

Husband and wife games

Marriage Dares



Challenge Accepted!

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By

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If you don't challenge each other to keep things interesting, marriage will quickly become routine. Avoid it at all costs.

CHAPTER 1

"That really hurt," Kelly said. She stood, laundry basket on hip and glared at her husband.

Grant Klinger rubbed at his eyes with one hand, credit card statement in the other. "It's the truth."

"The fuck it is—"

He rattled the statement as if smoking gun evidence in a TV court case. "It's all right here! Manicures, hairdos—"

She dropped the basket. "What about all your porn sites? Do you really have to subscribe to so many?"

He tossed down the papers. "Aw, not this shit again—"

Both fists on hips, she leaned over him, interrupting. "And why not? I'm not the only one spending money in this house."

"But you don't need manicures and new hairdos."

"My hair is boring. I want to look normal. To look good for you." Getting her hair styled and nails kept up were her insurance for a happy marriage: to keeping her man.

"Your hair is beautiful."

She went into a semi-stunned silence; it was the first time in a long time he had said anything nice about her hair. She ventured, "Because it's styled."

He rose from his computer desk. "No, Kelly Lee. It was beautiful before you started having Jessica freak out all over it."

"Jessica is an artist."

"Good god, she's a freak. I'm only glad your hair doesn't look like hers."

She touched her hair. "I've thought about the boyish bob-cut. It's so sassy."

"You don't need any more sass."

"And you don't need any more porn."

He sighed. "Look, how are we supposed to build a down payment for a house when we can't pay off the damned credit card? This debt thing is a dead end trap. We're wage slaves for the banks and business."

Kelly dropped one arm off her hip. "Oh, and you'd be willing to give up your porn subscriptions?"

His face went through several changes, eyes cast down. "Maybe if you'd be willing to stop getting useless manicures and hairdos."

She shook her head. "I don't see you doing it." The thought of not getting her weekly relationship-insurance scared her.

He gave her a considering look. "And what if I did? It's all the same, anyway."

She laughed incredulously. "This coming from you?"

"I don't have an addiction, I just like seeing the female body. But it gets old. Seen one tit, you've seen them all."

"You'd really be willing to give up porn?" She didn't believe it.

"I still have pictures and videos. You've enjoyed some of them."

"So we give up our hobbies and pay off the credit card?"

"Why do porn subs and hairdos have to be hobbies?" He looked like he meant it.

She considered him and dropped the other arm, both hanging loosely. She didn't want to make this about her hair; she wanted to put this on him. "How do I know you won't back out of this deal—"

He got that idea-look she used to love. He said, "Let's make a game out of it."

"A game?" She felt curious. "What kind of game?"

He began pacing.

She watched him, admiring the handsome man she'd come to take for granted, both set in their routines.

He pointed to the desk and statement. "We have over eight thousand due on that. Let's say we have a pot we pitch in every week. A hundred dollars—"

"A hundred dollars?" Kelly frowned.

He stopped and stared at her. "Oh, come on. You spend more than that on nails and hair each week."

It was true. She pouted.

He began pacing again. "So, let's say we cover the pot with challenges and forfeits."

"Huh?"

"For instance, I put in a hundred. I make you a challenge right there. Nothing too outrageous. If you decline, I take half of that money as mine. If I don't have a hundred to put in that week, I have to do something outrageous—"

"Like what?"

"I don't know, run through the streets naked, or something. And if one of us refuses to do that, the entire pot is forfeit to the other."

Kelly giggled. "Sounds fun."

"So..."

Could she do this, she wondered? "Why not start right now?" She raised her eyebrow at him.

His chin lifted at the challenge. "Well...why not?" He turned and left the room.

"What are you doing?" She followed him.

"Grabbing that extra bank bag." He had a vinyl bank bag for carrying deposits and the like from a bank that had long been gobbled up by another.

"Oh."

He pulled it out of the kitchen utility drawer.

She was glad; it had been taking up room.

He pulled old receipts out and tossed them. "There." He snapped the bag open. "Clean and ready."

"Who goes first?"

"You can go first if you want." He looked game and offered like a gentleman.

She almost felt bad for the idea for his first challenge. She retrieved her purse and dug out five twenties. She made a face; it had been her next hair appointment money. She handed it to him and he slid the cash into the bag.

He smiled hesitantly. "All right then, what's your challenge?"

She shook a little, trembling with the anticipation of another blow-up. She licked her lips and took a deep breath. "Delete half your porn folders."

He blinked, holding the bag.

CHAPTER 2

"Half?" he shouted.

She crossed her arms. "So you're going to refuse? Then I get half of that back for myself? I can at least go get my nails done with that—"

His hand was up and patting air. "No, no..." He took a deep breath. "No, that's not a bad challenge at all. I'll do it. I'll do it."

Kelly was stunned in disbelief. "No way."

"I told you it wasn't an addiction." He sat at his computer and navigated to his porn folder. Sub-folders filled it. "Half..." He dragged his mouse, making block selections and began to eliminate. "Hmm, those can go. I'll keep that one..."

She watched with surprise. He was deleting them.

"I didn't really like those videos..."

"Why were you keeping them if you didn't like them?"

He shrugged. "Seemed like I should have gotten my money's worth for subbing in the first place..."

"Hmm."

Grant reached the end of the long folder. He nodded and opened his trash. "Okay, as you can see, one hundred and eleven folders in trash and one hundred four remaining. That's more than half." He looked up at her with genuine interest to make good on the challenge. "Satisfied with that?"

She nodded with a little bit of uncertainty. Would he really delete them all?

He closed the trash folder and right clicked, hitting Empty Recycle Bin. His hand did not shake. He opened it again to show her the empty trash folder.

She was impressed. "Wow." She didn't know what else to say. But she felt a connection to him that they had worked together on the initial steps of the game. Could she do her part? "What do you want..."

He dug for his wallet and fingered through the bills. He pulled his only hundred and slid it into the bank bag. "My challenge is to cancel next week's nail and hair appointments."

She felt it like a slap. She had targeted his money problem and now he was targeting hers. But the reality was, she had used money for one of them already and she couldn't refuse the challenge or he would never let her live it down that she couldn't even play. She sighed. "All right." She didn't relish her hair going natural again – that paved the way for the ultimate risk: losing her man.

He raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips in surprise. He tilted his head and leered at her. "You sure you can do it?"

Her back stiffened. If he could do it for her and them, she could do it for him and them also. She firmed her lips and pulled out her cell phone. She tapped Jessica's number and left a message, canceling her appointment. Then she did the same for Nice Nails. She felt momentarily numb, wondering if this was the beginning of the end.

He sat back in his computer chair. "I'm impressed."

She scowled at him.

"No, really, I am."

"It feels strange..."

"What does?"

"Not having appointments."

He chuckled. "Well, I'm all tapped out until next week's paycheck." He looked at his computer. "All that free space, now..."

"Going to fill it all back up?"

He looked up at her, momentary confusion on his manly features. "Huh? No. Was just thinking what I could do with it."

"Find a game or something. My next week's challenge will be for you to cancel all your porn subs."

He chuckled. "I guess I had that coming. I'll have to think of something equally devious for you."

~ ~ ~

Kelly felt off that next week. She took to sipping coffee at lunch at a little gourmet coffee shop instead of running here and there for nails and hair. She liked looking presentable as a receptionist for Dangledon Ford Dealership. She wondered how her normal hair was going to go over. Would she be reprimanded? But even deeper, her memory of her first long-term boyfriend and fiance, Kirk, plagued her. He had dumped her for a blonde who had perfectly styled hair and glitized-out nails. Could she really risk that happening again? Dare she?

Feeling peeved about it, she began brushing her hair out and letting it...just sit there. She felt embarrassed. But Grant had complimented her. She wasn't sure she believed him; he might have been humoring her to reinforce his bet. At the end of the week, she'd be challenging him to cancel all his porn subs. What would he give to her for a dare?

~ ~ ~

Kelly watched her husband drop the bank bag down on the kitchen table. He slid a crisp one hundred out of his pocket and placed it down. His smile said he was ready. She reluctantly pushed her one hundred across to him.

He said, "I'm impressed."

Pride flared inside her. "What? Don't think I can meet your challenges?"

He stuffed both hundreds into the bag. "Your challenge is still to cancel all my subs?"

"Yep."

"Okay, let's go." He stood up and went into the computer room.

She followed, wondering if he would really do it.

He sat and brought up his email folder. "These are my current subs." He opened the folder, then began clicking unsubscribe on each. It took fifteen minutes to cancel six subs – going to their sites and clicking through various cancellation routines - but he did them all.

She said, "You seem calm."

He sat back and shrugged. "I told you it wasn't an addiction."

"Then why have them at all?"

"I don't know. Maybe I missed how natural you used to look." He sounded serious.

She frowned. Had he really thought her hairstyles weren't attractive?

He made a hand motion. "Ready for your challenge?"

"Sure." Her resolve was strengthening.

"Go the rest of the month being natural. No manicures and no hairdos."

"What?" She had hoped to squeeze some money for at least one hair appointment. The gravity of the marital threat loomed over her.

He smiled at her. "I prefer you natural. That's what I liked about all the porn pics I had. The ones I saved were natural."

"Grant..." she pleaded, twisting her fingers in anxiety.

"Trust me, I'll understand if you can't."

She pulled her shoulders back to relieve a building tension there. Her husband was giving in to her challenges; she needed to show she could, as well. She had to do this, had to show she could. If he was willing, then she had to be willing, also. "All right."

"You don't sound very sure..."

"No, I will be. If you showed me the porn doesn't matter, then fuck if I won't show you nails and hair don't matter." She tried to hide the lie.

He chuckled.

"Don't laugh at me!"

He raised his hands. "I'm not laughing at you. I can see you're taking this serious. I'm more laughing at what a surprise this all is."

She gave him a suspicious look. "Hmm, maybe. It does feel odd. Sort of exciting in a way to challenge each other like this." She did feel that way, too, despite the fear of what might happen again.

He nodded, a sincere smile of enjoyment on his face.

Kelly had a secret. She wasn't sure why she was keeping it from him, but it was about to get exposed.

CHAPTER 3

Kelly leaned over her screen as Grant was in the bathroom. She perused Denny Comstock's pictures on Facebook. An old boyfriend from high school, she had lost her virginity to him in the backseat of his Mustang. She didn't feel any lost love for him, but had friended him on Facebook when he had sent a friend's request. Seeing the man he had developed into brought back memories. She was reading private messages they had been sending back and forth about how good each other looked.

Grant's voice behind her made her jump in her chair. "Who's that?"

She slammed the laptop cover down. "No one."

His eyebrows did a slow crawl up his forehead and then down – down further into a frown. "What's going on here?"

"Nothing. I was just chatting with a friend on Facebook."

"And you're so secretive about it that I can't see?"

"It's private," she said desperately.

"Kelly..."

She fought back tears of fear, her eyes wide and watering. Her pursuit of a strong marriage and keeping Grant had produced a yearning for something she couldn't quite put a finger on.

He stood straighter, hands on hips. "Open it."

"It's private—"

"Open it."

She knew she was caught and she knew hoping he would suddenly just go away

and forget about it all wasn't going to happen. With a leaden hand, she opened the laptop.

There were new messages.

Denny Comstock: Hey sexy, are you there?

Denny Comstock: I had some fun dreams last night. Brought back the heat we had when we were younger. Want to hear about them?

His indicator showed he was online, waiting.

Grant's frown deepened into a scowl. "Heat? Exactly what kind of heat? When?"

"He was...um...well, you know..."

"No, I don't. Tell me. You've never mentioned a Denny before."

She fidgeted, waving her head around looking for a way out. There was none. "He was my boyfriend in high school."

"Boyfriend, huh?" He reached over her and used the mouse to scroll back through the conversation.

She wasn't much worried about that as she hadn't flirted. That much. She said, "I lost my virginity to him."

Her husband froze, then continued scrolling back. "Pretty friendly after all these years, aren't you?"

She didn't know what to say. "It's just talk."

