

*a HotWife Novella*

---

# Lonely Wife

*On the  
prowl...*



---

**LARAN MITHRAS**

*a HotWife Novella*

---

# Lonely Wife

*On the  
prowl...*



---

**LARAN MITHRAS**

-

**LONELY WIFE**

**By**

**Laran Mithras**

Other Books by Laran Mithras

Intrusion of the Heart

The Knight of Her Heart

My Two Vampire Lovers

Eclipse of Her Heart

The Captain of Her Heart

The Captain of Her Heart: Assassin's Gambit

The Captain of Her Heart: Pirate's Passion

Phone Sex With The Neighbors

DRAGON, SHIFTED

The Sharing of Carlene

The Babysitter's Desire

Two Vampires For Leah

Loaning Her To My Boss

CAT, SHIFTED

Beach Swing

Cover Photo courtesy of Sergey Sukhorukov and Dreamstime.com

Lonely Wife is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a

product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2014 - All Rights Reserved

“Wives are young mens' mistresses, companions for middle age, and old mens' nurses.”

~ Sir Francis Bacon

## CHAPTER 1

Allison Jones realized at that moment that she hated her husband. “What?” she said into her cell phone.

Her husband Derek repeated himself. “You heard me, you dumb bitch. You forgot the fucking beer.”

“I didn't know you were out.” She realized she despised him. Loathed him. Is loathe a strong enough word?

“Didn't you think to check? How stupid are you?”

How in the world did my marriage turn into this? “I'll stop at the market--”

The phone line went dead.

She sighed and pushed the “Off” button. Derek Jones had been a dashing handsome man, the object of desire for many women. What had gone wrong?

She had a decent paying job as a receptionist at an assisted care community. At thirty eight, she still looked good and had been asked for identification a few times this last year, though she thought the men were flirting with her.

“Derek?” said her friend.

“Yes.”

Her friend Faith had been her friend since they met at a temp agency eleven years ago. Not her longest term friend, but her closest.

They stopped walking and people passed by. They were at the mall. They weren't carrying bags - they didn't care much for shopping and endlessly spending money. The most they spent was to get coffee at the trendy little coffee-cafe. They would walk, chatting, looking at people, looking through windows at the cute displays.

Faith sighed.

Allison knew that sigh. It meant her friend felt sorry for her and didn't know what to do. "I just need to pick up some beer on the way home."

Faith folded her arms and gave her the look. Her eyebrows were raised, her chin lowered and her mouth quirked to one side. It said, "Girl, you aren't fooling me."

She lowered her eyes, looking at the ground. The tile was orange - ugly, really. But it blended with the terracotta colors of the mall. "I just don't know anymore."

She had married her husband eight years before. She had been thirty-one and in the prime of her life. He had been tall and handsome, neatly trimmed dark hair with a mustache. He had been so cute and he had treated her well.

Today's reality was a far different nightmare than her wedding picture. He had gained over two hundred pounds. His hair had thinned and one day he had come out bald, having shaved it down. He thought it made him look tough. He gave up on the mustache look and completed it with hair on his chin. Mustache and goatee. He thought that made him look even tougher. He really just looked like all the other fat men walking around now who thought they looked buff. She had never told him, fortunately, that she thought the hair around the mouth as was the style reminded her of butt-hair. So many fat men waddled around with butt-hair on their faces, trying to look manly.

Oh, but I better not call him fat to his face. He walked around with his arms out, as if he was so strong he couldn't clap his hands. He claimed he was "big" and it was all muscle.

She knew the truth though. When he would get naked to lay on her, she saw the enormous gut roll he hid under his super large t-shirts. It jiggled. It was gross.

"Ally, do you want to come back to my place?"

She panicked. Faith was married to a very nice man. She wasn't sure she could handle seeing a happy couple together. She shook her head. "What am I going to do?"

Faith's face softened. "Oh, girl." She wrapped her in a hug and squeezed. "Why

don't you come over Sunday when they watch football?"

She pulled away. "I don't know. He likes me bringing him beers."

"You married him to be a slave?"

"Of course not." Allison Brown did not marry to become Allison Jones and be a slave.

"Could've fooled me."

She loved her friend and hated her for saying it. "I'm sure this is all just a phase he's going through."

She was suddenly swung around, a hand gripping her arm. She cringed, instantly thinking Derek was there. But it was Faith, her eyes ablaze.

"Wake up, Ally." Her friend drilled her with her eyes. "I hate seeing you like this. You went from strength to a pathetic shrivel of what you were. Where's that girl I know is in there?"

"It's just beer--"

Her voice was a fierce interruption, toned low, but filled with force. "It's more than his shitty beer. Look at yourself. Are you going to lick his asshole when he tells you to?"

"Don't be gross." She tried to look away. This was making her uncomfortable.

Faith's face followed hers, her body leaning to follow her evasion. "Look at me, Ally."

She finally did. "What?"

Faith took her by the shoulders and shoved her towards a display. A mirror provided the backdrop. "What do you see?"

She knew what her friend meant. They stood there looking into the mirror. Faith was a few inches taller, and black of hair. It was cut short, just above the shoulder. Ally looked at herself. She looked drawn, worried. A look on her face

said she better not disappoint Derek again. Her blonde hair was drawn back and clipped up. Her bangs didn't seem to add the cuteness to her face any longer. Not because of the hair, but because of the face. Or, more accurately, the expression on her face.

Tears filled her eyes.

No, I will not cry.

But she did.

Once again, Faith hugged her. "Oh... I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's alright Ally. I'm sorry."

Her friend was right, though, wasn't she? Allison was a sad caricature of what she had been. "No, I..." But she didn't know what to say. "I guess we should go. I better get his beer. He and his buddies might die of thirst."

Her friend placed fists on hips and shook her head. There was a twinkle in her eye, though. "You're in there, somewhere."

"It's alright. I'm fine."

Her friend shook her head. "Surprise us. Come over tomorrow."

Sunday was Derek's big football game gathering. He and his friends got together and yelled and burped and farted. "I don't know."

Faith leaned close, her mouth close to Allison's ear. "You know? I think they can get their own beer."

"But--"

"None of that, girl. Come on over."

"Won't I be in the way? With Joey and all?"

Joseph was Faith's husband. He was a good-looking man, of French descent.

"He'll be fine." She drew it out as if explaining the most simple thing to a worried person.

“I don't know.”

Faith stiffened, meaning she was done trying to convince her. She knew her friend.

Allison tried to placate her. “Maybe after the game starts, I will.”

“Someday you are going to get fed up,” Faith said. “And then you'll be in a tabloid about how the doctors were trying to remove a beer can from his ass.”

She snorted. Her friend made her feel better, even if just as a sympathetic ear. And she did feel better. But then her thoughts fell. When will things be better with Derek?

## CHAPTER 2

Allison entered the liquor store and relaxed in the cool of the air-conditioned air. Arizona was a hot state. Flagstaff got some snow in the winter, but not much. Still, for Arizona, it was a nice city.

She looked towards the register. A young man was there, and her spirits fell.

She came here, always, buying her beer and enjoying the smiles of the manager. His name was Steve, and he was a handsome man, always considerate and always smiling back at her. She liked his smiles. She liked his looks. He was so very nice to her.

The kid at the counter might have been twenty-five. He still had zits.

She pushed the cart to the beer aisle and piled in four cases. Derek and his friends would tear through them and burp and fart. All in one day. Then her husband would act all big, strutting around, his head back on his neck, arms puffed out over his flab.

She slammed the cases into the cart harder than she intended.

Fortunately, she bought him cans. A case of glass bottles would have broken. Glass was also about fifty percent more in price. No way was she going to spend ninety dollars buying beer for one day. She rolled the cart to the counter and placed the cases up one by one. She didn't know why she had to place them each on the counter, but only the manager allowed her to place one and vouch for the others. The code was the same, couldn't the idiot lean over and count my cases?

She handed him three twenties. Almost sixty dollars for a group of guys to fart all day in my living room and piss all over the toilet seat. She grimaced.

This is my life? Will it get better? Or worse?

“Thank you, Allison. See you next week.”

At least the kid was polite. She grunted a wordless acknowledgment.

Allison loaded the cases into the back of her Ford Pinto. It was a good car, made in the 1970s. The green color was not her favorite, but it got good mileage. She had bought it from Tom Worthington's Used Car Mart. Tom had been a friendly man that showed far too much teeth to be taken seriously. But he was known on local TV, his ads appearing at all times of day.

Derek, in one of his nicer years, had paid to have an after-market air-conditioner installed one Christmas. Before he got fat. Before he got mean.

She turned on the unit. It was not the best, but it put out cold air and she didn't have to sweat on a simple drive home. She constantly watched the rear view mirror. She did not want to get rear-ended.

She turned the knob, turning on the original radio. She pushed the preset buttons and found nothing. She found she didn't like music much anymore. It all sounded jangly and breathless. Or rappy and boring. She hated rap. What happened to U2? What happened to Pearl Jam? Where had they gone? Finding them on a radio station was almost impossible.

She turned onto their street and the depression set in.

Maybe I can make dinner real fast and go read on the internet.

She pulled into the drive and hit the auto garage door button clipped to the sun-visor.

Hitting the button again, she closed the door.

She got out and frowned at Derek's black Camaro. It was a good car. Too good for his fat ass. But she knew he liked it because it was a "stud-machine." As if driving it made him sexy. Gross!

She began hauling the beer inside, a case at a time.

"When's fucking dinner?" he called from his couch.

"I'll start it as soon as I bring in the beer, dear." She said the endearment with a bit of sarcasm.

“Don't give me your lip. I want my fucking dinner going, fucking now.”

“Are you going to bring in the rest of the beer?”

His shout was loud, supplied energy from over three hundred pounds of fat. “Get your lazy ass in the kitchen and make my fucking dinner!”

She dropped the case of beer from waist-height.

She stepped into the kitchen and flung open the refrigerator door. It banged against the counter.

She heard the couch scrape back. The whale was getting up.

She took out the pound of ground beef and threw it across onto the counter. She slammed the refrigerator door, bottles rattling dangerously. Opening the cabinet, she pulled out the frying pan. Suddenly angry beyond control, she heaved the pan over her shoulder and down onto the burner in a metallic crash she was sure could be heard for miles.

Surprising her, she felt his hand twist in her hair and yank her head back painfully. His breath slimed into her ear.

“Don't start fucking up, bitch. I'm sick of your attitude.”

“Let go of my hair.” Her voice was gritted through her teeth.

He yanked, hard. “I'll do what I want with your hair. Now make my fucking dinner or--”

“Or what?” Steam was in her voice and eyes.

He released her hair and stood tall, his back arched and his fat belly thrust forward. His arms hung out from his body. He looked like a blimp ready to explode. “Make my dinner and shut your trap.”

He left the kitchen.

She had stood up to him, sort of. But she started to cry.

And she continued to cry as she made his boxed noodle helper added to the meat

with its chemical spice package. The garbage was all toxic, and she wouldn't touch it. But Derek would hear none of it. He apparently didn't care if these fat-inducing chemicals were making him fat. He refused to hear it and would cut her off if she tried to talk about it. To him, anything sold in the grocery store was good food. And he ate the whole damned box anyway.

She had given up a couple years back. She made him what he wanted and had her own food.

You'd think he would see the difference between us. Instead, Derek slavered over cheerleaders with huge tits. He'd talk about how he would do that one or the other.

She would laugh to herself. None of them would do you!

She piled the largest bowl they had with the entire box of helper. She spit in it, violently. Then she set the bowl down at the table.

“Took you long enough.” Those were his best words of gratitude.

She wanted to cry again. She spun abruptly and left the dining room. He would be busy eating and burping for at least ten minutes. He devoured pounds of food very fast.

She retreated to her bedroom. She had been sleeping in the guest bedroom for two years. Her computer was there. She hit the power button and went into the bathroom to weep some more and wash her face.

She could hear, faintly, his fork scraping the bowl. Fast.

Why did this happen? What did I do? Where did it all go wrong?

But no matter how many times a day or hour she asked those questions, there never was an answer. Her marriage had been like mildew. One day nothing was there. Another day suddenly you realize a mushroom is growing. How had it gotten so bad?

She was not someone who blamed herself for everything, but a marriage was a two-way street. Had she done something to push Derek into what he had become? Had she not done something? Maybe Faith was right and he had

wanted her to be licking his asshole.

Disgusting. No way.

But what if that was it? Would she have done it? She wouldn't have married him if that was a condition.

No way would she ever lick some man's asshole. Gross.

Where did Faith get these ideas? But she knew the internet was filled with porn sites that pushed this crap. She had seen some. Artistic pictures got thousands of hits while the shit-porn got a dozen. The owners of the sites wanted to push that, even if it meant not making as much money.

She shook her head. Most people thought everything was about money. They had a simplistic view based on what they saw on television. Television told them everything was about greed and money. But that wasn't true. Life was about power. Money facilitated it.

Her sister would write her from Los Angeles – she was big in commercials and was married to a lighting specialist in the movie industry. Joan would tell her endlessly about how the focus groups would rate shows based on messages. Perceived message and effect on the audience. If the producers and executives weren't getting their message across, a good show, popular and anticipated, would get canceled and replaced with a crappy show no one liked. But the crappy show had more effective message.

Gay was better, funnier. Marriage was bad, a joke. White men were fat and stupid.

Well, they got that right about my husband.

She had stopped watching television when Joan had detailed these things to her. She had said science had nothing on Hollywood. Lighting angle alone was such a precise psychological tool that a certain angle could change the viewer's mind, every time.

Allison had stopped watching TV and her life became better. At least in the way she thought of herself. Derek wouldn't listen. She would listen to him spouting the things he had heard on TV. Didn't he realize what a puppet he was for the

producers of these shows? Even the news was a joke. They all said the same thing with some political partisanship thrown in to get everyone hyper.

She had seen and appreciated one particular movie, “Wag the Dog.” Truth, coated in fiction. Reality presented as comedy. Hollywood's joke on Americans that was entirely true – or so her sister claimed. It had been one of the greatest movies she had ever seen.

Her husband, though, swallowed it all, and not just the food, but the TV.

He'll swallow anything. She wondered if he'd swallow some other guy's load.

She sat and logged into Facebook. She scanned the endless cute cat and puppy pictures on her front page and clicked out to her favorite site, Natural News. The Health Ranger was her hero.

She often participated in the Disqus discussions at the bottom under the moniker “Allison Addled.”

And so she spent another night, listening to her husband guffaw in the living room to some lame joke on some inane TV show.

## CHAPTER 3

Allison restocked the freezer. She put the beers in there to become cold as fast as possible.

“Hey,” said Derek. His voice was hushed, soft.

“Hmm?” She glanced at him.

“I'm sorry.”

He was? “Oh?”

“About the hair thing. Sorry.” He nodded as if that settled it all and went back into the living room.

She heard the men laugh out in the living room. Every Sunday during football season, Derek had his friends over. The five of them went through four cases of beer in just a few hours. Several bags of chips were devoured and she would be vacuuming the crumbs up tomorrow evening. It was the only time he allowed her to clean in there and he rolled his eyes when she did. He would not suffer her to interrupt his precious television otherwise. He didn't even want to miss commercials.

She hated the living room. It stank. The couch and chairs all smelled of butt-gas. They all sat around and farted on Sunday, laughing, calling out which ones were really good or especially stinky.

Disgusting. They're in there shitting on the furniture my parents gave us.

She heard a very loud and vibrating belch. The men cheered the effort.

She rolled her eyes. And then she sighed. Is this all my life is? Being married to someone who seems to no longer care? Who treats me as a servant? She leaned back against the counter and looked up towards the ceiling. She wondered if she should just take Faith up on her offer and go visit.

She just didn't want to be intruding.

Jake, one of Derek's friends, came into the kitchen. He was a nice-looking man, the runt of the bunch. He was the same height as she was.

“Hey, Ally. Just came in for a beer.”

She nodded.

“Look a little glum. How 'bout a kiss?”

He was always flirting with her. She smiled. “I don't know.”

“Oh, come on.” He stepped close.

She had nowhere to go. She gave a nervous laugh. “Um...”

“It's not good to see you sad.”

She felt the counter at her back. She leaned back a little over it. He leaned in for a kiss and she felt his body press against hers. Tingles ran up her bare legs, under her shorts, in her private area and all up her back and arms.

He slowly wrapped her into a hug.

I guess this isn't so bad. And is that a lump I feel? His bulge was nestled right against her vagina through her shorts. Mmm nice.

He nuzzled her neck with his lips and she felt his hot breath run down under her collar. She shivered.

“Jake... I... uh...” She tried to form something. Her body was interfering with her mind.

He pressed his crotch harder into hers and moved it, moving his hips, rubbing his bulge up and down her shorts, stimulating her clit beneath it.

She heard herself gasp.

His mouth found hers and they kissed, hesitant at first, but then growing in passion. She humped her hips back at him, rubbing and pressing deliciously.

He moved a little and was doing something. She heard his zipper.

What?

Then he was taking her arm and moving it down.

She broke the kiss and looked down. He had unzipped and fished his penis out of his jeans. It was poking out, nice and long.

He guided her hand to it. "Touch it," he said.

Her heart pounding, she gripped it, fascinated to see a real man-shaft after so long.

"Stroke it, baby."

And she did. She stroked the smooth flesh. She moaned, her mouth open, as she jacked her husband's friend in their kitchen.

"Need some beers!" Her husband's yell came through the door.

She froze, then put a finger to her lips. She pushed him, all the way to the door and then positioned him to the side against the wall. Still stroking his shaft, she opened the swinging door and leaned out.

