich love. Wonderful in its own right, but also a way for Lizzy to postpone a little longer having to discuss and face up to the elephant in the room.

As we cuddled and glowed, I could tell that – after the initial shock of yesterday – Lizzy was working up to the round two discussion that would inevitably follow.

But before she got there, I realized there was something else I needed to share.

Originally I'd planned to not tell her about Marcus's second 'demand' for quite some time – probably not even tell her until several months

had passed.

But as we'd both laid there silently thinking about last night, I'd realized the error of my ways. I couldn't let Lizzy decide yes or no about the whole living together, throuple thing without letting her know what was coming down the road as the second thing Marcus wanted.

To let her decide about the first while keeping her in the dark about the second was tantamount to ambush.

This two-stage plan was easier and had a greater chance of success (success I really wasn't sure I wanted!), but it WAS ambush! And the more I thought about it, the more I realized I couldn't bring myself to do it.

Now that demand one was out in the open, I realized I loved Lizzy way too much to not give her the full facts before she made her decision. And it was HER decision – because however mixed-up my own feelings and desires were, I'd already signed up to Marcus's two demands.

Part of me definitely did have buyer's remorse – but I'd signed up as the price of him ridding me of Darnell. And he'd certainly shown himself someone you didn't want to cross. If I did cross him, what were the odds that I wouldn't magically find myself being investigated for colluding with Darnell's Afghan murderers? No, crossing Marcus was definitely not an option! If I did cross him, I'd likely be leaving him alone with Lizzy for the next ten or twenty years. Him and her alone while I got to enjoy the hospitality of one of the state's local supermax facilities!

"Alan, hon..."

"Sweetheart, there's something else I need to share," I interrupted. The same worried and confused look as last night instantly re-appearing.

"The other thing we need to talk about before we decide on this whole living together, throuple thing is Marcus's desire to be a daddy ... or, more specifically his desire to be a daddy by making you a mommy again ... by putting his seed in you and holding you and

loving you while a new, shared little life you made together grows inside you ... comes out into the world and is then nurtured and loved as he or she grows to become a new member of our new, extended family..."

If Lizzy had looked shocked last night, now she looked downright stupefied – like she'd just been hit by a whole procession of eight-wheelers. Her eyes were milk saucers, her jaw was somewhere underneath the mattress and her face muscles looked frozen in time.

I'd not meant to say all that stuff, I really hadn't. It sort of came out, like the only way to explain what would otherwise be an insane idea for a couple in their mid-forties. Given Lizzy's age, the request itself seemed insane, it only made sense in the wider context of why Marcus wanted it, what he felt it would give him and Lizzy.

Lizzy's face was still frozen. My own heart thudded against my ribs as I felt the sweat beading on my forehead. I couldn't bear the silence, so even if it might make things worse, I had to fill the void.

"It's because he loves you so much, baby ... it's because all those times cuddled up together in bed you shared with him how you always wanted three kids ... how you always wished Carmina and Holly had a little brother ... I get why he'd want it ... if you were ten years younger, it wouldn't seem so odd ... it would seem the most natural thing in the world..."

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**"THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD!!!"**

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. That was the well-intentioned but carelessly worded statement that unlocked a deluge of invective from my dumbfounded but previously silent wife.

**"THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD!!!** Are you for real, my dumbass husband! How can you sit there with a straight face and say it's 'the most natural thing in the world' for your wife to have a child by another man? For your forty-six-year-old wife to have a child by another man! A black man, so the whole world's going to know just who the daddy is! So the whole world's gonna know my husband's not the father! The whole world's gonna know

what a slut Mrs. Lizzy Jane Andrews is!”

“Fuck the rest of the world! All that matters is what we want! Fuck ‘em! Fuck everyone! Don’t tell me you never wanted another child, a little brother or sister for Carmina and Holly! And don’t tell me all those times making love with Marcus, you didn’t sometimes daydream about him knocking you up. Putting a bun in your sexy flat tummy.”

Shit, this was surreal! Inflamed by Lizzy’s attitude, somehow I was now arguing the case for the prosecution! I know Marcus had made me promise that I’d try and persuade Lizzy, but something else had taken over. Partly, that bit all of us have when someone shouts at us, but partly that kinky cuck part of me. That kinky cuck part of me operating on nitrous afterburners ... the kinkiest thing in any cuck’s mind, his woman knocked up by another man ... especially a man so physically opposite that paternity would be obvious even to a blind man!

Lizzy blushed scarlet red at this last comment. Not exactly surprising – sex is all about procreation – what woman on earth wouldn’t occasionally daydream of one of her lover’s swimmers hitting the bullseye! But even so, the competitive, hate-to-lose-an-argument part of me smiled at my mini-victory.

“So what? So what if I have thought about it? Just because you think about something doesn’t mean you go out and do it. I’ve thought about jumping off the Empire State Building, but it doesn’t mean I’m gonna do it! That’s why God gave us a brain! To filter dumb thoughts from good thoughts ... and this is definitely, definitely the dumbest of dumb thoughts!”

There was something about the way she spoke that told my subconscious that something has shifted in her thoughts. It wasn’t the words, it was the lack of anger and venom, the fact that she was suddenly speaking more calmly. Not ‘calm-calm’, but anger and venom suddenly toned down from two hundred to just five or ten.

I mirrored her change. “Look, sweetheart ... I’m sorry if I shocked you ... and I’m not saying it’s something we need to discuss or

decide now or anytime soon ... what I was saying was that I needed you to know this as well when we discuss the whole 'Marcus moving in' throuple thing..."

"That's all I'm saying ... I promise ... I'm not saying I want it or don't understand how crazy it is on so many different levels ... I'm just saying I needed you to know, so you see the whole picture..."

My look at her was pure begging love – my best attempt at melting my way back into her good graces.

"Okay?" my lips and eyes quietly begged.

"Okay!" her pale, shocked lips finally replied.

## Chapter 14

*December 16<sup>th</sup> Friday*

"I still can't believe we're seriously considering this ... that any minute now Carmina and Holly are gonna walk through that door and I'm gonna sit down and talk to them about how they'd feel if the next time they come home for a break they're gonna find a new house guest ... a new, permanent house guest ... that the next time they'll be munching on their breakfast Cheerios, it won't be just their dad who might be cuddling up to their mom!"

All I could offer was a goofy, nervous grin and shrug of the shoulders.

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It was Friday, a week after Marcus's patience had ended and I'd finally had to pluck up the courage to not only raise his '*demands*' with Lizzy but also to try and sell them to her.