"There's some pretty suggestive chat in here from you."

She grew frustrated at being on the spot. She blew out a breath. "Oh, what? That he's handsome? He is."

"Yes...he is. Doesn't look like you responded too much to his flirts."

She felt a little hope in that: she certainly hadn't.

He clicked his name and went to his page. "He's married? And flirting with you?"

"He said they were having problems."

His tone did not convey any belief whatsoever. "Uh huh."

"Look at her, she's bitchy-looking." She was.

He chuckled. "Well, I can see why he was talking to you."

"You're not mad?" She felt a flare of hope.

"Why did you have to keep it secret?"

"Oh, come on. You really want me to start talking about the guy who took my virginity?" She held up her hands helplessly.

He looked away from the laptop to her. "We shouldn't have secrets from each other."

"Oh? And what kind of secrets do you have?"

He frowned. "So says the one keeping secrets. I don't keep anything from you."

She wavered, knowing it was likely true. "I guess your next challenge is to unfriend him." She knew she could do it; it really had been a little harmless flirting, if fun.

His eyes regarded her. "We'll see."

~ ~ ~

Kelly was moving her chair around in the entry of Dangledon Ford. Dean Dangledon was an odd-looking man, but had a reputation for making car deals first as a used car salesman and then eventually a dealer. He had built his dealership into a first class operation and had retreated from sales to bang his

secretary at whim. He stayed in his office, door locked at different times during the week.

At least they were quiet about it.

Randy Fenn walked in breezily. He was a salesman on the staff and good with the women. A little over-blown on his ego, he nevertheless had some looks to back it up. He turned in mid-stride and came to her counter. He had a curious look on his face and a secretive smile that hid thoughts and intent. He said, "Good morning, Kelly."

She pulled her chair in and settled. "Good morning." It was the polite thing to say and even if he wasn't a customer, part of her job.

He tilted his head as if he had found an idea worth considering. "I like your hair this way."

It was plain, un-styled, and just hanging there. She almost shook her head; he couldn't be serious.

He continued. "I like the natural curls."

She looked at him with suspicion. "You do?"

"It brings out your character. May I take a picture?" He was already lifting his phone.

"Well, I—"

He was putting his phone away. "Thanks."

"Well, um... You're welcome." She watched him walk around the corner, her eyes briefly dropping to his compact and cute ass.

~ ~ ~

Grant was waving his hundred. "I know the challenge I want."

Kelly wasn't sure what she wanted him to do. "What is it?"

He slid the bill into the bank bag. "Let's go to your computer and I'll tell you."

She felt her hopes drain. She knew he was going to make her delete Denny's friendship over some innocent flirting. She followed him into the computer room.

"Bring up Denny's conversation."

She hesitated a moment, confused as to why. Unfriending went through the main page, not the chat. She had also responded to Denny about his offer of sharing his dreams, but she had been non-committal and dismissive.

Grant was on his phone, tapping.

"So, what do you want? What's the challenge?"

He leaned over and read the chat. "Say's he's online. Start chatting with him."

"Huh?"

"I'm curious as to what he was aiming for with this convo. Ask him about the dreams. And I just posted a pic of you on my page. Get it and send it to him."

"Why?"

"I want to know what he thinks about your un-styled look. And I want to hear about his steamy dreams about you."

Kelly felt itches everywhere on her. She absently scratched a few places. "This is your challenge?"

"Yes, send him the pic and ask him about the dreams. I wanna know what this meat-head was trying to accomplish."

CHAPTER 4

Kelly typed, feeling an embarrassed thrill.

Kelly Klinger: What do you think?

Denny Comstock: Whoa, nice. Very nice. That's your natural hair, amirite?

Kelly Klinger: lol yes

Denny Comstock: Just like I remember it.

Kelly Klinger: um, tell me about those dreams

She was nervous, and didn't do well with proper grammar when she felt agitated. She also wasn't sure what to think about his natural hair comment.

Denny Comstock: Oh? Sure thing, sexy.

She looked up at her husband. "I don't know why he's calling me sexy."

Grant gave her a neutral look. "Because you are."

"Nuh uh." She absently fingered her hair.

"Yeah huh." He was sitting in his chair, rolled close, watching the screen. "I'm sure you get compliments all the time."

She remembered Randy Fenn's compliment. "I did get one a couple days ago."

He looked away from the screen. "Oh? See. What was it?"

"One of the salesmen said he liked my hair this way."

"Told you."

She felt self-conscious. "Do you really think it looks good?" Was her natural hair

safe enough to keep him?

"Of course I do. So does your sales guy and now Denny."

She considered that while checking the screen. "Didn't you like my styled hair?"

"Not usually."

"Why not?"

"It detracted from you. Made you look different. I even think it hid your personality behind a veneer of style-fakery."

"Are you serious?" She knew he was, but she was having a hard time reconciling all the money she had spent trying styles.

He pointed. Denny had posted a wall of text in the chat.

Denny Comstock: Well, the first one was in my old Mustang. We were driving and you leaned over like you used to and haha, gave me a fine driving experience. The second one, we were at your parent's house in your room. We were on your bed going at it so hard I heard your bed squeaking in my dream. It was so hot I woke up and jacked off to it with my wife sleeping right next to me.

Denny Comstock: I'm hard right now remembering it.

Kelly wanted to shut the computer. She looked at her husband with her heart hammering in her chest.

Grant had an amused look on his face. He leaned over and began typing in her chat.

Kelly Klinger: OMG, I had a dream about us, too

Kelly almost squeaked. "What are you doing? I didn't dream about him!"

"I want to see what he says, how he reacts."

"This is your challenge?"

He was staring at the screen, watching intently. "Mm hmm."

Denny Comstock: Tell me a

Denny Comstock: Tell me about it

Grant smiled. "He's having trouble typing. I bet he's got his cock out."

Kelly's face flamed red. "I wouldn't know about that."

"Tell him something. Make up some dream."

"I can't do that."

"Sure you can. Just make something up. I want to see how far he thinks he's going to get."

She made a face and turned to the laptop. She began typing.

Kelly Klinger: I dreamt about us doing it up against your car behind the bowling alley again. Only this time without the bruises on my butt.

Denny Comstock: Was it a fun dream?

She started to type that she guessed so, but Grant stopped her.

He was shaking his head. "Don't say that. Tell him you woke up wet."

"Oh my gosh."

"Do it."

She backspaced and retyped.

Kelly Klinger: I woke up wet.

Denny Comstock: Awesome. Been thinking about you a lot.

Kelly Klinger: Oh?

Denny Comstock: I'm super hard remembering those times. Want a pic? I'll send one to your email right now.

She clapped her hand over her mouth.

Grant nudged her. "Tell him yes."

She typed in her email and hit send.

Denny Comstock: sent. Tell me what you think

She glanced at her husband.

He motioned to the screen. "Well? Go get it."

"Are you sure?"

He chuckled. "Yeah."

She tabbed to her email and inbox. She opened his email and downloaded the attached pic. Opening it, they were greeted to a nude selfie of him sitting in his chair, view from near his knee to the side. His cock stood proud and thick and he wore a smile on his face.

Grant gulped. "Wow, he's packing a large one."

She didn't know what to say. "I guess so."

"You took that thing?"

"Yeah, quite a few times," she said defensively, but wondered if that would make him mad.

Denny Comstock: you like?

Grant leaned forward and typed for her.

Kelly Klinger: Very much

She tsked. "Grant!"

"What? Didn't you like it at the time?"

"Well...yes...but--"

"So, then let's not lie about it."

Denny Comstock: Got anything you want to send me? I'd love to get something equally suggestive in return.

Grant nudged her. "Go take a nude selfie in the mirror. Quick."

She was flabbergasted. "Are you kidding? I'm not sending him a nude selfie."

"Oh come on, he's already seen you naked, hasn't he?"

"Of course, but—"

"So it's not going to be a big surprise. Go on." He was excited.

"But—"

"Just go take one. Hurry up!"

She sighed and typed.

Kelly Klinger: Give me a moment.

She got up, scowling and shaking her head at her husband. "I don't know what you're hoping to accomplish..."

"I want to see him admit he was after one thing all along."

She frowned deeply, wondering if he was right. She went into the bedroom and shed her clothes. She took a nude selfie in the closet mirror. She came back out and sat, still naked. She looked at her email and tapped his address on her phone, then sent the pic.

A moment later, Denny was typing in chat.

Denny Comstock: Oh baby, just as sexy as I remembered, and more so now.

Denny Comstock: I'm going to be jacking to this all night.

Kelly looked at her husband with uncertainty.

He leaned and typed.

Kelly Klinger: And I'll be playing to your pic

She coughed. "Grant, this is going too far."

"You want to back out on the challenge?"

"Well, no, but this is—"

"Shh."

Denny Comstock: I sure would love to make some new memories with you

He sat up straight. "Bingo." He reached and typed.

Kelly Klinger: husband home – have to go

He clicked out of chat and Facebook. His smile was triumphant.

CHAPTER 5

Kelly was fuming, naked, and feeling chilled. "Exactly what did all that accomplish?" She tried not to look at Denny's selfie still on her screen. His cock was distracting.

"I just proved your old boyfriend isn't interested in being friends, he wants a piece because he's not getting any from his wife. He just wants to use you."

She scowled. "You led him into that."

Grant's smile didn't waver. "I got him to admit it."

"You used dirty tactics."

"He had dirt on his mind. So what's your challenge?"

Her husband's smug look irritated her. "My challenge is that you don't make me unfriend him."

The smugness vanished so fast it almost made her laugh. He frowned. "Wait, you can't do that."

"Of course I can. He's my friend. He only said those things because you led him on."

He shook his head. "He admitted it."

"Only because you pushed him. You put those ideas in his head."

"Oh, come on. Do you really think he wasn't thinking about how sexy you were and how fun it had been—"

"I'm not sexy." But something in her wanted to be, even with Denny. Especially with Denny. It was why she had friended him.

"The fuck you aren't, and I just proved it to you."

"All you did was turn him on with what you typed in there. I wouldn't have said those things."

He made a face.

She went on. "So that's my challenge."

"I still proved you're sexy."

"You did no such thing." She wondered if she really was, though. Was he right? Denny's selfie seemed to imply her husband wasn't lying to her.

"Why do you keep looking at the screen?"

She blushed.

He reached down and ran his fingers over her naked pussy. "Sort of warm down here, aren't you?"

She shot back, "And you don't get excited when you're looking at pussy pictures?"

He looked at the screen and inserted a finger into her wetness. He sighed. "Let's go to bed."

She knew what he meant.

~ ~ ~

They made a larger payment on their card than they ever had.

Kelly twisted and turned her fingers in the kitchen as Grant handled the payment envelope. She ventured, "So you really think I'm sexy?"

He paused, mid-lick on the envelope flap and looked at her. "Of course I do." He

licked his lips to get the nasty glue taste off.

"How come you never tell me?"

He sat back, looking confused. "I do."

"No, you don't."

"Well, you should know—"

"But I don't."

He pulled her down onto his lap. "Maybe I wouldn't compliment your hair because I didn't like the style or something, but that didn't remove your sexiness."

"But I'm not a fashion model." She was fishing, looking for a bolster to her self-confidence. Truth was, she was cute. A lot of people told her that. But no one had ever said she was beautiful. Or sexy. Denny had said she was sexy. And now Grant. Was she really? Could she really be sexy?

He was shaking his head. "Who says you have to look like a walking cadaver to be beautiful? Or to be sexy? You have wonderful breasts—"

"They're too small."

He laughed. "A C-cup is too small? I sure as Hell hope you're not thinking of implants."

"Would they help?"

He coughed as if choking. "The opposite. Fakes are the grossest things a guy can look at. Makes me want to gag."

"What if I had Bs or As?"

"You don't, but I'd still love you and you'd still be sexy."

His words bolstered her. But something in her wanted something more. "If I'm so sexy, how come no one flirts with me?"

"Oh come on. You're telling me no one pays you any compliments?"

