

and she has her own kinky ideas

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white off-the-shoulder top and white bikini bottoms, is kneeling on a white surface. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her arms are raised and bent at the elbows, with her hands near her shoulders. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**My
Employee's
Asian Wife**

LARAN MITHRAS

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By

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Experience the beauties of nature, and in doing so learn about yourself.

~ Japanese proverb

CHAPTER 1

Dylan Ruff scowled at the side of the freeway. "What?" He clenched his cell phone.

"The unit wasn't cleaned. I'm gonna have to charge you rent." Dick Hastings was the owner-manager at Roadway South Storage.

Dylan shook his head, though the man on the other end couldn't see it. "I had Eddie cleaning it—"

"He didn't do it. Saw him show up, but he drove off a few minutes later."

"Shit." He had employed Eddie only recently. Dylan operated a small business bidding on storage defaults and reselling the goods; it was decent money. Part of the process of winning the bidding was the complete clean-out of the unit by the end of the bidding day. Failure resulted in being charged rent.

"Sorry, Dylan. I know you're usually good about this, but the unit wasn't cleaned out." Dick clicked off.

"Fuck."

Lights shined in his mirror.

He glanced in his rearview mirror and saw a police officer getting out of his car. He rolled his eyes. Fucking great. He rolled down the window of his Dodge truck and waited.

The police officer didn't come fully into view. "License, registration, and proof of insurance?"

"Sure." He saw the officer's hand on his gun in his sideview mirror. Cars whipped past on the freeway. "Is there a problem officer?" He fetched his license out and dug through the glove box.

"You're illegally parked on the freeway, sir."

Dylan handed the cop his papers. "I had a call. It's illegal to drive and talk at the same time."

The cop's leather belt gear creaked. "You should have pulled off the freeway." The officer walked back to his car.

Shit. He heaved a sigh. What the fuck was Eddie's problem? Fucked up a simple clean-up and now I get a ticket? Fuck! He had hired Eddie three days prior as a favor to his best friend. Ron had begged him – the guy needed a job and was capable of doing something so simple. He glanced in the mirror. The cop's head was bent over, writing the ticket.

Eddie had seemed convenient. For two days he had worked hard. He even lived one street away from Dylan in the Sun Palm Apartments – a convenient pick-up when they shared a ride. Grabbing his clipboard, he thumbed back to Eddie's informal application. Dylan didn't really need all the typical information, but he'd have to file taxes on Eddie, so he had needed the basics. He checked the phone number, then frowned; he was getting a ticket for parking and using his phone on the freeway.

Dylan steamed in frustration. He glanced at the address. Apartment 3-A. Fucker. You're going to get an earful and I'll be docking your pay if I don't outright fire your ass.

"Sign here, sir. It's not an admission of guilt; just a promise to appear."

Dylan made a mouh and took the ticket-board and pen. He signed and handed them back.

The officer tore off the yellow copy and handed it to him. "Have a nice day, sir."

He tried not to bite off a snide comment; the officer was just doing his job. "Thanks."

~ ~ ~

Dylan was off the side of the street, a few blocks from his home and legally parked this time. "The asshole showed up, but then drove off."

His wife sighed on the other end. "That's not good. Maybe there was an emergency." Taylor was like that – always thinking in veins he did not.

"I don't know. Maybe." A jogger ran by who was familiar.

"Did you call him?"

"I just tried. Phone is out of service." He moved his phone and took a picture.

She coughed. "That's not a good sign."

"No. I'm going to head over to his apartment. That Asian jogger just went by."

"Did you get a picture?" They shared a naughty Asian fantasy.

He chuckled. "Yeah."

Taylor's voice was cautioning. "Don't say anything too rude; you know this was a big favor to Ron."

He knew she didn't entirely care for Ron, but he knew she was sympathetic to his friendship with him. That's why I love you. "Yeah, I know. I'll have to dock his pay at the least. I can't afford to be paying rent on the units we get." His eyes followed the young woman's butt for a few seconds, then he looked away. He wasn't in the mood at the moment.

"Well, you could."

"But it's an unnecessary expense. Empty the unit and clean it out. It's usually just a simple sweep-job. Sometimes a little light trash-hauling. Paying fifty bucks on the average unit isn't helping me any."

"I know."

"I mean, what am I paying him for? I'm paying him to avoid having to pay the

rent." He blew out a breath of vented aggravation.

"I know." Her voice was soothing. "Just try not to blow up before you find out what happened."

Dylan nodded, even if she couldn't see it. "Yeah. Yeah, you're right. I'll be calm."

He could hear the smile in her voice. "Good. See you in a while. Send the picture." She made a kiss sound.

"Love you." He clicked off. He scrunched his face and glanced back to the sidewalk. The jogger was gone. He had seen her a few months prior, running with her earbuds and her I-Pod clipped to her shorts.

They had developed an Asian fantasy when Dylan had brought home a small box of porn magazines from one of the storage units he had won. Two of the magazines were Asian women. His wife had cum when she realized he had gotten very hard, very fast when they had thumbed to one nice-looking Asian girl in a little cheerleader outfit.

"Do you like her or the outfit?" she had said.

"Outfit's okay. She's very pretty."

And that was how it had started. She loved stroking him while they shared a look at a nude Asian.

He fingered the phone, bringing up his wife's number. He attached the picture he had taken of the jogger and sent it with a smiley text.

He got a response almost immediately.

Taylor: why didn't you get a naked one?

Dylan: she was busy sucking my cock. Too distracted

Taylor: I want pictures!!!

Dylan: lol

He shut the phone off and sighed. Fucking Eddie. He started up the Dodge and

put it in gear. I need to be calm; this was a favor to Ron.

~ ~ ~

Dylan drove into the apartment complex. It was huge, with several buildings separated by walkways, a large pool and several laundry rooms. The place was bigger than it looked from the street and appeared to take up a couple dozen acres of land.

Looking around in the visitors' parking in front of the office, he shook his head. He went into the main office.

A plump woman with an energy drink squinted up at him from a desk. An elderly lady at another desk didn't even look.

The plump woman said, "Hi."

"Hi, uh..." He approached and showed her the clipboard. "I have an employee living here and I need help finding his apartment." He pointed at the address. "Uh...which building would that be?"

She gave a knowing smile. "Not a problem. We have a map right here." She pulled off a sheet from a stack and handed it to him. "You'll find 3-A in building 1210. If you follow this path here, around the pool and towards the huge tree, you'll see it on the left."

Dylan shook his head. "Never realized this place was so huge."

She smiled brightly at him as if knowing it all along. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"No. Thanks." He waved the map in salute and left the office.

The elderly woman had never looked up.

Manager-type. Snooty and pretending to be busy. Get bent, old woman. Dylan smirked. He followed the map, though he didn't need it now. Knowing which of the six buildings was Eddie's was all that mattered.

However, even finding 3-A in the 1210 building was a chore. He ended up almost circling it until he found the numbering he was looking for. The bottom floor apartments generally were posh, but it looked like each building had some simple bottom floor apartments without patios. Eddie's was one of them.

He knocked. Might not even be home. Shit. His mood soured as no one answered. He knocked louder, one more time. He made a face. What now? Go clean out the unit myself? You are so fucking fired, Eddie.

He was turning to go when the door opened. He turned back, his anger ready to flood Eddie's ears.

A pale face looked at him from under a towel. The figure was wearing a terrycloth white bathrobe. The face was Asian. "Yes?" The accent was American.

Dylan stood there, half-turned back to the door. "Oh, sorry. I was looking for 3-A. Eddie Maxwell?" Then he recognized her: the jogger.

"Yes, I'm his wife." She glanced back inside.

"Oh, is he here?"

A look crossed her face that was a mixture of worry, anger, and confusion. "Uh, no... Come in." She was waving him in, looking back and forth around him.

He stepped inside.

She gave a quick smile. "Sorry, I don't like to leave the door open. I hate flies. And I don't want to be giving Mister Levi anything more to gawk at."

"Oh..."

"Is something wrong?"

"What? No... well." Dylan pursed his lips. "I'm Dylan – Eddie's boss."

Her eyes brightened and a smile erased the worry and confusion from her face. It was a very pretty smile. "Oh, yes." She touched his arm. "Thank you. I hope he works good for you."

He sighed.

Her face fell.

CHAPTER 2

Dylan frowned. He wanted to be polite and calm, but his anger was struggling to come out. He had always had anger issues. Just driving on the freeway was a major test of his patience. He was a handsome man, but people said he looked mean. "I'm sorry, you were...?"

She burst into a nervous smile. "Oh, I'm Kimmie."

His curiosity wiggled its way to the foreground, displacing his anger for a few seconds. "You're Japanese?"

She rolled her eyes in a cute way. "My parents, yes. They moved here back in the eighties, but I was born here."

He nodded. "Ah. I think I've seen you jogging..." He said it in a way to sound unsure.

"Oh, yeah. That's me." She went quiet. "You're here to see Eddie?" The worry returned to her face.

Dylan sighed again and frowned. Business. "Yeah. He was supposed to clean out a unit, but he left without cleaning it. Did something come up? Some emergency? He left without touching the place."

Kimmie wrung her hands together, worry erupting on her face as if a volcano spitting ash. "Oh... Um, no, I don't think there was any emergency." She did not sound happy.

Irritation chewed at his core. "I can't employ him if he can't do the work."

Water welled quickly in her eyes.

He shook his head. "It's just a simple clean-up job. I can't—"

Her words were clipped and desperate. "Oh, please. Don't fire him. He can do the work..." She trailed off, that worry and confusion on her face.

He could see her quivering. He didn't want to hurt her feelings, but Eddie had failed. "Do you know where he is?"

A single tear ran down her face, gaining speed. She drew a breath but said nothing.

Frustrated, Dylan shrugged. "Tell him he's fired. I need to get someone who can do what they're supposed to."

She gripped his arm tightly. "Please, no. He..."

Irritated, he jerked his arm out of her grasp. "He what?" Asian or not, she wasn't going to convince him to lose money.

More tears followed.

Dylan had never been impressed by water-works. His words were harsh. "What? He what?"

"He's... He had a problem with online gambling for a while."

"Had?" He rolled his eyes. Great, an employee with problems.

"He got over it, but..."

"But what? He owes money to some thug-bookie?"

"No, no. He, uh, took up drinking to help get over his gambling addiction."

Oh fuck. His shoulders settled down in exasperation. "He's a fucking drunk?" He rubbed his forehead to relieve the sudden stress there. Fuck you, Ron. Why the fuck did you set me up with a drunk?

"Please, I'm sure it will pass. But we need the money from your job. To pay the rent." She looked helpless.

"I can't pay him if he doesn't do the work."

"Please give him a chance." Her voice was becoming more agitated.

His explanation bordered on the pedantic. "I don't owe him anything. It was a

favor to Ron."