The entire last seven days had been a whirlwind of different emotions and different discussions.

It had taken Lizzy all Saturday – all Saturday when she didn't want me anywhere near her – to take on board the twin topics sufficient that she was ready for any kind of discussion.

Sunday had then been one of the most emotionally stressful and tempestuous days we'd ever experienced as a couple.

"Tell me honestly, Alan ... is this something you really want? I know it's something Marcus really wants, and my instincts are telling me this whole discussion isn't entirely unrelated to what happened to Darnell..."

She'd left that particular thought just hanging there – smart enough to say it, smart enough to not pull at that particular dangerous thread.

"So, honey ... I need to know what it is you really want ... warts and all, I need to hear the truth ... there'll be no judgment, but I DO need to know!"

Reaching for her hand, sighing deeply, I'd answered her as best as I could.

"Honestly, honey ... I think, just like you, I'm all mixed up and confused ... part of me, the cuck part of me gets excited, excited as hell ... I mean, your well-hung, big-bodied lover living under the same roof as us ... sharing you twenty-four-seven with a man who satisfies you and who you're attracted to way more than you're attracted to me ... for the cuck part of me, life doesn't get any hotter than that..."

We blushed together as I spoke and she listened – her total lack of denial making my little cuck cock secretly harden.

"But the thought that this might one day lead to me losing you, well ... that thought's one percent excitement but ninety-nine percent absolute terr..."

"You'll never lose me, honey," she butted in. "Marcus's been in our lives three years now and nothing in that's ever reduced my love for you..."

"Not even if you and he have a baby together? Not even if you make and raise a new life together? A new little mini-human ... half you, half him ... but no part Alan?"

"NO!" she replied emphatically.

"Not even if that does happen ... and that's an absolute huge, big IF ... I'm forty-six years old ... but even if it did, it would still be all three of us ... I'd still be the mother of your two daughters compared to the mother of his one child," she grinned.

Something in her eyes and in the way she spoke telling me that her thoughts about future motherhood were far less negative than the words she'd just spoken.

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Lizzy and my conversation had occupied all Sunday – from sunrise to sunset.

Monday we'd both been so emotionally drained from the weekend discussions that we'd agreed to take a break. Dinner and some

mindless romcom movie had provided much needed recharging time.

Tuesday six a.m. Marcus came off shift and when I came home from work that night I saw Marcus's car parked in our driveway.

No prizes for guessing why the lady of the house had summoned him up the I-45! And for once, it wasn't so she could feast on his big cock or lust after that big black body of his!

Lizzy's mind was far from made up on both of Marcus's requests – but now that she'd had time to process and adjust, our discussions with Marcus on Tuesday and Wednesday night were far more peaceful and less fraught than Lizzy and my first conversations.

Tuesday evening, nearly all the conversations were between the three of us.

As you'd expect, Lizzy had greeted Marcus with the normal passionate kiss and clinch – but after that it had been down to business, the two of them sitting hand-in-hand on the sofa while I sat at the side.

Marcus was by nature a quiet person, so no surprises, it was Lizzy who took the lead, clasping his much larger hands between hers and looking deep into his eyes.

"Marcus, I do love you ... you know that ... and I get why you're asking for both these things ... but you have to know, what you're asking is absolutely huge ... both of them are absolutely huge ... you do get that, right?"

He reached up to brush a hair away, kiss her and stroke her cheek.

"Of course I do, baby ... but I just want to be honest with you ... I hate that we have to hide our relationship from the world ... can you imagine how it makes me feel? And the other thing ... well, I'm not getting any younger, and I'd love to be a father, and you're the only woman I've ever really loved ... so in my world, two and two makes four, even if four is 'complicated.'"

Seeing the way they were, seeing the love between them always stung and excited in equal measure – no more so than now, when

they were discussing the most intimate topics a man and woman ever discuss, and discussing them as if I wasn't even in the room. A fact that hurt like hell but which gave me the most delicious masochistic thrill.

Having allowed his words to sink in, choosing his words super carefully, he pressed on. "Lizzy, please don't take this the wrong way ... please hear what I say, now what you fear..."

Now she was really on edge, and after another little kiss he got his face real close to hers for maximum connection.

"Lizzy, I'd never, ever plan to end us ... I love you too much for that ... so part of the reason I want us to have a baby together is because I want you and me to have the absolute best chance to survive as a couple ... there's nothing more I want in the whole wide world than you and me and us having a baby together, and if we can have that then other temptations, other girls offer no danger or temptation..."

He'd put it as delicately as he could. He was desperately trying to get his point across without making Lizzy feel frightened or afraid – he was just trying to gently remind her of certain truths. He loved her and wanted to be a father. He wanted that she gave him both in one package, so he'd avoid the possibility of being tempted by some other woman and having to choose.

He held his breath, waiting to see if Lizzy would respond negatively, waiting to see if she'd feel pressured or angry. The tension leaving his shoulders as Lizzy squeezed his hands and returned his earlier kiss.

"Thank you for loving and respecting me enough to be totally honest with me ... I get what you mean, and I can SEE that you're worried how I might take it ... but it's okay, baby ... I know you love me and would never threaten me..."

Lizzy gave him a big, big embrace to emphasize that she really was okay with everything he'd just said. Still clasping his hands tightly, she moved on.

"Look, Marcus, baby ... you know I can't give you an answer tonight,

these things are both so huge I really, really need to think about them ... but I also need to make sure you don't see this as the thin edge of the wedge ... as a first step to stealing me away from Alan..."

For the first time since he'd arrived, she looked across at me, giving me the smallest but most loving of smiles – maybe only small scraps from the table, but it made me feel ten feet tall!

Having received the necessary reassurances, she asked her final big question. "Marcus, forgive me for asking this ... I know how much you love me, but I've got to look into the whites of your eyes and ask you if you're really, really serious about this ... committed to this ... committed to me, committed to Alan ... because what you're asking me and Alan to do is to tear up our existing family ... our existing four person family ... and make it into a five or a six person family ... this isn't just me and Alan who'd be affected, it's the girls as well!"

"Lizzy, I've loved you more and more each day these last three years ... Alan's the luckiest guy on the planet," he sighed, now his turn to look over at me. "I'm all in, all I ask is that you think about both the things I want seriously ... think about them seriously and understand the implications..."