"Well, you and Denny. And one of the salesmen at work. But those aren't flirts."

He laughed. "Of course they are. A guy doesn't compliment a woman for fear of getting screamed at for harassment. It takes a lot for a guy to offer a compliment."

That made her fidget. "It can't be that tough."

"You have no clue."

"Are you complimenting women?"

"You and...I don't know, maybe someone who is especially striking and—"

"You're flirting?"

He blushed, caught. "Well, not to get anywhere. Anyway, only if they look like they might want a compliment. If they're scowling like a butch-bitch with a chip on their shoulder, forget it."

"Who have you been flirting with?"

"Complimenting."

She poked him in the shoulder with her finger. "Flirting."

He sighed. "I've told Julie a couple times she looked nice." Julie Webb was Kelly's best friend.

She said, "Julie?"

"Yeah, sometimes she dresses cute and...I've told her so."

That didn't seem all too threatening. She pursed her lips in thought.

He said, "So there's a salesman flirting with you?"

"He complimented me—"

He cleared his throat and poked her. "Flirted."

She laughed helplessly. "Fine, fine. Flirted. Anyway, he mentioned my hair." She rolled her eyes and twisted a curl.

Grant shook beneath her in silent laughter. "See?"

Her courage was bolstered even more. Maybe he was right. Maybe not. "He's nice to all the ladies."

"More like, he has the courage to be daring."

"I'm sure it was just a one-off."

"Don't be so sure..."

She shook her head. "He mentioned my hair already. There's nothing more for him to say."

"I bet he would if you did something different."

"Like what? And it isn't our challenge time." Challenges were issued at the end of the week when they had their pay.

"Who says we have to restrict our challenges to money bets?"

"What? You want to stop them?"

"No, no, I didn't mean stop them. But why can't we have them and also challenge each other additionally?"

"Like what?"

He shifted her off his lap and stood. Scratching his chin stubble, he said, "Well, maybe we can see if your salesman friend will offer you more compliments."

The idea appealed to her. Not that she was interested in Randy Fenn, but could she coax compliments from him? It sounded like fun. "What did you have in mind?"

He winked. "Let's go play dress-up."

CHAPTER 6

Kelly laid out her usual work clothes.

Grant did not look very enthused.

"What's wrong?"

He sighed. "Not much to work with."

Disappointment wafted through her heart.

He touched her shoulder. "We'll see what we can do." His smile was sexy. "Your skirt outfit first; put it on."

She smirked knowingly: men and skirts. "Okay." She grabbed for her nylons.

"Nope, not them. I want you to try them without nylons."

She hesitated only a second, feeling a slight thrill worm around her sense of propriety. She slipped up her skirt. "But nylons are more professional."

"You sit behind a counter all day. No one would notice."

She put on her blouse over her bra and buttoned it up.

He stood back, watching her critically. "Unbutton one button on your blouse."

She felt the wave of panic. "Everyone would know—"

"Do it." He turned and began pawing through her jewelry.

"What are you doing?"

He was looking at chains and holding them up. Then he was fingering through her pendants and baubles.

She felt as if her things were being invaded. "Those are mine."

He laughed. "Uh, yeah they are." He was slipping her golden cross through her longest chain. "Turn around."

She let him fasten her necklace.

"See? Now it looks natural. No one is going to question you unbuttoning anything like you're begging for attention."

She frowned in the mirror, thinking. Technically, he was right. The cross hung down far enough that it would look wrong to button her usual button. It needed to be unbuttoned one more. "Hmm."

"Notice, too, the skin of your legs matches the rest of your skin."

She turned, looking. Her skirt was very conservative – mid-thigh and tight. It wasn't made for flash, it was made for office. However, he had a point and her lack of nylons didn't seem unusual. "I don't know..."

He gave her a dry look in the mirror. "You know I'm right."

She wanted to laugh a little but held it back. Having his input was fun. "All right. I guess this would work."

He had turned away. "Your pantsuit leaves only one option."

Curious as to what he would have her do, she turned to the bed.

"Take it all off and let's work with this."

She unclothed down to bra and panties.

"Take those off, too."

"What?"

He gave her a tilted-head look. "It's just dress-up. Do it."

With an eyeroll, she did. Then she slipped into her slacks and put on her blouse and matching jacket. "I can't run around like this." She fidgeted.

"Stop fidgeting." He was looking, moving around her. "You can't tell you're not wearing a bra, but your breasts will move freely. The suggestion ought to be enough. No panty lines and you show off really well. A hint of camel toe. Beautiful."

"I can't go to work like this."

"Why not? You sit behind a counter all day."

She scowled. "Why don't you run around without underwear?"

"I could, but it's a little more obvious for me."

"The skirt without nylons, maybe, but this?"

"Come on."

She put hands on hips. "Maybe. If you accept a challenge of mine."

"Like what?"

She tried to hide a smirky smile. "Take off your slacks and underwear."

He squinted at her suspiciously, but reluctantly took them off. His dress shirt hung down to his thighs. "What's this proving?"

"There's a bag of trash in the kitchen that needs to go out. Take it out and dump it."

"Like this?"

She nodded.

"Are you kidding?"

She indicated her pantsuit. "You want me to wear this? Take out the trash."

"Someone might see me."

She gave him a wicked grin. "Isn't that what I said about this outfit?"

"But—"

"You're covered. Take it out."

He looked in the mirror and back to her. "I..."

"You want me wearing this? You do that for me."

He blew out a breath, looking stressed. He put on his house slippers.

She got her cell phone. "I'll go out first. I want a vid of this."

He laughed. "That better not end up being circulated."

"I don't know, maybe I'll hold it as...incentive."

He shook a finger at her. "Two can play this game, you know."

She felt a wave of fun surge through her. She couldn't hide her smile. "I'm game."

His eyebrows rose and he stopped shaking his finger. It pointed to her. "Game on, then." He went to the kitchen.

She slipped outside and went down the stairs. She looked around nervously to see if anyone was watching – if anyone could see she was obviously not wearing panties or bra. The thrill of danger whisked up her back and she walked quickly on shaking legs to the trash bin in the parking lot.

Jim, a motorcycle neighbor, was getting on his Harley.

"Hey, Jim."

"Oh, hi there." His eyes briefly took in her outfit.

"You got a phone that takes vids?"

He grunted.

"You might want to get this." She pointed.

Grant was coming from between the buildings, trash bag held protectively in front of him.

Jim squinted and pulled out his phone. He came over and stood by her. "What's this?"

"I made him a dare."

He chuckled.

Grant saw them both right away. He had stopped, then firmed his mouth and came on. When he neared, he tried to act as if nothing were up. "Hey, Jim."

The biker was shaking silently with laughter. "Hi...uh...forget your pants?"

Grant's face turned red and he slung the bag into the bin. His shirt swung in front as his dick swished against the fabric. "Oh...yeah." He turned and moved quickly back to their building.

Jim gave her an amused look and shook his head. "He has pretty legs."

Kelly laughed, then followed her husband. She got a good vid of him climbing the stairs back to their apartment. His ass cheeks were visible as she climbed behind him.

Inside the apartment, he said, "I thought I was going to die." He was panting and pale in the face.

She laughed.

He lowered his chin. "You're wearing that tomorrow."

"Okay, okay." She giggled and gave him a tight hug. She slipped her hand down and touched him through his shirt. "I kind of like this."

"Naughty woman."

CHAPTER 7

Kelly went into work wearing the pantsuit. Grant had even checked her purse to make sure she hadn't stashed a set of panties in there to sneak on later. Her walk from the employee parking area to the entry was nerve-wracking: she felt as if the cameras and anyone inside were all watching her.

But no one was behind the glass as she entered and her nervousness shattered into a vague feeling of silliness. Had she been afraid of nothing? Had her fears felt so right that in being wrong she felt disappointed? No one noticed; no one cared.

She almost forgot she was not wearing undergarments when she got up to get coffee, but the realization came rushing back as soon as she stepped out from behind the reception counter. She briefly wondered if there was any way she could use her empty cup to block the view of her breasts in the way she held her arm, but there wasn't. She snugged her jacket more firmly over her chest. The walk to the break room felt good in a way; her breasts swung free and she imagined breathing easier. The feel of her pant-fabric sliding over her butt cheeks as she walked was a reminder that she was daring, but also covered. Would anyone notice?

Randy Fenn was in the break room talking to Mickey Stiles, another salesman. Both held up their coffee cups, gesticulating for emphasis. Both men glanced at her, Randy a little longer, before returning to their conversation. Randy said, "Good morning."

Mickey raised his cup. Then they were wrapped up in the conversation of the latest Ford Flex.

She poured a cup with her back to them. Were they looking at her? Could they see she wasn't wearing panties? A warmth flooded her and her pulse quickened. A thrill at her daring twisted up her stomach. She turned around. Neither were looking. She wondered how that could be possible; surely everyone could see? Mildly disappointed, she returned to her desk.

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Kelly was reading her Facebook wall when Grant came in. "Hi."

He stroked her hair back over her ear. "How did it go?"

"Work?"

"Mm hmm."

"I don't think anyone noticed."

He laughed.

"That's not nice."

"Huh?"

"You're laughing because I don't look good enough to get noticed."

He made an annoyed face. "I'm laughing because you thought the sky was going to fall down on you." He indicated the laptop. "Talking to Denny again?"

"No, just reading all the new posts from friends."

"Oh? He hasn't tried to get you talking again?"

She sighed. "Yes, he has. I didn't respond."

"Really?"

She clicked over to her message page and clicked his name. "See?"

"I wasn't accusing you, I just thought you might try to explain what had happened."

She coughed. "I can't do that."

He shrugged. "Well, okay. It'll be interesting to see how much..." He drifted off, reading Denny's attempts at getting her to talk. He chuckled.

"How much he begs?"

Her husband laughed. "Yeah, he sure did. This is funny."

"It's not funny. He was a friend—"

"Who took your virginity."

"I meant now. That was a long time ago."

"Oh, come on. There wasn't a little thrill that went through you when you saw his friend request?"

There had been. She said otherwise, "Of course not. That's all in the past."

"It doesn't excite you that he still thought of you that way?"

"No. Well, maybe a little. I don't know. But I didn't think of him like that."

"He sent you a cock pic and you got excited."

She straightened in her chair. "Hey, it was you that asked for it."

"But you liked it. It brought back memories, didn't it?"

It had. "I wasn't thinking about that."

"You sure were staring at it."

"Well...it looked good. I couldn't help it."

"And you look good, too. He obviously thinks so."

"I do not. And he's just remembering back to when we dated."

"You're awesome looking."

"So says my husband and the man who took me first."

Grant took out his wallet. "I got my dare for you."

She panicked. Several things had run through her mind, but she hadn't settled on anything.

He waved a hundred dollar bill. "Sunday, if it's sunny, I want you to sunbathe on the balcony in your bikini—"

"I haven't worn it in years."

"And I'm going to have Chip over. You're going to come in and cross to the bedroom in just the bikini."

"No way."

"Are you forfeiting?"

"That's embarrassing." She didn't want Chip to see her body and laugh.

"Why so? It's just a bikini."

"My ass cheeks hang out."

He chuckled. "That's the point."

"What's this going to prove?"

He leaned down to her ear. "How sexy you are."

She sighed. "Towel?"

"No."

"So I have to strut past you two—"

"Yes." He waved the hundred.

"He's going to laugh at me." She was certain.

"The fuck he will."

She firmed her mouth, feeling a desire to punish. "I will take that dare if you take mine." That sense of daring twisted in her again, bringing a fresh desire for this game of his.

He stood up straight. "Oh, changing the rules, are we?"

She squinted at him dangerously. "This is your game; I'm making it my own, too."

"All right, what's your dare?"

She stood and advanced on him, pushing him with little jabs of her finger. "You're going into work Monday wearing no underwear—"

He made a face.

"I'm not done. You're also going to approach one of your coworkers, a married one, and give her a slip of paper with your phone number on it."

He really looked pained. "I'm going to get laughed at."