"Please!" She clutched his arm again, squeezing it to her as if clinging to a life-preserver.

He jerked his arm, but she had a death-grip on it. He tried twisting it away, his frown turning into an angry scowl. "Let go."

"Please!"

"Why don't you work to support his addiction? I'm not going to." He wrenched his arm and her robe came undone. He saw white panties and bra before he averted his eyes. Great. Just great. I come here to fire Eddie and end up wrestling with his wife.

"Don't go. Please; give him a chance." She was begging.

He glared down at her. "Why? To lose money? Do I look stupid?"

"No, but... We need this job. Yes, I work; I tutor but it's only part-time and on the weekends."

"I'm not supporting a drunk who takes advantage of me." Why don't you understand this? He wrenched his arm again. She clung tighter and he felt his hand brushing her panties. She must have felt it too: she jerked sideways and then wrapped both arms around his chest.

It wasn't sexual or intimate; she was holding on for dear life. Her words were quiet, but very desperate. "Please give him a chance. I know he'll snap out of it."

He stopped struggling. Her warm body was pressed, shaking, up against him. He suddenly felt bad for her. "I'm sorry, Kimmie, but what if he fails again? I hired him for—"

"Please."

He realized he wasn't getting anywhere with her. "I gotta go." He needed to get out. He didn't want anything to do with a drunk employee and he definitely didn't want to be here with his begging wife. Though he felt sorry for her, he felt disgusted he was even in this position.

She was looking up at him, lips quivering. "Please, don't go. Wait here for him —"

"What? All day? What if he's lying in the gutter somewhere? How long does he go off and drink?" He was trying to twist out of her grip. All it accomplished was to make him realize his crotch was rubbing against hers. He stopped moving. Shit, I don't need to be mashing on his wife. For fuck's sake.

"I don't know. Not long. A few hours, maybe."

He rolled his eyes and sighed. "I'm not waiting around that long—"

"No, please. Just talk to him. Maybe coming from you he'll believe it. He won't listen to me."

He looked down at her with a condescending look. "No."

Panic spread rapidly on her features. "No. Wait for him, please." She let go with one arm.

He sighed with relief. Until he felt her hand grasp gently at his pants. His eyes widened. "Whoa, hey—"

"Don't go." She rubbed his crotch.

He stiffened. "Um, I'm married." He tried to push her away, gently.

"Don't go." She still had her other arm around him tightly. "Maybe I can do something to convince you?" She rubbed faster.

He said more firmly, "I'm married."

"Yes. Maybe just something small." She was squeezing. Her eyes were desperate and hoping.

Dylan's mouth dropped open in a silent pant. That feels good. But... "I should go. Let go."

"Stay. Let me give you something. Just stay."

He stood there, firming. But his thoughts were on his wife, Taylor. While they

had this fantasy, he would never step out behind her back. He loved her and it was a shared fantasy. It wouldn't be right if she wasn't here. His cock became hard. Would Taylor approve if she was? His thoughts caused a long pause in his effort to leave. His cock was now hard and obvious in his jeans. I can't go anywhere like this.

Kimmie mistook his silence for assent. She began undoing his jeans.

Dylan panicked. "Whoa, wait a minute."

"It's okay. I'll do this for you. Just something small, if you'll wait for him." Her hands weren't stopping.

He tried backing away until his back hit the front door. "Kimmie, no—" He tried stopping her hands, but she was determined and he would need to hurt her to get her to stop. "Stop."

She tugged down his jeans.

He tried twisting away, but it only gave her a good grip on his briefs. She tugged them down, too.

Her eyes went wide and she dropped to her knees. "Oh my god."

His cock hung freely in the air, mostly hard and swollen. "What?"

Her eyes were bright with wonder. "It's so big."

Dylan raised an eyebrow. "That's not big."

She touched it, gripping it gently and lifting it. "Um, you're twice the size of my husband."

He pulled his head back in disbelief. "Get out."

"Seriously, like." She began stroking him.

Stunned by the turn of events, he was at a loss for words. His seven inches was twice the size of Eddie's? No way.

Her hands encircled his erection and squeezed gently. She began pumping it, her

mouth open in surprise. She let go with one hand. "He's this long when hard."

Four inches? Dylan shook his head. Poor guy, I'd drink too if I had one that small. He let out a gasp; her hand felt good. I really need to go...

That's when she leaned forward and took the helmet of his erection into her little mouth.

Her wet mouth and soft tongue enveloped his throbbing cock. His eyes went wide and he froze at the sensation. I'm getting sucked by the jogger. Just like my text had said. He surrendered to the feel of her mouth sliding back and forth on his shaft. That really does feel nice. Maybe I'll let her do that for a few minutes...

She sucked him with an eagerness that told him she really liked it. She pulled her mouth off. "Wow, so big in my mouth." She giggled nervously and looked up at him. She pumped his shaft with one hand.

He looked down at her pretty face and her wet lips. His fantasy he shared with his wife about Asian girls surfaced and overwhelmed him. His cock swelled. He surrendered to it. "Suck it." His voice was a harsh whisper.

She grinned and took him back in her mouth. She gripped his quivering legs and her head moved back and forth, her mouth sliding deliciously along his shaft.

He felt the light touch of her teeth and the soft insides of her mouth. That warm and wet softness enveloped his cock back and forth, cooling it as it slid off and warming it back up taking it in. He leaned his head back against the door and sighed. Tendrils of pleasure radiated up his legs and back.

She hummed on him, her hands squeezing his thighs.

All the times he and his wife had looked at Asian women and played with each other came to his mind. They had whispered of sucking or fucking. He looked down, panting. Her pretty face moved back and forth along his shaft, her lips caressing his erection.

He felt it coming. He gasped and began shaking.

Kimmie began sucking him harder.

Oh, Taylor. Why aren't you here? He briefly considered taking a short vid of it on his phone, but dismissed it. He would need to think about how to break this to his wife. I can't just tell her, can I? I can't tell her the jogger actually sucked me... The thought collided with the sensation and he tensed up. "Agghhh..." His cock swelled and strained, then began shooting his sperm into the jogger's mouth.

Kimmmie sucked greedily, working her cheeks and tongue to milk his spurting cock.

He felt his energy and lust draining out of him and being swallowed by the pretty Asian. Oh wow, Taylor; it was everything we dreamed about. He resolved at that moment to come clean to his wife. I have to tell her. But how?

Kimmmie pulled off his cock and smiled up at him. She wiped a dainty finger across her lips and sucked it, though she didn't need to.

Tease. He began pulling up his pants.

She stood and arranged her robe as if hugging herself or wrapping herself in satisfaction.

From behind him, a key sounded in the lock.

Jumping, Dylan finished buttoning his jeans as the door opened. He was startled and panicked.

Eddie stepped in, a little unsteady. "Huh? Why are you here?"

Panic tinged with anger and perhaps relief Eddie hadn't caught them a moment before caused Dylan's words to come rushed and heated. He poked a finger in the air towards him. "I came here to fire you. Your wife convinced me to give you a chance."

Eddie was a short guy, black hair slicked back and sporting a beard. "What the fuck?"

Dylan leaned close. "I'll be here tomorrow to pick you up. I'll drop you off at the unit and you will clean it. I'm also docking your pay for failing to do the job today."

"Fuck?" His eyes were bleary.

"Why don't you try fucking the bottle you drank? You either work or you're fired. Maybe you should listen to your wife." His heart was racing, feeling the relief from almost being caught. Adrenaline pumped through him at his luck. "Tomorrow, nine in the morning. If you're not here, you're fired."

Eddie blinked. "Shit."

Dylan glanced at Kimmie. She was hugging herself, a worried look on her face. No trace of their encounter played on her face. Had it happened or did I dream it? He left the apartment.

CHAPTER 3

Dylan drove to his office – a small unit with a large storage bay on the side. He went in and plopped down into his chair. He had gotten the chair from one of the defaulted units. Same with the desk.

He propped his head in his hands and ignored the address and date list of upcoming auctions he had thought to review.

What have I done? I've never cheated on Taylor. What the fuck am I going to do? I have to tell her, but... Maybe I won't and just act like it never happened. I didn't actually fuck her, so I wasn't cheating, right? But she'd think a blowjob is cheating probably. No, I know she would. Damn! I can't do this to her.

He got up and paced in the small office. In the back, a load of stuff from two separate units waited to be sorted, catalogued, or trashed. Money sat there in a pile. Ebay and Craig's List would see much of it offered and turned into far more cash than he'd paid. But the cash potential back there, though it paid the bills, was the farthest thing from his mind.

What the fuck do I do? He stomped his feet, then kicked the trash basket. It hit the wall and papers went flying. Fuck. I have to tell her. I'm not going to pretend it didn't happen.

He grabbed his keys and left the office without checking his list. He knew its contents anyway. Another three bids this week, one of them tomorrow. He got in his truck and drove home, dreading every block, but determined to set things right.

~ ~ ~

"Taylor." He couldn't control the shaking of his voice.

She was a short, curly-haired brunette with smoky eyes and a killer smile. She sidled up to him and placed her hand on his jeans, rubbing suggestively at his cock. "Thinking of the jogger-girl?"

Yes. But not that way. "I..."

"You naughty boy. Did you jack yourself when she passed you?"

"No..."

She backed up a little, some of the smokiness evaporating from her face. "What's wrong? Something happen with Eddie? We can save the nasty talk for later." She smiled with promise.

They were in the kitchen. He was backed up against the counter, leaning. His hands gripped it behind him. He squeezed, feeling the uncertainty and tension.

Her smile faded. "What happened?"

"He's a drunk." He said it to give himself time to build courage.

She blinked and coughed. "Ron set you up with a drunk?"

Dylan sighed. "I went to fire him..."

She crossed her arms. "I should say you should."

"There's more." His heart began to pound so heavily in his chest that it shook his voice.

Taylor tilted her head quizzically.

"The picture I sent you?"

She shook her head as if dismissing something that didn't matter. "The jogger? What's that got to do—"

"That's Eddie's wife."

Her eyes went wide and she clapped a hand over her mouth. "Seriously?" She gave a small laugh.

"It's worse."

She went still, watching him.

"Eddie wasn't there. She begged me not to fire him. I was trying to leave..."

"What happened?"

"She was clinging to me..."

Her eyes sprouted tension like a patch of dirt grew weeds.

"She started rubbing me."

Taylor coughed. "You let her—"

"I was trying to leave."

"So why didn't you?"

"She was begging me not to fire him."

She moved her head in disbelief. "And you stayed to listen."

"I, uh, got excited."

She frowned, her eyes showing hints of anger.

Dylan shrugged. "Her hands were everywhere. She pulled down my jeans."

A fierce light glinted in his wife's eyes. "You let her give you a handjob?"