*'Implications,'* wasn't meant as a threat – well, maybe just a little – but it closed out the conversation. There was nothing more to say, Lizzy smiled softly – like all of us, exhausted from the raw emotions of the topic – and nodded her head. Nodded her head that *'yes she understood the implications'* and *'yes, she'd give Marcus's requests the consideration he was due.'*

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Wednesday evening, Marcus was back around but I have no idea what they discussed. Because for nearly the entire evening the two of them were locked away behind closed doors in our bedroom. The whole evening split between fast and slow-paced bouts of love making (I wasn't watching, but their lovers' soundtrack gave them away) and periods of prolonged silence when I was ninety-nine

percent sure the two of them were talking more about Marcus's twin requests.

Thursday was a quiet evening – Lizzy had a school commitment. Honestly, I was happy for a vaguely normal, stress-free night. Stress-free in the sense of no soul-searching, deep conversations between Lizzy and me or between the three of us. Although there was of course the small matter of the stress from sitting alone at home with a head full of dark thoughts and fears about how our lives and marriage were going to develop over the next few weeks and months.

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What a week!

And now we'd reached Friday and Lizzy was asking me if I was really sure within myself that I was happy with what Marcus was asking.

I'd told her I was happy, supportive and on-board – and part of me was truly excited. But of course the other part – all the doubts and fears – I was trying my best to conceal. Partly because I was immensely confused about what I really wanted, and partly because I'd made a promise to Marcus, and having seen what had happened to Darnell, was fearful of what would happen if I crossed him and he found out.

So as we waited for Carmina and Holly to arrive – they had no idea what was about to hit them – yet again I painted on a face of pretend certainty and told Lizzy that, if she wanted what Marcus had asked, I was one-hundred percent behind her.

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"Mom!" they shrieked.

"Carmina, Holly!" she shrieked right back, the three of them hugging like the end of the world was nigh – the girls still super happy to have a vaguely normal version of their mom back after the full-on extremes of her wild summer of experimentation. *(They didn't know all the wild details, but they were sufficiently close to their mom and emotionally savvy to know that her summer had not been an easy or*

normal time.)

Lizzy and I had agreed that, in the first instance, it would only be her who'd talk to them about the huge decisions we faced.

As soon as we'd got to a point where we knew Lizzy was seriously thinking about Marcus's twin requests, she made clear to both Marcus and me that both the girls would have a huge input into what she decided.

"This isn't just about the three of us!" she'd sternly lectured both of us like we were naughty little boys, and now the evening had arrived when they'd get their say.

The two of them had no idea why they'd been summoned on the seventy-mile journey from the A&M campus for the urgent family conflagration – their mom had just told them 'not to worry, but it is urgent.'

They didn't look worried as, blissfully ignorant, they each gave their old man a huge hug and kiss on the cheek – and then the three of them went off to the venue where they always talked through 'girly matters.' The kitchen table – the venue where numerous broken hearts or emotional hopes had been discussed ever since the two of them had hit puberty and discovered 'boys.'

Only what they had no idea about was that tonight's discussion would also be all about 'boys' – only not for them, for their mother!

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At first, I waited in the living room – but after a few minutes I realized this was way too close to the kitchen. Even for those few short minutes, I felt like I was living on the edge of a knife – terrified that at any minute the kitchen door would swing open and I'd be summoned in. Summoned in like a man before a court – either summoned for cross-examination or even worse, to hear the sentence hounded down by the three-women acting as both judge and jury.

After a few minutes, I moved to my den. At least this way I'd hear them coming – giving me some kind of mental buffer zone that

meant at least I wasn't perpetually on edge.

But all this did was allow my thoughts to slump into a circular, round-and-round pit of confusion – four parts of me all fighting for what they thought was best.

Part of me wanted things to go all the way back to how they'd been right at the beginning of Lizzy's relationship with Marcus. Part of me thought what we had now was pretty good, while yet another part of me was both terrified and excited as hell about the changes we were contemplating.

All these three parts of me were fighting like cat and dog. It was only the fourth part of me – the bit that wished we'd never started any of these games – that wasn't fighting with tigerish strength.

This part of me knew that, however appealing our old pre-Marcus world was, there was no way on earth that world would ever return. In our different ways, both Lizzy and I had become hooked on our new pleasures and knew there was no safe way back to shore.

The only question now was which direction we'd swim in and whether our marriage would have the strength to survive the tidal forces we were about to unleash.

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In the end it was only Lizzy who came into the den. A full three hours after the girls had arrived.

When we'd planned the evening, we knew we'd start with a 'mother-daughter-daughter' heart-to-heart, and that we'd play it by ear in terms of how I'd be involved.

Seeing Lizzy alone by herself opening the door to my den made me fear all kinds of things. But as I heard Carmina's car back out of the drive, the explanation from Lizzy was far less scary.

"They get it ... they get everything ... and they say they'll support whatever it is that you and I want to do..."

She hugged me tight. I think that, after what must have been an energy-sapping, hyper emotional three hours of talking, even just saying these last few words to me had consumed the very last

ounces of emotional energy she had.

I hugged her back, just about able to hear the super-quiet words she whispered. "Give me a week, honey ... I still need time to think. Give me a week, then I promise I'll let you and Marcus know my decision."

Another week!

Another week. I honestly didn't know if I could bear the emotional strain.

It was easier for Marcus – he knew what it was he wanted. He only had one level of torture – would he or wouldn't he get what he wanted.

For me, I had a double torture. The torture of not knowing what Lizzy would decide, and the torture of not really knowing which way it was I wanted her to jump!

Another week! I'd be an emotional cripple if Lizzy really did need another seven days to decide...

Chapter 15

December 23rd Friday

The next week was a hellish torment.

Ever since the late, unlamented Darnell had returned Lizzy from Fort Bragg, I felt like I'd been on a non-stop emotional rollercoaster.

Darnell's death. Lizzy's shock, grieving and mourning. The police investigation and fears of a life in prison. Lizzy and Marcus's awkward meet-up, their huge blow-out argument and then their lovers' reconciliation. And now finally these two, life-changing decisions hanging over me.

Thank heavens things were recently quiet at work.

Most days I'd been able to do the bare minimum at work.

Thankfully I had plenty of brownie points stored up with my boss, otherwise I'm sure I'd have been hauled into his office for a serious lecture.

All through the week I wanted to spend time with Lizzy – partly to help her, but mainly to get any kind of inkling or clue as to which way the wind was blowing.

Of an evening time, she'd gently decline my offer of couple's time together – preferring to stay by herself in the kitchen, staring out the window towards the summer horizon.