Fatso looked at her.

"I'll be there in a minute. I'm in the middle of something." She milked Jake vigorously while looking at her husband. Jake was safely hidden behind the wall. She spared him a quick glance. He was rocking his hips desperately to her vigorous pumping hand. She looked back.

"Yeah, whatever. Hurry up." Derek had turned back to the TV.

She let the door shut and then Jake was pushing her back against the counter, tearing at her khaki shorts.

"I want you, right here."

His words shook her out of her stupor of lust. No, she didn't want this. She didn't want to be some plaything for her husband's football buddies. She didn't want to

find herself on her back on the living room floor one day while they all took turns on her. Being taken amidst the burps and farts.

No way. No way. She pushed Jake, hard. “No, I can't. No.”

“But--”

“No, I don't want this. Forget it.” She pushed past him and grabbed a couple of beers from the refrigerator.

“Come on...” Jake said.

He would have said it to anyone. I happened to be here. She didn't answer. She swept out of the swinging door and handed the beer to Derek. She placed the other one down for whoever else was empty. “I'm going over to Faith's.”

He glared up at her, knowing he would have to get his own beers. Then he grunted. “Yeah, alright.”

She knew he would have one of his friends get the beers. She walked briskly to the bedroom and grabbed her purse. She just wanted to escape. To be anywhere else but here.

Her departure bordered on squealing tires.

Allison knocked on the door.

Joey answered. “Ally? Hi. Come on in.”

She tried to put on a good face, still overcome with the horror of what had almost happened at home. “Thanks. Faith home?”

“Back here,” Faith said. They had a long condo. The breakfast nook was in the back and Faith liked to construct photo albums there. They took a lot of pictures. She looked up as Allison walked in. “Is there an amusing story behind your decision to visit?”

She looked back towards the front door, but Joey had gone into another room.

She kept her voice low, anyway. "I'll say."

Faith's eyes got big. She waved her to sit down. "What happened?"

"Yesterday there was sort of a fight."

Her friend's mouth dropped open.

"I was banging stuff around and he pulled my hair."

"No! Derek?"

"Derek. He apologized this morning, but that isn't all of it." She fell quiet and blushed. She looked around and twisted her fingers together.

Faith leaned down, close. "You must tell me."

"Remember Jake?"

"Jake? No."

"One of Derek's friends. The short one."

"Oh, right. I couldn't place the name."

"He came into the kitchen..." She trailed off, embarrassed.

"Yes?" Her friend rolled her eyes in an obvious way.

"He hugged me."

Faith tilted her head and gave her a "be serious" look.

"And... he kissed me."

Her friend covered her giggle with a hand. "Was it so bad?"

She giggled too, but turned red again. "There's more."

The look of surprise on Faith's face was followed by a hand-shushing signal. She got up and scurried from the nook.

Allison heard her murmuring to her husband.

She came back, still scurrying. "Okay. I told him we were having serious girl-talk and not to interrupt."

She panicked. "Did you tell him what about?"

"No, no. Just that we were talking."

Allison sighed in relief. "Okay. Okay, thank you."

"So what happened?" Faith's eyes were alight with the juice of the gossip.

"I..." She found she couldn't form the words.

"Spit it out, girl."

"He made me touch his..."

Faith's eyes got even bigger. She clamped a hand down on Allison's arm. "No!" But there was a mischievous smile plastered on her face.

"I got carried away. It looked so nice."

"Oh my gosh." Her hand covered her mouth again. "What was it like?"

"Long and hard."

Faith giggled like a bubbling pot.

"Then Derek calls from the living room for a beer."

"Uh oh."

"But I was kind of into it--"

"You naughty girl."

"I opened the swinging door and jerked him where Derek couldn't see. I talked to him while I was jerking his friend."

“Oh. My. Goodness.” Her friend's eyes were the largest she had ever seen.

“It got pretty frantic--”

“Frantic?”

“Yeah, I was stroking really hard and he was moving his hips all over the place--”

“Sounds delicious.”

“And then he wanted to do me.”

Faith sat back, looking at her with a serious look.

“I had to get out of there. I didn't want that.”

“I don't blame you, girl. I wouldn't have wanted that, either. A sex toy for your husband's friends?”

“That was my thought exactly. The thought made me want to vomit.”

“The thought of sex?”

“No, the thought of sex with a bunch of guys who sit around and burp and fart all day.”

Faith wrinkled her nose. “You're right. You're better than that.”

“I just don't know what to do now on Sundays.”

“Come over here, you twit.”

“Every Sunday? I can't do that.”

“Of course you can. I'll let you know if Joey and I have plans.”

Hope lit in her. “You'd really let me come over?”

Her friend rolled her eyes and shook her head. “Joey.” she said, loud.

He came in a few seconds later carrying a box of magazines. He took them to the local Salvation Army every month and donated them so poor people could have something to read. "Huh?"

He was a handsome man, dark hair with a touch of silver starting at his temples. His eyes were dark and his face clean-shaven. He looked serious but with an inquisitive demeanor. The hints of his French ancestry were evident.

Faith said, "Do we mind if Ally comes over on Sundays when we have no plans?"

"Hmm? No, of course not. She's always welcome--"

Faith turned to her. "See?"

"I just don't want to be an imposition."

Joey shook his head. "You're no imposition here. We can go swimming."

The condominium complex shared a community pool through a locked gate.

Allison frowned. "Oh, I don't have a swimsuit."

Her friend chuckled. "Well, we'll just have to get you one, then."

Allison sat at the receptionist's desk. Her job paid well, even if most of her income went to buy Derek and his buddies beer.

"There you are, my dear."

She looked up into the half-vacant eyes of Roger Parker, a World War II vet who believed Allison was his wife. "Good morning, Roger."

"I seem to have misplaced my helmet."

"I will have Michael help you find it right away." She punched the call button. "Michael?"

"Yes, Allison?"

She gave a smile to Roger. He was a gentle and sweet old man, losing his mind. No one ever came to visit him. “Roger is here again, looking for his helmet.”

He actually did have a helmet – something to salve his failing memories.

“I’ll be right there.” Michael clicked off. He was a good man, careful and considerate of the elderly in his care.

Roger looked at her, shaking slightly, as if trying to focus. “I remember you used to wear such pretty dresses.”

She didn't know Roger's whole story. He had been admitted, his wife dead some time before his admittance. “I’m glad you remember them.”

Michael swept into the room, his white uniform crisp and sharp. “Roger, there you are. Good morning. I know exactly where your helmet is. Come, let me show you.” He held out his arm.

Roger nodded. “My helmet? Good. Very good.” he took Michael's arm and was led away.

“He is so good with them.” The voice was that of their accountant, Charles Mackensen.

Startled, she hadn't heard him approach the side of the desk.

He was a friendly man, always smiling at her. He was married to a nice woman she had met once. He stood there, in his usual pose, hands in his pockets, standing straight but relaxed. He wore a smooth sweater vest over his shirt and tie. He wore glasses, but his bookish appearance ended there. He was well-formed and must have been active outside of work.

Allison nodded. “Michael is an asset, for sure.”

Charlie stepped closer and tilted his head. He looked around and drew in a breath.

Uh oh. What's up with him? She looked him in the eyes.

“I've noticed...” His voice was low. “I've noticed you've been looking troubled

lately and I wanted to ask if you'd like to talk about it. Over drinks or something.”

“Drinks?” Was this another of his veiled flirts? Charlie was a gentleman, quiet, but full of presence. She certainly found him attractive.

“After work--”

“I can't--” She needed to prepare Derek's dinner.

“I didn't mean to sound forward, I just thought we could talk.”

“No, I just meant that I need to prepare dinner--”

He held up a hand. “No, no, I understand.”

The conversation plagued her the rest of the day. She wouldn't mind talking to someone who would listen. But what about Fatso's dinner?

If I make a double dinner tonight, then stick the second dinner in the crockpot tomorrow on warm, it will be ready for him when he gets home. Hmm. Then I could go and have drinks with Charlie.

She lifted the phone and hit Charlie's extension.

“Charles,” he said.

“Charlie, how about tomorrow? I think I can arrange Derek's dinner so I don't have to be there.”

“Tomorrow? Are you sure? I wouldn't want--”

“Tomorrow would do fine, really. Just have to prepare two dinners tonight.”

“If that doesn't impose on you.”

“Not at all. I would have to cook it anyway and now I won't have to cook it tomorrow. It'll be a nice break.”

“Oh, well then. Tomorrow it is. We'll go have drinks at La Siesta.”

“I look forward to it.”

## CHAPTER 4

Allison dumped the second pan into the crockpot. It would sit in the refrigerator until morning and then get put back into the warmer.

She walked out to the dining area.

Derek was there, gorging on the noodles and chemicals.

“I will be home late tomorrow--”

“No you won't.” He thrust his chin at her with his butt-hair goatee. “I expect my dinner on time--”

“Your dinner will be in the crockpot, ready to go.”

“I expect--”

“I think you can serve yourself--”

“Don't fucking talk back to me—”

Rage built in her. She was getting more and more fed up with his shit. Her voice built until it exploded. “Or are you too lazy to spoon your own food you FAT LAZY FUCK?”

For a fat man, he flew out of his chair. It went tumbling back and gouged the wall.

He advanced on her, arms out, head back, butt-hair thrust forward. He aimed a meaty hand and finger at her. “Fuck you, bitch! Fuck you.”

She quivered with adrenaline, enraged. “Go fuck yourself.”

He strutted back and forth, rolling his head, butt-hair thrust out. He kept pointing down at the ground like some rapper or a coach instructing his players. “Don't ever fucking show disrespect like that again. Don't ever fucking scream at me.”

She glared at him. Her voice shook, but was low. “Your dinner will be in the crockpot ready to go tomorrow. If you can't serve yourself, then I guess you starve.”

“Get back here.”

She ignored him.

In the bathroom, she shook her head and looked in the mirror.

Fatass jerk.

She cleaned up, hearing him still ranting in the dining room.

The tears came, then, hot and heavy.

Allison went to work, despondent over her marriage.

“Are you alright?” Charles was concerned.

“Perfectly fine, I guess. We can talk about it over drinks.”

“Oh, I didn't mean to sound rude--”

“No, you weren't. I'm just still a little angry over last night and everything.”

“Right, then.” He patted the counter gently. “Until later.”

By the end of the day, she was ready for several drinks. She had stewed all day, wondering how her marriage, a good one, had turned so sour.

“Are you sure you want to go?” Charlie said.

She knew she wore a perturbed look on her face. It had been there ever since last night. She gently grabbed his arm. “I am very sure I want to go.”

He gave her a doubtful smile, but led her to his car. “I hope I'm good company, then.”

She said nothing, still stewing over her husband.

La Siesta was a restaurant and bar combination. The bar was upstairs and the security guard checked her ID.

She felt a little better and climbed the stairs ahead of Charlie. They chose a booth and he sat next to her.

She laughed to herself. Fatso wouldn't even fit on one whole side of his own.

A set of tits in a cocktail dress swished over. But she was all business.

She probably hates displaying herself.

The waitress handed them each a dinner menu and a drinks menu. "I'm Brandi and I'll be your hostess. I'll be back in a minute and take your order."

She missed the old days when she could go with Derek to a place like this. But that was long ago. She felt good being in a lively atmosphere, Mexican music playing low in the background. She felt good being here with Charles.

"Would you like to split some nachos?" he said.

"That would be perfect; I don't think I'm in the mood for a full dinner."

He nodded and put down the menus.

He gave the orders when Brandi came back around. "...and for drinks, a couple Pina Coladas, heavy on the rum."

The waitress took their order, winked at them, and spun off to another table.

Allison looked at his ring. "Does your wife know--"

He shrugged. "I told her I would be home late."

"Do you come home late, often?"

He laughed. "No. But what about you? What does your husband think of you having drinks with me?"

She blew out a breath. “He doesn't know. I just told him I would be home late.”

“Oh? I see. Much the same as me, then.”

“Oh, I don't know, do you fight with your wife?”

“Good heavens, no. We're very happy.”

“Well, I'm not.” She fidgeted with her wedding ring.

“Tell me about it.” His voice was soothing. He should have been a doctor.

And so she launched into the story of her marriage. When it started to get to the ugly parts, he covered her hand with his. The look on his face was horrified.

She left nothing out, except last Sunday's handjob in the kitchen. She didn't want him to think bad of her.

He nodded. “I definitely think you need to take your friend's offer and just get away.”

“I plan to. That reminds me I need to buy a bathing suit.”

“You don't own one?”

“No, why would I?”

He shrugged. “I don't know. I just figured all women owned one.”

They were on their third Pina Colada.

She giggled.

“Maybe I should come with you and I can give you a man's opinion?”

She laughed outright and put her hand on his leg. “Men.”

“I can't help it; you're beautiful.”

She snorted and waved her other hand at him. Yeah right. “I'm not--”

“Yes, you are.” He leaned close, looking into her eyes. “You should be treated with respect and love, not violence.”

She felt the heat of his leg through his khakis. Her own heat began to build. Why couldn't her own husband have treated her like this? Why had he become such a monster? “I...”

He leaned over and kissed her. His hand dropped down and rested on her thigh, high up.

Heat flared. Her heartbeat raced. Yes. Yes. I need this and more of it. Passion. Feeling. Something to cling to.

“There's a motel here, just up...” He trailed off.

She nodded. Yes, passion. Heat, lust, romance. Missing for so long.

He rose and flagged down Brandi. He went and paid the bill. Coming back to the table, he held out his hand.

She laid her hand into his, her wedding ring glinting in the light. Should I take it off? Try to forget I'm married to Derek? But it didn't matter. She would wear it proudly and she would make love to another man.

Their motel room was small, as such are. The bed had a scratchy cover that Charlie pulled off immediately.

“You don't come here often?” she said.

He looked hurt. “Only with you.”

It made her feel good. She helped him strip out of his clothes. Then he stripped her. She felt warm, going through the act of undressing. Knowing intimacy was coming, lusting for it, yearning for it.

He embraced her, his thick-looking cock hanging half-hard. His hands rubbed over her back and they kissed again. The Pina Coladas and nachos made an amusing and sensuous aroma-flavor to their kiss. She melted into him, feeling good being naked up against honest-to-goodness man-flesh.

Charlie wasn't muscular, but he was well-formed. He had a normal, natural look with no fat on him.

She reached down and gripped his penis. It felt so very nice. Sort of like Jake's, but better. She stroked him slowly, feeling the blood fill his cock and stiffen it. They continued to kiss, the heat rising in her and causing her to pant.

He broke the kiss and moved her to the bed. Laying her down, he moved his head between her legs.

Derek had never done this. In fact, no man ever had. The touch of his tongue was like nothing she had ever imagined. It was so soft, and wet, and warm. She felt the room tilt as her senses left her. She moaned out, feeling sensations she never knew existed. The hot pass of his tongue left a cooling wetness on her. Her body vibrated with tingles and chills. She gasped, moaning.

He licked in little circles and then joined his finger in the sensuous assault.

I can die right now, happy. The headlines would read, "Woman, Licked To Death." She felt a growing tension, coiling.

Then his face and finger were gone. She pouted, reaching for him.

He was moving up between her legs, his penis erect. His balls were huge and full. The shaft looked so beautiful, so perfect, like Derek's once had. But she didn't care for Derek right now. She didn't want to ruin this thinking about him. She parted her legs wider, and he lowered himself. His erection, straight and aiming, made contact with the lips of her pussy. She moaned out, then gasped, her breath catching. She wanted it. She wanted to feel it. She wanted him to go slow. She wanted him to slam it into her. She wanted to feel it all.

He pushed a little, against her, and her lips nudged open. The head of his penis, so hot and soft, parted her lips and began pushing into her hole.

Would he be able to get it in? It had been so long. She shook with trepidation and lust. There was no stopping what was going to happen there was already penetration. She didn't want to stop it anyway.

She needn't have worried. Charlie was very gentle. He pushed and pulled back in little movements until his shaft was lubed with her flowing juices. Then he sank

it in, slow and deep.

She wailed out, low, a moaning sound so forlorn and fulfilled that she felt him stop. “No, please. Keep going. Fuck me. Fuck me.”

Charlie was gentle, but forceful. His eyes were closed, a look of pure bliss and pleasure on his face. “Oh, yes, Ally. Wonderful.”

His hips moved, sliding his penis all the way in and then back out.

She moved with him, unable to stop herself. The feel of his shaft stretching her and rubbing her pussy lips was amazing. The press of his pubic bone against hers brought stimulation to her clit.

So good, so good, so good.

She felt filled, that old hollow ache once again being remembered and forgotten in pleasure. She felt the thrill of lust of passion and of satisfaction. The coils wound tighter, bringing a headiness and tension that could only be released in a greater pleasure.

Charlie grunted above her, driving harder.

She began to shake, violently, her body coiling for an orgasm long denied. Then she was spinning, gasping, her head tossing, her eyes squeezed shut as waves of very painful and fulfilling pulses roared through her.

She drifted, her body easing into fewer convulsions, but still stimulated. Charlie thrust harder above her and started sighing, happy. His thrusts deepened and then he held it in. She felt the hot spurts of his sperm way up inside.

She felt bliss and peace.

When he collapsed, laying on her a little to the side, she put her arms around him and stroked him.

Wonderful. I want more. Would she be able to sneak out once or twice a week? Would that be enough?

Charlie pulled out and off, a happy look on his face. “That was everything I

dreamed of, but I should get back.”

Home.

She began to feel other things, then, reminded that they had other homes.