"Yeah, that's the point. You're to say nothing, just give her the slip of paper with your number on it."

"That's an awful dare."

"No, it's not. You want to humiliate me in front of your friend? You're going to feel it yourself. A taste of your own medicine." She had backed him against the doorframe. "Do we have a deal?"

He sighed several times before firming his mouth and back. "All right, deal."

~ ~ ~

Kelly sunned herself out on the balcony. She was afraid to go inside, knowing Chip was in there sharing a cold Scotch with Grant. But she knew if she laid out much longer, she would burn. She stood and leaned over the balcony, looking

across the common.

Motorcycle Jim was walking along the edge with his slutty tatted biker bitch Sissy. He waved up at her.

She was mortified, her breasts barely covered by the material.

Sissy shaded her eyes and looked up, then gave a wave, too.

Kelly waved quickly, and turned away. They didn't seem all too bothered by seeing her upper body in a bikini. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad with Chip. She glanced around for something to cover herself with, almost desiring to break the dare. She sighed with determination and slid open the sliding glass door. She moved the blinds aside and went in.

Eyes snapped to her: Grant's and Chip's. Chip's bugged out.

She felt her face flame red as she walked blinking into the room. She could barely see with the glary sunspots in her eyes. She blinked a few more times and started towards the bedroom.

Chip was sitting open-mouthed. He tried to look away but it only lasted an instant. His eyes returned to her. He chuckled.

She stopped, feeling anger. She knew he would laugh, she just knew it. A fist went onto her hip. "What?"

He cleared his throat. "Nothing, it's just nice seeing you in a bikini..."

Grant laughed quietly.

She wanted to hit him over the head repeatedly with a pillow.

Chip blinked several times and raised his glass to her. "Maybe I oughtta come over more often."

Her husband chuckled again. "Pretty good looking in a bikini, isn't she?"

His friend was flummoxed at the question. "Um, yeah, well... She always is...I mean, a bikini..." He chuckled ruefully. "I could look at her all day."

She turned and headed for the bedroom, her butt coming into view.

Chip coughed and groaned loudly as if in pain - as if he had been punched in the gut. "Oh...!"

She walked faster.

Behind her, she heard him mutter, "Fucking awesome."

And just like that, she realized how good that made her feel.

CHAPTER 8

She was home, preparing two large bowls of spinach salad for dinner.

Grant came in and tossed his jacket over his chair.

Kelly gave him a sideways glance. "So?"

He muttered, "I did it."

"And?"

"I didn't get laughed at."

"They went for it?" She hadn't thought some wife would actually want to call him.

He pulled out his phone and tapped into his files. He handed it to her and said, "See for yourself."

She watched a vid of him walking away. "Who took this?"

"Freddie."

Her husband approached a sort of pretty blonde woman in the vid. She was sitting at her desk and paying him no attention. Her hair was frizzy-curly in a natural way and she had a large nose with eyes set a little too close. She looked up at Grant.

He slid a slip of paper across her desk.

She picked it up, looked at it, and then gave him the most baleful stare Kelly had ever seen. Disgust was all over the woman's face.

Grant turned and she saw the look on his: trapped and humiliated. Her heart fell when she realized how cruel it had been to challenge him with it. "This makes

me feel bad."

"Huh? I thought you'd enjoy that."

"No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have issued that challenge."

"Well, thank you for feeling bad about it, but I thought it was a worthy response to mine."

She locked eyes with him, not understanding how he couldn't see that she had crossed the line. Instead of something fun or amusing, like all the other challenges they gave each other, this had been humiliating. She did not want to humiliate him. That the whole game had been thrilling and ultimately fun was refreshing in the routine of their marriage.

Though walking in front of Chip had seemed humiliating at the time, she discovered that it had excited her and pumped her confidence so that she walked on air the rest of the day. She had returned to wearing her bra and panties to work, but had felt constricted and foolish. She resolved to go without the rest of the week to see if that thrill returned.

Grant was curious. "What are you thinking about? I can see wheels turning."

"Um..."

His smile was easy. "Go on."

"I thought...maybe I'd keep going without underwear."

His smile broadened.

She rushed, "I didn't realize how constricting it felt..."

He was laughing.

"Don't laugh at me."

"I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing for you. I think that's great."

"You do?"

He nodded.

~ ~ ~

Kelly moaned happily as he fingered her. Then he got out of bed. "What? Where are you going?"

He grinned and left the room. He came back with her laptop.

"What are you doing? I thought we were going to make love?"

He chuckled. "It's just really burning my mind." He opened it and powered it up. Then he brought up Denny's selfie.

She swallowed, feeling a twinge in her pussy at the cock that sprang into view.

He looked at her as if a serious reporter covering a story. "You really took that thing?"

"It's not that big..." Her voice quavered.

"He said he dreamt of you giving him another excellent driving experience. He means you blew him?"

She felt embarrassed. "Yes..."

He laughed scoffingly. "Are you serious?"

"Yes."

He seemed disbelieving. "You got your mouth around that?"

She tried to sound as if she were joking. "I guess I have a big mouth."

He laughed. "No you don't."

"Well, I got my mouth over it, yes." She felt warmth radiate up from her pussy.

Grant picked up the dildo and toyed at her folds with it. "How far down?"

Her hand came up to her breast and squeezed at her nipple before she realized she was doing it. "I never could deep throat..."

"So halfway?"

Shudders ripped up her middle and she gasped. "Y-yes...about th-that."

He settled beside her, the laptop open and facing them on her other side. She looked back and forth. She grabbed her husband's cock and squeezed, remembering the feel of Denny's cock all those years ago. She rested her gaze on the screen and stroked her husband.

He groaned, "I wish I could've seen that."

She blinked and looked over at him. "Are you kidding?"

He shrugged, looking ashamed. "I guess...I can't help it. That's kind of impressive. And you're my wife. I guess I would've liked to have seen you do that. It would have been sexy."

She swallowed and looked back to the screen. She remembered the warmth of Denny's cock as she had licked and sucked it. "Really?" Maybe she was sexy after all. Denny had sure liked her and their sex had been great. Was she still that erection-causing girl she had been? Despite her later boyfriend Kirk?

Grant was panting, his erection strong. "Yeah." He pushed the dildo into her, parting her folds and filling her pussy.

She moaned low and long, staring at the selfie.

He whispered, "Are you thinking about his cock?" He moved the dildo slowly in and out.

She moaned louder, almost overcome by a mounting surge of sweet sensations. Yes, she was still that girl. Denny's cock had erected at her memory and the picture Grant had posted. He had promised he would jack to her naked selfie over and over.

"How many times did he..."

She gasped, "What?"

"How many times did you two do it?"

She trembled, fighting against the twisting tension. Her hips bucked and she grunted. "Eight. Eight...times..."

"Did it feel good?"

It had been sex. Painful at first, and then only good because it was forbidden. "Most of them were with condoms..."

"Most?"

"Our last time we didn't use one."

"How did that feel?"

She twitched violently at the memory of the wondrous velvety-smooth sliding of their skin – his cock into her pussy. It had felt beyond incredible. She whispered, "Awesome."

"It felt good without the condom?"

Kelly's eyes rolled up in her head as the tension broke with an explosion inside her. She cried out as her hips rose and her pussy clenched on the dildo, hard.

"Yes!" Her body shook and trembled as she came harder than she had in a long time. She gasped her answer, "Yes, it felt good... It felt great..."

Grant groaned next to her and she remembered to stroke him. His cock flexed and jerked in her hand and she realized he was shooting his cum. Squirts erupted, landing on the side of his chest.

CHAPTER 9

Kelly changed her mind in the morning. She selected her skirt outfit.

Grant was adjusting his cuffs. "Wow, going without panties in your skirt?"

"Um, no, but no bra or nylons."

He grunted.

"Are you going in without underwear?"

He laughed. "Fuck no. I had guys notice."

She giggled. "No office bitches checking you out?"

"They're all married, old, and fat."

"That one you gave the number to wasn't fat."

"No, and probably the best looking one of the bunch. I think Carla doesn't like hiring women prettier than her."

Carla was his boss. Kelly tilted her head, looking at him through the mirror.

"Does she ever flirt with you?"

He laughed dismissively. So dismissively she had her answer.

"That bad, huh?"

"It's a corporate environment. Carla takes that seriously."

"But she doesn't hire anyone better looking than her?"

"Nope."

"So she wants the attention."

Her husband got a pained look on his face. "I don't think it's like that."

"Grant, the only time a woman won't hire a prettier woman is because she wants all the attention."

"How many office flings do you hear about?"

"A lot."

"With ugly women?"

He shook his head. "No. Guys and guys."

She laughed hysterically.

"What?"

"Carla doesn't care?"

"Um, no."

"What's happened to this world?"

He sat on the bed and adjusted his socks. He didn't need to that she could see. He frowned. "What do you mean?"

"It's bad and wrong and evil for a man to want a woman, but it's all okay for men to slob on each other?"

"I guess so."

"Doesn't sound very equal to me. What do the women get out of it?"

"There's a lesbian relationship in the office—"

"See? That's what I mean. What if the woman wanted a man, instead?"

He shook his head. "Big no-no."

"Where's women's choice in that?"

"I didn't make the rules."

She knew he didn't; she was just venting her frustration at so many sexual restrictions and unfair expectations. Had she so willingly accepted them all over the years? Built up a wall of societal thought that exactly matched what was expected? What else had built up that was erroneous? She twisted in the mirror, checking her skirt. She hitched it upwards a little to raise the hemline.

Grant mumbled, "I like that."

A bright smile flickered and spread across her face. "You do?"

"Yeah, makes me want to be a car salesman and work around you all day. Lucky bastards over there."

"Oh, believe me, very few see me except behind the counter. That's why I always had my hair done." It wasn't exactly the truth.

He gave her a suspicious eye. "I think it's more to do with your ex-fiance."

She pouted. "I don't want to talk about him."

"Let go, Kelly Lee Klinger. You're mine now and don't need to obsessively try to be whoever the bitch was that stole Kirk."

Something quivered in her, shaking at its foundation. Worry erupted and she lowered her skirt so the hemline went lower. Safety and security was in being what everyone expected, was it not? Safety and security would cement her marriage in permanence. But that mental mantra brought with it the routine she had made of her life: an endless series of nail and hair appointments to remain as attractive as she could be. It also was devoid of the fun and thrill she had experienced recently with their game. She jerked up on her skirt, raising it a good two inches. Then she shifted and raised it again.

Grant was nodding appreciatively. "Any higher and I'm not going to let you out of the house."

A wave of welcome at the comment rushed through her and she felt satisfied.

He ran his hand through his hair. "I can't wait for Friday."

She cocked her hips to the side. "Who says we have to wait for payday? I sort of like the spontaneity of the challenges." She realized she did as she said it.

He made a considering frown of thought. "Trade challenges?"

"Sure, why not?"

"What do you have in mind?" He crossed his arms.

She turned to face him. "I'm curious about your boss. She sounds like she's hiding something. Do you have a picture of her?"

"Maybe she is." He slipped out his phone and thumbed. "This was two years ago. She's the one with the black hair."

She took the phone and looked at the group picture. The woman was tall. "Hmm, yep."

"What?"

She showed him the pic and pointed. "This hair is dyed. She's older and going severe in her color. Notice the feathering and bangs? This is a paid professional job."

"You used to get your hair done. Were you hiding something?"

She felt the tiny stab of his accusation and her guilt: she had been hiding Denny's re-acquaintance and flirting with her. "Well...maybe I was with Denny. But we're talking about her."

"Okay, so she's hiding something. So what?"

"My challenge will be to test her."

He fidgeted in discomfort. "How, and why?"

"I'm curious to see if she views all you men as her personal harem or something."

He laughed. "Carla? She doesn't."

"But maybe she's hiding it."

He shrugged and sighed. "So what do you want me to do?"

She looked at the picture and into the woman's eyes. There was a hardness there, something stern and superior. Could she be the domineering type? She slowly handed the phone back, thinking. "Are you often alone with her?"

"No."

"Not at all?"