"A blowjob."

Silence stretched into eternity in the kitchen. A clammy feeling of sickness rose up his back. He had been trained in Karate at an early age. He was not prepared for the sudden slap that tossed his head to the side.

A numbing flare of pain erupted on his cheek and his ears rang with the slap.

Her voice seethed. "How dare you."

"It wasn't my fault—"

"Oh, sure. You just happened to accidentally flop your dick out and find it in some girl's mouth and couldn't be bothered to fucking stop her?" Her words had risen to a shout. "Did you fuck her, too?" Her hand drew back.

He raised his hands. "No!" He felt the hurt. He pursed his lips. "Taylor, I'm sorry."

"After you get your dick sucked first. Am I not good enough?" Her eyes said there was no reason in them, only anger.

"It was an accident. I didn't go there to get my dick sucked."

She slapped his chest with one hand and then the other. "You could've stopped her."

Dylan grabbed her upper arms and held her. "I'm sorry."

~ ~ ~

She gave him the silent treatment all day. Dylan fretted, wanting to hug her and repeat his apology, but she stayed away.

He got into bed later with not a small amount of trepidation.

She eyed him with suspicion until he settled down. She pulled her phone over and showed him the picture. "Is she better than me?" The accusation dripped from each syllable.

He twisted over onto his side, facing her. "No. I kept thinking about you—"

She laughed. "Sure you did."

"I'm not kidding. I tried getting away from her but she backed me to the door. I kept thinking I needed to get out of there."

"But you didn't."

"She had a grip on me. I would've had to hurt her to get her off. Then she began rubbing me. I tried stopping her."

"Sure you did."

"I did! I just didn't want to have to deal with hurting her and having that whole shit-ball in my face with Eddie."

She sighed. "But you let her fondle you."

"I tried to stop that, too. I was trying to talk to her about Eddie and trying to twist away. She had me up against the door."

"You poor thing." The accusation was still there.

"I'm serious." He frowned at her. "She unbuttoned my jeans in the struggle. She probably has bruises all over her arms."

Taylor's mouth quirked to the side. "I'm sure you didn't fight very hard."

He sighed back at her, louder. "I tried as hard as I could without breaking her arms. For fuck's sake."

She wagged the phone and the picture at him. "And you thought of me the whole time."

He leaned towards her, anger suffusing his words. "Yes, I did. I kept thinking that I wouldn't do something like that to you. Then when she was blowing me I thought about our fantasy. I wondered why you weren't there and how I was going to tell you."

"But you couldn't stop her blowing you."

"At that point, I was thinking of you and our fantasy. She was stroking it, not

blowing it. When her mouth hit it, I sort of lost the will to stop her."

Her look was sullen. She reached down and grabbed his boxers. "Excited remembering it?"

He coughed. "No." He wasn't. He felt shame.

She began stroking him. "Why didn't you send a vid of it, explaining yourself? Huh? Too happy to be getting a blowjob?"

"No. I was thinking of you. How to tell you. Wondering if I could ignore it happened and if I could live with not telling you. But the Asian thing was our fantasy. I kept thinking that and that made me cum."

She stopped rubbing him. Her words were carefully neutral. "So she sucks better than me?"

"No! It wasn't even on my mind. I was thinking of you."

She frowned, looking down in thought. She reached under his boxers and gripped his soft shaft.

Dylan shook his head. "You don't have to—"

Heat flashed in her eyes. "Because you already came in her mouth—"

He coughed. "No, I just meant if you think I'm dirty or something."

She stroked him. "Can't get hard for me now? Thinking of her?"

He growled. "I'm thinking of you. How much I love you. How I had to tell you."

She sighed and relaxed a little as if in defeat. She didn't stop stroking. Then she leaned over and down, moving her head to his cock. "She licked you?" Her tongue flicked out.

"Um, no."

"No?" She looked up at him.

"She held it for a moment looking at it. She said that Eddie's was half my size."

She stopped stroking. "Half? Oh dear."

"Her move to suck me was sort of sudden. I didn't think she was going to – thought it was just going to be a little handjob to convince me to keep Eddie on."

"Little tart."

"I didn't get that impression..."

"But she did blow you."

"Apparently, Eddie had a gambling problem. Then he replaced that with a drinking problem. She tutors and was desperate to convince me to give Eddie a chance. Pay the rent and all that."

"So you let her blow you? Sort of a business deal?"

"Not like that. Like I said, it was sort of a surprise and then I was thinking of you."

She laughed bitterly. "You expect me to believe some little Asian girl sucks you and you were thinking of me?"

Dylan raised his eyebrows. "Yeah, I was."

She gave him an eyebrow, then went back to stroking him. "Did you like it?"

"Well, I guess so. It was our fantasy coming to life. It was hard not to."

Taylor's mouth moved over his cock and down. She gave him a long suck on his hardening cock. "Does she suck better than me?"

"Different, not better."

She moved her head with more purpose, sliding her mouth up and down his erection. "Who do you prefer now?"

He coughed. "You. I didn't go there with the intention of firing Eddie and getting a blowjob from his wife."

"Hmm." She sucked him again. "But you liked it."

"Yes, I guess it was fun. I didn't want it to be—"

"Oh come on." Her hand kept moving.

"I'm serious. My thoughts were about you. How you should've been there if something like that was going to happen. How you should've been involved."

"Damned right, I should've been." She sucked for a moment, then pulled her mouth off. "I don't want you over there getting blowjobs. You're married to me and our fantasy is between us. I decide if I want it going any further. Ever."

"Those were my thoughts."

She sucked him again, with more vigor. "You're mine. Did she suck you good?"

"It was all right. I enjoy yours better."

"She made you cum?" She placed her mouth back and sucked hard.

Dylan tensed up, remembering the little Japanese mouth sliding along his shaft.
"Yes."

"She swallowed?"

"Yes. Like she was thirsty."

Taylor moaned. Her other hand was between her legs. "What's her name?"

"Kimmie. Japanese parents. But she was born here." He felt his orgasm tickling. He gently lifted her off.

She settled back and removed her panties. She opened her legs for him.

He leaned down, giving her clit several long licks.

"Did you lick her, too?"

"No, she never took anything off."

"But you wanted to?"

"I didn't even think about it."

"Oh, come on."

"I didn't."

She gasped. "Think she has a sweet pussy?"

Dylan chuckled. "I don't know... I was kinda panicked about it all." He moved up and speared his erection into Taylor's pussy.

She closed her eyes and moaned. "Are you thinking of her?"

He sensed the warning in her voice. But he had nothing to hide. "No, I'm thinking of you."

She was silent for several pumps. "Do you think she has a tight little pussy?"

Dylan groaned, an image of Kimmie beneath him flashing through his mind. "I don't know."

She moaned and pulled on him. "Think of her and fuck me. Use my pussy like it was hers."

He moaned louder, pumping faster.

She gasped. "Is that good?"

He panted, his cock driving into his wife with forceful strokes.

"Oh yes..." Her eyes rolled up in her head. "Fuck me like I'm her. Fuck me like I'm her."

Dylan grunted loud, pounding his cock into her.

She trembled and cried out, her body convulsing in jerks of forceful relief.

CHAPTER 4

Dylan swallowed the last of his morning coffee.

Taylor had been eyeing him the entire breakfast. "I don't want you going over there for any extra-curricular activity."

He shook his head. "Don't worry. I'll be picking him up and dropping him off is all."

She gave him an eyebrow. "That better be it."

He chuckled. "Don't worry."

She gave him a half-smile. "Well, you can take a picture of her. I've never seen her face. Might be nice to see the lips that were on your cock." But that warning sound was in her voice.

He almost choked on his coffee. "Oh, well, we'll see."

"Who knows, I might be willing to have her over here and..."

He glanced at her wink. "I thought it was all just fantasy?" He wasn't sure he wanted anything more himself.

She shrugged. "I don't know. We'll see. You think she'd be interested?"

He held up his hands. "Shit, I don't know. I suppose she might if I threatened to fire Eddie again."

She pouted. "Oh. Well, that's no fun."

"I guess I could invite them over some time."

"Hmm. Maybe."

Dylan frowned. "Can't say I'd be thrilled to have Eddie around, though."

Her face showed the dismissal as if lit by neon signs. "Well, something to think about. I don't know if I'd want it, anyway. I don't like to share."

~ ~ ~

Dylan approached Apartment 3-A as if walking up to the scene of the crime. He studied the door as if it would tell him all that went on was a bad dream.

Chin up, Dylan. Let's do this. Knock on the door. Nothing to it. He knocked and frowned as if his mind was on other things. He did his best to match his face. Think of taxes or something.

She answered.

He looked at her, suddenly embarrassed. "Uh..."

She smiled at him slowly. "He'll be out in a minute." She glanced back inside and then stepped out onto the door mat. She was wearing her jogging outfit. Her hips were perfectly shaped by her running shorts and from the front he could see camel toe.

He licked his lips and grabbed his phone. "Sec, got a text." He pretended to be tilting it for better light and took a picture of her. He whipped it down before she could think anything of it.

She was watching him, smiling. "Maybe you could come back later and talk about Eddie's work?"

"Huh? With him here? I'll just talk to him in the truck."

"No, silly." She looked left and right, then stepped closer. "Come back. We can talk."

He took a breath. "Look, we can't—"

Noise from inside told them Eddie was near.

Dylan straightened up and looked away.

Kimmie looked down and folded her arms.

Eddie stepped out, looking sullen. "Let's go." He sounded pissed.

Dylan didn't look back. He said to Eddie as they walked, "I hired you on as a favor to Ron—"

"Yeah, I know."

"If the units aren't cleaned out the same day, I get charged anywhere from thirty-five to seventy-five dollars."

"Yeah."

He frowned. "It'll come out of your pay. But if you do it again, I'll fire you."

Eddie rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah. Look, this isn't rocket science here. It's just a job. It's not like national security or something."

"You like being docked?"

Eddie scowled. "Fuck no."

"Then do the work you're hired for."

He threw up a hand in dismissal. "Let's go."

Dylan wanted to fire him right there. Truth was, he could do without Eddie, but sometimes he really needed help lifting. He blew out a breath and climbed in the truck.

Eddie leaned over away from him and rested his head against his fist. He stared out the window.

"Be a sec, gotta send something." He tapped Taylor's number and sent a text with the picture of Kimmie attached.

Dylan: there she is. just picked him up. nothing else.

He was putting the phone away when it chimed.

Taylor: cute. fun tonight.

He smiled, wondering what more she had in store for him. Then he frowned as he started the truck. Kimmie wanted to talk to him, but he wasn't stupid. Does the woman really want my cock that bad? I've got to tell her it can't happen again.

They were almost late to the bidding. He handed a copy of his business license just as the manager was leaving the office to lead the bidders to the defaulted units. He got a sour grunt in return.