He was going back to her? His wife? She would go back to Derek? They would have to hide what they had done. She had met Charlie's wife once, Andrea. She was a beautiful woman and very nice. He was going back to be happy with her? Was his motel escapade here just... what? Had it been a fascination?

She felt cheap then, quite suddenly.

The pleasure receded. The bliss and happiness drew away. It was all replaced by something ugly.

Driven to her car, she felt it. The beginnings of guilt overcoming the vibrating sensations of sexual satisfaction.

Driving home, she wondered how it had all happened so easily. Derek had never cheated on her, but she had now cheated on him.

He's an asshole.

But he was her husband. She gripped the steering wheel of the Pinto, trying to focus on reality.

He yells at me – treats me like a slave.

The anger flared and it flared hot.

Serves the bastard right.

She wanted to strut in and tell him.

She pulled into the driveway and into the garage.

Walking into the house, she entered the living room where he sat, sulking, watching TV. At some point he had eaten and cleaned up.

She dropped her shorts, the crotch soaked with Charlie's cum, and grabbed him

by the ear. Shoving him hard to the ground, she squatted over him.

“Lick my pussy, you bastard. Lick it clean.”

He struggled underneath her, his voice muffled by his mouth pressed up against her vagina.

“Lick it. I just took a huge load from a friend and I want you sucking it out.”

She felt his tongue begin licking and she pushed. A large glob of Charlie's cum oozed out of her pussy and into Derek's mouth.

“That's right. Suck his cum out of me, you filthy pig.” She moved her hips, mashing her used pussy against his face. “Yeah, you like sucking another man's cum out of me, don't you—”

“What's your problem?”

She snapped out of her daydream. “Huh?”

“If you're just going to stand there, get me a beer. It's a commercial break.”

Blinking, she stumbled into the kitchen and got him a beer. Some things were piled in the sink. She would get to them in the morning. She came out and handed him the beer. “Get the rest yourself.” Her voice was fuzzy, distant. “I'm going to bed.”

He was mouthing off, but she wasn't paying attention. She walked away, no matter how loud his shouts got.

Fuck you, Derek. I just got fucked by another man while wearing your wedding ring. And I liked it.

But she felt it. The guilt.

What was Charlie doing? Kissing his wife? Returned home to better bliss? The perfect marriage? And who was she? The used whore?

She stumbled into her room and into the bathroom. She ran the shower and undressed.

How could she face Charlie now? Was he going to want to fuck her all the time? In the janitor's closet? On his desk? In his car? A quick fuck and off you go?

She felt really bad, as if nothing could repair the damage she had just caused. Derek seemed pure compared to her. His physical abuse seemed holy compared to what she had just done.

He had pulled her hair and apologized. She had just wrecked her marriage and there was no forgiveness. Was she tainted now? Could everyone see it?

She wanted to die. The tears came then, again, her constant friend.

## CHAPTER 5

“I don't know,” Allison said.

Faith placed a fist on her hip. “Oh come on.” She held up the tiny two-piece.

“I think I'd much rather do a one-piece.”

Her friend rolled her eyes. “You're not fat, girl.”

She didn't think she was. But a two-piece was for kids. “I think I'm a little old for--”

“Don't make me slap you--” Her friend stopped. “Oh. I'm really sorry--”

“No, no. Don't be. It was just hair-pulling and he apologized.”

“Well, I just meant I'm a year older than you and I wear a two-piece.”

“But you look better in a two-piece.”

“You're right. I bought the Lucky Magical Charm of Ha Ha when they were handing out swimsuit tokens.” Her friend was so funny. The sarcasm went perfect with the short, swinging black hair.

She snorted. “I don't know.”

“Why are you afraid to live? Might as well show it off while you still have it.”

“I have something?”

“The only thing you have to worry about is Walter.”

“Walter?”

“At the pool. He likes to ogle all the women.”

“He's going to be looking at me?”

“Girl, everyone looks at everyone. If you wear a one-piece, you're going to stand out like a granny trying to hide her wrinkles.”

“I don't have wrinkles.”

“Then don't wear the one-piece. Otherwise, everyone will be staring.”

Against her better judgment of herself and her attractiveness, she bought the two-piece.

They were walking, the one bag in Allison's hand.

“Coffee?” said Faith.

“Sure. I don't really want to go home, anyway.”

They sat at the Charlie-sans Coffee Cafe. The owner was Chinese and had a smile for everybody. Except his employees. The turnover was incredible. However, the coffee was good.

“Girl,” said Faith, “have you considered...”

“Considered?”

“The big D-word?”

Divorce. She sighed. “I don't know. We were so happy at one point.”

“But?”

“But now we aren't...”

“And?” Faith spoke in a pedantic manner.

“It would be such a mess. The house was co-bought with downpayments from both our parents.”

“So?”

“We would have to sell the house.”

“You'd want to keep it?”

“No, I suppose not.” She thought of the fart stink soaked into the carpet after years of constant, weekly farting. She hated farting.

“So?”

“But we loved each other.”

“Do you really think he'll suddenly snap out of it, rip off his fat exterior like Superman and instantly be the Derek you married?”

She wanted to believe it. “Isn't he in there, somewhere? He hasn't totally changed, has he?”

“You tell me.”

He wasn't the same. But was it temporary? Was it all a phase? Was he disappointed in himself and his weight that he took it out on her? What if she threw away the marriage and the happiness that could be hers once again? She had pledged her life to him and she had loved him. Did she love him now?

No.

Not like he was. She loved how he used to be. But what if he was still there? What if underneath all this ugliness, he was waiting to re-emerge? If she abandoned him, was that a sign of real love?

Maybe they were heading towards divorce. It seemed like every week was more enmity and animosity. Maybe they were growing apart – growing in ways separately that were incompatible. But maybe it was just a bad time. People could change. They could change at any time based on what they were going through.

She had suggested counseling a ways back, but that had made things worse. He refused, saying if there was a problem, it was her. Not that she was severely disappointed. Counselors were notoriously bad, often making things worse. But a few were good and could help.

However, both needed to want help. Derek refused. Derek was an alpha male,

knowing what he wanted and he did not want counseling. She remembered his rippling six-pack abs. How he used to drive around shirtless. Now he had six-pack rolls. Twelve-pack rolls, even.

Faith pursed her lips. “Forget I said anything about the big D-word--”

“It's okay.”

“No, it's not. I'm sure you know what's best for you, Ally.”

“He's still in there, somewhere.”

“And if he's changed? Permanently?”

It was something Allison did not want to consider.

Her intercom buzzed. “Allison,” she said.

“Drinks, again?” It was Charles.

She had avoided him, ignoring him when he would try to talk to her, claiming she was busy. It was Friday and she just wanted to go home and read on the internet. “No, I don't think so, and let's leave it at that, okay?”

A long pause on the other end. “Ally--”

“Look, it was a mistake. I'm married and so are you. It's over.”

“I had a really good time--”

“No.” Why did men always try to convince a woman with what a great time they had? Why was it about how good a man felt but not about what the woman felt?

She hung up the phone.

After work she drove to the liquor store. Another four cases of beer to buy and another weekend hiding. But this Sunday I will go to Faith's.

She pulled into the parking lot and got out. She looked over the two cars in the

back and wondered if one of them was Steve's, the nice manager.

The inside was cool and she glanced at the register. Steve was there and her face lit into a smile all on its own. He winked at her.

Corey, the kid, was stocking shelves. "Hello, Allison."

"Hi." Was the kid leering at her? She was almost twice his age. He should be chasing some gum-smacking pink-haired chick.

She piled in the four cases, noticing they were on sale. She stood there looking. This brand doesn't go on sale very often.

She piled four more precariously into the cart. But then she thought that in saving herself a trip next week, she would not see Steve. Well, I might get the kid next week, instead.

She stood there for a few minutes more.

"Do you need another cart? Or help?" said Corey. He was looking her up and down.

Stop that. "Uh, no." She wheeled to the counter. She put one case up for Steve. He was a very nice-looking man, blonde hair parted on the side and short. Stray bangs hung over his forehead.

"How are you today, Allison?" His smile was too cute.

She wanted to say more, to ask about him, to chat and talk and touch him. She wanted to kiss him. He made her insides melt. But all she said was, "Okay."

She watched him ring her up, and her gaze followed the ring on his marriage finger. Why are all the nice men married? And how did I get stuck with Derek?

He saw her looking, following his hand. He gave her a smile that said, "Yes, I am married, but I am interested in you."

She swallowed, trying to smile back. She didn't want another repeat of Charles. She didn't need any more guilt. "My husband's name is Derek," she blurted out. What was she hoping for with that? She turned red. But Derek was a solid name

found in almost all romances. They were inevitably smashingly handsome, self-assured, walked around shirtless, and rippled as if their muscles were made of gelatin and constantly poked.

Steve nodded, still smiling. “Ah? My wife's name is Jean.”

Tit for tat. What did it prove? Making her escape, she stocked the trunk of her car and the backseat full of beer. Maybe this will last two weeks. I hope he doesn't take it as an excuse to drink even more.

She would be stopping at the grocery store on Monday, as usual. She would restock the weekday beers then. They spent almost a thousand dollars a month just on Derek's beer.

Allison still felt guilty, Saturday night. She had tried longer showers, as if the extra water would wash away the stain of what she had done with Charles.

What a mistake. I need to focus on my marriage, not wrecking someone else's.

Derek nosed into the kitchen. “Dinner ready?”

“Almost, just stirring in the spices.”

He reached in and got his own beer. “You still going to Faith's tomorrow?”

Why did he have to be so nice when she felt so guilty? This was the perfect time for him to be mean. Instead, he stood there talking almost like the old Derek.

“Yeah, I guess so. Do some swimming.”

He nodded. “Maybe that will be good for you.”

She grabbed her spinach salad and his enormous bowl. She led him out into the dining room.

“What's the occasion?” he said. “You hardly ever eat out here.”

She sat and picked up her fork. “I don't know. Just thought we could talk.”

He took several forkfuls before saying, “About what?”

“Maybe about us.”

He leaned back in his chair, one of those obstinate looks on his face. He grunted.

She took a bite of spinach, not really hungry. “I was thinking about that counselor I mentioned last year--”

“No way.” He waved his fork as if crossing out that idea. “You go, if you think you have problems. I don't have problems. I won't go.”

“But, it could help--”

“No. Fucking no. Listen to me.”

Listen to you reject our marriage. She didn't want to cry. She really didn't. The tears burned hot tracks down her cheeks.

Torn between wanting to wait for Derek - to see if he would snap out of it, or change back to what he had been - and wanting passion in her life, she sank back into depression. Back to that look she had seen in the display mirror a week before at the mall. Worn down, no hope, no love. No passion. Nothing in her marriage but fetching beers.

When would she be appreciated? Loved?

## CHAPTER 6

Allison knocked on their door.

“There you are, girl.” Faith had a pleased look on her face, as if her arrival had been a surprise.

“Didn't think I'd come, huh?”

Her friend gave a pursed smile and opened her eyes big for a second. “Well...”

She didn't feel like verbally sparring with Faith. She walked in and they went to the guest bedroom. She set down her bag with bikini and towel. “I asked him last night about counseling again.”

Faith crossed her arms and leaned back on one hip. “Didn't go well.”

She gave her friend a wry look. “No, how did you... Oh, never mind. I guess it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out which way Derek will go.”

Faith was shaking her head. “Is there anything I can do?”

“Maybe a good stiff drink.”

“Not the answer, girl.”

She pouted.

“But Joey is making drinks. You said you liked Pina Coladas, so he's making some. We can't have glass at the pool, so they're going to be in big plastic travel cups, if that's okay.”

She shrugged. “I don't mind.”

“Good.”

The community pool had a number of people scattered around it, each in their own little space. A couple of women read, sunning. Two young girls splashed around in the pool. An old man swam slowly back and forth. A fat man lay on one of the lounges, towel bunched around his waist.

Allison followed Joey along the sidewalk towards the gate. He had a very fine body packed into his swim trunks and she couldn't help but admire his manly good looks. From behind.

Faith leaned forward a little from behind her. "The fat one is Walter. Just stay away from him."

"He looks too fat to swim."

"He is, probably. He just sits there all day checking out the women. And the young girls."

"Gross." Allison bet the fat bastard was married, too.

They set aside a little trio of lounges away from everyone else.

"You can take off your towel, you know." Faith rolled her eyes.

"Yes," Joey said. "She said you had a sharp-looking outfit and looked good in it. I want to see."

Faith slapped his arm. "Pervert."

Allison said, "I don't know."

"Oh, come on." Faith said. "If you don't take it off, I'll start up a loud chant."

Flushing red with shock, she said. "You wouldn't dare."

Faith drew breath.

Allison unwrapped the towel and threw it at her.

Joey and Faith laughed.

Giggling, she sat quickly on the lounge. Her two friends seemed to have the zest

for life she lacked.

“You're right,” Joey said. “She does look good in it.”

Allison covered her mouth. “Are you trying to embarrass me?”

Her friend rolled her eyes and shook her head.

Joey smirked. “No. I'm agreeing with my wife; she was right.”

Her friend rolled her eyes over to Allison and held her hand, palm up, one finger curled as if to say, “See?”

“Oh, well, thank you, I guess.”

“There now,” Faith said. “Let's get the drinks out of the chest and loosen up a little.”

Joey had toted a small ice chest with their drinks. He handed them out.

Sitting in the shade of the generous pool umbrellas, they soaked in the Arizona heat and drank their rum drinks.

Joey finished first and hopped up. “I'm going for a swim.”

She wasn't sure how he could have downed it so fast when she had been busy slurping hers down as fast as she could. The cold felt great in her throat and the rum burned evenly on the inside.

Joey leaned down between the two of them. “I bet Walter looks at my ass.”

Allison couldn't hold back the laughter and she squeezed her eyes shut laughing. No one looked, though. It was just laughter from people having a good time.

Faith leaned over to her. “I bet he's right. Watch.”

She took pleasure watching Joey walk to the pool. He sure looks good in that swimsuit. He had a nice, tight back, broad-shouldered and toned. His waist tapered down and his ass was packed nice and tight into those small trunks. His legs were lightly haired and well-formed. She looked over to Walter. The fat man was checking him out.

She got an elbow from Faith. “The tub would want anyone to touch his dick. I've heard he's asked people.”

“No way.”

“Really.” Her friend's voice was very dry. “He'd probably give a dog a nickel to lick it.”

“Oh my gosh.” She covered her mouth, giggles threatening.

“It's good to see you laugh, girl.”

“I think it's the drink.”

“No, let me tell you what it is. It is having fun with two friends and not getting yelled at.”

The smile left her face.

Faith immediately touched her arm. “Oh, girl, I'm sorry. I shouldn't--”

“No, no. Don't worry. Listen, you shouldn't have to worry about me turning weepy or something. I'm not fragile.”

Faith patted her arm.

“Besides, you're right. I'm having fun. Better than being around Derek.”

Her friend patted a little firmer and let go. “Want to join him? If we go together, we'll confuse Walter.”

She snorted.

“Come on, girl.” Faith got up.

“Okay, but I'm not all too good a swimmer.”

“It's just a pool, it's not the Olympics. Hey, watch me do the orca.”

“Huh?”

“A dive.”

Allison waded into the cool water of the pool at the shallow end. Her friend went to the deep side and climbed the diving board.

Walter was watching Faith.

She waited for Joey to swim to the side. Then she called out, “Orca!” She took some short running steps and jumped, twisting. As her back was to the water below her, she let out a squeal like a pig. She came down into the water head first, but not all too gracefully. It actually did remind her of a breaching killer whale.

The two young girls clapped.

Walter was licking his lips.

Allison moved deeper and Faith swam close, surfacing next to her. She blew water from her lips. “Impressive, huh?”

“What was that pig squeal?”

Faith was all wet, black hair plastered down. She giggled, her eyes wide. “That was for Walter.”

“Oh.”

Faith swam away. “Come swim.”

Joey swam nearby and swooshed a small splash of water perfectly onto her face. “Hahaha.”

“Oh!” She fumed. She swam hard after him, determined to get a good splash in.

He giggled like a little school girl and swam faster.

The nerve!

He slowed, turning, treading water and gave her a grin. “You look different all wet.”

She pushed her hand at the water, completely missing him with the splash.

Faith winked at her and then splashed Joey from the side.

His cough of outrage was all the funnier when he turned and deftly splashed Faith in the face.

Her friend wiped at her face, trying to clear her eyes. "I swear, I wish I knew how he did that."

Allison had gotten closer and tried again. The splash went right past his head. Maybe one drop hit him.

His eyes wide and playful, his mouth open in shock. He made a pushing motion and a small wave of water splashed perfectly on her face.

She had just been inhaling. She gagged and coughed, and tried wiping her eyes. She felt herself sink under. Panicked, she drew in a breath and choked again. She began focusing on swimming rather than clearing her eyes.

An arm was there, lifting her so her head was clear of the water. It was Joey. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. I didn't mean to sink you. Are you okay?"

She was busy coughing.

He helped her swim so she could grip the side of the pool. She felt protected in his arms.

Faith swam over. "You brute," she said to her husband.

"I'm sorry, Ally," he said.

She put a hand on his shoulder, finally clearing the water from her throat. "I guess I'm alright. Maybe I should just swim."

"I won't splash you anymore." he gave her a wink.

She realized his shoulder felt very nice as she gripped it. She could feel their mingled heat, being as close as they were in the water. Faith was close behind her, looking over her shoulder.

“We better break it up before Walter thinks we're doing something and masturbates himself to death.” Faith's tone said she wouldn't doubt it.

Joey pulled away and Allison swam out. She swam okay on the surface; she hated submerging her head.