"Well, sure, sometimes. Just not often."

"So, here's what you do."

"Uh huh."

"Come on, it'll be fun." She felt it would. "Tear off that mask she's hiding behind."

"Just tell me what it is."

"When you find yourself alone with her, make eye contact and lick your lips. The entire week."

His deadpan voice held no enthusiasm. "Lick my lips."

She nodded, smiling at the prospect of uncovering someone else's secret. "I think she's the domineering type. If she is, it'll be funny to hear how she reacts."

"Domineering? She is; she's the boss."

"I mean, in private, too."

Her husband gave her a wry look. "What if she wants to whip my ass?"

She clapped her hands together and cackled. "Sounds fun; get a vid of it."

He coughed out a breath. "Great."

She touched his shoulder. "This isn't like the last challenge where I had you give your number. I'm sorry about that. This isn't about humiliation."

"Carla is married, too."

"So? It's not like she's going to know what you mean if I'm wrong. If she's Miss Pure and Holy, she won't think anything of you licking your lips."

He grunted. "Probably not. All right." He looked at her skirt's hemline. "Who was that salesman who gave you the compliment?"

"Randy?"

"Yeah, him. Your challenge is to get up so close to him that your thigh rubs his. Just normal conversation, nothing suggestive. Then tell me later how he reacts."

She pondered the dare. "Reaction challenges, huh?"

He nodded. "Yeah. I'm curious about him, too. Denny we know about..."

She laughed, blushing as the image of Denny's selfie flashed through her mind. She also felt the thrill of the game and how just playing it made her outlook on the whole week so much more fun. It definitely held more appeal than getting her nails done – though they had looked pretty when they were done. "This will be fun."

CHAPTER 10

Kelly was frowning as she answered the phone. "Dangledon Ford Sales and Service, how may I direct your call?" No one had really noticed her skirt. She'd worn it plenty of times, but never three inches higher. She felt like she was exposing a mile of leg, but no one had looked or said anything. Of course, she hadn't gotten up much, either: she was too scared someone might notice.

She handled the call and frowned fiercer at the phone, using it as an object of thought. Why was she scared? Stepping a toe in the waters was silly if she didn't intend to get in. She had hid behind her hairstyles for so long that anything else felt uncomfortable. She could sneak a hair appointment in two weeks. Would that give her the courage? The month-long natural hair challenge would be over. Would a return to her safety help her through these challenges?

She hadn't made up her mind when Randy rounded the corner and headed past her, coffee cup in hand. He winked like he always did, but said nothing. He headed into the hall leading to the break room.

Kelly grabbed up her cup and finished the remainder of her coffee. She rose and went after him. The phone burred and she squeezed her cup in her hand. She sat back down. "Dangledon Ford Sales and Service, how may I direct your call?" She handled the call and hung up.

Randy hadn't returned yet.

She went into the break room.

He was in there with Bob, the newest salesman. Randy said, "They love to talk. Let them. Not only does it build a sense of trust between you and the customer, but they will often tell you exactly what you need to know to sell them a car."

Bob bobbed his head. "Makes sense."

Randy clapped his arm. "Experience will take you the rest of the way."

Bob left the break room.

She had finished pouring and was facing him. She said, "Randy?"

His smile was quick and flattering. "Hmm?"

She moved to him as if to tell him something in confidence. She edged her feet closer as he bent his head down, obviously expecting something secretive. Her thigh brushed his and she blurted out the only thing on her mind. "Do you really like my hair this way?"

He jerked his head back a little as if the question surprised him. "Yes; I wouldn't lie to you."

She didn't know what to do or say, so she continued. "It's just that I have this thing about always appearing my best. I find safety in having my hair done—"

He chuckled. "Safety?"

She nodded. "I feel more secure..." He hadn't moved away and she could feel the heat of his leg through his slacks as her thigh brushed it. The sensation sent chills up her back and hardened her nipples.

He touched her hair near her ear, brushing it back a little. "Your natural hair looks far better on you, really."

Footsteps out in the hall had her moving back a bit from him. She said to him, "Thank you." She passed Mickey coming in. "Excuse me."

Mickey grinned at her.

She sat back down behind the counter wondering if Randy had checked out her legs from behind. She wondered if he was telling Mitch about the encounter right now. But when Mitch passed, he didn't give her any unusual look. When Randy passed, he winked as normal. Nothing unusual.

She had felt something when she had felt his heat. She wondered about him? Had he felt anything? She cursed her high counter for blocking view of his slacks; she might have been able to tell if he had been excited otherwise. Unfortunately, she wasn't going to have much to tell Grant when she got home.

~ ~ ~

Her husband seemed amused. "But he didn't move away?"

"No. But I was talking to him like I was giving him a secret."

"Hmm. Did he smile? Look down your top? Touch you?"

"He was smiling. And he touched my hair."

"Your hair, huh?"

She shrugged. "Well, I was talking about my hair, so..."

"Ah."

Her excitement showed in the shaking of her hands preparing sandwiches for dinner. "What about you? You do any lip-licking?"

He cleared his throat. "Yeah, once. Or, sort of twice. It was really awkward."

"What was it? Once or twice?"

He looked uncomfortable. "Well, once for sure that she noticed."

"What did she do?"

He laughed nervously. "She stared at me. No smile, no hint of expression. Just stared. I suddenly felt like thirty different places on my skin itched."

She laughed with him. "Hard to tell what she was thinking, hmm?"

"Yeah."

"And the second time?"

"Well, it was after the first time and the long stare. Just before I turned to leave

her office I did a quick lick again, but I was sort of fast with it; she might not have noticed."

Kelly reached over as he leaned against the counter and rubbed his slacks. "Were you excited?"

"No way. I was limp as a wet string."

She laughed. "But you weren't humiliated, right? Please tell me you weren't."

His brows drew down. "No, not at all. It was quite different."

"How?" She handed him his plate and they sat.

"It was daring and new—"

She nodded enthusiastically. "That's what I've been feeling."

"It felt exhilarating."

She felt playful. "Got any new challenges in mind? This is fun."

"I think I do."

Sandwich forgotten, she leaned on her elbows towards him. "Do tell."

"I want you to accidentally brush your hand against Randy's cock to see how he reacts."

She sat back suddenly, feeling the entry into no-no land. "I can't do that. Not at work. Not him."

Grant frowned. "He's not attractive enough?"

"It's not that. It's just that I have to work with him every day. And he's a car salesman; I just don't trust him to keep his mouth shut."

Her husband nodded in understanding. "Yeah, you're probably right. What if it was someone else, like Chip?"

"Chip? Isn't he kind of young?"

"He's not that young."

"He's ten years younger than me."

"Does that matter?"

She pondered the question. It didn't really matter to her that he was in his twenties. What concerned her was his opinion of her. Would he think she was too old? Gross because she was in her thirties? Would he laugh? It was the fear of his reaction that paused her. But the challenges seemed to be the most fun when there was an element of danger. "Maybe..."

"Well, think about it. What would you have me do?"

She felt as if his challenge was something she would need a lot of courage for. She needed his to be equally risky. "You keep going into the office without your boxers. Keep licking your lips when you see Carla."

"Why?"

"I want to see how your boss views her employees, and especially you. Is it really a harem of men? Does she think you're handsome? Would she be willing to risk her position acknowledging your lip-licks?"

"I would think it would be my position in jeopardy."

"It can't. All you're doing is licking your lips. She would have to take the step to acknowledge it."

He looked thoughtful. "Then I could always claim ignorance if she came across against it."

Kelly nodded. "There you go."

"You're not worried this could start some nasty office affair?"

She scowled. "You and her? You better not. You've never talked about her like that."

He chuckled. "No, I haven't."

"No, I'm not worried. I'm curious. If we control what happens, then I shouldn't have anything to worry about, should I?"

"No."

"Okay, then. Make sure it doesn't." She took a bite of her sandwich, and so did he. She said after swallowing, "You're not worried about Chip?"

He snorted. "He'd be scared to death of me. No, I'm not worried. He's the type that would be looking to me for permission to even be in the same room with you."

CHAPTER 11

Kelly had never felt more alive except for the day she had married handsome Grant Klinger. She felt more energized, eager and excited with life. Work became an adventure and not a dreary chore. More and more, she walked with confidence and determination. She noticed the turned heads and it made her feel as if her womanhood was blossoming out from the inside.

Friday had passed without a money challenge, though they had both put in their hundred with the agreement they'd hold the challenge in reserve. Saturday was the day Chip was dropping in for chat and Scotch.

She feared nothing and approached the time with excitement. However, when he actually came into the apartment, her fears and doubts surfaced to steal the show. Would he recoil? Think an old hand touching him was horrible? Would this turn into her humiliation as revenge for what she had done to Grant?

Her husband told her he had received no calls from the married blonde and that she purposely scowled at him at every opportunity. She felt so bad she told him to tell the woman it had been a dare. He told her he would consider it and tell her in his own time and his own way.

She came out of the bedroom and saw Chip sitting there, glass in hand. He was talking to Grant about his window-tinting job.

Chip's face lightened when he saw her, then he frowned. "Dang, no bikini today?"

She felt a flush of embarrassment, but the doubts suddenly vanished. "No..." She sat herself down right next to him on the couch and tried to order her thoughts and words as she looked at him. "You really liked the bikini?"

He coughed as if offended. "Like, yeah."

She plunged into the dare, dropping her hand down lightly on his shorts. "Really liked the bikini?" She lightly raked her fingers across the area of shorts that had

to be covering his cock.

His eyes bugged open and he immediately looked at Grant. His mouth fell open in surprise.

She wasn't looking at her husband, but she could hear the barely-contained amusement in his voice. "Well? Did you really like it? She asked you a question?"

Chip fidgeted and tried to shift away like a little kid, but his shorts were rising. "Uh, well, sure, you know..."

Kelly gave him a sexy smile. "No, I don't know. Would you like to see me in it again?"

His eyes went wider, if that were possible. "Well, yeah...I guess..."

This hadn't been part of the dare, but she felt like adding it. "Well then, I'll be right back." She got up.

Chip's voice was flummoxed. "Uh..."

She came back out in the bikini and did a slow twirl in front of Chip. "Better?"

He ran a hand over his buzzed hair. "Oh wow..."

She sat up against him again and reached back over to his lap. "Better? Or much better?" Her fingers felt the hardness under the shorts and it pleased her.

He was panting, looking frightened. He kept looking at Grant.

Her husband's voice came across stern. "Be nice to my wife. Answer her question."

Chip said nothing, just nodded at her.

She kept up the scratching until it was obvious he was very hard. Confidence surged inside. "Aw, I think I'm making things uncomfortable." She began pulling at his button.

"Wh-what...um..."

"Take it out."

"It?"

"Take it out." She got the button undone and added her other hand to pull the flap open and unzip him. "I want to see."

Grant chuckled, but it sounded strange. "She wants to see."

She glanced at him quickly. His smile was genuine and he had his own lump in his shorts. She looked back as she reached in and touched Chip's man-flesh. Thrills shot up her back and down her arms. She pulled the heated pole from his shorts and let it erect upright. "Oh...that's very nice, Chip." She was just holding it, feeling the warmth in her hand and the heat building in her pussy.

He laughed nervously. "Oh? You, um, like it?"

"It's very nice. Do you mind if I stroke it?"

Grant gasped and sighed.

Chip gulped and said, "Sure, um, if it's all right..." He laughed, uncertain.

Kelly moved her hand, feeling his hot skin slide under hers. She slowly stroked him, feeling the contours of the shaft and head. It made her breathing and heart accelerate with excitement. "Very nice."

Chip gasped and shifted lower so his cock was easier to get to. He gulped down his Scotch and breathed, "Wow."

Kelly felt the fires flaming up her pussy, spreading as if driven by a strong wind. She glanced at Grant again. He was squeezing his shorts and trying to adjust. His look was shock and lust. She looked back to Chip. "Do you mind if I...?"

"Huh? What?"