She was late to bed and early to rise – as if she was avoiding me. It was only Thursday night that I sensed some kind of shift in her mood. Thursday evening she seemed a lot more loving and affectionate. I desperately wanted to ask her what this meant – but experience had taught me to always give Lizzy space. She'd share when she was good and ready.

Her sharing came the very next day – but not with words, and not in a way I expected.

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The traffic on the I-45 had been particularly bad – a ten-car pile-up

with plenty of blue lights in attendance, an experience that always made me think of a certain man who'd become such an integral part of our lives these last few years.

Pulling off the highway onto the local roads, I gave a sigh of relief – two days before Christmas, this was my last commute for a whole ten days. The way weekends and public holidays fell meant for the cost of a paltry four days of Annual Leave, I got myself a whole ten days with no commutes, no early morning flights and no stress-inducing clients!

Heaven!

Heaven except for the not insubstantial cloud of Lizzy's pending decision – or should I say 'decisions', plural!

Rounding the corner into our street, this non-heavenly thought caused a second deep sigh. But then I saw Carmina's compact parked at the head of our drive. A sight that never failed to warm my heart and make me smile. Although why she'd felt a need to park at the head of the drive when there was all that other space was a little beyond me – women!

A quiet, stress-free evening with the three women in my life was just what I needed.

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WTF!

What the...

What the hell was that sixteen-foot U-Haul moving truck doing parked there in our drive?

The question no sooner forming than I felt a terrible, painful feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Just as the cogs in my slow, Friday evening brain engaged to realize there was only one possible explanation – I got proof positive that my assumption was correct. But the proof came in a way I didn't expect and which somehow flooded my veins with even more adrenaline.

Because it wasn't Marcus's huge, six-two, two-seventy-pound frame

I saw jump down from the truck's dark interior. Instead, it was the altogether lighter and more feminine frames of two girls who together weighed just over two-seventy. The two of them giggling and laughing to each other as they jumped down before turning to look back into the truck.

"Where da ya want these boxes, Marcus?" my younger daughter asked, as for the first time I noticed the way they were both dressed was slightly off. Unless they were on a night out, they'd normally both dress casual. Jeans and sweatshirt or hoodie their go-to choices. Even dressed like this, they both were more than pretty enough to be noticed by any cute boys they might take a shine to. But today the jeans seemed extra tight and the sweats and hoodies had been replaced by tight, short crop tops that showed off their flat young tummies and the youthful swell of their boobs.

What the hell? Were the two of them trying to steal away their mom's lover? Or at the very least they were dressed for some fun and flirting! The way they looked, the excited tone in Holly's voice taking me right back to that first night Lizzy had told them about Marcus and showed them a picture.

The night I'd hidden in the shadows when they'd thought Marcus was such a desirable hunk of manhood that they'd joked about when they could meet their new '*step daddy*' and teased their mom about whether Marcus had any '*younger brothers at home...*'

Watching Marcus's huge, dark frame bounce down from the innards of the truck, watching the way the girls were nearly drooling over him made me realize just how much things were going to change after today. A thought that made me shiver with a bewildering, confusing mix of dread and excitement.

Was this really the life I'd signed up for now? A life where my role as the only man in a house of three beautiful females was about to be irrevocably changed forever. As a new, much younger, much more macho male elephant joined our little herd. A new, younger male who could satisfy the senior female much better than I ever could and who had designs on adding a sixth member to our little

tribe.

"I don't know where you should put them. You'd better ask your mother? Normally when I sleepover, she prefers me in the master bedroom and she visits with your dad in the guestroom ... but this is kinda different, so you'd better ask her!"

The girls sniggered and laughed, Carmina playfully punching Marcus on the shoulder in a way not dissimilar to her mom.

Even seeing how the girls dressed and flirted, I didn't think it would ever be anything more than playful fun – Marcus loved Lizzy too much for anything else. But even so, looking at the three of them joking and laughing together really brought home to me our new reality.

That moment was the first moment I truly understood the scale of the price I'd paid to have Darnell permanently removed as a threat to my marriage.

What do they say?

'Out of the frying pan and into the fire...'

Half true I thought. Darnell would have been an existential threat. But living all together and sharing the woman I loved with a large Alpha bull like Marcus wasn't exactly going to be a bed of roses either!

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The first details of my new reality only starting to emerge a couple of hours later when Carmina and Holly had finally stopped giggling and flirting and had headed off for a Christmas re-union with high school friends back for the holidays.

Having hugged the girls goodbye, Lizzy told Marcus and me to draw the curtains and to wait for her in the living room.

Ten minutes later Marcus and I looked across at each other as we heard the unmistakable clip-clop of Lizzy's heels coming down the hall.

Emerging through the sitting room door she was a vision of sexy, erotic loveliness – earth goddess meets Marilyn Monroe meets Mata

Hari!

Fuck, she was lovely! And now I had to share her for the rest of my life! Share her with a man who outmatched me in every physical way – thank goodness I outmatched him in terms of the depth of Lizzy’s love for me!

Neither of us could take our eyes off her. She stood there silhouetted in the doorway – her heels taking her just above six-foot. Certainly taller than my five-seven and only an inch or so shorter than Marcus’s six-two.

She wore a short, floaty, see-through white night robe tied at the front with the loosest of knots. My stomach scrunching into a ball as I took in every detail of her new ‘post Darnell’ body.

She knew what I was doing, pulling herself up, pulling her shoulders back, sticking her chest out, standing proud and tall, smiling as she felt my eyeballs run inch by inch over every nook and cranny of the new Lizzy.

Those boobs ... those new boobs. I hated them but I loved them. The 34Cs I’d sucked and played with so many times – that had nursed our daughters – now permanently replaced by two silver-tipped 34F symbols of sexy fertility.

Their size, the black tattoos on each, a permanent reminder both of Darnell, and more relevantly of the lifestyle we’d now chosen to have right at the heart of our lives and marriage. The silver bar through each nipple just as powerful a symbol as the ink. Little glinting bits of breast jewelry that said *‘these boobs aren’t just functional ... no, now they’re more for pleasure and looking sexy and for pleasing my black lovers...’*

“I know none of us are happy about what happened with Darnell, but I for one am not gonna hide away or feel guilty about any of the things I let him do to my body ... either of you got a problem with that?” she challenged.

I don’t know what was on Marcus’s mind (nor did I really care), but I think she’d summed it up really well. For me, I was just happy that the thing that I hated even more, her casual use of drugs, seemed

to have died a death as certain as the death of the guy who'd been feeding her the drugs!

"No complaints from me," I replied, trying to sound bold and in control – although we all knew she was the only one really in control.