The bid this day was four different units. Dylan scowled at two of them, offering nothing. The third one excited him – well-packed boxes, some nice furniture and maintained bicycles. He bid, running up against another bidder he knew. Stanley was a grump of a man and shrewd in bidding.

With a sigh, he let the old man have the unit when the price reached his personal limit. He never spent over the limit unless there was a vehicle parked inside the unit. Two hundred dollars was pushing it as it was. Most units went for fifty to a hundred dollars.

The fourth unit was a bust. Trash piles and thrown clothing like some Section Eight Housing tenant had just thrown refuse into the storage. It was garbage.

He shook his head at Eddie. "Let's go."

"Finally."

Your attitude sucks, prick. "I'll take you to Roadway. Clean the unit. Trash in the two cans I provided."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Do it right."

He held up his hands. "I will."

*If you'd done it yesterday... I wouldn't have gotten a blowjob from your wife...
Hmm. Was that a good thing or bad thing? Though he didn't like the position it
had put him in with his wife.*

He dropped off Eddie. Back in his truck, he growled at his cell phone. Would be so easy to do this over the phone. Eddie, you prick. Can't you even pay your phone bill? He thought about not going to see Kimmie at all. Maybe she'd get the message if he ignored her.

He drove to his office, resolved to ignore her.

Inside, he picked up the wastebasket and set it down in its place. What if she keeps coming on to me when I pick him up and he sees it? He sighed.

He was driving to the apartment complex three minutes later.

~ ~ ~

Kimmie answered the door with a curious smile. "I was wondering if you'd come." She stepped back to let him in.

Deciding talking outside where people could hear was not the best place to confront her, he went inside.

She said, "Too bad, fatass. No show for you."

He looked back. There was a heavy man with no shirt peering through the drapes on the second floor across the walkway. "That's...?"

"Yep. Mister Levi."

"He needs to put on a shirt."

She giggled. "Um, he's wearing nothing."

Dylan looked at her. "How do you know?"

"I've seen his arm moving. Doesn't take a genius..."

"Sick old man."

"Sicker when he does that to the seven year olds that run around."

Dylan made a disgusted sound.

She stepped close.

He immediately pushed gently on her shoulders. "No. No repeats of what happened yesterday. Ever."

She pouted. "What? Why not?" Her voice was all little-girl and disappointed.

"You're married—"

"Yeah, to..." She held up her fingers, holding them four inches apart.

"Look, that's not my problem. And I'm married, too."

She blinked at him with her large eyes. "I don't want to marry you." She held up a hand, palm-up as if to say, "Like, duh."

"I told my wife." There. That will put the fear of the Almighty into her.

She smiled, interested. "Really? Kinky."

He coughed.

She stepped close again. "Did she like it? What we did?"

He blinked at her in confusion. How did she know? Or is she guessing? He said, "She hated it. She was going to come over here and tear your eyes out and eat them."

Kimmie deflated a little. "Poo."

He backed up a little. "Besides, Eddie's your husband and his size isn't my

problem."

"No, not your problem, but mine." She stepped close again and looked up at him. "Didn't I suck you good?"

He blushed. Shit, how do I get into these convos with women? "Well, sure, but —"

Her hand reached out and began rubbing him. "You liked it?"

"Hey, stop that. I promised my wife I wouldn't—"

"She doesn't have to know."

"I tell her everything." He tried pushing her hands away. But he felt his cock swelling. Fuck! Need to get out of here.

"Then maybe she'll like it." Her hand was tracing his outline firmly.

He pushed, hard. "No."

She stumbled back, a hurt look on her face. But then she softened. With a deft move, she removed her running shorts. She was not wearing panties.

Dylan gaped. Oh shit. Now what do I do? Snap a picture for my wife? In a hysterical jerk and move, he wrenched his cell phone up and took a picture of a smiling Kimmie. Her pussy was shaved bald and her lips were positioned high so that he could see most of her pussy.

She grinned. "You like?" She did a little spin. Her butt was on the small side and sort of flat.

Dylan just kept blinking, his mouth open. "Uh... you look nice."

She pouted and stepped up to him again. "Is that all? Just nice? I think your cock is beautiful. You don't think my pussy is beautiful?"

"It's very pretty..." Uh, was that the right thing to say? Shit. Fuck.

"Touch me."

"Hell no, no shittin no way no how--"

She grabbed his hand and placed it on her little boob.

There wasn't much there, but he felt the softness of her flat boob before he snatched his hand away.

She looked down and used her hand to part her pussy lips. "You don't like it?"

He chuckled with uncertainty. "Look, it's fine and all, but—"

Her hand began rubbing him. "Let me see it again."

"What? No. Stop that."

There was smoke in her eyes – a smoldering so reminiscent of an aroused Taylor. "I feel you getting hard."

Yeah, like fucking duh, your pussy is hot looking and you're rubbing my dick. "Well uh..."

"Let me see it." She began undoing his pants.

Oh god, not again. "Look, we can't."

She winked and made a shushing sound.

His cock hit the air. He groaned in disappointment. Not again!

She ran her hands all over it, worshiping it.

Ah... that feels good. Maybe just a handjob. If she doesn't suck me, I can tell my wife nothing happened. "Maybe a little handjob, I guess..."

Her wet mouth descended over his cock in a delicious replay of the previous day.

Oh fuck... He moaned in pleasure as her mouth fucked him.

CHAPTER 5

Dylan grunted with effort, driving his bulging erection into Kimmie's pussy. It had been a lot of work getting it into her little hole and he relished the feel of her tight canal as he drove his cock deep into her.

She cried out, mouth open in surprised pleasure, her eyes squeezed shut in concentration. "Oh fuck! Oh fuck!"

He looked down, watching his shaft ram fast and hard into her little body.

The mattress springs squawked like a battered bird.

Her cries, his grunts and the protests from the mattress drowned out the sound of the fan in the bedroom.

Dylan panted, fucking her as hard as he could. "Do you like that?"

She sounded almost as if she was crying. "Fuck, yes. Oh fuck."

"Does your husband feel this good?"

"No, no, no..." She tossed her head side to side.

"You want more of my cock?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"I'm going to cum..." He groaned with tension.

"Pull out." Her eyes went serious.

"I don't pull out."

"Pull out, I'm not on the pill."

"I never pull out."

Her eyes rolled up in her head and she groaned loudly. Her body convulsed. She locked her ankles behind his thighs and pulled.

He pushed his straining cock all the way in and began shooting torrents of hot sperm deep into her. He grunted savagely, sending each spurt farther in her than Eddie could ever reach. He felt her pussy clenching and releasing his squirting cock and felt her buck her hips up with his thrusts.

He drained his balls into her little body and panted with satisfaction. He collapsed on her, leaning to the side.

She smiled up at him with a brilliant and dazzling display of happiness and teeth. "Oh, I could get used to that."

Don't count on it. Once was enough. Damn it all. This wasn't supposed to happen. He grunted noncommittally.

"Tomorrow?"

"No..."

"I need more." She wriggled her hips and moved her pussy on his cock.

"I'm married."

"Make some room for me, too."

"I can't do that."

She pouted. "I want more. Maybe I'll tell Eddie."

Fucking great. Or... "Oh, does he like the idea of this?"

She giggled. "Are you fucking kidding me? No way. Super jealous type."

He rubbed his head. I don't need problems...

"Just come back, mmm, twice a week. See me."

Sometimes, Dylan thought fast. A flash of brilliance occurred to him. "Would you be willing to do this with me and my wife?"

Her eyes went big. "Really? Sure. If I can get more of your cock."

He smiled. Perfect. Now to just convince Taylor and it will all be set right.

~ ~ ~

Taylor: uh, did you do anything?

Dylan: no, she stripped like that and i ran

Taylor: good

Taylor: she looks pretty

Dylan: well... not as pretty as you

Taylor: lol

Taylor: you sure you left? no bj or touchy feely bullshit?

Dylan: she wanted to. i left

Taylor: ok

Dylan: maybe we should invite her over sometime

A minute or two passed.

Taylor: i don't know

Dylan ground his teeth together. Come on. You fantasized about this and I just got done fucking her. Say yes and everything will be all right.

Dylan: could be fun

Taylor: i don't think so

Great. He sighed.

Dylan: need to get Eddie

Taylor: see you tonight

Dylan: love you

He clicked off. She had liked the picture, though she had been immediately suspicious. I did run out... after I fucked her. I need to get her interested in actually going through with the fantasy. He knew he might not survive the revelation that he had fucked Kimmie. Taylor might have the fantasy but she wanted to keep it that way.

He pounded the steering wheel. "I've got to get her interested."

~ ~ ~

Dylan rammed his cock into his wife. "You liked her picture?"

"Yes."

"She has a pretty pussy."

Taylor moaned. "Yes, it was pretty. Didn't you want to touch it?"

"Uh, I was more shocked than anything. All I could think of was taking a picture for you."

She panted. "Do you think her pussy would feel good?"

What kind of question is that? Uh... "I suppose..."

"How did you control yourself? How did you stop from putting your fingers inside her?"

He groaned, remembering the feel of her pussy on his cock. "I wasn't thinking of touching her, just getting out of there." It was the truth.

"She looks like she has a nice pussy."

"Would you have wanted me to touch it?"

She gasped loudly, tensing up, her body quivering on the verge of orgasm.

"Would you have liked it?"

He was at a loss. His mind flipped from one thought to the next with no apparent way out. He knew he would have to tell her, eventually. Somehow. In his indecision on how to answer, he chose the unexpected. "Yes, thinking back now, I would've liked to touch her." He slammed his cock in and out of Taylor's pussy.

She moaned loud and gasped. "Would you have fingered her?"

He thrust harder, remembering Kimmie's cries as he had fucked her in hers and Eddie's bed. "Yes. I would've fingered her and fucked her with my fingers. I would have licked her clit—"

Taylor screamed out in sudden orgasm. "Aggh! Fuck me—like—you're fucking her!"

He growled, "Fuck yes, little Japanese pussy. Yes, fuck!" His orgasm replied to hers, following her gasping convulsions.

They lay together, panting, a moment later.

She laughed. "Wow."

He chuckled, though the need to tell her floated around at the back of his mind.

~ ~ ~

The next day was Friday and another day of bidding.

Kimmie answered the door. She glanced around. "Today?"

He shook his head.

She pouted.

Eddie came out scowling.

Kimmie shot him a glare and a smirk he didn't see. She said to Dylan, "Can I talk to you for a moment? Inside?"

Oh shit. Now what? Eddie's right here. "Uh..."

"For just a moment," she said.

Eddie made a face.

"Well, okay." He went inside.

She shut the door behind him and wrapped him in a hug.

He jerked back in surprise but then relaxed. "He's right outside."

"So?" She was leaning up.