She didn't answer. She leaned over and lowered her head over his cock. She took the head into her mouth and ran her tongue around the first new cock in years. He tasted good. She lowered her head taking more in.

Chip groaned and thrust his hips up.

She sucked and licked for a moment until he interrupted her pleasure.

He touched her hair. "Whoa, I didn't know you had some white in your hair."

She lifted her head off and looked at him.

He said, "At the roots." He shrugged. "Time for another dye job?"

She squeezed his shaft and smiled at him. Then she got up and left the room.

CHAPTER 12

Kelly frowned in the mirror, checking her roots on Sunday morning.

Grant looked into the bathroom. "You aren't bothered about what he said, are you?"

It had been a wild night of love-making and she felt satisfied. She dropped her hands away from her hair. "No, I guess not. There's only a few."

"That was kind of rude of him."

She shook her head. "Kids these days. But it seems like they all color their hair."

"Don't use his brash comment to return to the stylist."

"You don't think I need a new cover-up of these whites?"

"What, the ten or eleven you have? Let them go. You're beautiful natural."

"Are you sure?"

"One hundred percent."

She sighed, feeling better for his input. "You aren't mad at me—"

"I thought we covered this last night. I'm not mad at all. It was hot."

"Are you sure? It just felt like the thing to do."

"It was fantastic. I wish I had my phone at the time, but it all happened so fast."

"Why, so you could send it to Denny?"

"No, so I could watch it again." He shook his head. "I'm not against you, Kelly. I'm for you."

She was still worried about the whites and frowned in the mirror.

He made a face, seeing her conflict. "We've come so far, let's not turn back..."

"No."

"So what's going to be your challenge?"

She sighed. "I have an idea, but I need to talk to someone."

"Someone?"

"Yeah, like right now." She planted a peck on his lips. "Be back in a bit."

"Where are you going?"

"Be patient."

~ ~ ~

She knocked on Jim's door.

The biker answered, frowning, but then clearing his face. "Oh, hey Kelly."

She looked past him. "Is...Sissy here?" She didn't think she could bring it up to Jim without her input.

A look crossed his face that told her he knew she thought Sissy was beneath her. "Yeah..." He turned. "Sis!"

Sissy's annoyed voice drifted from the bedroom. "What?"

"Someone wants to see you."

The slutty tatted biker bitch came out, wiping her hands on her shorts. Her tank top did nothing to conceal tiny breasts and pointy nipples. Sissy paused when she saw Kelly, but then smiled and it looked genuine. "Oh, hi."

"Can we talk?"

Jim grunted and moved out of the way.

Kelly stepped into the doorway of their ground-floor apartment. It was hot in there, the heat close and more strange than comforting.

Sissy looked amused and curious. "Sure, come on in, honey."

She looked at Jim, smiling, but said to Sissy, "Alone?"

His face hardened, right away. "Something going on I need to know about?"

Sissy made a face. "Oh go polish the pipes on your ride or something." She grabbed Kelly's arm and pulled her to the kitchen.

The biker shook his head, but went outside.

Slutty tatted biker bitch sat down and so did Kelly. "So what's up, girl?"

"I wanted to ask a favor, I think."

Sissy's eyes narrowed in wariness. "Go on."

"Grant and I have been having a little fun issuing each other challenges..."

A smile graced her face. "All right. Was that what caused him to dump his trash with no pants?"

Kelly nodded. "Jim told you, huh?"

She giggled. "And showed me the vid. It sounds like fun."

"I suppose, but it's a little nerve-wracking not knowing what he's going to challenge me with. Then I find it was no big deal." She thought of her mouth on his friend's cock the previous day. "And strangely liberating."

Sissy's eyes sparkled. "I take it your favor has something to do with that?"

"It does. What do you think of exhibitionism?"

Her teeth showed in a pretty smile. "Very fun."

"And Jim?"

She indicated her clothing. "He likes me dressing like this. The tawdrier, the better."

Kelly nodded. "And seeing someone else...?"

The woman laughed with delight. "Hey, a free show is a free show. Only a prude wouldn't look."

"So...if I wanted you to come over and watch something, you and Jim would be okay with that?"

She blew a breath out her lips, raspberry style. "Of course. What did you have in mind?"

~ ~ ~

A half hour later, she led Jim and Sissy into their apartment. Grant was watching TV and turned it off, a very curious look on his face. Kelly said, "I'm ready for your challenge."

Her husband looked at all of them in turn. "Oh?" He stood.

"They're going to sit on the couch and watch you jerk off."

His face went pale and his mouth hung open. "Uh..."

She shook a finger at him. "Don't get cold feet now. I answered your challenge yesterday and even did more."

He blew out a breath.

Jim said, "Don't sweat it, it's easy."

Grant said, "I've never done that in front of anyone before."

Sissy smiled. "There's a first time for everything."

Kelly nodded. "Besides, you've done it for me. The challenge is in front of two more people."

Jim and Sissy sat.

Grant didn't appear to know what to say.

The biker offered, "If it makes you feel more comfortable..." He undid his pants. "I'll do it with you." His cock came out.

Sissy clapped her hands together. "Now we're talking. Stroke it, babe."

"Don't call me that in front of others."

Kelly giggled. She checked out what Jim was packing.

Grant removed his shorts and t-shirt. "Fine, fine." He began handling his flaccid dick and sat in the recliner.

She went to the hallway and grabbed a rag for him. Laying it on the armrest, she leaned over and kissed his head. "Give them a good show." She sat next to Sissy.

Grant pulled at his cock until it lengthened.

The biker bitch whispered to her, "Thank you for inviting us."

Kelly felt bad about thinking her a bitch, a slut, and disgusting; she was actually very nice. She said nothing in return. Jim's cock was up and hard. But her eyes mainly watched her husband. He kept looking back and forth between them all, his erection firming and his confidence returning. What blush there had been left his face.

Sissy whispered to her again, "Is it okay if I say anything?"

She returned the whisper. "Sure."

To Grant, she said, "That looks very nice."

Kelly laughed as her husband's blush returned.

Jim grunted. "Yeah, not bad."

She laughed harder as the blush just as quickly left.

He had it all erect, though, and started stroking fuller and slower.

Sissy whispered to her, "It has a nice shape. Jim's is crooked."

Kelly looked around her. She couldn't tell with his hand keeping it straight, but it did look like it wanted to curve to the side. In contrast, her husband's shaft was well-formed and even. She focused on him as he stroked it, and she watched his hand slide up and down his flesh. Warmth tickled her clit and began to spread inward and up. Perhaps it was her alertness to her own reaction that she noticed Sissy's thighs clenching ever so slightly.

Grant's mouth dropped open as he shut his eyes. His hand moved faster.

Sissy whispered, "Can I vid this?"

Kelly hadn't thought about that. She would have said no if asked before, but now she felt as if this was going to be a missed opportunity if she didn't. She felt pride that the biker girl wanted a vid of her husband jacking. "Sure."

Both women retrieved their phones and began capturing the action.

Grant was gone, not noticing.

Kelly smiled at the woman next to her. With both their phones up and recording, she almost felt dizzy: two identical images of the action on the chair competed with it, creating three simultaneous motions. She nudged Sissy, barely suppressing a giggle.

The woman's hand was up, finger toying with her mouth and pushing her lower lip in to bite at it. She shifted on the couch.

Grant was panting. Five minutes of stroking had brought him fully hard and into it. His hips thrust slightly as his hand moved in perfect counter-motion on his cock. It looked nasty.

Kelly squirmed and opened her mouth to get in more air.

Jim leaned around Sissy. "Hey, you want to give me a hand with mine?"

She flicked her eyes over to him while keeping her phone up. She felt a sense of imminence, a freedom threatened that she might not want to let loose. First with Chip, and now Jim? Was that what she really wanted? She shook her head at him, silent for a few seconds more. Then she said, "I think Sissy can handle that."

Grant began breathing harsher, his hand beginning to shake on his erection.

Kelly squirmed even more as fire ignited in her pussy and quickly spread. Her husband was into it and in front of two neighbors. The heat of the moment was incredible and she felt her nipples harden knowing that Jim and Sissy were watching her husband do it.

Grant's tight stomach began to tremble and clench. His hips heaved up shakily as he neared his orgasm. His panting came faster and his thighs began tightening and relaxing. His cock swelled in his fist and he pumped down hard. His shaft twitched once. Then it twitched a few seconds later, sending a large squirt up in the air and down on his chest.

Sissy's hand clamped down onto Kelly's thigh, hard. Painfully hard. The woman was panting almost as heavily as Grant.

Five squirts shot onto her husband's stomach after the chest burst.

Jim grumbled, "Pretty nice cumshot."

Her husband's eyes flew open and he grunted loudly, but it turned into laughter. "Uh...yeah..."

The biker looked over at Kelly. "Sure you don't want to...?" He indicated his erection.

Sissy slapped his arm. "Leave her alone."

Kelly felt conflicting feelings flooding her thoughts. She might find it fun to jack him and make him squirt, but did she really want to? Would Jim come to expect

she was something easy? Was Sissy easy? She felt as if Chip had unlocked something inside her that had been faced and dealt with. She could do it, certainly. But she didn't think she wanted to. Not with Chip. Not with Jim. She didn't want to be easy. "I really think Sissy can handle that for you. Thanks for coming."

CHAPTER 13

Kelly was frowning, trying to make him understand. "I'm not regressing." Though she might have wanted to if the regression referred to her nails and hair.

"Why'd you clam up, then? You could've jacked him."

"But I didn't want to."

"You did for Chip."

She sighed. "And I don't want to, anymore."

"So you're regressing."

"No, it's not that. This game we've been playing has opened me up to a lot of possibilities, but some of those possibilities aren't avenues I want to drive."

"Like how?"

She was lying next to him in bed. "I like the things that have happened—"

"So why didn't you jack Jim? I would've liked that. I would've gotten hard again."

"I thought about it, but I have to ask myself that if I'm going to be doing that, where does it end?"

He leaned close to her ear. "You could've blown him too. What you did to Chip was so hot I want to see it again. And maybe you not interrupt by getting up and leaving the room."

"Not with Chip."

"Because of his hair comment?"

She felt the truth of it, but also more. "Yes and no. You really would have wanted me to finish him?"

"Yes."

"In my mouth?"

Grant groaned and pressed up against her, his erection evident against her hip. "Yes!"

"And would that have been enough?"

He opened his mouth, panting for air. "Would you have gone farther?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Not with him. Not with Jim. I know these people. What we've done already can't be repaired. When Chip sees me, he's going to imagine my mouth on his cock."

Her husband groaned again and grabbed his cock. He began jacking it. "Fuck, yeah."

"But you see? I don't want to be like that for this guy, that guy, the other guy..."

"I wish you would."

"Be like that? A blowjob queen?"

"Or more."

"How more?"

He shrugged.

"How more?" She felt another edge being approached. Was it one she wanted to jump off or one from which to back away?

"You're wicked-sexy. Keeping you all to myself is selfish."

A swelling sense of freedom and joy surged over the edge, bathing her with comfort. "You would want to see me in the arms of another man?"

He groaned louder, jacking faster. But he didn't answer.

"You would want to see me under someone?"

He panted loudly, eyes closed, fist moving fast.

"You would want to share me with another man?"

He gasped suddenly and let go of his bulging shaft. His whisper was shaky. "Yes..."

Fire ripped up her insides, bringing forth her own gasp. It sounded so hot she became instantly wet. But her reticence returned. "I can't do that...with just anyone. I don't want to be some revolving door lay for hundreds of guys—"

"Five?"

"No." She felt it with a certainty.

"Three?"

"No."

"Two?" He sounded discouraged.

"Not even two. If you want to share me – for me to open up to another man with something so intimate, it can only be one other. Anything else is too scary for me to contemplate."

"But you would?" Hope lit his eyes.

She reached down and ran her fingers over her aching clit. "I think...it sounds hot."

He moaned and fisted faster.

"I think I would like it."

Cum shot out of Grant's cock in a rapid rush. He gasped and groaned in surprise, spewing his desire all over her hip.