She got out first, feeling thirsty for more Pina Colada.

Joey whistled at her and Faith giggled at the embarrassed turn and scamper Allison gave getting away from the pool.

She pulled the next of her drinks from the chest. It would need to be restocked.

Faith joined her a moment later. Allison watched Walter ogling her the whole way. His hand was under his towel.

“Walter is watching you,” she said.

Her friend flipped her hand in dismissal. “He may as well look; he ain't getting any.”

She snorted.

“He was watching you, too.”

“He was?” She felt dirty.

Faith's smile was wicked. “Of course, so was Joey, so it's not all that bad.”

“Joey?”

Faith shrugged. “I guess you look pretty good in that bikini.”

“Oh. I'm sorry if he--”

“Shush, girl. He's fine. I guess I don't mind him looking at you if you're going to flaunt everything--”

“Flaunt? You made me buy this.”

Her friend was laughing. “Calm down, Ally. Lighten up. Drink some more of

that.”

Joey was coming. He was all wet, toned, and delicious.

Allison's eyes were drawn down to his trunks. They were plastered tight, showing a nice man-package.

Faith said, “Stop staring or I will tell him you were looking.” But she wore a smile of pride on her face.

Allison felt her face flush red. She could feel the heat of embarrassment coming out the top of her head. “I, uh... I'm sorry.”

“Sorry about what?” Joey said.

Faith wriggled her eyebrows. “Nothing dear, sit down before Walter ejaculates looking at your ass.”

“Oop,” he said. He sat and leaned over the chest. “I'll get more drinks after I finish this one.”

“Where's the nearest restroom?” she said.

Faith pointed. “That cabana over there behind Walter. In that hallway are the bathrooms.”

“Excuse me then.” She got up and placed her half-finished drink down.

Joey was grinning at her, looking at her bikini. Faith gave him a half-hearted slap on the arm.

He flinched as if stung. “Hey, that's not nice.”

“She doesn't want you drooling over her.”

“I wasn't drooling.”

“You were.”

Allison shook her head, trying not to giggle. He was drooling over me? Me? She walked towards the cabana. Walter's lounge was positioned so he was in the

direct path. Probably on purpose.

“Hey,” Walter said. His breath was husky and hesitant. “Hey. You wanna... Hey, you wanna see?” He toyed with the leg of his ridiculously-sized shorts. “Wanna see?” He plucked at the legs of his shorts, exposing darkness up there... where his pecker would be.

Allison covered her mouth as if to barf.

“Wanna see? You wanna? Take a peek?”

She scurried past him.

The bathroom was clean.

Coming out, she walked as quickly as she could past him.

Walter mumbled, loud enough to be heard. “Very nice. Very nice. Yes, so tight.”

She ran.

Faith was gone, but Joey lay there watching her run up. She was sure she didn't look like some beach bimbo with enormous tits bouncing in the breeze. Her breasts were small, starting to sag, and only looked good in the bikini because it held them in place.

“Thanks,” said Joey. “That was nice?”

“Huh?” She sat on her lounge. She grabbed her drink.

“That show.” He grinned.

“What? Oh. I was trying to get away from Walter.”

“What was wrong?”

She moved to Faith's lounge between them to hear better. “He was trying to show me his...”

Joey snickered. “Did he offer to pay you?”

Her mouth dropped open in surprise. “No.”

“Then you don't have to worry about him thinking of you as a whore.”

She coughed. “Is that supposed to make me feel better?”

He chuckled.

“Where did Faith go?”

“She insisted she get the drinks. I saw her give Walter the finger.”

That sounded like her friend. “Oh.” She sucked down her drink.

Joey was looking at her, leaned up on one elbow. “When was the last time you went on vacation?”

“Uh, my honeymoon?”

“Get out.”

“Really.”

“What about your vacation time?”

She looked down. “I sit at home and read.”

“Get out.”

“No, really.”

He shook his head. “That just doesn't seem right.”

Faith had returned. “What doesn't?”

Joey looked up at his wife. “She hasn't been on a vacation since their honeymoon.”

Faith put her palm down. “No, don't get up. I'll just take your lounge here.”

Allison settled back down. “Oh, if you're sure.”

“Hush, you were talking.” She looked over at Joey. “Yeah, she's told me. Shame she doesn't go with us camping.”

“Camping?” Allison thought of several days without a bath.

Joey said, “Yeah, camping. Invite her next time, dear.”

Faith looked at her. “Would you go?” Her tone said she didn't believe Allison would.

“I don't know. Going without a shower--”

“The place we go has public showers.”

“Oh?”

“Not all that private,” said Joey. “Stalls with no doors.”

“Oh, hmm.”

Faith patted her. “It's not all bad. Never had a perv there wrecking things.”

“I don't know, I guess I might go. If there's showers...”

“There, see?” Joey said.

Faith acted shocked. “Huh. Well, alright then, next time we go, we'll invite you.”

## CHAPTER 7

Allison helped wash out the plastic containers in their kitchen. “Thank you for having me over,” she said.

Faith was in the bathroom. Joey stood next to her placing the cups in the dishwasher. “It's not a problem.”

“I just didn't want to be an imposition—”

Joey grabbed her shoulder and swung her towards him. He gripped both of her shoulders and gently shook her. “Stop thinking you are some kind of burden. If Faith or I thought you were, you wouldn't be here.”

“But--”

“Shush. It was fun having you here today.”

Faith came out. “She playing the burden-card?”

Her friend knew her too well.

“Yes,” Joey said. “I told her it was fun--”

“Yeah, heard that coming into the kitchen.”

Tears welled in her eyes.

“Aw, now,” Joey said. He pulled her in for a hug.

She clung to him, squeezing, feeling his strength, his confidence and his comfort. When she felt his arms loosen a little, she continued to cling. She felt him re-tighten the squeeze and his head bent down, his nose into her neck.

Oh my. I love that.

She felt his hand rub up and down her back. A good hug, friendly, and

comforting. Just what she needed. She realized she could feel his skin all over hers. Both were still in their swimwear. She felt his package pressed up against her. She sighed, contented.

When the hug finally broke, she glanced at Faith. Her friend was standing there, hands clasped, head tilted to the side and trying to suppress a smile that was both sad and happy. As if she were about to cry in happiness.

They played a card game for the next two hours until Allison was sure she could drive home safely.

Allison walked in the garage door.

She heard Derek talking to someone.

Great. It's well past football.

“Lemme grab a couple more beers.” The voice floated from the living room. It was Jake.

“Yeah, sounds good.” Derek's voice was slurred. He must have pounded out the beers.

Jake came into the kitchen before Allison could decide what to do. The bedrooms were down the hall from the living room. She couldn't have snuck past.

“Hey,” he said. “I've been waiting for you all day.” He smelled of beer when he came close.

Gross.

“How about a kiss?” He puckered.

“No.”

He maneuvered her up against the counter and leaned in. “Come on.”

She felt him press into her and grind his hips. “No.”

He fumbled, pulling out his half-hard cock. His voice was breathless. "I've been looking forward to you touching me again."

"No."

"Give it a squeeze. Or even better, let's get your lips on it."

"No, no and no." She pushed past him.

He chased after her, cock in hand. "Come on, Ally. I've waited all day."

"Keep waiting, Buster." She plowed through the swinging door and made her escape.

Allison tried to hold her cell phone away from her ear a little. Faith's voice was always very loud, exuberant and full of energy. Holding it to her ear would leave her ear ringing in pain for hours. She said, "Yeah, he was running after me, waving it all over the place."

"Didn't Derek see it?"

"He didn't chase me that far."

"Maybe he should have and then Derek could have put a stop to it."

"He probably would have blamed me for enticing him."

"Oh, yeah. I wouldn't put it past your husband. Are you coming over again Sunday?"

"I'd love to, as long as Joey doesn't mind."

Faith suddenly giggled. "Shh, don't tell him I told you but he sort of got excited hugging you."

"Excited?"

"Yeah, down there."

Allison laughed. “No way.”

“I saw it. I've been teasing him about it.”

“Oh, I'm sorry--”

Faith's exasperation was so familiar. “Would you stop apologizing for everything? It was just a hug.”

“That's right, just a hug.”

“See you Saturday for mall-walking?”

“Anything to get out of the house.”

“See you then, girl.”

She hit the off button.

Charles was standing there.

She sighed.

“You look a little better,” he said.

She couldn't fault him for being nice. He was nice. Very nice. He also had a nice wife and a nice marriage in a nice home. Wrecking any of that would not be nice. “Well, thank you, I guess.”

“I wanted to apologize for what happened last week.”

She waved him away. She just did not want to talk about it. She didn't even want to remember it. But it had been good. It had felt wonderful. However, she was just starting to forget the guilt. Instead of guilt hanging over her twenty-four hours a day, now it hung over her only twenty hours a day. “Let's not talk about it?”

He leaned on the counter, close, and lowered his voice. “And leave this hanging between us?”

“There's nothing between us.”

He straightened, a thoughtful look on his face. "I can be there for you--"

"I don't want that." She sighed and leaned closer to him, lowering her own voice. "You're married to a very nice woman--"

"She doesn't have to know--"

"You're not like that, Charlie. And I won't do that to her."

He said nothing, thinking. He nodded a few seconds later. "I just want you to know I wanted to make you happy."

"Make your wife happy."

He nodded, then turned and walked away.

Allison sipped her coffee at Charlie-sans. "No, I didn't touch it."

Faith raised her eyebrows. "What's a little touch?"

"Jake isn't what I would consider touch-material."

"But you jerked him before."

"I sort of got carried away. But I just don't like the idea."

"Well, I suppose I don't blame you. But you deserve a little fun."

"What about Derek?" She still felt guilt over Charles, though she had not confided in her friend about her coworker.

Faith said nothing. She sat back, her cup hiding her serious face, her blue eyes peeking over the rim.

She doesn't want to offend me. Was Faith nudging her into seeking pleasure outside of Derek? She had seemed thrilled and excited when Allison had told her about the kitchen encounter with Jake. If she told her about Charles, what would her friend think? "Well, there's a couple of cute guys at the liquor store."

A raised eyebrow. “But?”

“But it isn't fair to Derek.”

“Oh? Who's he seeing?”

“No one. I don't even think he sees his dick. I don't think he can reach it.”

Coffee sprayed from Faith's mouth and nose and she started coughing.

Charlie-san, whatever his name was, grunted behind the counter. He was looking suspiciously at Faith.

Her friend grabbed a napkin and slapped it to her face.

“Sorry,” she said. And then, “Oops.”

Faith wagged a finger at her. “I see a sense of humor hanging around you, but it's dark. I don't know if that's a good thing.”

Can she see my guilt over Charles? “I had brought up counseling again. He refused.”

Her friend twisted her mouth and shook her head. “I don't know why you're waiting on him.”

“Would you wait on Joey?”

“That's not fair.”

“He's your husband.”

Her friend sighed, thinking. “I suppose I would.”

Allison held her hands out, palms up. She didn't often win arguments with Faith.

“Derek is Derek. He's still Derek. Somewhere in there.”

Allison was let in by Joey. “Hi,” she said.

“Hello, sexy.”

She laughed a scoffing laugh. “Yeah right.”

“Buy any new bikinis yesterday?”

“No, that half a piece of thread I bought was expensive enough.”

He laughed.

“I could buy a whole wardrobe of turtlenecks and slacks for what I paid for that skimpy thing. I swear they rip women off.”

“Well, I won't disagree,” he said.

Faith came out, already in her bathing suit and towel. “What are you two cackling about?”

Joey gave her a serious eye. “The price of bikinis.”

Allison sniffed.

Her friend shook a finger at him.

They walked out after Allison changed. Heading towards the gate, she could see Walter there, fumbling under his towel. The two young girls were back again. They couldn't have been more than twelve.

Allison leaned forward towards Joey. “I bet he rubs himself while looking at you today.”

Joey stumbled. “Don't be gross.”

“Hmm?” Faith had missed it.

She looked back over her shoulder and repeated it to her friend.

Faith snorted.

Allison felt Walter's eyes all the way over to the other side of the pool.

Only an old woman sat near the fat man. Everyone else was crowded away from him.

“Someone should do something about him.” She glared across the pool.

Joey leaned close. “You want me to dump him in the pool and hold his head underwater?”

Faith giggled. “That would be a start.”

They settled and passed around drinks.

Allison took a deep draw on her straw. “Ahh, that's the thing.”

Faith touched her hand. “Don't worry about how much you drink. We'll make enough so we're all happy. Let go and have some fun.”

“I wish I could drink just enough to block out Walter.” She held up her cup, blocking her view of him. “Isn't it illegal for him to be masturbating under his towel to those girls?”

Joey shook his head. “Not if no one can see it.”

“His towel is moving.”

He shrugged. “And it would be, 'Just scratching my leg, officer.'”

“He's disgusting.”

“Going for swim.” He ended the Walter-topic with three words.

Faith gave her an eyebrow. “Don't let one fat man spoil your fun.”

Was there a double meaning to that one? Allison sighed. Setting down her half-finished drink, she followed Joey. She waded in and then dropped all the way in to a breast-stroke swim. The water felt very good. Very relaxing.

Closing her eyes, she swam slowly for a few seconds. Then she felt a gouging finger at her ribs. She yelped and splashed around in the water.

A laughing Joey was swimming away.

For the next several minutes, Allison wore herself out swimming around in circles trying to catch Joey. He laughed, swimming faster. Faith had joined them and treaded water, deftly splashing her husband as he swam by.

“You are such a tard,” Faith said.

He chuckled. “It's fun. One pinch and she's in a frenzy.”

“It's not fair. You swim faster.”

Allison could hardly catch her breath. She finally groaned and gave up. “I'm all wore out.” She climbed out and collapsed onto her lounge chair, once again taking up her cup.

They chatted later about vacation and when they wanted to take one.

With Allison's job, she could take one whenever she wanted.

Joseph worked for the county and Faith worked at the college. Most everything revolved around his vacation scheduling. He talked fondly of sitting around a campfire at night drinking rum. He looked forward to a four-day weekend out in the pines.

“Will I need a tent?” she said.

“Yes, unless you want to get eaten by bugs.” Faith gave her a grin.

“Guess I'll need to go to a sporting goods store.”

“One in the mall.”

“I've seen it. You'll show me what to buy?”

Her friend's smile was big and toothy. “Of course.”

Allison traded pinches with Joey while they downed a number of Pina Coladas.

“You're going to bruise me,” she said.

“Stop pinching me.” The twinkle in his eye said he was having fun.

Faith shook her head. "I don't know, she might need a spanking."

Allison giggled.

By the time they were walking back to the condo, she was reaching to pinch his ass.

He jumped.

Faith tsked behind her. "Oh, she is a naughty girl. I think a spanking is in order."

She giggled, feeling no pain.

In the condo, they put things away. They continued trading pinches.

She was lifted by a determined Joey and she squealed in mock terror. Carrying her to the couch, he sat and forced her down across his lap.

She screamed halfheartedly, already feeling his man-lump pressed up against her crotch. It felt very nice, dealing pressure to her clit.

Faith stood, arms folded, one eyebrow raised and said, "Spank her."

His hand brought a yelp from her lips. He spanked hard. She squirmed and realized she was squirming her clit on his cock – separated only by swimsuits. Her vision, already swimming from the drinks, grew dim. Lust took over and she ground her pussy down on his hardening lump.

Overcome with lust, she crawled up after the fourth swat and straddled his waist. She put both arms around his neck and ground her hips back and forth. Then she leaned forward and kissed him. She realized he was a little stiff.

Faith's voice interrupted them. "Hey, you two, knock that off. Break it up."

Joey started to move her off. "Well, that finishes the spanking. Off you go."

Huh? They were just beginning to have fun. Feeling dizzy, she curled up on the couch and fell asleep.

## CHAPTER 8

Allison wasn't sure why Faith was mad. "What?"

"I didn't know you were going to make moves on my husband."

"Make moves?" Had she? She moved the cellphone closer to her ear.

"Did you think I was inviting you over so you could steal--"

"I'm not trying to steal Joey."

"Girl, you kissed him."

"I did?"

"You don't remember?" The exasperation was evident.

"I, uh, got spanked?" Allison tried to remember.

"And then you were all over him like a big-titted bimbo-bitch in heat."

What? My boobs are small. "I--"

"I can't have you over if you're going to try to steal--"

"I would never, ever try to steal him from you."

Faith's voice was distant, as if holding the cellphone away from her face. "I can't deal with this."

The connection went dead.

Mondays. Ugh. What did I do?

She rubbed her head.

"Everything okay?" Charles.

“Oh, yeah.”

“I had Michael head off Roger. He was heading this way looking for his helmet.”

“Oh, thank you.” She rubbed her temples. Charles was a good man. Too good for her. Someone else had already gotten him.

No matter how she thought about Charles from different angles, she could not bring herself to hurt Andrea, his wife, in such a brazen act of selfishness. Yet, if Charles was willing to cheat with her, he was certainly willing to cheat on his wife, and maybe with someone other than her. Had he been telling the truth? He had been fascinated by her alone? No other woman held his love as his wife did, and no one else held his fascination like she did?

Was it possible for a man to love his wife but want some “fascination” on the side? She wasn't sure of that answer. She wanted to say men were too stupid to handle something as deep as that. But hadn't she done the exact same thing while still holding hope and love for Derek?

She dropped her head down onto her wrist.

Charles walked away without another word.

The week had been awful. Guilt from Charles, a cold shoulder from Faith with no phone calls – she felt alone.

She pulled into the liquor store parking lot. Glancing to the back, she saw the two cars. So, Steve and Corey, together like last week.