"What if he comes in?"

"So?"

"Do you do this with all the men?"

A very hurt look crossed her face. "No. None."

"Sorry, I didn't mean—"

"No, that's okay. But, no. I'm not a whore."

"Am I the first... outside of..." He made a motion to the door.

She nodded.

"Oh."

"When will you come back?"

"Um, I don't know. I'm trying to convince my wife to have you over."

"Oh, I thought she'd want me to."

"I need to convince her first."

She pulled herself up and planted a kiss on his lips.

He resisted at first, but then kissed her back.

She broke the kiss and sort of bounced on her feet. "Mmm, need more cock."

Dylan chuckled. "Well..."

She let go. "Don't forget about me."

He laughed. "Um, I don't think I will."

She bit her lower lip, hands behind her back and swayed her hips around in a girly pose.

Dylan blinked, his head swimming, and went out the door.

In the truck, Eddie said, "Don't be getting any ideas on my wife."

Dylan held up his hands. "She just wanted to talk." He hated lying, but the partial truth was the best option at the moment.

The short guy sighed. "Man, this sucks."

The job? Fuck you, you're fired. "What?"

"She told you I had a little problem?"

"The gambling and then—"

"The bottle. Fuck. Gives me the shakes. But I've been dry for two days."

He frowned. "Is that good?"

Eddie looked at him as if he were stupid. "Shit, yeah."

"Two days?"

"It's a start. I've got to stop."

What do you say to an addict that doesn't sound stupid and sappy? "Hope it works out for you."

His response was sullen. "Thanks."

Dylan said nothing, shrugging.

"No, I really mean it. Thanks."

He nodded.

Work went well that day and Eddie threw himself into it if not with a smile, then at least with some vigor.

CHAPTER 6

Dylan thrust his cock deep into Taylor's pussy. "Yeah, like that."

She was feverish, shaking, and close to orgasm. "You'd be that deep in her?"

"Yes, as deep as I could."

"Do you think she fucks good?"

"I don't know. Maybe a screamer? Maybe the silent kind? What do you think?"

"Maybe a whimperer." Taylor began grinding her hips at him with desperate moves. "Would you like fucking her?"

Dylan groaned. "Yes. Little Japanese pussy. Fuck, yes."

"Would her little pussy feel good on you?"

He panted, driving faster. "Yes. I want to fuck her. I want to cum in her..."

That tipped Taylor into the start of a bone-squirming orgasm. Her voice rose in pitch and tension. "Do you think she tastes good?"

"You want to lick her clit while I'm pounding her little pussy?"

His wife was gone, eyes rolled up and grunting wordless utterings of pleasure.

He flooded her and collapsed on her. He panted and nuzzled her neck. He felt her pulse beating hot and hard there.

She hugged him, relaxed and panting. "Maybe invite her over."

He stiffened in surprise. "Yeah? You sure?"

She giggled. "Mm hmm."

~ ~ ~

Dylan floated through much of Saturday with the thoughts that his wife really wanted to carry through their fantasy.

It was just after four when she came into his small office in the garage and frowned. "I changed my mind."

"Hmm?" What? He swiveled in the old office chair to look at her. He closed the checkbook.

"I don't want her over here."

"Uh, you want to go over there?"

She frowned deeper. "No, I mean I changed my mind about doing anything with her. Maybe it's best—"

"What? I thought you wanted it?" He panicked, seeing his opportunity to set things right ripped from his grasp. And I can't tell her I already did her because now is definitely not the time. Fuck. Now what? Fuckfuckfuck.

"I don't think I could watch you with another woman."

Dylan sat there, mouth open, wondering what went wrong. Like, what the fuckwut? "Uh..."

She firmed her mouth. "So there." She turned and walked off as if carrying away the prize at a contest.

The rest of his day was a small pit of stupidity and depression. His thought processes were all Kentucky Fried Confusion.

~ ~ ~

Dylan felt better Sunday, having resolved to continue trying to persuade Taylor to engage her fantasy. He had no other option. While everything in him told him to tell her he had already fucked Kimmie senseless, he knew it would destroy everything. This was not the time. But he knew the longer it went on, the worse it would be.

The solution was the simple acquiescence of his wife to indulge their fantasy. Then he wouldn't have to say anything. Then they could enjoy what had developed together.

She stepped out onto the patio.

He was trying to read a truck magazine.

"I changed my mind."

Huh fuckwut? "Whuh?" His hand clenched on the magazine, folding it.

"You can invite her over."

Success, but... His face went from confusion to annoyance. "Uh huh. Five minutes from now, you'll change your mind again." He snapped his magazine back open.

"Don't be rude."

He coughed. Yeah, right. Like your indecision wasn't?

She pouted. "I had a lot to think about."

He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Women do need to think a lot. Okay, relax and listen. "All right, then. What was on your mind?"

Her face went from pretty and worried to pretty and relieved. She sank with relaxation into the chair next to him.

A bee buzzed past and they both leaned away from it.

"Is it going to sting me?" she said.

"No, just don't pester it."

It flew off.

"How do you read out here like that?"

He shrugged. "I don't let it get to me. What's been on your mind?"

She arranged herself in the chair and looked at him seriously. Her light brown eyes were soft and open. "You're mine and I didn't want to open the door to you running off with some—"

"There's no danger of me running off with anyone."

She coughed. "Oh, sure. If one of those girls in the Asian magazine knocked on the door—"

"I'd invite her in to meet us."

"You'd run off and I'd—"

"To meet us. I am all about us. I want us to be involved, not me alone or you alone."

She looked confused. "Me? Alone, how?"

"Sure." He threw up a hand. "What if you open the door and an Asian girl is standing there all naked and ready?"

She half-laughed. "What?"

"You'd run off to some motel forever and lick each other—"

She laughed fully. "Uh, no. I'm not into les. I'd only do something like that if you were there and—"

"See?"

She frowned. "See what?"

"It's about being together."

She looked at him with skepticism.

He rolled his eyes. Why do women think men can't be as devoted as they are? Why do they think men are stupid? "You think if some Japanese girl flashed her tits at me I'd suddenly forget all my love for you?"

"Yes." She said it seriously.

He scowled. "Thanks for the insult."

She twisted her fingers. "Okay, look, maybe that came out wrong. I just don't want to lose you."

"You're not losing me."

"But what if we have her over and you like her pussy better?"

He put the magazine on the little glass table. He crossed his leg and grasped his knee, looking at her and weighing what it was she was getting at. He thought he knew. "A hole is a hole."

"There's no need to be crude."

"I'm not. There's a hole, and a heart. And a personality along with it. Then there's the sharing and compatibility. There's the comfort in knowing how your mate thinks. There's a synchronicity that can't be duplicated."

"Is that all it is?"

He waved. "No, let me finish. I'm describing the special bond that makes up love. If you weren't all of that to me, I wouldn't have married you."

She looked at him, unsure. "I don't know; you could divorce me at any time."

"That's just your fear. I fear the same thing. I don't want you out of my life, I want you in the middle of it."

Her face softened and relaxed fully and she pursed her lips. She reached a hand and squeezed his knee. She smiled and nodded, eyes shining. "And if we have her over and I change my mind afterwards?"

He shrugged. "Then it's over. Again. Until you decide you want it again."

She gave him an eyebrow. "You really think if we do this and you fuck her that you can just drop her if I say once was enough?"

He knew he was in a bad spot here since he had already fucked Kimmie. But her question was sincere and he wanted to give her his best. She deserved no less. "Yes, I'd drop her just like that." And he would. No more visits for talking that turned into fucking. With it all out in the open, it would be easier to just drop it with Kimmie present to hear it. Together, he and Taylor could drop her.

She was looking at him, squinting.

"If we have her over and you change your mind before, during, or after, we would tell her together." It might be the only way for him to shake the girl off, anyway. But he did want to do this together: with his wife.

She nodded. "Then, yes, I changed my mind. You can invite her over."

"Are you sure?"

She looked hesitant, but not entirely. "At least to try it."

He nodded slowly, saying nothing.

CHAPTER 7

Dylan had gone to Apartment 3-A to invite her over. It was a Wednesday, and he had successfully avoided her the previous two days.

He had texted his wife he was going.

"Is Eddie here?" He hadn't needed him with him today.

Kimmie smiled from the door. "No." Then her smile turned into a frown. She pulled open the door and let him in. "But that's not a good sign when he's gone as long as this. He might be drinking."

He groaned. "I hope he isn't. I don't need a drunk—"

"I know. Neither do I." She melted the frown and made a smile. "So..."

"I'm not here for that. I came to invite you to our place. My wife wants to include you in our fantasy."

"A threesome fantasy?" Her smile broadened.

"Actually, an Asian one."

Her smile faltered and confusion played across her face. "Asian?"

He nodded. "Yeah, my wife and I have some nudie magazines with Asians in them."

Realization hit her face and she smiled again. "Oh, of course. How silly of me."

"No, not silly. I've sent her pictures of you."

She clapped her hand to her mouth, her eyes large. "The one you took last week when I took off my shorts?"

He grinned. "Yeah."

Her eyes got even larger. "Oh my god." She slapped his chest.

"No, don't worry; she liked it."

"Really? Me?"

He wiggled his eyebrows and nodded.

"But I must look ugly compared to your wife."

"No, you're not ugly. You're very pretty." He took out his phone and flipped through his pictures. "Here's Taylor."

She fingered strands back from her eyes to take a look. "Oh, she's so beautiful."

"Yes, she is."

"And you love her and she loves you?"

"Very much."

"I wish I had that with Eddie."

"You don't? Why'd you marry him?"

She crossed her arms. "Oh, we love each other, but his drinking is his mistress now. Before that it was the gambling. I got pushed to the side."

Dylan felt bad for her. "I'm sorry to hear that."

She shrugged. "Maybe things will work out."

"I hope they do; Eddie's at least a handsome guy."

She smiled. "Yes, he is. Very dashing, even if a little on the small side."

~ ~ ~

Dylan growled, thrusting his cock deep into Kimmie's pussy from behind. Her legs flexed and tensed with the thrusting of his erection.

He hadn't intended on fucking her until she was with him and his wife, together. Funny how this works out...

They were on the bed, thrusting against each other in animalistic lust when the bedroom door swung open.

Eddie stumbled into the bedroom. "What the fuck..."

Dylan was off Kimmie in a flash, heart racing and his breaths coming in fight-or-flight gasps. Adrenaline pumped through his system. Oh candied fucknuts...

Kimmie settled back on the bed, clutching her arms over her nakedness. "What are you doing here?"

Eddie's face was slack, but firmed. His eyes sharpened slightly. "What the fuck's going on here?" His words were slurred. "You're fucking my wife!"

Dylan spread his feet and took Eddie's charge easily. He moved a forearm to deflect the man.