"Good," she smiled, untying the loose knot and shrugging the robe off as she sashayed her way across to me, taking my hand and placing it on the other ink the late Darnell had marked her with.

Just for a moment, she made me feel the most important person in the room, stopping to sit side-saddle on my lap as she got me to rub her three belly tats.

"Tell me, husband of mine, that day in the Caribbean, when you started all this with that book about my fantasies and your fantasies ... tell me, did you ever imagine our lives would end up like this?" she purred, squirming her ass on my hard cock as she savored my blushing cheeks.

"Alan?"

"No, baby," I whispered quietly, hoping only I would hear but knowing in reality Marcus couldn't fail to hear.

"And tell me, baby ... which does my cucky husband love more ... the tats and piercings and big new boobs I let my last boyfriend give me without me asking you ... or the fact that today I'm letting my real boyfriend move into our family home? And be honest, honey ... we've all seen how you've changed ... just like I have..."

I gulped hard, my cheeks burning even deeper red, my throat so dry I could barely whisper.

"I love the body stuff, honey ... but Marcus being here, Marcus moving in with us ... it makes me shiver with fear and excitement every time I even think about it..."

"Good answer, baby," she chuckled, looking deep into my eyes as she kissed me and gently rubbed my cheek.

"I need to set out some ground rules for you and Marcus, honey, okay?"

"Okay, baby..."

"And, Alan, honey ... when you hear them, remember how much I love you and how I got Marcus to promise he'd never try and steal you away from me..."

*'Oh fuck, where was this going?'*

"Ground rule number one: Sleeping arrangements," she started. "I've given this a lot of thought, and I don't think we should all sleep in the same bed ... in the same bedroom."

She looked deep into my eyes. "Reason being, honey, is that we all know that you'd be over matched by Marcus and, however much I love you, you'd suffer in comparison..."

Her eyes never leaving mine, she let her words sink in, lovingly inviting me to recognize the truth we both knew she was speaking.

"So," she said, moving on, "I think it's best that we all have a mix of separate, special time and time together ... and we can only do that if there are separate bedrooms ... does that make sense, honey?"

I nodded, smiling lovingly at her, strangely reassured by her logic and happy that she was asking me, at least nominally giving me a say while Marcus remained un-consulted.

"Which brings me to my next question, my darling little cucky husband," she grinned, the soft skin of her arms feeling so good as she squeezed them a little tighter around my neck – a small but much appreciated subliminal message.

"If we've all agreed separate bedrooms for you and Marcus ... my sweet little cucky husband," she beamed, fixing me laser-like with her beautiful hazel eyes, "then which bedroom do you want me to put Marcus in? The master bedroom, or the guest room with the en suite?"

Oh shit, she was tormenting me. Absolutely tormenting me!

"Be honest, baby," she whispered, "me and Marcus will know if you lie to me and my boyfriend about what it is you truly prefer!"

Voice dry, nerves totally shredded to bits, my parched voice whispered back. "Could we choose just for a trial period? Like for

three or six months ... see how it feels?"

"That's not really fair, is it?" she teased, trying to keep a straight face but loving every moment. "This whole thing's about treating the two men in my life equally ... my old husband, who I love so much ... and my new, shiny, exciting, big-bodied, big-cocked husband who I love just as much..."

*'Her new husband.'*

That was the first time she'd used those words, and they stung, but made my cock iron-hard because in three short words they summed up everything we were doing. Summed up how different our new life would be. One woman, now with two husbands. One woman with two husbands in every sense of the word except the legal one – and what the hell did that matter!

"So, Alan, my sweet cucky husband ... tell me and my other husband honestly ... which of my two husbands do you want to sleep with me in the master bedroom..."

Oh, so help me God! Was I really going to say this? Was I really going to besmirch our marriage with the words that were forming on my tongue?

"Al..."

"Your new one," my cracked, emotionally fraught voice muttered, hardly believing I was actually saying this.

"My new one?" she beamed wickedly.

I nodded – the tiniest of nods, without the nervous energy for anything more substantial.

"So, you want me to move Marcus, Marcus my new husband into our marital bedroom ... the bedroom we've shared these last twenty-some years?"

"Yes..." I croaked, face as pink as a baboon's ass, wondering what the hell other ground rules were about to hit me ... wondering what the hell else our first evening as a throuple held in store.

## Chapter 16

*December 23<sup>rd</sup> Friday*

Removing herself from my lap, she looked at me and then at Marcus. "Stand up, honey ... you too, Marcus darling! I want both of you to strip for me."

Marcus grinned, disrobing confidently, his muscles and huge cock soon on display as Lizzy knelt on the floor and beckoned us either side of her.

As her hands worked up and down each of our cocks, she blew Marcus a kiss before looking up at me. "I love you baby, but let's face it ... Marcus's got a much bigger, more manly cock ... the kind of cock that girls dream about ... the kind of cock that fills us and makes us cum with screaming orgasms..."

Even before Darnell, our games had sometimes been this extreme – much of this was nothing new, but still she checked my face to make sure she hadn't pushed things too far.

Satisfied that my expression was just the right mix of pain and pleasure, she carried on, blowing me a kiss before twisting the knife a little more. "So, baby, if Marcus's cock and his big muscley black body are so much superior to yours, I have two more questions for you..."

*'Oh hell, what was it now? What did I still have left to give? To be taken? I waited, buzzing and burning with nervous energy, to see what my ever-creative wife would dream up next...'*

"Question one. Just a little question, really," she smiled mischievously, reaching between the cushions for a small box she must have hidden there earlier, a box that when she opened it I saw contained the three rings I'd given her and the single expensive Tiffany & Co. ring Marcus had given her back in May.

"I've decided that to be fair, I should only wear one ring on my ring finger from each of my two husbands..." With that said, she lifted out our wedding band and the Tiffany & Co. ring, closing the box to

signal she'd no longer be wearing the engagement and eternity rings I'd given her.

"That's not my question, honey," she said with mock sweetness and innocence. "My question, Alan, baby is ... whose ring should I put on top? It's like one ring, one husband will be an Alpha and one a Beta ... one at the top and one at the bottom, so to speak..."

Shit, she was enjoying it! I knew she was only doing it because she knew how much I loved the masochistic thrill of these humiliation games ... but even so, she was scarily good at it.

Still on her knees, she held my cock out horizontal and placed both the rings halfway down my thin five-and-a-half-inch rod and then looked up into my face "Oh baby, forgive me ... but there really is no question of who's the Alpha and who's the Beta, is there?"