Derek had gone through all of the cases; it had been a mistake to buy them. Resolved to only waste her money on four, she entered the cool of the store.

“Hi, Allison,” Corey said from the register.

She waved.

Swinging the cart towards the beer aisle, she walked ahead.

“Hello, Allison.” The voice was Steve's, silky and suggestive.

She gave him a smile, half hurried, half genuine, and three-quarters nervous.

“Hi, Steve.”

“Couldn't skip a week?”

“No, not after all. He and his friends used it as an excuse to drink more.”

He tilted his head, much in the way Faith did and said, “You don't drink the beer?”

“Heavens, no. Though I drank too much rum last Sunday.”

He moved his head up slowly. “Well, that will do it. So you drink rum while they drink beer?”

“Sort of. I used to not drink anything. You know football guys. I used to just sit in my room and read stuff on the net.”

“Oh?”

“Last couple of weeks I was going to a friend's house.”

“Ah, I see.” His brown eyes said he understood perfectly. His blonde bangs moved a little with the nod.

“I drank too much and got in trouble though.” She pulled a case of beer. “I think I kissed my friend's husband.”

He put down his inventory clipboard and helped her. He had a good smell about him, a nice aftershave well diluted after several hours of work. “A kiss from you would be wonderful. I can imagine your friend was upset.”

Had she heard that right? She looked at him quizzically.

He straightened, placing the fourth case in her cart. “You're a very attractive woman. Even Corey thinks so.”

She blushed and grinned. “Me?”

“You have beautiful blonde hair with a playful wave in it, gorgeous blue eyes, and the prettiest smile we've ever seen.”

“Me? I--”

He reached a hand up and stroked her hair.

“But I'm married.”

His eyes drank hers in. “That doesn't make you any less beautiful.”

What could she say to that? Her heart began to thud with embarrassment and nervousness. Did they really think she was beautiful? “But--”

He leaned down and kissed her. Right in the middle of South Highway Liquors.

She melted into his arms, kissing back, withheld lust and desire for the man stretching back months and coming out now in full force.

He broke the kiss and called, “Corey, lock the door.” He had a hint of triumph to his voice.

“Yes, sir,” Corey said. His voice sounded surprised and happy.

He brushed back her hair with his fingers and gazed down into her eyes with a hunger that had her knees shaking. “Come,” he said.

She was led into the back room and to his office. She went willingly, but shaking on the inside. She did not know if it was fear or lust, or both.

He hugged her, pressing his warmth into her heat. He kissed her again, causing her head to swim.

If Derek won't be there for me, who am I supposed to turn to? If I made moves on Joey that I can't really remember and that was bad, then who can I turn to? Charles? He's too nice.

He began undressing her and her heart doubled its rate of beats. She began to quiver.

He removed her clothes and stripped off his own. Lowering her slowly to the

black vinyl office couch, he crawled over her and began kissing her again.

She felt peace and lust. It was not love; she knew that. But it didn't have to be love. It didn't have to have all the pieces of marriage to be satisfying because it wasn't marriage and it wasn't meant to be marriage. It was pleasure – simple pleasure, nothing more.

She recalled briefly, fleetingly, Jake and the partial handjob. Whether or not she did it at the time to spite Derek was not the issue now. She realized she had enjoyed it and she certainly did not love Jake. Charles had made love to her, but was that the right way to say it? Had he made fascination with her? It wasn't love. She didn't want to take him away from Andrea; she liked him.

She realized as she spread her legs for Steve's descending penis, opening her pussy for his erection, that she was fascinated with him. She had been for some time. Did she love him? Nope. She knew then what Charles had felt. Did she love Derek any less? Nope. She both loved Derek for being her husband and hated him for what he had become. But she felt no withering in her heart for her husband.

Steve's cock opened her pussy and slid right in. She was so wet. His shaft speared her hunger and rubbed it deep from the inside. She groaned and gripped his shoulders with lust. She wrapped her legs around his hips and panted, pulling at him.

That's when she realized Corey was there, standing by her head, jacking his very long shaft. A wave of orgasm approached close, and then slowly, agonizingly backed off. He was jacking for me?

She reached a hand up and gripped the kid's cock while Steve fucked her with hard strokes. She felt the fulfillment deep in her pussy – the satisfaction, the pleasure, the need, and the release.

Waves erupted from the inside of her, building and exploding outward, causing her body to convulse. Her pussy clenched on Steve's cock, squeezing on it as the waves passed through her. But she wanted to feel complete. It was never complete without a man's seed warming her insides.

“Come on,” she said. “Fuck me. Fuck me, baby.”

Steve groaned, plunging deep, filling her with his shaft. She felt full, happy, and satisfied.

Corey groaned, his hips pumping his shaft in her grip, and ejected hot spurts of sperm. Most went over her. One glob hit her cheek.

She gasped, an enormous post-orgasmic twinge flexing from the inside at the feel of the kid's hot sperm running down her cheek.

Her twitch must have set off Steve. She felt him buried as deep as he could be, his cock flexing, and then the hot wetness of his ejaculation inside her.

She grinned, and then laughed with joy.

Allison realized later, after she had served Derek dinner, that she did not feel guilty.

The guilt was gone.

She felt happy, satisfied, and in a better mood than she had in a long time. Her coupling with Charles no longer bothered her. Whether or not it bothered him was not anything she need be concerned about. That was between him, his conscience, and his wife.

She spent a quiet night talking on Disqus at the Natural News site and then slept one of the best nights she had in recent memory.

“Hello?” Allison held her cell phone gingerly. It had shown Faith's number.

“Hi Ally.”

She sounded like the old Faith.

“I wasn't sure... you wanted to talk to me. What's going on?”

“Oh, girl, I am so sorry about what I said.” Faith sounded hurt.

“Huh?”

“I know you're at work. Care to have our usual Saturday mall-walk tomorrow?” She sounded doubtful, but hoping. Almost pleading.

“Of course, Faith. Anything. You're my best friend.”

There was a very uncharacteristic short laugh from Faith on the other end, half sob and half relief. “Okay, then, tomorrow.”

Charlie-sans gave them their coffees with a smile. Then he scowled.

Allison did not know whether he knew the customers noticed it or not. His coffee was good, so she didn't care. His employees never lasted more than a week.

They sat at their usual high table, perched on stools and leaned together, if not as close as usual.

Faith placed a hand on hers while they waited for their coffees to cool. “I am so very sorry--”

“I kissed Joey--”

“I know, but... it really doesn't matter.”

“What?”

“Joey and I have been talking, hashing all this out. We fought a little.”

Allison felt really bad at that point. “Oh, Faith, I'm so sorry I didn't--”

“No, shush. We might have fought, but...” Her friend grew red, blushing.

“What?” Allison was confused.

“Well... We've had some of the best sex we've ever had.”

“Uh? Good?”

Faith laughed, but it was unsure. “No, you don't understand. We've had some of our best sex ever. Talking about you.”

“Me? What?”

Faith shook her head, her blue eyes wide under her black bangs. “Our sex has always been fantastic, but now? Wow.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you. He got hard when you kissed him. When you were on his lap.”

“I'm sorry--”

“No, stop it!” Her voice was almost too loud.

Charlie-sans looked over, head moving side to side as if to see around something.

Faith giggled. “Oops.”

“I was drunk--”

Faith shook her head as if listening to something she didn't want to hear. “I don't care about that. I've had mind-blowing sex for two weeks and it took half that time to realize Joey and I thought it very sexy. It took the other half the time to get the courage to call.”

“Courage? You?” Allison shook her head. Faith without courage was like Derek without a beer.

“It's embarrassing.” She sipped at her coffee.

“When has Faith ever been embarrassed?” She opened her eyes wide at her friend.

“Since like, right now.”

“I don't know...” Allison gave her friend a practiced eye.

Faith tilted her head. “How is it you're in good spirits and I'm shaking like a leaf

inside? This isn't normal.”

“That's what I've been saying.” She sipped at her coffee. It was hot, but bearable.

“Listen, Ally, I was wrong and I'm sorry.”

“Wrong?”

“I was immediately angry. I should have talked to my husband more and you more.”

“But--”

“I was wrong. Reacted too fast, whatever. You're welcome to come over Sundays--”

She felt hope light up within her. She hated having to hide from Jake and the rest of the football crowd. She was sure the asshole had told the others. “I can? I promise not--”

“No!” Her loud rejection had heads turning. She continued, lower-voiced, “Be who you are. Be the Ally we know. Be the Ally of that Sunday kiss.”

“I... uh...”

“Say yes. Say you'll come tomorrow.”

“Well...” Allison couldn't find a reason not to. “I guess I will, if it's alright.”

Tears were in the corners of Faith's eyes as she reached across and gave Allison a hug. “Since we're here, maybe we can wander the sporting goods store.”

The next day, Sunday, was as big for Allison as a graduation ceremony. For some reason, she felt as if everyone was scrutinizing her.

Derek squinted at her as she left. Jake, an early arrival, had leered at her, but with a questioning look. Joey opened the door with a guarded look that seemed confused. Faith gave her a hug but in her eyes was the wonder of discovery.

Was she missing something? Am I the only one confused about everything? Did I miss something in school?

Her fear and confusion evaporated by the time they were ensconced at the pool. The wind was up and Walter was nowhere in sight.

Allison gave a sigh of relief. "Someone should go door to door and tell all the women the pool is safe."

Joey looked thoughtful. "He's almost a fixture here. Wonder what happened to him?"

Faith gave them both an eyebrow. "Masturbated himself to death."

The two young girls came into the pool area and dropped their stuff. Even they glanced at the empty chair near the cabana. Giggling, they jumped into the pool.

"Looks like the thing to do," Joey said. He headed to the water.

Allison and her friend laid back, sipping their Pina Coladas.

"You seem a lot happier," Faith said.

"I am, I suppose."

"Clue me in."

She shot a glance at her friend. What could she tell her? She didn't know what Faith would make of her fucking her coworker in a motel but she certainly didn't intend to test the waters on the whole liquor store event. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'm coming to terms with Derek, in a way. Letting him be him."

Faith wasn't buying it. "And?"

"Well, maybe Charles at work is paying extra attention to me."

"The married one?"

"Mm hmm."

"Dangerous."

“He's nice. He likes to talk.”

“As long as that's all it is...”

This coming from Faith who had apologized for being mad that she kissed Joey? There was no way then she could tell her about Corey and Steve. “I guess I've gone so long without Derek being nice that I hunger for it.”

Her friend placed a hand on hers. “Girl...”

“I know, why am I wasting my time.”

“Well, I wouldn't say that. You know him best. And you know yourself the best. I just hope it works out for you.”

“Yeah...”

“In the meantime, you're welcome here.”

Joey came out of the pool a few minutes later. He had been wearing new swim trunks. They were plastered to him and showed what he carried.

Allison stared, despite not wanting to be rude.

Faith poked her and she jerked. But her friend winked.

He picked up his cup, standing next to Allison, drawing hard on the straw. “Ahh, thirsty.”

Her gaze had nowhere to go and she couldn't help but see the complete outline of his shaft and the bulbous imprint of the head of his penis.

“I think she approves of your new shorts, dear.” Faith's voice was playful.

“Eh? Oh? I think they're a bit embarrassing.”

Allison nodded. “I imagine they might be for a man. You can see everything.”

Her friend giggled. “Maybe you should cover up, dear. We don't want Ally to be offended.”

“Oh, I'm not offended.”

“Think I'll swim a little more before the next one.” He waved his empty cup.

Faith nudged her. “Let's join him.”

They swam, and in the windy heat it felt good. Allison even dunked her head under.

Joey left the pool first and settled down with his drink.

Once she had wore herself out, she climbed out and Faith went with her.

“I don't know what we'd do without that pool,” her friend said.

“Sure is relaxing.” She said.

Joey was grinning, watching her and looking at her bikini. “Nice view,” he said.

How could she deftly ignore that so there was no trouble? She looked behind her. “Oh, you mean Walter being gone?”

“No, your bikini. Faith did a smashing job getting you to buy that.”

“Uh... Well...”

“Shows off quite a bit.”

Her hands automatically went to her top to make sure it was in place. “I don't really have much--”

“I was talking about the bottoms.”

Faith giggled.

Allison's eyes went wide. She looked down at her bikini bottoms, head bent down to see them. “They're showing? Something?”

“Yeah, very nice cheeks in the back and a nice outline in front.”

She burned red and looked at Faith. Her friend was covering her mouth, her

shoulders shaking. Allison coughed in indignation.

Joey laughed. “Yep, shows everything. Me, likey.”

She let out a wordless gasp of insult. “Who needs the spanking this week?”

He wriggled his eyebrows. The man was too cute. “You again, I think. You can't go an hour without being naughty.”

She drank down the rest of her cup and eyed him. Then she eyed a mirthful Faith and gave her a look that said, “He'll get his.”

Joey said, “By the way, see if you can get next weekend off for the camping trip. I have a rare window of opportunity to take it early. Otherwise it will be last weekend of next month.”

“Next weekend?” Her eyes grew big. “I'll check tomorrow, but I don't think I can.”

He nodded. “I know it's spur of the moment, but we didn't know there was going to be a vacation shuffle at work.”

“I guess surprises aren't surprises if they're planned.”

He lifted his second cup in a toast of assent.

Faith patted her arm as Allison sat down on the middle lounge chair. “No worries, girl. We can always go when we had planned.”

They had chosen their lounges before her. Were they doing it to make her feel more comfortable after Faith's anger?

Neither said anything about it while they sat at the pool.

They all went for a final dip before returning to the condo. Allison swam slow, luxuriating in the feel of the cool water and the hot sun on her head. Her face was suddenly splashed wet and cold.

She gasped, standing in the shallow end, and wiping her eyes.

Joey snickered.

“That's wasn't nice,” said Faith. “You should apologize.”

“What?” said Joey. As if it was the dumbest thing he had ever heard.

Allison got the water cleared just in time for another dousing to the face. She gargled a shriek of indignation. How did he do that so accurately? She moved toward him, still trying to wipe her eyes. “You jerk.”

Water doused her hands, but they were shielding her eyes. She squatted low and pushed water at him.

Water hit his face, though not very much. His eyebrows were high and his mouth open in a mix of playful shock and smile. He swished back at her and doused her again.

She was ready though and surged forward, shielding with one hand and swooshing water with the other. Then she pushed with both hands, showering him in alternating splashes of pool water.

Faith cheered.

Joey's look reminded her of a cartoon cat getting a full load of catnip. He splashed back and the flurry of water was all around. He even spared a splash for his wife, laughing to the side. Her face ran with pool water.

She huffed and joined Allison in a frenzy of splashing.

Joey was laughing, still swishing water flawlessly. His laughing got harder until he stopped, totally out of breath, eyes squeezed shut.

Allison got close and splashed him a good one.

He gagged, eyes opening in shock.

Faith tittered a laugh.

“Oh, you,” he said, wagging a finger. “Bad Ally.” He strode forward in the water and scooped her up.

Her short cry of surprise was followed by giggles and kicking feet. “Put me

down.”

He was stepping out of the pool, carrying her. “You want me to throw you back in?”

She clung tight. “Don't you dare.”

“I guess I'm carrying you then.”

“I'll get you--”

He chuckled. “I think I got you.” He set her down and began gathering up their things.

Wrapped in her towel, she followed him out, Faith behind. Passing out the gate, she unwrapped her towel and twirled it at both ends.

“Uh oh,” Faith said, low. Then she chuckled.

Allison whipped the towel in a straight snap that zapped Joey's buttcheek perfectly. His yelp of pain was one of the most satisfying things she had heard all day.

Having both hands full, he could only walk with the chest held behind him as a shield. He looked comical trying to cover his butt and walk.

She poked and prodded at him, pinching while he danced forward, faster and faster. She got him at the house, though, when he went to open the door. She pinched his buttcheek that she had snapped.

“Ack,” he said. He dashed inside to put everything down.

Then he came rushing back out.

Faith started laughing. “You're in for it now, girl.”

Allison gave a short shriek as she was lifted and manhandled into the house.

“Spanking time,” he said. “Bad girl gets her butt spanked.”

She started laughing, trying to get away but unable. He had a good hold on her.

She tried a scream of protest but the laughter turned it hysterical. The Pina Coladas made her laugh harder.

“Go spank her, dear,” said Faith. “I’ll freshen up these drinks.”

She was carried to the couch and pulled down across his lap. It felt better than last time. The swim trunks were thinner. His slaps came hard and fast, three times. Then his hand rested on her stinging buttcheek. She squirmed with the pain and felt once again his bulge rubbing against her clit.

This is what got me in trouble last time. Well, except I kissed him.

She tried to settle down and lay still, but she could feel his cock throbbing through the material and his hand still rested on her ass. Her hips began to move on their own and she felt him press back against her from underneath.

This feels good. Maybe we can just do this for a while.

Faith set down Allison's cup and Joey's next to it. “Did you give her a good spanking?”

Joey patted her butt. “I think so.” Then he stroked his hand over one buttcheek, and then the other. “She has such a cute little butt.”

I do? She had always envied Faith for her better-shaped hips.

“Let her up for a drink, dear.”

“Oh? Okay.”

A drink sounded good. She raised up and leaned out over to the coffee table. She took a good drink of her Pina Colada while Joey took a drink of his.

Faith wagged her finger. “Okay, one more good spanking.”

Allison pretended to pout. “But why?”

“Bad girl,” Joey said. He pulled her back down but she had scooted a little when she had reached for her drink. “You're not in the right spot. Move this way.”