Eddie spun and launched a fist towards Dylan's face.

He forearm blocked it like an afterthought.

Kimmie was on her husband like a banshee. "Stop it! Fucking stop it! You're drunk!"

He shook her off after a moment, but the heat was gone from his movements. "Yeah, but you're fucking him?" His eyes were all hate.

She lifted her chin. "That's right." She stood next to Dylan. "That's right, I am. While you're fucking your bottle, I'm getting some of this." She grabbed Dylan's half-engorged cock and hefted it.

Eddie's eyes drew down, glancing at her touching another man's cock. He came

at her with evil intent.

Dylan put a very firm hand on his chest. "No you don't."

Eddie growled. "Fuck you." He swung his arms and shifted his chest away from Dylan.

Kimmie hadn't let go of his cock. She said to her husband, "You said you quit drinking."

Eddie tossed his head, still glaring. "Yeah, so the fuck what? I felt like a little celebration was in order. Fuck off."

"Celebrating what?"

"A week without drinking."

Kimmie scowled. "Brilliant. Well, guess what? You drink, I get this."

Eddie's shoulders drooped. "How could you do this to me?"

Dylan said, "Um, maybe I should go."

Kimmie squeezed his cock.

Eddie said, "Yeah, definitely."

She said, "No, he's not going anywhere."

"What?" Dylan said.

"What?" Eddie said.

She stroked Dylan. "You fucked your bottle today and I get to fuck your boss."

Dylan said, "Umm..."

She looked up at him. "We weren't done."

Eddie scowled. "Yes you were."

She glared at him. "No I wasn't. You promised about the drinking. Now you're going to watch me fuck him."

"The fuck I am."

"Yes, you are. You drank, I fuck."

Dylan looked back and forth. "I don't think this is a good idea."

Kimmie said, "You want me coming over to your house, then you fuck me right now."

Eddie's eyes grew large. "What the fuck?"

She sneered at him. "That's right. We're invited to their house. Both he and his wife are going to fuck me. You aren't able to do it."

A plaintive look entered his features. "But I told you, it's just the drinking."

She gave him a look. "And you drank today. So because you can't get it up, I'm fucking today. And I'm going to let him and his wife fuck me until you stop drinking."

He sat suddenly, stunned, on the bed. He rubbed a shaking hand across his face. "That's not fair."

She was still stroking Dylan's cock. "Yes, it is. It's very fair."

Dylan shook his head. "I—"

Her squeeze was sudden – a type of warning. She looked up at him with a warning squint.

He shut up. What's going on here? Some lesson to him?

She said, "Eddie, sit over there. Dylan and I need the bed."

The short guy shot to his feet. "I'm not watching this."

"Yes you are."

"The fuck I am."

She scowled at him. "I'm fucking him. Unless you watch, you'll never have me again."

Dylan raised his eyebrows. He knew what was going on now. Female domination and cuckoldry. She was showing her husband how displeased she was by making him watch her fuck another man. But he still wasn't sure if Eddie was the type to go along with that.

She said, "Sit." She pointed to the bedroom chair.

He threw up his hands and stalked from the bedroom.

She made a face. She said to Dylan, "Come on, let's finish."

He indicated the door. "But—"

She frowned at him. Her voice was low. "Do this for me."

She crawled on the bed, kneeling down as she had been before. She looked back at him, her butt waving in the air, her pussy flushed and exposed. "Fuck me." She said it loudly. Lower, she said to him, "Talk to me when you do."

He thought he knew what she wanted. He said sort of loud, "You ready?"

She grinned. "Yes, put your huge cock in me. Slide it into my pussy."

He knelt behind her and slid his erection into her. He let out a nice groan.

So did she. "Oh, yes, fill me with your cock. It feels so good."

He pumped, moving his shaft in and out of her. "Do you like it?"

She pushed back hard against his thrusts. "Oh, fuck yes. You're so deep. Deeper than my husband can go. It feels wonderful."

He rammed hard, slapping sounds and the squeaks from the mattress filling the room.

She panted and moaned. "Oh fuck, yes. Fuck me right here on our bed. Fuck me

where my husband sleeps. Right here. Oh fuck that feels good."

"Your pussy feels so tight. Does it need a good cock?" He was warming to her idea.

She quivered and smiled back at him with relief. "Yes, I need cock. I need large cock. I need it deep."

Eddie stormed into the room but then stopped, stunned. Maybe the sight stopped him. His eyes were red from crying. But his mouth hung open as if he couldn't believe what he had been hearing.

Dylan slowed his thrusts, making sure Eddie could see his erection entering his wife. "I don't employ drunks. This is how you're keeping your job."

Kimmie looked at him the other way, away from Eddie's gaze. She mouthed, "Thank you." She winked.

Dylan smiled at her. All right then. I'll play along. He looked over at Eddie. "Your wife's a great fuck. I'll let you watch, but you have to promise to be quiet."

Kimmie giggled in delight. "Fuck me harder. I want it deep."

He thrust harder again, the slapping sounds filling the room. His cock slid deep into Eddie's wife, over and over.

Eddie gasped and then sank down into the chair.

Dylan raised his eyebrows. Wow, I wasn't sure her idea would work. He moved Kimmie so that Eddie could see his fat dick sliding into his wife. He said to her, "Do you like your husband watching?"

She moaned and giggled. "Oh, yes. Fuck yes. I want him to see how a real man fucks me."

"It feels good having a man's cock deep in your married pussy?"

She gasped loudly and it turned into a wailing groan. Her body was quivering. Her words were gasping whispers. "Yes. Oh fuck, yes."

Eddie shifted uncomfortably in the chair and grasped at his jeans.

Dylan caught the move. Guessing it would be in line with Kimmie's plan, he said to him, "You like seeing me fuck your wife?"

Eddie's eyes went wide, but he said nothing. There was a bulge in his pants.

He slowed and pulled most of his cock out. He pointed to it. "See how much goes in?"

Eddie's mouth was open in wonder or a silent pant. Maybe both.

Dylan slid it slowly back in. "Your wife's pussy feel so good. I think I'm going to fuck her every morning I pick you up."

Kimmie trembled violently. "Fuck yes... We'll make him watch." She jerked and heaved, her body writhing on the bed, her face buried and muffled grunts coming from the cover.

Dylan glanced over at Eddie to give him a smile. The guy had reached a hand down his opened jeans and was stroking himself. "Do you like seeing your wife cum on my dick?"

Kimmie moaned and twitched in an orgasmic aftershock.

Eddie gasped, eyes going wide. He quickly pulled out his penis and stroked it.

From where he pumped on the bed, Dylan could see Eddie's cock wasn't as small as Kimmie had said, but it was smallish, for certain. Five inches? Maybe? Mine must look like the tool of a god compared to his. He smiled, sliding his shaft in and out of a happily moaning Kimmie.

Eddie's hand was moving fast and his panting timed to his strokes.

Dylan thrust deep and flexed.

Kimmie muffled a giggle and wriggled her butt.

Feeling the sudden onrush of orgasm racing up from the soles of his feet, he grunted, forcing his shaft deeper into her. He dropped his head back and growled

with the build-up of sexual tension. Then he was pounding his cock into her, flooding her with his release.

Eddie was wide-eyed. "Oh, fuck." His eyes squeezed shut and sperm erupted from his cock, in small but far squirts. His cum flew into the air with impressive force and little droplets.

Kimmie had looked over at him. Then she looked at Dylan as they disengaged. She gave him a pleased smile and made a motion to Eddie.

Dylan grinned and nodded quickly. Then he winked. He was surprised by Kimmie's next words.

She was glaring at Eddie. "Eddie."

His eyes snapped open, spent cock in his hand. "Huh?"

"It's dripping out of me. It's going to make a mess on the bedspread and I'm not cleaning it. Get over here."

"What?"

Dylan got off the bed. Oh, crap. Is she really...

"Get over here." She pointed to her swollen and used pussy.

CHAPTER 8

Eddie blinked. "Huh?"

"Clean me. Before it drips everywhere."

He pointed to himself as if uncertain there might be another Eddie in the room.

Kimmie's voice snapped. "Now."

Her husband got up and came over to the bed.

She frowned. "Hurry. It's starting to leak out."

He started to hold out his hand as if to catch it.

She sighed. "No. Not your hand. Lick me out. Make sure you get it all."

"Lick you...?"

She frowned deeper. "Yes, lick me. Your boss came in me. You're going to eat it out. Now hurry up." she looked to Dylan. "Don't get dressed yet."

Dylan's eyes were wide. What sort of kinky people are these? But he shrugged to himself. No more kinkier than me and Taylor, I suppose.

Eddie looked embarrassed, but he knelt down between his wife's legs and began eating Dylan's cum out of her.

Kimmie moaned with surprise and then satisfaction. "That's it. Lick me. Get it all." She groaned and gripped his head, her hips moving in little circles. "You're going to do this every time he fucks me – until you stop drinking for good."

Eddie gasped. "How long is that?"

"Three months, at the very least. That way we can be sure you're off the bottle and you've seen enough of your punishment."

He looked deflated, but he was licking her.

She gave a final groan of satisfaction. "Okay, that's enough." She leaned up with him. "But you're not done."

"Huh?" He was wiping his face.

"You need to clean me off of Dylan."

"What?" Eddie sounded incredulous.

Dylan froze. Uh, now wait a minute...

She pointed. "Clean him off. And do it right."

Eddie was shaking his head vigorously. "No..."

Dylan was shaking his head vigorously. No. His eyes were large and panicked.

Kimmie glared at both of them, but she leaned close to her husband's ear. Her words were slow and firm. "You suck me off of him or you won't be touching me sexually ever again."

"But—"

She grabbed the hair on the back of his head and pushed his face towards Dylan's limp cock. "Do it."

Dylan was still shaking his head. He backed away.

Kimmie glared fiercely and shook her head at him. She pointed to where he had been standing.

Oh fuck. He ran a hand through his hair and took a step forward.

She gave a small smile and a wink. She still had Eddie's hair in her grasp and shoved his face forward.

Dylan wanted to run. Crap! What if he bites it off? This is fucked.

Eddie tentatively grabbed Dylan's cock and put it in his mouth.

Kimmie leaned down. "Suck him clean, and do it right."

Dylan was trembling. Oh crap. Not this. What have I gotten myself into? Then he saw Kimmie making motions. He felt Eddie's mouth take more of his cock inside. Wetness and warmth covered the skin of his shaft.

She mouthed at him, "Like it." Then she made an exaggerated smile.

Was this part of the fem-dom thing?

It was as if she read his mind. She said, "A good little hubby always sucks the man who fucks his wife. It's not a gay thing, it's a show of respect."

Dylan fought the urge to bolt. Eddie's mouth sucked along his length and despite his aversion, he began to harden. He wanted to look anywhere but down.