We just looked at each other ... me shaking with nerves, my cheeks burning bright red ... her grinning and looking like she could wait forever.

"Alan, is there any question?" she asked, her patience finally running out.

"No, Lizzy, honey ... there is no question..."

"So, who's the Alpha, who's the Beta?"

"I'm the Beta, Marcus's the Alpha..."

"SOOO," she teased, "whose ring do you think should go on the bottom and whose should go on the top?"

I swallowed hard, my whole face burning with embarrassment, every vein and artery throbbing with painful arousal.

"Alan?"

"Mine on the bottom ... Marcus and yours on the top..."

"Good boy," she praised, like I was a slow learning first grader. "I knew you'd get there in the end ... so, help me out here honey, show me you're really okay with all this ... put my two husbands' rings on my ring finger in the right order please..."

Taking them off my cock, she handed them to me and offered me

her ring finger – wagging it up and down just to tease me even more.

I couldn't believe I'd just done that. Examining my handiwork, I'd been the one to put Marcus's much more expensive ring on top of the simple gold band that symbolized Lizzy and my twenty-plus year marriage.

And not only had I done it, my cock had hardened and bounced higher as I stared at how the two rings looked together on Lizzy's hand. The meaning for her and me totally clear – from here on in, she really did have two husbands in her heart and her life.

I shivered as I stared, recalling Lizzy had said that the rings thing was the smaller of the two questions...

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"SOOO ... now that we've got that sorted out and sorted out the general sleeping arrangements ... there's the small matter of how I split the days of the week between my two bedrooms ... between my two husbands..."

Oh fuck! Ever since Darnell's demise and Marcus and Lizzy had resumed their relationship, we'd shared Lizzy fifty-fifty. Four of Marcus's five off duty nights Lizzy would be in Sunnyside, the other four nights she'd been back in our family home.

As she switched hands to stroke my small cock with her recently re-ringed left hand, I had a strong suspicion Lizzy was about to use this topic as yet another way of serving me a large portion of cuckold angst.

"Alan, baby ... like with the bedrooms, I'm gonna leave the decision to my loving husband's inner cuckold ... I'll give you the choice between the two options which seem to make most sense..."

Oh fuck! Only two options did make any kind of sense ... I knew exactly where this was headed ... I knew exactly the two choices she was going to place before me ... and I was already shaking and almost crying inside at the thought of just how strong the pull of my cuckold demons had become these last few days. Not that I had

much choice these days, ever since the Devil's Pact I'd signed to rid myself of Darnell.

"What da ya think, baby?" she chuckled, her huge metal tipped boobs wobbling enticingly as she grinned.

"Option one, keep things as they are, four days for Marcus, four days for you, orrrr, something a little more exciting ... five days for my Alpha," she purred, before pouting and switching to her most sad voice, "and only three days for my loving, sad little Beta?"

In all our time playing the game, I don't think I'd had to fight as hard between the two different parts of me. The man who'd started as a voyeur but who'd grown into a full-on, happy cuck wanted nothing more than to put the final icing on the cake. Wanted nothing more than to bask in the deliciously painful agony of humiliation of being the number two right there in the sanctity of his own family home.

But the prudent, fearful and rational side of me knew this wasn't just a game – knew that what the three of us were really doing was setting the terms of trade, were agreeing where Lizzy's priorities would be as we moved into this new phase of our lives.

So much of me would have loved to have amped things up – taken things to the next level! So much of my heart and soul craved the hypnotic, addictive high of going deeper ... of seeing what deeper tasted like.

But with every sinew of my soul, I fought back. If it hadn't been for the pain and near-death experience I'd suffered through Darnell, I know in my heart I would have succumbed. That temptation would have been too strong.

But like an addict giving up his favorite crack pipe, I sighed. Sighed as I looked inward and realized that keeping our three-way relationship in balance was already going to be hard enough. The last thing I needed to do was give the forces of destruction another leg up, so day-to-day I'd find them even harder to resist.

"Honey," I murmured softly, "you have NO idea how much I want to say yes! But if we're gonna stop things spiraling like they did with

Darnell, sometimes I need to say 'No' to my cuck addiction ... and sometimes we need to forget the games and remember we're still 'Fifth Grade' Lizzy and Alan...

"So, however much cuck Alan wants it, I have to regretfully decline and keep things just as they are..."

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Even as I'd thought and said it, a part of me was afraid of how Lizzy might react. I knew she loved me with all her heart – but just like me, the fantasy-driven, sexual parts of her personality had gotten way too used to never being denied what they wanted.

And from the look on her face, I had no doubts which way she wanted me to jump. She'd lived through the grief of Darnell's death – but in terms of our marriage she'd never stared into the same abyss that had finally had such a sobering effect, making me finally see that I had to impose some kinds of boundaries and rules.

So, as I told her 'No' to us spinning things down to the next high-low level of cuckold heaven and hell experiences, I was frightened she might flare up. That she might flare up like when Darnell had twisted things and we'd last fought.

But instead, her face broke out into a look of utter, heart-meltingly tender love as she kissed me on the lips, put her head close and whispered, "Thanks, baby ... thanks for being the sensible one ... for making sure to fight for us..."

I was happy with my decision, but that didn't mean that my inner cuck voice didn't groan in disappointment at the thought of what I'd just given up. That's the nature of addiction – you want it all! No restraints, no commonsense. No thinking of tomorrow.

But those were the traits that had landed me in this situation. Bemoaning the little cuck pleasure I'd just given up – rather than reminding myself of the huge life changes my addiction had left me with no choice but to accept as the price to be rid of Darnell.

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Just as I thought might be about to settle into a more muted, more

normal kind of evening, our newly naked new housemate strode over to Lizzy and picked her up in his arms as if she weighed nothing.

Supporting her weight with only one arm as she shrieked happily and hung tight around his neck, she allowed him to pick up her left hand and ram her ring finger right up under my nose.

“*Prima Noctis!* First night, cuck ... let’s start this new life as a throuple, just like we started it that first night after the club ... I’m gonna take Lizzy to bed and fuck her a million times better than she’s been used to with you, Alan!

“Then, Alan, I’m gonna make slow, tender love to the woman who loves me and who I love ... then, we’re gonna fall asleep in each other’s arms ... in the bedroom she used to share with you...

“Then, Alan ... maybe, just maybe ... in four nights’ time, she might come looking for you for a pity fuck and a few nights of cuddling ... so she can get some rest, before she needs a real man and a real cock after she’s recovered enough to start the whole thing all over again...”