She felt him guiding her forward, her clit once again coming to rest against his

bulge.

“Right there,” he said. “Perfect.”

Oh yeah, perfect alright. Absolutely the right perfect spot. Allison smiled.

Joey rubbed her buttocks, one, then the other. It was a very sensuous rub. Then his hand left. It came down in another three, stinging smacks.

She groaned and arched her back at the pain, grinding her pussy down onto his package. She realized it was now very pronounced and hard underneath her. She gasped, grinding her clit down on his hardness. Her hips humped up and down and she realized he was squirming underneath her, with her, his penis now very obviously erect. It was moving, sliding sideways and up. She ground her pussy down on it, not wanting the spanking to end.

That's when she felt his fingers. She closed her eyes, her heart pounding in anticipation. Those fingers were sliding down between her cheeks and thighs, down to her pussy. She held her breath and parted her legs. The very hard bulge against her hip, the bottom of it against her clit and the slow slide of his fingers over her pussy lips through her bikini made her groan suddenly in lust.

“Are you having fun, dear?” Faith's voice was silky.

“Oh yeah,” said Joey.

“Can you feel it?”

He thrust up against her.

Allison groaned again.

“Yeah, I can feel it. She has a nice pussy.”

Allison froze, panicked, realizing she was practically making out with Faith's husband right in front of her. Sensing a repeat disaster, she scrambled up.

Joey's erection was poking out of the top of his trunks. It was big and heavy-looking.

She shrieked and ran. Trembling hard, with lust and fright, she shut herself in the bathroom. What should I do? I drank too much again. Maybe I should go. Maybe I shouldn't have drinks when I come over.

A small knock at the door. "Ally, hun, come on out – while your drink is still fresh."

She doesn't sound mad. "Oh, uh..."

"We were all having so much fun. Are you sick?"

"Uh, no, I... Uh... just needed to go to the bathroom."

"Come on out, girl, and we'll talk."

Uh oh? She washed her face, hoping that would clear away the buzz and perhaps wash away the burning lust she had felt.

She opened the door.

Faith was there, a smile on her partially turned face. She put an arm around her shoulders. "There's my Ally."

She let her friend lead her back into the living room. Joey had covered it up, though it still looked mostly hard.

"Come, sit." Faith pointed next to Joey.

She sat, fingers twining about each other until she picked up her drink and took a good gulp.

"That's a girl." Faith winked. "Were you mad that Joey got excited?"

"Oh, uh, he did? Uh..." Darn. They knew I saw it. I was rubbing my pussy all over it.

Faith gave her a look.

"No. No. I didn't get mad." She tried to breathe deeper and ended up taking another drink.

“So you weren't mad Joey got excited?”

She tried a chuckle. “No, I guess any man would have, right?”

Faith was sitting on the other side of Joey. She leaned over him, placing her hand on Allison's arm. “It's okay.”

“But... I...”

Faith grew a serious look. “I want you to do something for me.”

“Anything, Faith, you know me--”

Her friend still had a hand on her arm. With her other hand, she pulled down the band of Joey's trunks. His cock lay there, half-hard.

Allison squeaked and looked away.

“Ally. I want you to look at it. It's not going to bite you. Look at it.”

Was she serious? “But, I don't want to hurt your--”

“You're not going to hurt anything.”

Joey grunted. “I don't know, it might hurt my feelings if she thinks it's ugly.”

Faith snorted and Allison felt the hysterical giggles threatening.

“Shush, you,” Faith said.

“Hey, this is my dick we're talking about here.”

Allison wasn't sure what to say. “Um? Should I go?”

Faith scowled. “Nonsense. Ally, look at it.”

She glanced down and then back up.

“No,” said Faith. “Look at it.”

She looked down. “Alright, I'm looking at it. I am looking at your husband's

dick.” There, was she happy?

“Very good. That wasn't so hard was it?”

She was looking at his shaft. It was beginning to harden again and looked very nice. It throbbed to full erection. Her mouth opened, wondering... “Very hard. Very hard... I mean, no, it was not hard to look at it.”

Faith giggled. “Does it look nice?”

Joey must have been a good seven inches and nicely thick. The helmet of his penis was perfectly shaped and a little bit thicker than his shaft. It was straight, with no curves.

“I suppose it looks nice--”

Faith settled back and gave her an eyebrow. “Oh come on, Ally.”

“Well, what do you expect me to say--”

“I want to hear the truth. Does it look nice?” She looked at Joey. “Honey, take those off so she can see all of it.”

He grinned and did.

Faith looked at her again. “So, girl, what do you think? Does it look nice?”

She drew in and blew out a breath. She really just wanted to run her hands all over it and kiss it and rub it all over her.

“Ally?”

“Oh, uh... yes. Yes, it looks very good.”

Faith's smile was bright. She leaned over again and shook her head. “Now that wasn't so hard, was it?” Her black bangs and hair swung with her head shake.

Allison looked down again and gasped. Faith had her hand on her husband's cock and was slowly stroking it. Her mouth dropped open and she watched her friend's hand move slowly up and down that beautiful shaft.

“Does that look nice?” Faith said.

Hell yes that looks nice. She wanted to shake and slap Faith for asking such a stupid question. But what was the most polite thing to say? “Yes.”

“Watch me, Ally.” Faith stroked him with more confidence.

Joey just grinned, but he would look at her more than Faith.

Her friend leaned over and crooked her finger in a come-hither gesture. “I want you to do something else for me, girl.”

“Hmm?” She looked up. They were whisper close.

“Touch it.”

“What? Are you kidding?”

“You've already felt it. I want you to put your hand on it.”

“But--”

Faith reached over and gently took her hand. She guided it towards Joey's cock.

Allison wanted to touch it. She really did. She wanted to do awful and sinful things to it. She wanted to... Her hand made contact. Faith wrapped her fingers gently around it. Once gripped, she moved her hand, guiding Allison's hand up and down Joey's shaft.

“Uh...” Allison's heart beat hard again, with lust. “Should I be doing this?”

“You better not stop,” Joey said.

She giggled, relieved, sort of.

Faith reached for her cup and handed it to her. “Drink up and I'll make more.”

She took her cup and downed it all, then handed it to Faith. Her friend pointed to Joey's cock and raised her eyebrows. She giggled and gripped it again.

Faith gave her a smile, but there was a smoky lust in her eyes. “That's a good

girl. I'll just go freshen these up. You keep doing that.”

As Faith left the room, Allison stroked him with more gusto.

“Ah, that's it,” Joey said.

“Oh, ha, I hope I'm doing it right.”

His eyes had been closed. He opened just one eye. “Was that a joke?”

She suddenly felt ridiculous, sitting there stroking his shaft – but also sexy.

“Well, I don't know what you like.”

“You're doing just fine.”

He sounded pleased and that made her feel good. Faith was really happy she was stroking his cock? That sure was a change. But she had seen that lust burning in Faith's eyes.

Overcome with lust and desire, she scooted back and bent over. She placed her mouth down over the head of his cock.

His sigh of pleasure told her she was doing it right. The head of his penis was hard, but soft and smooth. He tasted good, but with a hint of chlorine. She imagined he tasted better after a shower to wash off the pool chemicals.

She lowered her lips farther down, taking more of his hard shaft into her mouth. There was no way she would get it all the way in. She drew back, her lips slowly rising on the shaft.

Faith came back in and stumbled. “Oh yeah, girl, now that's the best part of the day.”

She really likes it? Allison had frozen, eyes big, but Faith's words soothed her. She continued to suck Joey's beautiful shaft up and down. Her own sex burned, wanting to be touched and licked – to have the same treatment. She squirmed.

Joey started to laugh. “Ha... okay. Enough. Enough.” He gently pulled her head off his dick.

“Was I doing it wrong?” She frowned.

“Wrong? No, not at all. I was very close.”

“Oh.”

Faith leaned over Joey and pulled on the back of Allison's neck. Their lips met in a kiss – just lips. “Thank you,” said her friend.

“I hope--” Allison tried to say.

“Shh,” said Faith. “This was a beautiful day.”

## CHAPTER 9

Allison sat at her desk and reviewed the visitor's log. Some government agency or other wanted to know exactly how many visitors came through a year. She didn't know why.

Her cell phone vibrated.

Plucking it from her waistband, she saw the number was Faith's. Fear and uncertainty washed over her. Would this be another angry call? How dare she blow her husband? "Hello?"

"Hey, girl." Faith's voice was as exuberant as ever.

"Hey."

"Heard anything yet about this weekend?"

Allison grimaced. She had placed the written request on George's desk earlier. She hadn't heard back. It was not a good sign. But at least Faith wasn't upset. "Not yet, but it doesn't look good. I know the director."

"Hmm, okay. Hopefully we can get a definite answer by the end of the day. Joey needs to know."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll get an answer by then."

"Well, then that's good."

Allison drew a breath. "Everything okay?"

"Okay? Yes, what do you mean?" Faith sounded confused.

"After yesterday..."

"Yesterday? Everything's wonderful." Faith sounded even more confused.

“Well, you know, with Joey and all--”

Her friend's voice got low, as if she were talking to keep a secret. “Let me tell you, we had the most mind-blowing sex after you left. I think I saw stars.”

She giggled, nervous at first, but then relieved. “No way?”

“Really.”

“And I helped?”

“More than you can believe.”

“Things weren't bad before, were they?”

“Oh, goodness no.”

“They weren't getting old?”

“Old?” Faith sounded confused again.

“You know, stale?”

Faith laughed. “Oh, no, not stale. Never stale with Joey.”

“Yeah, I never got the impression you were bored with him.”

“Bored? Girl, why do you think sex has to be boring to lead to pleasure?”

“Er... did I say that?” Now Allison was confused.

“You did. I wasn't bored with him. Far from it. Things just got hotter, is all.”

“Because I blew him?”

Faith's laughter was a tinkle of mirth that tickled the soul. “Oh, you just don't know.”

“What does Joey think of all this?”

“I half expected him to call in sick.”

“He didn't feel well?”

“No, girl, he felt fine. He wore himself out. I'm walking funny.”

Allison laughed, partly embarrassed, partly amused. Then she sighed. “I wish I could say that about Derek.”

Faith got quiet. “Aw, I didn't mean to brag--”

“No, no. That's alright. He is who he is and I don't think it is through any fault of mine.”

Allison heard Faith breathe on the other end as if giving a final sigh of relief. “Girl,” said her friend, “you don't know how good that makes me feel to hear you say that.”

“I just wish...”

There was silence.

Finally Faith said, choked and filled with sorrow, “Oh, Ally. I wish you were happy.”

“Allison,” she said to the intercom.

“George here. I just don't see how we can....”

Allison tuned the rest out. Blah blah blah. But she had also submitted a request for the end of next month. That one would be approved because it had proper notice.

After hanging up the phone, she wondered about Faith and Joey. Had she really brought so much happiness to their lives just by sucking on him for a few minutes?

She needed to stop at the grocery store and get beer for the week. And more noodle helper. Later in the week, she would stop in at the liquor store.

What could she expect there? Would Steve and Corey expect action every visit?

Should she change her shopping locations? Did she want to?

Derek gave her nothing. Nothing but a weekly mess on the carpet to vacuum. She had to suffer the stale smell of flatulence embedded in the carpet and fabric of the chairs and couch. She didn't think there was any way to get it out. She couldn't stand to be in the living room for longer than it took to vacuum.

Friday was the close of another week for her, and the summer was advancing. She already looked forward to a real vacation – the camping trip, four weeks from now.

She pulled into the liquor store. Both cars of Steve's and Corey's were parked in back. That was unusual. She usually saw alternating work duties on Fridays. Very rarely were both there. Were they both showing up expecting her?

“Hi Allison,” Steve said from the register. He gave her a smile not too salacious but just wicked enough to say he wanted more.

Corey was helping a fat man load cases onto a cart. The fat man was gross; she had seen him before. He was always resting his tongue on his lower lip and toying with it, licking and looking her up and down.

Sick fat fuck, go away.

He would look at her, as he did now, as if he wasn't quite sure she met his standards. She wanted to barf on him.

Stacking her cases. She waited a few minutes while fatass got checked out by Steve. Then she approached.

“Hello there,” Steve said. His smile was beaming, brilliant, and full of promise. “I think Corey wanted to speak to you in my office...”

“Oh?”

“Go on back there and I'll make sure this is all rung up.”

Corey? Or was that his way of covering? There were no other customers in the

store.

Steve winked at her and shooed her with his hand.

She went to the back and saw the kid there, waiting, smiling.

He walked to her and began undressing her.

Was Steve going to come?

The kid stripped out of his clothes and turned her around. He bent her down and she gripped the back of the couch. He rubbed his cock against her pussy from behind. Then he was pushing in.

Her mouth opened in outrage, in lust, and in need.

The kid's cock pushed and pushed, sinking deeper. His hands pulled on her slim hips. Finally, he was in. His cock felt hard and filling, pushing places none had before. Before she could adjust, he was pumping madly. His long, curved cock was a spear, stabbing into her hole, filling it, pushing away the emptiness.

“Oh, yeah,” he said. “Such a fine pussy for an older woman.”

Older?

“Fine pussy.” Thrust. “Fine pussy.” Thrust.

She groaned, loud, trying to breathe as he pulled on her hips while pushing forward with hard thrusts.

Her moans turned into wails as he pounded his young cock into her pussy. The sounds of her passion and lust echoed through the back rooms. The slaps of his skin against hers accompanied his grunts of force as he drove his erection into her.

Her pussy was being pounded, pummeled, and pulverized. Corey rammed hard, forcing his long shaft into her in painful ways. She felt as if her insides were being battered and bruised.

She loved it. But he was not entirely in tune with her. He growled with a

savagery and pushed as deep as he could go. She was only just beginning to build the foundations of an orgasm when she felt his hot cum spurt inside her.

Disappointed, but caught up in the lust of the moment, she worked her hips, moving her pussy in a milking motion on the kid's spurting cock. She wanted it all.

Corey gripped her hair and yanked, wrenching her head back painfully. It was accompanied by a deep thrust and a final spurt of his sperm deep inside her pussy.

She loved it. She hated it. She wasn't done yet. But the kid was done, and he withdrew as if pulling his team from a football field.

Needing more, wanting more, she left the liquor store with the kid's cum soaking her panties.

Allison walked into the kitchen, carrying the first of the cases. Derek never offered to help.

“You remembered the beer?” Derek called from the living room.

“I bought the beer.”

“What?”

She rolled her eyes and walked into the living room. It stank, bad. “I said I bought the beer.”

“Good, are you going to get dinner going, now?”

She slapped him and forced his fat ass to the ground. Standing over him she peeled down her soaked panties. Then she squatted down on his mouth.

“Lick me you fat fuck. I just took a load from a kid barely out of High School and far deeper than you'll ever squirt. Suck my pussy.”

He mumbled in outrage, but then began licking her pussy. She ground it down

onto his mouth.

“Do you like sucking the kid's cum from my pussy? Huh?”

He groaned and slurped, licking and sucking as Corey's sperm leaked out of her. She ground her pussy back and forth across his mouth.

“Hey, bitch, I'm talking to you. Hello? Get dinner cooking. Now.”

She snapped out of her daydream and sneered at him. But she turned and went back into the kitchen.

Allison knocked on the door. It was almost a timid knock. She wondered why Faith had begged off doing their usual mall-walk the previous day.

Faith answered, smiling bright. “Hey, girl.”

“Hey.”

“Ready for some pool fun?”

“And a drink or two, sure. You guys make a good Pina Colada.”

“Well, we have plenty of that.”

“Is everything okay?” Allison said. She kept her voice low in case Joey was lurking.

“Yes, why?”

“No mall-walk yesterday?”

Faith's eyes got big and she leaned forward. “It was more like sex all day.”

Allison covered her mouth. “Oh, sorry.”

“No need to be ashamed.”

Joey peeked around the corner. “There's our bad girl. I'm almost done with the

drinks.”

“Am I in for another spanking already?”

Faith gave her a wicked grin. “I think you've got them stacked up for a good month or more.”

She giggled. “That's okay, I guess. Those spankings are kinda fun.”

“Kinda?” Faith's tone said she didn't believe the understatement.

The pool was lorded over by Walter. No one else was there.

“Wow, usually see a bunch of people out here.” Joey looked around as if wondering where they all went.

Walter saw them coming and pulled his towel over his shorts.

Allison leaned forward. “He's checking out your package.”

He groaned, disgusted.

They sat and drank first, sucking down the tall cups.

“Woo, you made these strong,” she said.

Faith giggled.

Joey winked. “Finish up and I'll throw you in the pool.”

“You will not.”

“I will if you don't finish before me.”

Allison drew heavily on the straw. The drink froze her throat and she finally let off, gasping. “Cold.”

“Better hurry,” he said.

“Jerk.” She was already feeling the start of a buzz. She hadn't eaten much.

“Ohh... is that me done already?” He waggled his empty cup at her.

How had he done that? “That's not fair.” She giggled.

He chased her to the pool and they splashed around together, Faith joining in, for another half hour.

Grabbing her around the waist, Joey planted a playful kiss on Allison's lips.

Startled, she shot a glance at Faith. Her friend was wading closer, a small smile of lust on her face. She joined the embrace, kissing her husband.

“She might need her spanking now,” Faith said.

“Now?” Joey said. He clutched Allison closer.

She could feel his bulge in the water against her. She wanted so much to reach down and touch it.

“Yeah, why not?” Faith had a glint in her eye.

Walter actually looked disappointed when they left the pool.

“Wasn't much swimming.” She felt a little dizzy. The fast drink and strenuous pool play had her buzzed.