She was waving at him where Eddie couldn't see. She mouthed again, "Like it." She nodded.

What do I say? Hey buddy, your mouth feels good? "That's right, suck me clean."

A brilliant ray of sunshine lit Kimmie's pretty Japanese smile.

Oh, all right. I guess. But I'm not going to admit this feels good. His cock hardened anyway.

She leaned close to her husband's moving head. "You're going to suck him hard when he comes to fuck me. You're going to get him ready. Then you're going to put his cock in me. When he cums, you're going to clean up. Got it?"

Eddie moaned, reminiscent of him watching Dylan fill his wife a few minutes before. He began sucking harder and faster. His mouth moved back and forth smoothly over the hardening shaft.

She smiled. "You like sucking my lover's cock?"

Her husband moaned. His tongue swirled and his mouth worked, sucking hard.

Kimmie looked up at Dylan. "Well? Is he doing a good job?"

He opened his mouth and a pant came out. His cock was fully hard again. Fuck, why'd you have to ask? "Ugh... Yeah."

She smiled. "He sucks good?"

"Yeah."

She knelt down next to her husband and gripped Dylan's cock away from him.

Dylan heaved a sigh of relief. His shaft was bulging.

She sucked him in, her mouth sliding where Eddie's had just been. She hummed with pleasure. She pulled off. "Good, isn't it?" she pointed it at Eddie's mouth and used her other hand to move his head.

Dylan thought it comical how Eddie's eyes were crossed as he looked at the swollen head.

She rubbed his cock all over Eddie's face and then stuck the head back in his mouth. "There you go. Suck him."

Her husband moaned and began sucking again.

Kimmie jacked Dylan's shaft as her husband sucked. "Doesn't he have a beautiful cock, dear?"

He moaned on Dylan's erection.

She pulled him off and stuck her mouth back on, sucking for a moment, then offered it back to her husband. He sucked Dylan in greedily.

Tendrils of severe tension wriggled up Dylan's legs. Oh fuck, another orgasm? He was usually only good for one. Two was an extreme rarity. He gasped with the slow build, his body tensing.

Kimmie was smiling, milking his shaft while her husband sucked on the head. She mouthed up at Dylan, "Thank you."

He realized something then. He had been selfish. Not intentionally, but he had been very selfish. He and Taylor had fantasies; he never thought that Kimmie

would have her own. Or that Eddie might, either. What was theirs together? Or did they share them? It looked like Kimmie had never shared her fantasy with Eddie. What was Eddie's?

His head swirled. Had he been as sharing with Taylor? They shared a fantasy together about Asian girls, but what about Taylor's fantasies? Did she have any that Dylan had ignored? That he had developed an Asian thing with her meant she didn't have any others? Was he being selfish to Taylor?

It made him want to run home immediately and ask her. But she was at work.

And then the kernel of an idea popped into his head. There was a feeling of relief and he relaxed slightly. But the change in tension caused the sensation of Eddie's tongue and sucking to race up his spine. Kimmie's milking hand was too suggestive. He groaned out, tensing up on the balls of his feet.

She jerked him out of her husband's mouth and quickly gave it her own suck. Then she pointed it at Eddie's face and stroked fast.

Dylan was overcome with the odd feeling of being in someone else's fantasy, but that was overwhelmed by the rush of his sperm. His seed shot out of him in a clenching burst of force. His cum splattered Eddie in the face while Kimmie aimed his cock at him and milked. Her eyes were huge and her smile so wide and bright.

Cum dripped off Eddie's face. Kimmie stopped stroking Dylan and leaned over to kiss her husband. Their tongues met and Dylan's sperm coated their kiss.

He stood there, jerking in aftershocks, as he watched them kiss. Somehow, it seemed right. Somehow, he felt as if he had done the right thing. He had given them both something to share and Eddie's service no longer struck a gay-alarm in his head. In fact, it seemed right that his cock belonged in Kimmie's pussy and also in Eddie's mouth. It was right that his sperm coated their faces, together. He nodded to himself. Yeah, I can play the part for you, Kimmie.

Before he left, he snapped a quick picture of a naked Kimmie and a smiling Eddie.

He sent the picture and a text, sending along the kernel of his idea.

Dylan: there's been a strange development

A moment later.

Taylor: omg tell

Dylan: later. in bed.

~ ~ ~

Dylan was on his back, holding the phone so she could see.

Taylor was stroking his cock and fingering herself. "So what was all this about?" There was suspicion in her voice. But her hand was shaking with excitement.

"Um, I guess people have fantasies."

"Duh."

"Well... Apparently Kimmie and Eddie have a little bit of a fem-dom fantasy."

"Fem-dom? She hurts him?"

"No, the cuckold type."

She hadn't stopped stroking. "Go on."

He looked at her and not the picture. "It was sudden, and a surprise and I got involved in it. I want to say I'm sorry."

She stopped stroking, looking confused. "Sorry for what?"

He swallowed. "I fucked her."

She went slack in sudden disappointment and annoyance. "You what?"

"It's worse."

There was tension in her eyes and mouth, and anger in her words. "How can it possibly be worse?"

"She made him eat her out after I came in her."

The angry look grew. "You fucked her without me, off on your own—"

"He was there, approving." At least he did later. "But she also made him suck me."

She froze, shifting in her mood. "He what? You sucked another man?"

"Me? Fuck no. She made her husband suck me clean."

Taylor blinked four times and then coughed into a smile. "You're gay? What the —"

Dylan frowned. "I'm not gay. It's the whole fem-dom thing. Kimmie was saying it was a show of respect for her husband to suck me clean."

She blinked some more. Her hand shifted on his cock. Her face looked thoughtful. "Respect?"

"I think as a way to humiliate him. And..."

"And what?"

"They alternated sucking me after until I came again. She jacked me onto his face and then they kissed."

She moved her hand on his cock. "Are you kidding me?"

"No." He noticed her hand moving again between her legs.

"Uh..." Silence, then she gasped. "Uh..." She giggled. "Uh, that sounds kinda kinky."

"So... I'm sorry." He trembled, hoping at last the truth now out would suffice for all of it. He had fucked Kimmie. He hadn't said how many times. Would this be

enough?

"Sorry? For what?"

"For fucking her."

"Oh."

"Without you. I'm sorry."

She glanced at the picture of a naked Kimmie and a smiling Eddie. "Well... I can't say I'm happy about it, but I guess if you helped them with their fantasy... I guess it's fair play."

A feeling of relief washed over him so large he jerked in bed. "I've always wanted you and me to do this together."

She sighed, frowning, but then nodded. "I don't like it much, but I understand."

"She wants me to fuck her whenever I pick him up. She wants him to suck me hard and put me in her. And then clean up after."

Taylor gasped again. She jacked Dylan's cock faster. Her words tried to sound serious. "Well, I'll have to think about that—" She groaned suddenly, fingers moving fast. She bit off a scream and flung her head back, her body moving as if being electrocuted. Her grunts and gasps of her orgasm were loud in the room.

Dylan smiled out of curiosity. She likes it? But what part? Me fucking her? While he watches? Him sucking me? She doesn't want me licking another man's cum out of her, does she? No fucking way.

She collapsed back, still blinking, and smiled. "Whoa, that snuck up on me..."

But had it? Dylan didn't know.

He wasn't sure of anything now, and the Maxwells were due over that weekend.

CHAPTER 9

Dylan fretted through the week. He made some good money off of Craig's List that week and got one sale out of Ebay. Not a great week for Ebay, but the Craig's List sales were spectacular.

None of that mattered.

Nope, all this money isn't satisfying me – not with Eddie and Kimmie looming. He would have to talk to Eddie before anything happened on Sunday. They would be going to church, then coming over to see Dylan and Taylor.

While he and his wife believed, they avoided church. Too much finger-shaking, not enough good news.

He needed to corner Eddie and warn him not to say anything about him fucking Kimmie before. His worry had increased when Kimmie told Dylan she had told Eddie everything after the big suck-off. Why did she have to do that? Fuck.

He paced. He bit his lip. He tore at his thumbnail with his index-nail. He even tried kicking his trash basket again.

But his time at home was hot. He and Taylor fucked like teenagers, gasping, grunting, and groaning. What was it she was looking forward to?

~ ~ ~

Saturday night was another fuckfest. Dylan thrust his cock deep into Taylor's wonderful pussy and flooded her with his love.

She wrapped her arms around him and giggled. "My, I think this Asian thing has

turned you into a beast."

He panted and heaved a sigh. "Something's bugging me."

"Huh?" Concern crossed her face. "You want to call it off?"

"Uh, no, but..."

"But?" She gazed up at him with her curious brown eyes.

You're so beautiful... "I don't want Eddie touching you."

She jerked. "What?"

"I don't want you doing anything with him."

"Oh..." She sounded guarded. "I hadn't thought much of it."

"This is our fantasy. I don't want some other man on you. Ever."

"This is bugging you?"

"Yes. Fuck. It's been on my mind the whole week."

"Well..." She looked away.

"Well, what?"

"You really think he's going to let you do his wife and not expect something in return?"

"Yeah, he gets to suck my cock."

She giggled. "I don't know..."

~ ~ ~

Sunday was cold and drizzly.

Dylan answered the door when the Maxwells rang the bell. He gave a nervous smile. "Hey."

Kimmie practically danced on her feet, holding her purse in front of her and smiling like a little girl who'd won the Girl Scout cookie-selling contest.

Eddie had a gleam in his eye, but looked at him with equal nervousness.

Shit, what's on his mind? "Come on in. Through there." He pointed. "Eddie."

The short man turned. "Hmm?"

He made a motion with his head. "Talk to you a moment?"

He grunted. "Sure thing."

Dylan did not smell alcohol on the man. "Been dry?"

A curt nod and a glare.

"Look, we're having you all over because of Kimmie. I don't want you doing anything with my wife."

An eyebrow went up. His head slowly leaned back and then he stepped close. "I think you're not in any position to be making demands."

"What are you talking about? My wife is off limits. It's your job on the line."

Eddie's eyes drew down. "No, you listen to me. I call the shots here. You want your wife knowing you fucked my wife and got blowjobs before?"

Dylan ground his teeth. "Hey, back the fuck off. My wife is off-limits."

"She is if I say so." Eddie stabbed his finger into Dylan's chest. "Or I tell all."

Fuck! Dylan pursed his lips. "Tell her and I'll fire you for sure."

He laughed. "She'll still know. Up to you, big guy. Are we going in?"

Fuck! That little pecker has me against the wall. Shit! He blew out a sigh.
"Yeah."

Eddie leaned close. "Remember, I decide. Or I tell all. Keep your mouth shut, because if you open it, I'll spill the beans. Understand?"

"This isn't right."

His finger stabbed in again. "You fucked my wife. That isn't right."

"You liked it."