Then, he gave me a big ‘fuck off’ wink – a wink that paradoxically told me that even to him this was all just a game, stringing the cuck along, giving him what he wanted. He really didn’t give a fuck about the game or humiliating me – he just wanted Lizzy and if sharing and trash talking to the cuck was part of the price to be paid, then so be it!

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This thing really had come full circle.

Three years ago, I’d listened as the sounds from the bedroom down the hall indicated that Lizzy was about to be intimate with a man other than me for the first time in her whole life.

And here we now were, three years later and similar but far more significant things were about to play out as I sat listening from the living room as down the hall I could hear Marcus penetrate Lizzy with his huge cock as he consummated this new three-way marriage

between us.

“Mmmm ... Hhhh...” Even now, after all their times together, she still made those same deep moans of satisfied fulfillment every time she took Marcus’s long, thick cock all the way into her womanly folds.

I knew it all so well. Just from the sounds I could visualize what they were doing. The bed – my bed, our bed as was – was slowly singing and squeaking. Sounds which merged in with the low, continuous chorus of Lizzy’s moans of happiness as she felt Marcus’s hyper-masculine cock stretch and stimulate every nerve-rich inch of her womanly canal.

My chest tight, my stomach yet again screwed up tight with bittersweet angst, all I could do was listen and feel that familiar mixed kaleidoscope of emotions.

Huge servings of jealousy and humiliation mixed in with endless joy that Lizzy was receiving such physical, emotional and psychological pleasure. Living out every one of her fantasies and finding they were even more amazing than she’d imagined through all those years of secret and shameful daydreaming.

Especially when the reality was with a guy as physically perfect as Marcus and she knew her husband was just down the hall happily cheering her on, happily stroking himself and listening to every little sob and sigh as time after time she took his huge cock as deep as nature allowed.

Finally, my reserves of self-control ran dry and I strode hurriedly down the hall.

Should I watch from the shadows?

I loved watching in secret from the shadows. I loved being a fly on the wall, knowing that what I was seeing was the real deal. Lizzy’s true reaction to another man, to another man with a big black body and a much bigger cock than me.

But however tempting this was, tonight felt like a night for something different, something special.

Pushing quietly at the door to what had until tonight been my

bedroom, I allowed myself the luxury of a few moments of secretly watching.

Just as I'd imagined, the two of them were in the most intimate and loving of sexual poses. The two of them on top of the comforter, Lizzy's legs spread wide while Marcus laid on top of her, lay on top of her stroking her hair, kissing her with tender looks and touches, and slowly and steadily giving her the benefit of every thick inch of his nine-inch beer bottle cock.

Damn they looked hot! Why hadn't the gods given me a cock or a body like that? I'd had a good run – I'd had Lizzy all to myself for nearly all her life. Knowing that for the rest of that life I'd now have to share both her heart and her body with a far superior mate stung like hell.

But it also made my cock throb harder than ever and made me proud of myself – that I could put her happiness first, even if it cost me and would bring me good days and bad.

Savoring one final stare at his glistening rod and listening secretly to her final round of happy whimpers, I slowly stepped into the room and picked up Lizzy's left hand. So happy when I saw the loving way she looked at me as I played with the two rings on her ring finger.

"Where do you want him to cum, honey?" I asked her, unable to resist, knowing that her answer wouldn't be just about tonight.

"I don't know, baby ... I don't know ... I think I want his lovely cum deep inside me tonight ... but in the future, I don't know ... I'm not getting any younger ... what do you think, Alan, baby?"

## Epilogue – Seventeen Months Later

“We feel so blessed!” Lizzy smiled, loving the protective feel of Marcus’s huge arm around her shoulder, loving that ‘new mom’ sense of closeness and ‘loving new life fulfilment’ as she rocked the gurgling new infant in her arms.

The little fellow was snuffling and sniffing at the scent and pheromones at being so close to the source of his mother’s milk. I was sure before long she’d be taking little Marcus Alan Jr. inside for a feed before too long.

Even now, as I smiled emotionally at the three of them, I tried to process my very mixed set of emotions.

“Hey, Dad ... don’t they look gorgeous together! Mom looks radiant, don’t you think? Did she look like that with me and Carmina?” I was still amazed at how easily and happily our girls had adjusted to the realities of their newly enlarged family.

I guess that’s the younger generation for you! Not a conservative or prejudiced bone in their bodies. As soon as they’d quizzed me and their mom enough to know that we were happy with things – having Marcus and now Marcus Alan Jnr. added to their family had been a non-issue for them.

In fact, more than that – ever since that moving in day, they’d never stopped their innocent flirting with Marcus. And now that their mom and Marcus had produced a bouncing ‘*little*’ ten-pound mixed-race baby boy, the pair of them couldn’t have been happier or more doting.

In the four months since ‘MAJ’ – as they’d taken to calling him – had been added to the family, they could hardly leave him alone.

They were back from college as often as their studies allowed them – cuddling him, changing diapers, singing to him. Even feeding him with the bottles their mom expressed from her Darnell-enhanced 34Fs. Hell, they even joked with their mom that at least now she had an alibi and cover story for why her boobs had suddenly gotten so big!

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"Girlfriend, I really do get what you mean about being so blessed ... I mean, at our age, having a baby's a risky business!" She clinked her glass in celebration for the blessing. Even if my breastfeeding wife could only clink with non-alcoholic wine, her bestie Delores was enjoying the free booze we'd put on to 'wet the baby's head.'

Happy to watch the three of them talking as Delores casually played with MAJ, two sets of thoughts struck me.

The first was about the nature of friendship – as I looked around at who had come and who was notably absent. All our friends from Sunnyside had come to celebrate the healthy new life of MAJ – but a good half of our friends from Woodlands had found some or other excuse to decline our invitation.

Well ... frankly ... fuck them!

If they couldn't find it in their hearts to be happy for Lizzy, Marcus and me ... if they couldn't find it in their hearts to celebrate a young new life that had brought so much joy to all of us ... well, honestly ... screw them! They were useless pieces of shit who I wouldn't even bother to piss on if they were on fire and their very lives depended on it.

The second thought was far more personal. About how the hell I'd ever been so stupid as to ever doubt that Lizzy would agree to try for a child with Marcus.

Looking at the two of them together – so close and so happy – with MAJ snuggled in their arms for the millionth time I railed at my own stupidity!