As he was squirting, she said, "I know my next challenge, ready for it?"

He nodded panting heavily as his cock twitched and squirted a few times more.

"The man has to be Denny."

Grant didn't answer for a long time.

~ ~ ~

Kelly repeated, "Because, he's not someone we know around here."

"But why him? You just have some old flame burning for him."

"I really don't."

"So why him?"

She sighed. "Look at it my way. He's already had me. It's almost like I'm not doing anything outside our marriage with someone new."

"I'd rather it was Chip."

"I'd rather not. It has to be Denny."

He threw up his hands. "He just wants in your pants."

She scowled. "Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yeah, but not him."

"He's safe. He's married and our age. He understands things like we do. Chip can't think past the TV."

"I thought you liked him?"

"I do. And I like Jim and Sissy, too. But I'm not willing to like them that well."

He ran a hand through his hair. "Denny."

"Denny," she confirmed.

He smiled, shook his head and broke into a subdued chuckle. "Am I going to lose you to this guy?"

She cradled his face in her hands. "Never. He and I broke up long ago. He's married. I'm married to you. I love you and don't want to see that destroyed."

"I'm supposed to trust you?"

The insult stung, but she answered as delicately as her heart told her was needed. "Yes, because this has all been about trust. If we don't trust each other, there's no room for love."

"You're still going to love me after you've had Denny again?"

"Don't be silly. If he was that great, I would have pursued and married him. You were the great one."

He took a deep breath, looking down. "All right. It sort of does make sense."

She hugged him tightly.

~ ~ ~

The next day brought a response from Denny in the positive, but it would be a couple of weeks before he could arrange a plane flight.

Kelly had messaged him in detail about the limits to what could develop: she belonged to Grant. The days passed with her growing more agitated, feeling the empty ache in her pussy, and the flutter in her nerves. The salesman at

Dangledon noticed her. They stared at her legs and smiled a lot more. Her confidence soared and she felt a building preparation for Denny's arrival.

She received a text from her husband on a Monday morning.

Grant Klinger: uh, my licking got me in trouble

She frowned and felt a flash of fear, hoping she hadn't gotten him fired.

Kelly Klinger: what happened?

Grant Klinger: she called me on it...

Kelly Klinger: And?

Grant Klinger: promise you won't be mad?

Kelly Klinger: What happened?

Kelly Klinger: Tell me.

There was a long pause.

Grant Klinger: I had to lick her.

She burst out laughing, the sound echoing in the cavernous entry of the dealership.

Kelly Klinger: LOL

However, worries began to surface.

Kelly Klinger: did she make you do anything else?

Grant Klinger: no

She sighed, thinking about that. She had challenged him to keep it up and he had. And his boss had responded. At least he hadn't been fired and Carla hadn't asked for more than what he had offered.

Kelly Klinger: we'll talk more at home.

She had challenged him to do it and he had accepted. She saw it from his perspective now: other people getting involved. What if he hadn't wanted to lick his boss? Her fingers twisted in her hair and she fought the urge to grab up her cell phone and make an appointment. Feeling free and good, she resisted the urge to reward herself with a salon treatment.

No, she hadn't considered Carla's response. She had been curious about it, but hadn't thought through what she would think if his boss actually welcomed the gestures. She didn't know Carla; had never met her. By her picture Grant had, she could tell the woman was strict, even severe. Would Carla expect more? Demand more? She had put her husband at risk here. But if his boss didn't demand more, would that be bad? Maybe Grant could use a little forced oral on a woman.

She had dreamed twice of him kissing Sissy while she was topless. She had awoken in a breathless state of arousal that instantly soured into jealousy. But after the pang of possessiveness wore off, she had been left feeling satisfied and not angry at the biker girl.

At home, she carefully maneuvered Grant into the subject. "Did Carla seem to expect anything else?"

His face had advertised mortification on stepping through the door. He swallowed and looked down. "Before she...made me..."

"Yes?"

"Before I did it, she spanked me."

Kelly burst out laughing. "She what?"

"Don't laugh, she used a crop." He rubbed at his ass.

She covered her mouth, her eyes watering with mirth. "Are you okay?"

He frowned at her. "Yeah, just a whipped pride, I guess."

"She didn't try to do anything more?"

"No."

"She didn't touch your...?" She looked down.

"No. She wasn't interested in it."

A giddiness elevated her heart. "Aw, poor baby."

His scowl deepened. "Stop it."

"I'm just kidding; but I'm relieved."

"I got my ass whipped." His outrage was evident.

"A little spanking never hurt anyone."

"I thought you'd freak." He didn't sound so sure.

"Well, I honestly didn't think she'd act on your licks. But I'm glad she didn't go farther."

"I licked her pussy." He held up his arms as if holding up the whole world.

She laughed. "Was it gross?" Her question was pointed, accusing.

"No, but it wasn't yours."

That satisfied her. "I'm okay with it, if that's all she does."

He shook his head. "Coming from you..."

"I'll admit that I might have been really mad at one point..."

"But?"

"I guess I'm all right with Carla spanking you. It's kinda funny. But I've had a couple dreams of you being cuddly with Sissy, too."

Now his confusion and outrage were finely mixed and balanced – with a pinch of disbelief. "Sissy?"

"Yeah, I think she's—"

"Her? No way."

She felt a wilting disappointment. She had seen beyond the appearance to the woman underneath; and she liked what she saw. "I think she's nice."

He scrubbed at his face. "All those tats...gawd."

"She doesn't have that many—"

"One is too many."

"She's still nice."

He sniffed. "Well, I'm not cuddling with her."

"You don't have to, I was just saying."

He came to her and took her by the shoulders. His eyes critically ran over her features and hair.

"What's wrong?"

"You're beautiful; nothing's wrong. But do you want to get your hair dyed for Denny?"

Slamming her right in the face was support from her husband over something so critical to her. But she paused, feeling something else. Despite his support, she felt the desire to embrace what she had become, not chase after the dream of being perfect for Kirk, her first fiancé. Would Denny care about her hair? Her nails? She took a breath and said, "No."

He studied her in silence.

She felt a tingle run through her and then something releasing in her like a long sigh. She firmed her posture. "No, I want my hair like it is. Let it show its whites."

"You hardly have any."

"Let them show. Let my hair be what it is supposed to be: true – without all the make-believe and pretensions and excuses."

"Excuses?"

"I'm done trying to hide behind my hair. It was a stupid thing and I want it behind me. I feel like a new person; I don't want to spoil it with the old."

He nodded slowly. "I'm glad for you."

The thrill expanded into a solid sense of self-worth. "Thank you, my love."

CHAPTER 14

The airport terminal wasn't busy. They were still walking to the entrance when they both saw Denny standing out front. Kelly felt a strange thrill throb up her pussy and rattle her heart. "He's here already."

Grant grunted. "We're not late."

She saw Denny recognize her and he smiled. He instantly shifted his gaze to Grant and locked on. She wondered if this was a mistake.

Denny stepped away from his bag, his eyes squinted and drawn down in consideration.

Grant tensed next to her and she noticed they were locked in a man-stare.

Her old friend extended his hand. "Grant?"

Not breaking his gaze, her husband took his hand slowly. They shook. "Denny."

Her old friend looked away first, then brought his gaze up to her. His smile returned. "So many years, but you still look the same."

She laughed, feeling a relaxation from her husband over the staring contest. "Oh please."

"No really, you look great." He jerked minutely and shifted his focus to her husband. "And I can see why she picked you. You make a great couple."

Grant said, "Thanks."

She detected no tension in his answer. Feeling better, she took Denny's arm after he picked up his suitcase. "So Kristine doesn't think you're visiting us?"

"Nah, she thinks I'm scouting a job."

Grant said, "You two don't...get along too well?"

Denny's growl was familiar and subtly altered by age. "She's a stuck-up bitch. Puts everybody down, including me in front of others."

"Why stay with her?"

Kelly looked up at him, eager for the answer.

Denny grimaced. "I don't know. She brings in a lot of money. House is in our names, kids in college. Sometimes it just seems like we got stuck together."

She asked, "You don't love her?"

He shrugged. "In my own way, I guess. But she's still a bitch."

Grant said, "I'm sorry to hear that."

They were at the car. She got into the back seat first and beckoned him. He climbed in next to her and tried to look at ease. Her husband got in and started the car. He glanced in the rear view mirror and winked at her.

She didn't feel all too strange. It was a little awkward with all the time that had passed, but she really did feel very comfortable with Denny's presence. She knew him - had seen him naked. Had taken his cock inside her. She scooted closer and pecked his cheek. "It's been a long time."

He smiled at her, glancing back and forth between her and the front seat. "It has..."

"We have a lot of catching up to do."

"I brought my yearbook."

"I have one too, you know."

"Yeah, but you never signed mine."

She laughed. "Oh...because we were broke up by that point."

"Well, maybe I can get your signature in it now?"

"Don't expect me to write anything nice."

He laughed.

She put her hand on his thigh and squeezed. "I didn't realize I had missed you until we became friends on Facebook."

He leaned closer. "Me either."

She looked into his eyes and moved towards him. Their lips met gently. She giggled low. "I seem to remember being in the backseat of your Mustang and you weren't so gentle."

He chuckled, but he was panting lightly. "Age, I guess." He pushed her back and began kissing her neck.

She let him and breathed deeply as she enjoyed his skin sliding over hers as his hands roamed. Yes, he was much the same as he had been, just older.

~ ~ ~

Kelly was hot and wet by the time they got inside the apartment. There was no way she could wait while they made small talk and skirt around the issue of why he was really here. She attacked him inside the door, kissing and pulling at his clothing. She wasn't going to wait; too many years had passed waiting for this moment. She needed him, now, and talking could wait for later.

He kissed her back, their tongues dancing in that old and familiar way she remembered. She stripped him of his t-shirt and he removed her top. He grunted happily. "Your breasts got bigger."

"Did they?" She was struggling at his belt.

Grant picked up Denny's suitcase and took it to their computer room with the futon sleeper. He came back out, but she hardly noticed him. She was kissing Denny and pulling at his cock in her hand. It didn't just feel familiar, but right.

She knew this cock. She knew its feel. Her husband said, "Bedroom?"

Denny chuckled.

She laughed with him. "Yeah, okay."

Grant looked pale, but his eyes were large and watching.

She led Denny to the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. He sat beside her and she let him lower them down together in a kiss. She could feel her excitement, her wetness and heat, her hardened nipples and her hammering heart. Her body trembled, suddenly chilled and her skin pebbling with goose bumps.

That's when his hand touched her clit. She moaned instantly, her legs twitching and opening. She felt his fingers move in that way that suddenly came to memory, curled and sliding up and down over her clit with more pressure than was necessary. But she didn't care that Denny hadn't learned a gentler touch after all these years; her pussy needed to be seriously worked right now.

She lifted her head, mouth open and gasping. She searched the room for Grant. He was there, sitting on the chair and watching. His hand was over his crotch in a death-grip. She tried to talk, and finally got it out. "Take off your clothes..." She let her head flop down. She gripped Denny's cock and moved her hand on him.

The kisses on her neck and cheek and lips brought back memories of Denny's insistence and desire as a high schooler. It was all still there, just as potent to her pussy, and a salve to her uncertainty. She was letting another man seduce her in front of her husband, and it wasn't cheating, was it? Grant wanted it and maybe he wanted it first, but peeking from behind her inhibitions was the realization that this was something she very much desired. That this was nothing more than a replay from the past made it all seem as if it were her most special gift to her husband.

She glanced at him, searching his face, wanting him to be happy. He was there, pantless, and stroking his erection. His eyes were glazed with lust and watching her. She saw nothing that worried her and laid her head back down with a smile.

Denny's fingers curled into her. "You're so wet..."

She gasped at the sliding fingers that teased her lips and hole. She wanted to grab his hand and force them deeper. "I'm nervous," she lied.

He laughed a little. "You're not nervous, you're as turned on as you were in the backseat of my car." His cock throbbed in her hand. He began moving up. "I need you. Now."