“Maybe we can swim after your spanking.” Faith said.

Joey set down the chest inside the condo and pulled out their second drinks. He handed Allison hers. “Here you go. Tell you what; I was going to make you take off your bikini bottoms for a bare-butt spanking.”

“What?” She almost choked on her drink.

“But since I'm a nice guy, I'll make you a deal. Finish before me and I'll take off my trunks.”

“Sounds quite fair,” Faith said.

Allison didn't answer. She sucked heavily on her drink until her throat seized up. She breathed in and out and then went at it again.

Joey wagged his cup just as she was slurping the last.

She let out a cold-strangled gurgle. “No way.”

He laughed. “Off with those.”

Faith reached. “Gimme your cup, girl; I’ll make fresh ones.”

Allison giggled. “I might fall over already.”

Joey moved closer. “Should I help you out of them?”

“No, I can do it. Fine.” She bent down, slipping off her bikini bottoms. She stood back up, the bottoms hooked on her finger and held out to the side.

Joey looked her pussy over, a hunger in his eyes.

She liked that look.

He pulled her and sat down, drawing her down onto his lap. His bulge was deliciously swollen. She gently laid her clit on it and wriggled. His hand caressed her ass cheeks.

Faith came into the room. “Ah, I see she’s finally being good.”

Allison was already panting with lust, her pussy mashing down onto his hardening lump.

His spansks came down hard and fast. Three of them.

She arched her back in pain, grinding her pussy madly down onto his crotch.

His hand came back down and rested, caressing.

She moaned, her butt humping up and down on him. When she felt his fingers edge down between her thighs, she spread her legs.

The touch of his fingers on her soaking pussy lips brought a lusting groan from her. Toying at her lips, he suddenly angled his fingers and shoved three of them inside her hole.

She arched up off the couch, clawing, surprised, and a tight coil of orgasm approaching. “Ohhh...” she said loudly.

Joey didn't stop or withdraw. He rammed his fingers into her.

She looked around. Faith was down by her feet, sitting on the back of the couch. The look on her face was heat, lust, and desire.

“That's it, honey, finger her pussy.” Faith's voice was breathless. One hand toyed at her bikini bottoms, drawing her fingers up and down over her material-covered clit.

Joey grunted and then withdrew his fingers. “Lift up a little,” he told her.

Allison, quivering, lifted a little. Her entire body shook with lust and a dizziness from the rum. She wanted his fingers back inside.

He shifted around and slid off his trunks.

Allison couldn't handle it – her body shook, and then collapsed down onto him. She could feel his naked cock against her hip. Her butt humped up and down, out of control.

The invasion of his fingers into her hot wetness drew an immediate groan and another coiling of the waiting orgasm. It built, winding tighter. He sawed his fingers in and out, and then angled his thumb down to bump against her clit.

She loved it. She saw stars. She gripped the armrest of the couch and lost control. She cried out, her body wracked with violent shakes. She rode out seven very powerful, painful, and pleasurable waves of orgasm. By the time her body settled down, she was panting with relief.

Corey had only cum in her; he hadn't finished her. She had built a lot of tension and frustration since then. Joey had just released it.

“Sit up,” he said. His voice was gentle, low. “I think a few weeks back you were giving me a kiss? Let's have that again.”

She tried to crawl up. He helped her. She swung her legs around and straddled him as he directed. He reached an arm around her waist and pulled her all the

way up. Her tingling pussy made contact with his hot cock.

That felt very good.

They kissed, a little hesitant at first, then deep. He gripped her waist, pulling and letting go, moving her hips and her pussy against his erection in a massaging motion.

Three people panted in lust.

He looked down and began shifting higher back. His cock angled towards her pussy. Then he reached down and pushed it down, popping it past her pubic bone and against her wet hole. The head instantly pushed in.

Allison cried out in relief, tension, and desire.

Faith went nuts. “Yes! Yes! Yes! Stick your cock in her, babe.” She had pulled her bikini aside and was thrusting her fingers in and out of her hole.

Am I supposed to be seeing my friend masturbate? Her thoughts fled when Joey pulled her and his cock sank all the way in. She felt the familiar emptiness and ache be filled with a good, hard cock. Her pussy clenched in an orgasmic aftershock.

Joey chuckled.

Faith's fingers were a blur. “Does it feel good, honey?” Her voice was a pant.

Joey groaned, moving his penis smoothly and slowly in and out of Allison's pussy. “Very good. Very nice.”

It felt so good. Allison rotated her hips, moving her pussy on his wonderful shaft. Now that he was in her, not toying or spanking her, all her fears fled. Faith hadn't gone banshee. Joey was enjoying it. And she knew that at least for this moment, everything was okay. All three were happy. All three feeling the pleasure. All three having not a worry in the world except the culmination of this act.

She didn't love Joey. Not anymore than she loved Faith. She loved them as friends. Joey was nice and she was so very glad to have the opportunity to have

his cock in her. But she was happy with it being what it was; Faith was sharing him with her. Maybe once, maybe more; she didn't know. But right now, her friend loved seeing her husband's cock deep in Allison.

Maybe she would be mad later.

Joey lifted her and carried her into the master bedroom.

Her head swam, with lust, with rum, and with desire. She wanted to lay underneath him, his manliness on her, thrusting into her, conquering her need and to feel their passion struggling together to give fulfillment. She wanted to feel it all.

He tossed her on the bed and she bounced. He grinned at her and climbed over her.

Her pussy ached to be filled again. Her legs spread automatically, as if controlled by someone else. She wanted to feel his hot cock in her. "Please..."

His grin grew bigger.

Faith sat on the bed, up against the headboard. She had removed her bikini bottoms.

At first, Allison had been embarrassed she had seen the intimate parts of her best friend. Now it seemed natural. What amount of time had passed? Five minutes? Ten?

Her thoughts fled as pleasure chased them away when Joey sank his shaft back into her open hole. Her feet flat on the bed, she lifted her hips to his thrusts. Her head moved to one side, then the other. Her moans and gasps were completed by his grunts of effort. She felt his shaft emptying her and then filling her back in with each thrust. Her pussy tingled, thrumming, creating a vibration in her body she would long remember.

Faith's fingers were once again a blur, in and out of her own hole. "Do you like him, Allison? Does he feel good in there?"

Oh yes. Oh yes. Ohhhh.... "Yes, yes... yes..."

“Do you like my husband fucking you?” She was panting.

“Yes... yes. More.”

Faith cried out in panic, and she jerked forward, coming close. She removed her hand from her pussy; she had almost come.

She watched her friend lean forward and kiss Joey while he thrust deep into Allison. It felt complete. It felt right. As if Faith was giving her husband her approval and permission to be thrusting his cock into her friend's pussy.

Faith's husband fucked Allison, and she took it all. Not knowing what the future held for any of them and what they felt after, Allison relished the feel of being part of something so intimate between them. Of being a participant.

She felt fortunate, lucky, privileged.

Joey moaned and thrust faster.

Faith breathed at him. “Pull out a little and let me finish it.”

He panted, nodding, and pulled out most of the way. Faith reached down and gripped his cock. She began stroking while the head of his penis was still in Allison's pussy. She stroked fast and hard, her hand bumping up against Allison's clit.

Joey's face tightened up in pain and concentration.

Allison could feel his cock expand in her, swelling. Then she felt his cum - his hot spurts flooding her on the inside while his wife stroked and milked his shaft into Allison's pussy.

Allison floated, satisfied. Faith had milked her husband's cock and he had finished inside Allison. The circle of passion and involvement was complete. Faith had given him permission and even helped him to cum in her friend's pussy. She felt gratified and thankful that her friend had shared.

## CHAPTER 10

Allison had ducked Jake for three weeks. No matter how fun the simple handjob had been, it was a one-off. She had also avoided the South Highway Liquors.

While Corey and Steven were fun, they weren't her idea of something fulfilling. And while Joey was fulfilling in a way, he was not the total answer. She had Derek. Though they did nothing, she wasn't ready to just give up on him.

Would he come out of his depths, someday? Turn over a new leaf? Make a New Years resolution? Decide he hated the lifestyle of watching football and farting?

Would he remember her? Would he remember their romance? Would he remember their happy times? Would he yearn to return to that? She was there, if he did. Despite Cory and Steven, she was there. Despite her motel fling with Charles, she was there. And despite the satisfaction she received from Joey, she was there.

Joey had fucked her several times over the last three weeks. She even came over on Saturdays instead of going mall-walking. Her pussy liked his cock. She liked his shaft thrusting away, pumping into her and feeling his man-orgasm flood her insides. She even liked seeing Faith diddle herself to orgasm watching them. It was very hot.

But still she waited for Derek.

Derek had been mad about the vacation. He kept insinuating that it was his decision and that it was a bad idea because he wouldn't have TV.

A heated exchange where she told him he wasn't invited and that she didn't need TV so she was going ended the whole contentious battle.

He grumbled.

She told him he would have to fetch his own beers.

He didn't like that, but he used dinner as an excuse. "You can't go. I expect

dinner--”

“Make your own.”

“Fuck you, you make the dinner here and I--”

“No, fuck you. I have not had a vacation since we've been married and I'm taking one.”

“Don't fucking--”

Her yell of outrage silenced him. “No! Don't you fucking tell me what I have to do. This is my vacation.”

He had stood there, pacing and stopped at her yell. He stood there, gobbling like a fish out of water.

She flung her hand high in the air. “Say what you want; I don't care. I'm going, you're not, and you'll just have to feed yourself.”

His bluster fell on deaf ears.

But still, she was there for him. Wasn't the real Derek still inside all that gross blubber?

Could she wait for that man to re-emerge? Would she? Should she?

Her Pinto piled high with gear, she drove away from her home and towards a hopefully blissful vacation. A much-needed one.

The air of the pines was hot and spicy. Pine tar and hot air mixed in a smooth mixture of a warm climate amongst trees.

Their campground was a semi-arranged pay as you use affair. They parked in a dirt lot and carried their belongings, hiking style, to the campsites. Most were arrayed around the parking lot within a hundred feet or so.

For some reason, Joey and Faith walked beyond all the nice convenient ones and left the area.

“Hey, this stuff is getting heavy,” she said.

“Not much farther.” Joey sounded as if it were just two more steps to their site.

They were traveling on a path that traversed a crest and began leading downhill. A vast and scenic panorama opened before them. The path was used for all the campers.

“Just down here,” he said.

“This doesn't look like the official camping areas.” Her tone was out of breath.

“It isn't, but it's a bunch of trees. There's nothing official about sleeping under a tree here or over there.”

“Don't you need a license to camp out here away from the others?”

Joey laughed. “No. You don't need a license.”

Don't laugh at me. I didn't know.

“This path, here.” He led them off the main trail along a tiny path. It looked barely used.

Withing a few seconds, they were at a small campsite, obviously used by few people, but made by those few and not the Forest Service.

“Are you sure this is okay?” she said.

Joey put down what he was carrying. He came over to her and gripped her shoulders. “It is not illegal, yet, to sleep out in the forest.”

“But, isn't it--”

“Shh,” said Joey. “It's fine. We even had a ranger sit with us for a few minutes last year. There's nothing illegal about camping in the forest.”

If her friends hadn't been tazered and arrested, then camping here must be okay.

“Okay, then.”

She had brought a sleeping bag. They had told her the tent she had bought wasn't

needed. She also brought her toiletries. The public shower and restrooms had looked clean and accessible.

They made camp.

She learned how to pitch a tent. She never knew what that meant. She never knew tents were so elaborate while being so simple. Anyone could just slice into one. Not very secure.

But by sunset, none of that mattered.

Joey had steaks cooking and the smell should have been illegal on its own. Mixed with the smell of pine, Allison wanted to pass out, zone out, and never wake up. Try as she might, she could hear nothing but their own noise at the campsite.

There was no traffic off in the background. There was no constant hum of air-conditioning or someone else's ventilation system. There was no sound of planes overhead.

In fact, the silence seemed heavy, as if a presence all its own.

Every once in a while, they would hear voices passing on the trail over the crest of the mountain several paces away. But the trail was shielded by a good couple dozen pine trees.

After a marvelous dinner of steak, Joey was thrusting his cock into Allison's pussy in their tent. They had insisted she share a tent with them.

She took his thrusts, moaning out in the freedom of the wild. His shaft rammed her from behind, sliding in hard and smooth and then back out. Faith watched, fingering her pussy.

“Yes, good,” Faith said. “Fuck her. Fuck her deep.”

Allison loved it. She was grateful to Faith for sharing him. She was appreciative of his shaft plowing her depths. She was happy for them both that they liked taking their pleasure with her. And she was happy her friend was pleased.

Joey grunted hard, then pulled out. He motioned for Faith and she got down next

to Allison and spread her legs.

Allison watched Joey spear his erection into his wife, her friend. They made love, kissing wildly and passionately.

“Did it feel good?” Faith said.

“Yes.” Joey's voice was feverish.

“Did you like it in there?”

“Yes.” His butt humped deeper, harder.

“Do you like fucking Ally?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Is it good?”

Joey's voices was breathless. “It's good.”

Faith moaned, loud. “Do you want to fuck her more?”

“Oh yeah. More.”

“Tell me.”

“I want to keep fucking Allison.”

Faith's wail of orgasm was long, loud, and filled with extreme tension. “Oh yeah, do it.”

Joey's tensed body said he was shooting his sperm into Faith.

Their first night camping was exhausting, satisfying and allowed them all to sleep deep - Joey in the middle.

Allison woke in the morning to the smell of bacon cooking over the fire.

Wow, does that smell good.

She poked her head out. “Do I have enough time for a shower?”

“If you hurry,” Joey said. “Faith should be back any minute.”

Darn. She had wanted to go to the showers with her friend, not alone. “You should have woke me.”

“Faith tried.”

“She did? Oh.” She scrambled around, collecting a few essentials and then left the tent.

“You have maybe five minutes.”

“That's not enough time--”

“We'll keep it warm for you.”

“I'll hurry.” She ran. By the time she reached the community showers, she was out of breath.

Faith was coming out. “Hey, sleepy.”

Allison groaned and rushed past her. The showers put out a warmth with a single button-push, but not much. She had to press it twice just to wash her hair. She finished her morning routine as fast as she could and rushed out of the showers.

She walked briskly, conserving her energy for a run. As she approached the crest, she broke into a run. Flying over the top of the ridgeline, she flew down the other side. Unfortunately, there were three men coming up the path.

There was no way she could stop.

“Whoa there!”

She collided with the man who had spoken. Both went down.

Allison felt stupid. “Ack, I am so sorry--”

“Oh that's all right. Sort of nice having a beautiful women run into your arms.”

His two friends chuckled.

The man she had bowled over had reddish-blond hair, cut short. He had wide, friendly eyes and a playful smile. “Sort of like those old romance movies. Running through the fields, hopping and arms wide...” He got to his feet.

His smaller friend snickered.

Allison giggled, nervous. “I'm really sorry.”

“I'm Ron, and it's quite alright.” He helped her up and his friends began handing her the scattered shower items.

“Allison, thanks. I'm late for breakfast.” She pointed along the side path.

Ron's eyebrows rose. “Oh, you're one of the campers at that site?”

“Yes, why? Is something wrong?”

“Wrong? No.” His eyes twinkled. “We heard quite a bit of fun there last night. You there with your husband?”

“Husband? No, he's at home. I'm there with my friend and her husband.”

“Is that so?” He suddenly appeared very interested.

The taller of his friends said, “But we heard two women having--”

Ron's elbow caught him in the ribs. “Shut up.”

Allison realized what was being said. She started burning red with embarrassment. “Uh, well, you probably just heard us laughing and being drunk.”

Ron raised an eyebrow at her and grinned. “Drunk huh? Maybe we'll drop on by later and introduce ourselves. We have a good stock of whisky, vodka, and rum. Different tastes for the three of us.”

“Rum?” she said. “Oh, I like rum. Well, I'm going to go eat.”

Ron grinned at her like a hungry and amused wolf. His friends had friendly and interested smiles for her.

She scurried down the path and into the campsite.

Allison walked beside Faith back from the community restrooms. “Yes, I am having fun. I'm glad I came.”

Faith gave her a squeeze hug from the side. “We're glad you came, girl. It's good to see you having fun.”

They hadn't gone more than a few steps.

“Hey Allison.” It was Ron.

“Oh, hi.”

Faith appeared surprised. “This was who you ran into?”

“Mm, yes,” she said. She looked at Ron. “I'm really sorry about that--”

“Nonsense. It was nothing.” His smile was white and inviting. “Who's your friend?”

“Faith,” said Faith.

“Yes, Faith,” she said.

“Well, Faith and Allison, I would be pleased to come by your site later and share with you our supply of alcohol. Say hello and all.”

“Well, that sounds like fun,” Faith said.

She hadn't told Faith that the men had overheard their sex last night. “Oh, well, sure,” she said.

“We'll be hiking a bit but we'll come by after we get back and shower and all. We have some tri-tip if you want--”

Faith's eyes lit up. "Oh, now that sounds really nice. We were just going to do burgers tonight."

"It's a plan then." Ron gave both of them a wink.

He continued on his way and they theirs.

"Company tonight, huh?" she said.

Faith nudged her. "Loosen up. It's a good dinner and some drinks. It'll be fun. We've had people share our fire before. It's a nice way to talk to people who share a passion for the outdoors."

"Oh, well, I suppose."

"Are you alright, girl?" Faith squinted at her.

She chuckled and waved a hand. "Sure, I guess I just don't get out much."

An eyebrow drew down. "Or are you upset that visitors might delay some fun stuff later on?"

She blushed.