One of the few things Lizzy and I had ever seriously argued about in our marriage was whether to have another child after Holly. I'd always known how sad Lizzy was not to have another child, and whatever the age issues were, as soon as Marcus was back in her life on a permanent basis the die had been well and truly cast.

Looking at the three of them together now, I realized it had only ever been a matter of time. A matter of time until Lizzy said 'yes',

then a matter of 'biology' as Marcus's virility tried to counteract the negative impacts of Lizzy's mid-forties age.

I chuckled to myself as I thought back to the day my loving wife had shown me the pregnancy test stick. What a surreal experience that had been! Your wife hugging you and full of joy as she showed you a test stick to show that she was carrying another man's child!

A child that statistically was near impossible to be anyone's but Marcus's. I'd had a vasectomy many years before.

And not only that, ever since they'd started actively trying for a baby, my times with Lizzy had been managed in a way to build my cuckold angst whilst also eliminating even the tiniest chance any of my boys might beat Marcus to her eggs.

The first couple of weeks had included much sniggering as I was forced to wear an outsized black Magnum XL condom. And after that, my latex hat had been replaced by a dusting down of the black metal cuck cage that I'd almost forgotten about.

My final cuck-teasing torment was having to wear the cuck cage and hold Lizzy's legs high in the air – the best conceiving posture - after Marcus had shot his load deep into my loving wife's pussy!

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As I'd stared at that proof-positive pregnancy stick, I'd thought about how, in days of old, that would have led to stoning or beheading. In our strange new world, it just led to a family party of four-point-eight happy people. The 'point-eight' being me, as I have to admit there was definitely a part of me that still struggled with the thought and consequences of Lizzy becoming Marcus's baby mama.

But that 'point-two' part of me that fretted and worried was the same 'point-two' needed to fire up my whole daily cuckold pain-pleasure way of life. The pain always fed the pleasure – I couldn't have the sweet without the bitter!

However much it sometimes hurt and troubled me, I knew that I couldn't have one without the other.

By now we all knew that Lizzy couldn't live without either Marcus or me, so I knew in my heart there was no way back. This whole new way of life had sunk its claws way too deep into me, just as it had done for Lizzy after that first time I'd agreed to her bringing Marcus back into our marital bedroom.

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"Mmmm gonna miss you, miss you baby," she cooed, rubbing her nose up against his. For once my wife's use of *'baby'* not directed at me or the man who'd given her the baby she was hugging. Instead directed at her beloved infant son who she was handing over to Delores and her two young apprentices.

Delores, Carmina and Holly were fully loaded up with diapers and expressed mother's milk as they gave us all a final round of hugs and took MAJ downtown to Sunnyside so his mom could – four months after he'd popped out – finally enjoy some downtime.

Or at least that's what I thought was going to happen.

Because about twenty minutes after MAJ and his three favorite carers had disappeared into Houston's Road network, another two cars had replaced Delores' and Carmina's vehicles in our drive.

"Looks like you got visitors, honey!" I shouted to Lizzy who'd disappeared into our bedroom without telling me we were expecting anyone.

Still peeping out the window I heard the rapid, excited clattering of Lizzy's heels – hearing it just moments before I felt her hug me from behind and kiss me on the neck. Damn, she smelt good.

With Marcus away for the weekend, I'd thought I might get to enjoy Lizzy, to have her all to myself for two whole days. I should have known better!

"You don't mind do you, honey?" she cooed, arms tight around my midriff, her squishy boobs and hard nipples making my cock start to fill with blood.

"It's Marcus's present to me for letting him become a daddy," she informed me as I turned to face her smiling face.

“In fact, what he actually said was that it was his present to you as well as me,” she teased, “as he knew you’d enjoy it just as much as me...”

Even as she grinned, her loving eyes searched mine for any signs of resistance or unhappiness on my part. However strange our marriage might look to outsiders, ours was still a marriage of love and consent.

Seeing no clouds, she gave me the softest, most delicate kiss on the lips. Whispering quietly, “That’s what I thought ... I promise you can reclaim me Sunday night, when they’re gone...”

It was my turn to smile lovingly as I waited for what I knew was coming next, “... but, only if you’re a good boy ... and only if you use that talented mouth of yours to help clean and soothe my battered pussy when my horny visitors have had their wicked way with your naughty, slutty little wife!”

We shared a moment – our visitors were still walking down the drive - both of us looking deep into each other’s eyes. Both of us thinking back to how this had all started. Both of us knowing, however much she loved Marcus and however unconventional our lifestyle was, if our love could endure through this, it could endure through anything. Especially as the ‘*anything*’ in question we’d built together. Built as something that celebrated our love and fulfilled our very different physical and emotional needs.

We were still cuddling when I heard the front door open.

Fuck, Marcus had even given them a key!

“Hey, Liz! Lookin’ good!”

Looking for the first time in over a year at Clayton’s giant young six-eight frame was a shock to the system.

He didn’t even have to pull her away, her kiss to me turned into a farewell kiss on the cheek before her noisy heels scurried across the room. So she could plant her arms around his neck as she craned her neck upwards to look lovingly at her giant young admirer.

After they shared a long, passionate kiss and a lengthy embrace,

Clayton pulled back and smiled down at the woman he still had a crush on.

“So, tell me Liz ... now that Uncle Marcus’s given you a little black baby ... are me and my bros gonna have the same shot at the crown for the rest of the night?”

“Copy dat!” she grinned – even after everything, street words still sounded silly coming from her white, middle-class mouth.

Oh fuck!

For now, it was only Clayton standing in our living room. I’d almost forgotten about Delores’ frizzy-haired son and the second carload of youngsters who were milling around on our driveway, waiting for Clayton’s call to join the party.

Marcus still hated sharing Lizzy – but a deal was a deal! Lizzy had shown her love for him by giving him a son. So, *‘getting the band back together’* for a reenactment of Lizzy’s greatest summertime hits was a small price to pay!

John Bonham ... Keith Moon ... maybe, in a former life, that bastard Darnell had been a drummer with a drummer’s life expectancy!

Because the summertime band was back together – minus one band member who was sadly missing. NOT! Not that Lizzy minded – however heart broken she may have been at the time – she had plenty of big black bodies and big black cocks to reward her for the stresses on her pussy of birthing all ten pounds of Marcus Jnr.!

(The End)

About the Author | Peter G Johnson

PETER G JOHNSON is a family man and writer living and working in the UK. He loves both the sexuality and exploration of angst and human emotions that these types of stories allow. Some stories ending with 'Happily Ever After' finales. Others ending with the inevitable consequences when couples take risks with their love and love lives.

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