She felt a flush of wetness and heat spread through her pussy. She wanted him so badly it was a deep ache that could only be satisfied by his thick cock. She was breathless. "Yes. Yes, do me."

He climbed over her, between her legs. She spread them wide.

Grant gasped from the chair.

Denny moved closer and she felt the touch of his cock against her pussy. She inhaled and held it as he pushed with a forceful thrust, just as he had so many years ago. Her pussy lips stretched wide and his erection pushed into her hole. Wider and wider she stretched as he filled her with inch after inch of his cock. The fullness and tightness was not as painful as their first time, but brought back memories instead of their last time – the time without a condom. His cock felt so smooth and good that she moaned happily as his length filled her. He pushed deep, bringing their bodies together and his cock deep into her pussy.

She lifted her legs, bending them at the knee so he could get as deep as he could. Her eyes were closed, the room beginning to spin merrily as his cock reignited those memories of touching places inside her that Grant couldn't. She moaned out, "You feel so good..."

Denny took her legs and bent them back farther, angling her hips upward as he placed her ankles up on his shoulders. He pressed down hard, sliding every last bit of his shaft inside. She felt his balls pressing and ballooning against her ass.

She clutched at his butt, pulling and clawing. She groaned with relief and pleasure at feeling his length solidly filling her deep. "Oh fuck yes..." She knew what was coming next.

He pulled out to the tip, almost suspended over her on his fists and feet. Then he dropped down, driving his thick cock deep into her pussy. Over and over, he hammered down into her, filling her with his lust. Her pussy spasmed and

clutched at his fast-moving pole as he drove the breath from her.

The room spun faster and the fantastic friction of his cock sliding in and out of her caused a rapid building of heat in her pussy. She was being fucked hard, and she loved it. The mattress bounced with them as his hips slapped loudly down on hers. The sound of their fucking drove her spinning faster, twisting inside with a rising tension that robbed her of the ability to do anything but surrender to his animalistic lust.

Her pussy hugged his cock, hungry for what it was giving her and what it promised. She felt dizzy and her head moved with his pounding thrusts. She felt some distant desire to speak, but all that came out was gibberish. She couldn't even open her eyes.

Denny grunted louder and panted. "Why did I ever give this up?"

Grant moaned from somewhere in the room, close. She figured he must be capturing it all on his phone.

Denny tensed and she felt his cock expand deep inside her. Then she felt his scalding wetness flood the back of her canal. She whimpered in disappointment; she hadn't cum yet. He pulled out and got off the bed in a maddened rush. He grabbed her legs and yanked her body forcefully to the edge.

She finally popped her eyes open. Her husband was indeed capturing the act. She felt good about that; they could both enjoy it later.

Denny flipped her over and lifted her hips so she was standing on the floor but bent over the bed. His cock was still hard and he rammed it back into her from behind. She felt the thickness slam all the way into her cum-filled pussy. His hands gripped her hips and pulled as he thrust.

She was locked in position by his hands, her pussy impaled on his sliding cock. He did more pulling than thrusting and her pussy was yanked over and over back onto his thick shaft. His balls slapped her clit hard, causing spirals of salacious sensations twisting up inside her. That tension increased and edged closer.

He grunted behind her, reclaiming her pussy once again after so long. She felt good and she wanted it. It felt so very right, and so very fulfilling. The crazy tension in her hips and pussy tightened as she felt the satisfaction. She had her

head down on the bed, to the side. She caught jerking glimpses of her husband grinning and filming her as her pussy was rammed harshly from behind.

She opened her mouth, beginning to moan louder and louder as the tension twisted so tight she thought she would burst. An explosion within her wracked her entire body with nerve-rattling tremors. Gushing over her was the orgasm that had built so precipitously. Her moans turned to wails of pleasure and release as wave after wave tumbled her over. Her eyes lost focus as Denny continued to force-fuck her happy pussy from behind. His balls slapped her tingling clit and sent shivers running through her and shaking her core.

He fucked her for another fifteen or twenty minutes – she wasn't very much aware of time – before she heard him grunting loudly, as if trying to pick up a semi-trailer. Her pussy was beautifully sore and stretched as she felt the smaller ejaculation deep inside her of his second orgasm.

CHAPTER 15

Kelly stretched luxuriously in bed the next morning, Sunday. She and Grant could both hear Denny snoring in the computer room. "Maybe that's why his wife doesn't like him."

Her husband chuckled. "He sure is loud."

She rolled to him and placed her hand on his chest so she could feel his heart. "No regrets?"

His heartbeat quickened and so did his breathing, but not in an excited way.

She lifted her head and looked at him.

He tilted his head. "At first I wasn't sure; I was pretty nervous. But you two were at it so fast..."

Her laugh was more of a murmur. "Sorry."

"No, that's okay; I think it was better that way. I didn't get a chance to overthink anything before his cock was inside. Sort of took my breath away that it happened so fast and easily. And then I was like, 'Why was I so nervous?' It seemed like it was no big deal; he was in you and the ceiling didn't come crashing down."

"So you were okay?"

He laughed lightly, his voice high. "I had a blast."

She felt a surge of warmth inside her and she laid her head on his shoulder and stroked his chest.

He caressed her hair. "What about you? No regrets?"

She shook her head against him. "Nope. He was the perfect choice. I couldn't

have done it with anyone else."

"Right, after all, he's done you before."

"Exactly. It was perfect."

"I felt really good when he thanked me after."

She giggled. "You looked so surprised."

"I was, he was being considerate. I'll admit I wasn't sure how he'd think about all this. Would he be rude? Obnoxious? Disrespectful?"

She murmured, "But he wasn't."

"Nope, and I'm glad."

They listened to Denny snoring for a few minutes before getting up for the day.

~ ~ ~

Kelly groaned happily as Denny fucked her missionary after breakfast. He moved lithely, pushing his whole body up and sliding his cock deep.

He said, "This is a dream come true."

She giggled. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah. Why did I give you up?"

"I think you got bored and wanted a blonde."

He grunted sourly. "Oh...right. Cindy Nocker."

"Was she worth it?"

He coughed. "Fuck no. She didn't know how to trim."

"Eww..."

"Yeah, ew. She was Chewbacca's sister down there."

She laughed.

"I never should have given you up."

"We went our separate ways. That's how things worked."

"You hooked up with Kirk, right?"

"You knew?" She looked up at him curiously.

He kept thrusting in her. "Smitty told me. Good thing you two didn't work out."

"Why's that?"

He stopped moving. "You don't know?"

She shook her head. "No, what?"

"Killed in Iraq."

She felt a touch of cold about her. "Killed?"

"Some explosive device. That was eight years ago now? Shit, time flies." He began moving again.

Wordless and thoughtless, she felt a lingering doubt she hadn't known was there slip free and float away.

He leaned down and kissed her as they fucked.

When he stopped kissing her, she said, "You really like my hair this way?"

He nodded and kissed her lips. "Yeah, better than the one on your Facebook page. You look... You look more genuine this way."

She quivered underneath him as he slid in and out of her pussy, filling her with reassurance, over and over again. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders

and surrendered her body to him.

~ ~ ~

Kelly relaxed on the couch later that Sunday. Denny would be flying back late the next day. He had walked to the Laundromat to pick up some weeklies for job ads.

Grant was sitting next to her, his eyes rarely leaving her. "Having fun?"

She smiled with the knowledge she was. "Mm hmm."

"Still love me?"

"Of course. More than ever."

He nodded. "He's sort of monopolizing your time, but I guess he should; he's leaving tomorrow."

She touched his arm. "And I'm all yours again when he does."

He nodded.

She squeezed his forearm. "He wanted to know if he can be the one sleeping with me tonight? It's something we've never done."

He looked a little bothered, but said, "I guess that sounds all right. I would if I were him."

She shook his arm. "You won't mind sleeping in the computer room?"

"Nah. I'll probably be jacking all night wondering what you two are doing, anyway."

She giggled.

The door opened and they both went quiet.

Denny held up three of the shopping ad weeklies with job ads at the back. "I don't know why I'm bothering to make it look good. It's not like she's going to relocate with me if I found anything here."

She offered, "Maybe that's what finally breaks you two apart."

He shook his head. "I don't know. We've been together since right out of high school. I think we've grown so used to each other it would be impossible to split."

Grant said, "Nothing's impossible."

She nodded. "And I'd certainly love to have you closer."

The look on his face told them he didn't think so. But his lips quirked. "You up for some more?"

She felt used and wore out, but this short period together was really her only chance. "Sure." She squeezed her husband's arm and got up.

~ ~ ~

Late Sunday evening, she rode Denny's cock in bed. She felt exhausted, but in a really good way. She had taken four of his loads over just two days. She had cum three times and felt very satisfied.

His hands were up, tracing her boobs and nipples. She felt the tension, very distant – she didn't think she would cum again tonight. He said, "I wish I could stay."

"Me too."

He lifted her off and tossed her over.

She laughed, shaking her head at his powerful lust. "Don't you ever get enough?"

"No, not of you." He jacked his impressive cock and moved forcefully between

her legs.

"Aren't you sore?"

"Yeah, my balls feel like they're bruised, but I want as much as I can get of you."
He rammed his cock in hard.

She groaned out at a sudden swelling of tension and twisting desires. Her pussy was responding, despite being wore out. "Oh yes, fuck me."

He rammed hard, moving the mattress and frame in a squawking protest of device to desire. He grunted fiercely, as if to not just force his cock into her pussy, but to force his balls to respond with an orgasm. "Yeah, you like it like this?" His voice rose with urgency.

"Yes."

"Yeah?"

"Yes!"

"Want me to fuck you harder?"

"Yes! Harder!" Her voice was a loud cry of need. She could feel the twisting lust in her responding and building. She was almost afraid of cumming for fear it might hurt. But she needed it, again. "Fuck me, Denny!"

"You like me fucking you?"

"Oh...yes."

"You want me to shoot in you?"

She groaned with need. "Yes, deep."

~ ~ ~

Kelly had called in sick. She knew Grant had, too; they had planned to. Monday morning she lay in bed on her side. Denny was spooning her, his cock very slowly moving in her pussy. Her leg was up and bent at the knee to give him access. She was glad he was going slow; she would need a week to recover. She was half-lidded and just enjoying the relaxation of Denny's almost massage-like movements. The sheets were a mess; she would have to wash them later. There was cum all over them.

Grant came in, eyes wide. He cleared his throat. "Just grabbing the shower."

She beckoned to him with her hand.

He came over curiously, his eyes locked on her pussy where Denny's thick shaft slid in and out.

She grabbed his hand and squeezed. She mouthed, "I love you."

His smile was the best part of the morning.

EPILOGUE

Kelly embraced her life again as she felt the tether to Denny sever with his departure. Something new in her wanted to be who she was without pretension – or who she had been before she had hid herself away. She equally embraced her husband with even more love and devotion than before. Even though they returned to their jobs, they left behind the routine.

Denny promised to come back, but couldn't name a date. He intimated it might even be a year. He was as disappointed as her and Grant. They knew he would come back, but if Kelly was to embrace her new freedom, she might have to consider someone else eventually, so said Grant. She knew deep down he was right. Perhaps Denny had been the key to unlock who she was, or who she should have been. They would always welcome him back whenever he could come to them.

Their challenges and dares, though, took on a more suggestive twist: they both challenged each other in ways that hinted at more fun with another. She knew she had rejected the idea before Denny had come, but now she felt as if the avenue was open, and she felt her husband thought so or hoped so, too.

Grant accepted her challenges to stay the course with Carla: no underwear; continued lip-licks; and the occasional services he was asked to perform for his boss. He even grew to like being spanked.

She ditched wearing any kind of underwear, except when it was that time for her, and even bought some almost slutty looking clothes to wear to work. The looks she got were well worth the money spent and it didn't make her feel slutty, it made her feel confident. That in itself seemed to drive the men wild.

She felt her move, if slow, towards being a very naughty wife.

Thank you for reading Marriage Dares, I hope you enjoyed it! All reviews are greatly appreciated.

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