Faith took her hand and patted it. "Plenty of time for that. No worries."

After a day of taking in the views and breathing the clean, pine air, they settled back in at their campsite. The sun hung low, still warm and light.

Allison was pouring cups of rum for them when the bottle slipped in her grip. "Oh, shoot!" She fumbled it, dropping the cup and then the bottle fell. Her little scream erupted just as the bottle crashed and broke on the rock that made one of the firepit stools.

Joey rushed over. "Are you alright?"

Faith was looking her up and down checking for cuts.

"I'm alright, I'm alright. I just dropped the damned bottle."

Faith placed her hands on her hips. “That was our only one. Will have to make a run for booze.”

“No need,” Ron said. He hefted a box filled with bottles. “We have all the booze you can drink.”

Faith and Joey smiled together. “Well that is mighty nice of you,” Faith said. “You know me. This is my husband Joseph. We call him Joey.”

Ron put his box down. His two friends with him were placing down boxes with food in them. He stuck out his hand and shook Joey's. “I'm Ron, this is Dean and Dylan.”

Ron was muscular, as if he worked out. But not overdone. His t-shirt was a good fit and showed off his frame. Dylan was the tall one with dark eyes and dark stubble on his chin. Dean was the runt with almost white-blond hair and a crooked grin on his face. Dylan and Dean were average-looking. Ron was the handsome one. As easily as handsome as Joey.

Allison leaned over to Faith. “I'm really sorry about the bottle. I lost my grip.”

“No worries, girl.”

Allison bent down to carefully pick up the pieces and place them in their trash box for later disposal.

“Lemme help with that,” Dylan said.

“That's okay, it was my fault. I'll--”

“I suppose you could argue about it, but you're getting helped.”

“Oh, well, thank you.” They shared smiles.

Dinner was arranged and set to cooking. Allison had drunk two drinks and felt happy. “I need to go up and use the restroom.”

It was dark.

Ron stood with her. “I'll escort ya.”

“Oh, you don't have to.”

“But I will. I need to go, too.”

They walked along the path together.

“So your husband isn't here. Why not?” Ron gave her a quizzical look.

She sighed, depressed at thinking about him. “No, he's not. He's at home watching TV.”

“Yuck, I hate TV.”

“Me, too.”

“You do?” He sounded shocked.

“I like reading on the net.”

“Yeah, so do I.”

They crested the top of the hill. She stopped and turned to him. “Really? You ever read Natural News?”

“I believe I have. That's the ranger site?”

“Yes, the Health Ranger.”

“Right, right.”

They continued walking towards the restrooms.

“I spend a lot of time there talking on Disqus.”

“Oh, yeah, the comments?”

“Mm hmm. I post as Allison Addled.”

“Hmm. Not sure if I've seen it, but I don't really pay attention to the names.”

She felt let down for a moment. But could she really expect someone who had

been a stranger to know about her on an internet forum? It's not like she was famous or something.

They parted for the separate restrooms.

He was waiting for her when she came out. He was chatting with another man about the hiking trails. She waited until they finished.

“Thanks for escorting me,” she said.

“You are most certainly welcome, though I would say the pleasure is mine. A nice night and a beautiful babe--”

She snorted, then giggled. “Excuse me.”

He laughed.

They were quiet until they reached the crest. “So your husband watches TV. He couldn't break away for some camping?”

“He's...” Fat. “Not the camping type.”

“Oh. Shame. Do you two do things together? If you don't mind me asking?”

She normally would have been offended at such a personal question, but with Ron she didn't feel as if he were being nosy. She felt at ease with him. “Not really, no. We've sort of grown apart.”

He stopped her and hugged her gently. “I am so sorry to hear that.”

She let him hug her, hugging him back. They stood there listening to the murmurs of conversation at their campsite. “I still love him, I guess. The man I married must still be there somewhere, right?”

“I would think so.” He released her. “It is commendable you don't give up.”

She laughed but it was a little bitter. “I should just give up. He just gets fatter and fatter and he treats me like a slave.”

They walked into the campsite.

He did not respond, but his look said how sorry he was for her.

That was nice of him not to blurt out what we were talking about in front of everyone else. “So here I am, anyway.”

“Good for you.” He poured her another drink.

Dinner was hot, juicy and filling. The drinks were freshened and the talk was boisterous about work, dumb bosses and stupid TV commercials.

## CHAPTER 11

Allison awoke to the smell of breakfast again.

I don't want to leave. I don't even want to get out of my sleeping bag.

Outside, Faith and Joey were talking about how nice the new friends were from last night.

She had to admit, she had experienced a night of laughs and fun. Later, when the new friends had left, Joey had taken her and Faith into the tent and fucked their brains out. It had been a glorious end to a wonderful day.

She crawled out.

Joey winked “There she is.”

“Hey, girl.” Faith had a satisfied and smoky look on her face. She had fingered herself frantically while Joey had plowed her. Allison had come watching her.

“I'll try to hurry again.”

Joey waved the tongs. “Just started it.”

“Okay.” Allison pecked him on the cheek and then gave Faith an identical peck.

Joey slapped her butt as she turned.

Her giggle warmed her and gave her a smile all the way to the showers.

At the campsite at lunch, they shared ham slices.

Joey said, “I ran into Ron earlier. They wanted to know if they could bring dinner and drinks again. I told him that sounded good but we'll provide the dinner.”

“Ah,” said Faith. “Very nice. That's why I like camping.”

“Might as well, it being our last night here.” Joey winked at Allison.

The men returned, smiles and boxes and all for a repeat of the previous night.

Allison gave Ron a big smile. “I wasn't sure you three would still be here.”

“We leave in the morning,” he said.

“So do we.”

He gave her a sad look. “Camping is over too soon.”

“Look me up on Facebook. Allison Jones in Flagstaff. Maybe we can coordinate our next trip.”

“Really?” His eyes were intense, drilling into hers with amused interest.

“Why not?” she said. “The company's good.”

They drank slowly while dinner cooked.

“What do you do for a living?” she said.

“Truck driver, local alcohol distribution.”

“Oh? Enough to keep you busy?”

“Very. What do you do?”

“I run the front desk at a retirement home”

“I bet you meet some interesting people there.”

She laughed. “Yes.”

After dinner, she stood. “Need the restroom.”

Ron stood with her. “I'll come.”

“Thank you.”

Joey winked at her.

She gave him a sly wink back. She would be under him again, later.

Up at the crest, Ron said, “I think it's great Joey and Faith like you so much.”

“Hmm?”

“To include you on this trip and...”

“And?”

“You know. What goes on after we leave.”

“Uh...” Did he know?

“We didn't mean to eavesdrop the first time but last night we came back a little later and listened. It was pretty hot.”

“Oh my goodness... Uh...”

“Dean even whipped his thing out and masturbated.”

She coughed, knowing her face was bright red. “Um, uh...”

He stopped her before they parted for the restrooms. “Don't be embarrassed.”

After her visit to the facilities, she joined him outside. They walked together. For a few seconds.

He said. “I meant what I said, Don't be embarrassed.”

“But it is embarrassing.”

He stopped her and turned her. “I think it is wonderful that such a beautiful woman is so well cared for by her friends.”

She didn't know what to say.

He took her breath away when he kissed her. Their tongues explored each other and her heart thudded in her chest. She clung to him, mouth to mouth, pressed together.

Would Joey disapprove? Would it hurt his feelings? Or had that been what his wink was when she had left the campsite a few minutes ago? His approval?

They broke the kiss and he smoothed back her bangs.

She said, "So Dean really masturbated out here?"

"Right by that tree." He pointed. "All three of us are fascinated by you. You're so alive and full of the promise of life."

Fascination. There was that word again. Charles, then Corey and Steve. And Joey. All fascinating to one extent or another. Fascinated with her. She felt different about each one though, loving none of them. She came about as close to love with Joey as she thought possible, but she knew it wasn't complete and she was happy with where it was.

She had three other men fascinated with her?

They entered the campsite, arm in arm.

Joey gave her another sly wink.

She blushed.

Dean poured her another drink and handed it to her. His hand brushed hers.

His fingers lingered. Is that interest I see in his eyes? Now that she knew, she saw it. She saw it on their faces and their mannerisms.

Joey leaned over and kissed Faith. She giggled and kissed him back. Then he playfully bit her neck. Her friend laughed and groaned playfully.

The night around them was dark and the fire bright. The stars overhead were slightly blurred where the smoke rose.

Allison felt a finger touch and pull on her chin. Ron leaned in and their lips met.

Their tongues played again, feverish and delighted. She moaned happily.

Faith called out in a low voice, “You go, girl.”

Allison broke the kiss and looked over at her. Her friend gave her a solid wink and nodded. Joey was smiling.

Another finger took her chin and suddenly Dylan was there, kissing her from the other side. His rugged good looks and bad-boy stubble competed with his bedroom-smoky eyes and quiet ways. She found herself kissing him back.

Her nipples hardened and warmth flooded her insides. Here she had just kissed two men in less than twenty seconds and she liked it.

Ron's hand came down and rested on her bare thigh. She was wearing sweat-shorts. His hand rubbed her leg.

Dylan released the kiss and gazed into her eyes with all the lust of a man beset with raging hormones.

A hand reached down from behind her and slid over her breast. Dean's hand. Was it the hand he had masturbated with? The thought caused her to moan with her own lust.

“I think she's having fun,” Joey said.

Faith's purr was filled with pleasure. “It sure does.”

The approval in her friends' voices left her no doubt. They weren't mad or jealous.

Ron's hand reached up, stroking her smooth thigh up underneath the hem of her shorts. She parted her legs. His fingers reached up and rubbed her panties.

Dylan got up and Dean withdrew his hand from her breast. He came around from behind her and stood where Dylan had sat. He had his cock out, masturbating. It looked like a very nice cock.

Faith moaned on the other side of the fire. “Now that looks like one hell of a lot of fun over there.”

“No doubt,” said Joey.

Allison gasped out loud, watching Dean stroke his cock. He's stroking it for me. All for me. I turn him on?

Dylan came out of their tent holding a sleeping bag in his arms. He spread it out near the fire.

“This is getting good,” Joey said.

“Mm hmm.” Faith's tone was in full agreement.

Ron rose pulling her up with him. He guided her to the sleeping bag and pulled her down. Three sets of man-hands slowly and gently stripped her. Off came her t-shirt and shorts. Off came her bra and panties.

Allison was gasping constantly, her heart thudding, her brain spinning with lust, excitement and alcohol. She kept looking at Dean's cock.

Ron and Dylan stripped out of their clothes.

Allison felt like she was in heaven. Three cocks surrounded her, all hard for her, and begging to be touched. However, she couldn't move. The three men knelt around her and their hands and fingers descended on her, touching, moving, stroking. Fingers were inserted up her pussy.

She groaned loud, moving sinuously with lust. Looking over, she saw Faith watching, fingering her pussy – she had removed her shorts. Joey was beside her, stroking his cock.

Her world spun, tightening, then receding a little. Dean and Dylan knelt by her head and she gripped their erections. Each one was hot, throbbing, and hard for her. She almost hyperventilated with lust. She stroked them while Ron fingered her pussy and moved his head down there.

The touch of his tongue brought loud moans from her and then from Faith.

She felt connected to Faith then, knowing her pleasure was feeding her friend's pleasure.

Ron moved up, kissing her skin all the way up. "Hold her legs open," he said to Dean and Dylan.

Allison felt them grab her legs and part them. Oh yes. Fuck me.

Ron's erection touched her pussy and pushed in. She felt her pussy lips open and stretch wide to accommodate his thickness. She felt the fullness slide in, filling and stretching. It was delicious; her pussy felt satisfied. Then Ron began fucking her. She felt the temporary loss of his cock as he pulled out then the satisfying filling as he pushed back in. All the while, her pussy lips registered the movements with tingles and electrifying vibrations that ran the length of her body.

She loved it. She wondered briefly what her husband was doing while Ron pumped his thick cock into her married pussy. Swept away with passion, she realized it didn't matter. It didn't matter what Derek was doing. Ron's penis moving in and out of her hole meant nothing to her marriage, nothing to her love for Derek, and nothing to her budding relationship with Joey and Faith. It was just sex. Just fucking. Just pleasure.

She looked over, still stroking Dean's and Dylan's cocks as Ron pumped her, and saw Joey laying out another sleeping bag. She felt good for them, that they would also enjoy the show, the experience, and the lust with her.

This was much better than Corey and Steve, and mostly better than Charles. She felt a momentary pang for Charles. Maybe she shouldn't deny him? Maybe she should let his fascination with her provide pleasure for as long as his fascination lasted?

I will talk to him again. And she felt better thinking it. She knew, though, there was a difference between the fascination Charles had for her and the fascination shared by Corey and Steve. Would she go back? They were really just using her. She didn't really want that. They didn't appear to really be all that interested in who she was, whereas Charles really did. Corey and Steve looked at her more like a sperm-dump.

They can go buy a blow-up doll.

The fascination shown by Ron and Dylan and Dean were even more different. They appreciated her, lusting for her, and desiring to give her pleasure. Similar

to Charles, but less involved. Although, in the case of Ron, about as involved, if not more.

Was Ron married?

Her cares fled as he pound into her pussy harder. She knew he was going to cum. She knew he was going to blow a load into her. She had worn a white wedding dress for Derek and here she was, a cock in each hand, with Ron's erection driving deep into her pussy – and she loved it. She wanted more.

She looked over. Joey was laying on Faith, humping, but both were looking at her. It was enough for her that the waves of orgasm overtook her instantly. Her body tensed up, straining, then released. And did it again. And again. She cried out, her hips thrusting up into Ron's.

Ron laid on her and reached both hands down to cup her butt. He drove deep, grunting, panting, and striving to get his cock as deep as it would go.

She felt the satisfying sensation of hot man-seed gushing into her. She floated, feeling wonderful.

Ron moved off and Dylan got between her legs.

She sighed with relief when he sank his cock into her sopping pussy. She looked up at him, dark-eyed Dylan, as he thrust his penis into her. When he saw her looking, he bent down and kissed her. His mouth was stiffer than Ron's, but the passion was there.

Joey called out, groaning with orgasm.

“So hot,” Faith said.

Dylan added his seed to Ron's and he pulled slowly out, his eyes promising he wanted more.

Short Dean crawled near her and pulled her up, turning her over. He had her kneel and she placed her head down on the sleeping bag. The thrust of his penis, smaller, made her hum with satisfaction. He rammed her from behind, the slap of their skin echoing through the trees.

She opened her eyes. Joey was leaning back, toying with his spent cock, watching Ron lick his wife's pussy. She felt good that her friend got to experience his tongue. Joey got up and came over to her. She gripped his semi-soft shaft and squeezed.

They shared a smile and she toyed with him.

After a few moments, Joey nudged her and pointed.

Dylan was between Faith's legs, thrusting his cock into her. Her friend was thrashing about, pulling on him and clawing at his back.

A hint of an orgasm could be felt in her, but Allison knew it was far too soon for another one. Joey's cock grew very hard in her hand as he watched his wife get fucked by Dylan.

Dean pulled out and flipped her over, laying her down on her back. He rammed his cock back into her.

Allison, her body jerking to Dean's thrusts, gripped Joey again. "Do you like that?" Her voice was a pant of lust and exhaustion.

Joey nodded, swallowing visibly. "I didn't know I would. It's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

Dylan leaned up and then hauled on Faith. He pulled them both up and then laid on his back. Faith leaned her hands on his chest and rode his cock. Her black hair moved back and forth with her motions. Her pussy rode up and down on Dylan's shaft.

Dean pulled out of Allison. He gripped his cock, stroking it. "Give me your hand," he said.

She raised her right hand.

"No, your left."

She let go of Joey who got up and rejoined his wife.

Dean took her left hand and moved it near his cock. He grunted, and several

blasts of cum erupted from his penis. Three strong and thick ropes of sperm shot onto her wedding ring. The rest missed and went flying onto her and beyond.

He gently wrapped her left hand around his cock and held it still, his hips pumping his erection in and out of her grip. He sighed, happy. He tapped her wedding ring. "For your husband."

She wasn't sure what to say to that, but she felt satisfied.

Breathing deeply and relaxing, she looked over at Faith. Her friend was riding Dylan's penis hard. She was gripping her husband and stroking as she rode the man beneath her.

Ron sat down near her head and offered her cup to her. He took a drink of his own.

Faith growled, gasping and ground her pussy down hard. Her body shuddered as she tore through an orgasm on Dylan's dick.

That set off Dylan and he gripped Faith's hips, driving his shaft up into her quivering pussy.

Joey chuckled and said, "Oh yeah." He smiled down at his wife as her pussy was flooded with Dylan's sperm.

Allison swallowed the last of her drink.

Everyone was resting around the dying campfire.

"I didn't think I would have so much fun camping," she said.

Ron smiled at her. "We didn't think this trip would be so special. Why don't you come with us to our campsite? Spend the night. We'll see you back here safely in the morning."

Thoughts of a night of sex with three willing men made her squirm. "I don't know..."

Faith shook her head. “Don't go timid now, girl. Go for it.”

Allison went.

It didn't matter that she would be going home to her husband Derek the next day. It didn't matter that she was married. It didn't matter that all three of the men she was with were spoken for. Ron and Dylan married. Dean engaged.

What mattered was that she was no longer lonely. She didn't have to be. And she didn't have to feel bad about it.

Ron told her he would look her up on Facebook. No promises were made, but she knew there would be something developing with him outside of just camping.

She knew it then, after a night of endless and satisfying fucking, in the early morning light, that she was no longer a lonely wife.