Eddie stood back. "Yeah, maybe a little. But you fucked her without my permission."

"I have your permission now, don't I?"

"Would your wife see it that way if I told her?"

Dylan sighed heavily. "Fine. I won't say anything." He wanted to wring Eddie's neck.

The gals were chatting on the couch. They instantly shut up when he entered with Eddie. Fuck, is everyone against me? Dylan made a face.

Kimmie and Taylor giggled.

They did not stall. Kimmie grabbed his hand and Taylor's and said, "Which way to the bedroom?"

Within a minute, Dylan was practically tearing off Kimmie's clothes in the master bedroom. She giggled.

Taylor was watching, eyes large, and removing her own clothing down to her panties.

Eddie, for his part, looked embarrassed and shy. He sat in the bedroom rocker and watched.

Dylan felt relieved. Good, maybe he'll just sit there the whole day. He tore down Kimmie's knee-length skirt and exposed her nakedness. Hmm, church with no

panties? You naughty girl. "You went to church like this?"

She smiled down at him. "Mm hmm. Always. It's fun."

He laughed. "No kidding?"

"No kidding."

He removed his clothes. "You're not going to get much satisfaction in church, are you?"

She rolled her eyes in a happy-thinking way and said, "I've had a couple of the husbands brush up against me."

"In church?"

"Yep. I suppose they think I don't notice or think it's an accident. But it's a lot of fun when they do."

Taylor sounded awed. "Their wives notice?"

She giggled. "Some of them."

Dylan said, "I bet you get a lot of scowls."

"Not from the wives. I get them from the fat prunes who think sex is evil."

Taylor shook her head. "Not from the wives? You're kidding."

"Nope. A few of them smile like they know what's going on. Very friendly."

Dylan shook his head. "All of the married people at your church are like that? I find that hard to believe."

Eddie said, "Nah, not all of them. Maybe a quarter of them. The others are too uptight. Huge prudes."

Kimmie bounced down onto the bed. "Eddie, dear, I think you need to get Dylan ready."

Taylor's eyes went wide. She settled into the other chair in the bedroom.

Eddie scowled. "Why don't you two just—"

Kimmie snapped at him. "We talked about this. Get over here and get him ready."

He sighed, but got up. He made a face but knelt down and started jacking Dylan's soft shaft.

Taylor's mouth was open – a look of wonder on her face.

Dylan breathed deeply, trying to relax.

Kimmie watched. "You can do better than that. Suck him hard for me."

Eddie didn't make a face this time but showed no overt reaction. He stuck his mouth over Dylan's cock and started sucking.

Taylor whispered, "Oh my god."

Eddie's head moved with vigor, sucking and licking Dylan's hardening shaft.

Kimmie knelt down beside him. "Is this what you were thinking about when Bill rubbed up against me in church today? Were you thinking of sucking his cock while his wife and I watched?"

Eddie moaned loudly and sucked harder.

She smiled. "You like sucking Dylan before he fucks me, don't you?"

Eddie growled, and sucked even harder.

Taylor was gasping, one hand down her panties.

Dylan was panting, trying to focus. He was fully hard.

Kimmie said, "All right. I think he's ready. Come jack him and put his cock in me."

Taylor shuddered and removed her hand from her panties. Her whisper was faint. "Oh wow..."

Dylan moved to the bed as Kimmie settled back on it, her legs dangling over the corner – spread open and inviting.

Eddie gripped Dylan's erection and pulled it towards his wife.

Dylan growled. "Yeah, that's it. She's all open and waiting. Rub my cock all over your wife's pussy."

Kimmie clapped and silently giggled in approval.

He said, "You like stroking the cock that's going to fuck your wife?"

Eddie moaned quietly. "Yeah."

"I'm going to fuck her hard and deep."

He moaned. "Fuck yeah." He rubbed the head all over his wife's clit. "Fuck her."

Taylor's eyes were glassy and her hand was back in her panties. Her legs were drawn up lewdly, knees spread, and her hand working her pussy with desperate movements.

Dylan pushed as he leaned over Kimmie. His cock slid into the Japanese girl's pussy right in front of his wife. It was his fantasy come true.

He sighed with pleasure and Kimmie groaned loud in relief.

Eddie moved away, dragging the rocker over to sit next to Taylor.

She grinned nervously at him, her hand stopping.

Dylan leaned down to a frowning Kimmie. "Hey." He made a motion as if to ask what was wrong.

She glared up at him in fury. Her whisper was faint, but enough for him to hear. "I don't want him doing anything with her."

He chuckled. He rested down on her, moving his hips as he drove his length into her. He moved his mouth close to her ear. "Neither do I."

"Well, tell him or something."

"Why don't you?"

"I did. Say something to your wife."

"I did last night."

She glared at Eddie. "I don't want him touching her; he's my husband."

"I can't say anything. If I do, he tells her and none of this ever happens again."

Kimmie scowled. "How dare he."

He whispered, "You can't say anything to him. If he tells, I fire him. I promised him."

She looked up at him, with a shocked look on his face. "You'd fire him?"

"If he tells her."

She coughed.

Dylan looked over. Eddie had slid off his pants. He was playing with his cock and watching. Dylan said, "Do you like watching your wife get fucked?"

Eddie's eyes drew down, but he nodded quickly. His hand moved faster on his dick.

Dylan noticed his wife watching Eddie stroke himself. Her fingers moved even faster in her panties. He leaned up and said to Eddie, "Do you like seeing my shaft pounding your wife's pussy?"

Eddie's eyes half closed and he gasped, "Oh, fuck yeah."

Taylor looked too surprised for words. Her hand was making motions as if she were shoving all four fingers deep into her own pussy. Her eyes were glued to Eddie's cock.

Dylan frowned. "Let's change positions. Taylor."

She gasped. "Huh?"

"Come here and lay down."

"Oh, sure."

Dylan grinned. "Take off your panties."

"Me?"

"You're the only one clothed?"

His wife laughed. "Oh, yeah, I guess I am." She removed her panties and glanced at Eddie.

Dylan said, "Lay down."

She did and he lifted and moved Kimmie over her. He positioned the Japanese girl to an all fours position over his wife, her head hovering over Taylor's pussy. Kimmie's pussy was directly over Taylor's face. Dylan got behind Kimmie and rammed his cock back into her.

The Japanese girl moaned with delight. Then she cried out in surprise and wonder as Dylan felt his wife's tongue lick along his shaft and her clit.

Dylan groaned happily. "That's it, lick her clit while I fuck her."

Taylor gasped underneath them and moaned with need.

Kimmie dipped her head down and suddenly Taylor was crying out in an onrush of lust. The two wives were licking each other while Dylan fucked Kimmie from behind.

The mixture of feminine groans and moans and the touch of his wife's tongue on his shaft as he fucked the Japanese girl made him thrust harder. Oh, fuck, this is awesome.

Eddie was jacking furiously.

But Dylan was pounding too hard. Kimmie had to stop licking and Taylor couldn't keep up with the shifting movements. The trio settled apart – Dylan entering Kimmie as she lay flat and Taylor rubbing her clit as she sat to his side.

He leaned over and kissed his wife and they shared a deep gaze of lust with each other.

Then he leaned to her side. He whispered, "We don't want you doing anything with Eddie."

She leaned back and gave him an eyebrow. "That's not exactly fair, is it?"

Kimmie, her body moving to Dylan's thrusts, said, "He's mine. I don't want him touching you."

She gave that eyebrow to Kimmie. "I don't know, I think he's very cute."

Kimmie's glare was fierce. "I don't want your pussy on him. Ever." She said it as if disgusted.

Taylor removed her hand from Kimmie's clit. She got off the bed with annoyed moves.

Dylan frowned. Uh oh? Dammit Kimmie, that's not the way you talk to my wife.

His wife sat back down in the chair next to Eddie's rocker. She gave him a smile.

CHAPTER 10

Dylan thrust deep into Kimmie. He tried to distract the two in the chairs. "I'm going to cum in your wife. Again."

A ghost of a smile drifted across Eddie's face. "Yeah, cum in her. Cum deep."

Taylor looked over, an eyebrow arched, and watched Eddie stroke his dick. "I think you're having fun with that." She shot a look to Kimmie.

Eddie chuckled. "Uh, yeah." He blushed and looked at Taylor.

Dylan thrust harder into Kimmie, trying to get Eddie's attention. "Your wife's pussy is so tight. I think I'm going to fuck her every day."

Eddie gasped. His hand moved faster. "Oh, yeah. Fuck her. Fuck her every day. Fuck her all you want."

Taylor shot Dylan an annoyed look. Her hand had stopped, but her legs were squirming.

Dylan knew she was frustrated. Neglected. I'll make it up to you later. Promise. Just leave Eddie alone.

She looked back to Eddie. Her hand began moving on her clit and the fingers began dipping into and out of her hole.

Dylan grunted, driving his cock into Kimmie harder. Dammit, she's turned on. And I probably helped her get there. Fuck!

Eddie looked over and watched with widening eyes as Taylor fingered herself. She even shifted so he could see.

Dylan wanted to shout. Hey, this is about me and Kimmie!

Eddie reached over and almost touched Taylor's pussy. He jerked his hand back.

Taylor gave Dylan and Kimmie an eyebrow that said, "Oh yeah?" She reached over and gripped Eddie's hand. She said, "It's okay."

Kimmie opened her mouth.

Dylan had no choice, he smothered her protest with a deep kiss. She made protest sounds but they subsided as he kissed and fucked her.

Taylor said to Eddie, "They look hot together, don't they? Got me all worked up."

Eddie chuckled in relief. "Yeah, me too. Fuck, I never woulda thought."

Taylor still had a grip on his hand. She pulled it over and placed it at her pussy. "It's okay."

Eddie gaped. "Are you sure?"

Dylan wanted to growl. He broke the kiss and thrust harder. Well, fuck. He was going to be too shy to touch her. It was my wife that did it and we caused her to. Fuck!

Eddie's fingers moved and then three of them disappeared into Taylor's pussy.

Dylan listened to his wife groan with super-charged lust. He knew she wouldn't be stopped. His own moves were slapping into Kimmie's hips and echoing in the room.

Taylor grinned at him while he fucked her. "Yep, sure looks hot. Makes me horny." She reached over and gripped Eddie's cock while she kept eye contact with Dylan.

Eddie groaned and shifted so she could jack him easier. His fingers worked in and out of Taylor's pussy.

Taylor said to Eddie, "I'm glad Kimmie has such a handsome husband." Her hand moved on his cock.

Kimmie glared, but she was panting, her hips moving with Dylan's energetic thrusting.

Eddie stood. "I want to taste you."

Taylor's eyes lit up like Kimmie's. "Yeah?"

"Yes." His answer was feverish. He pulled her up and moved her to the bed. He laid her back so her head was near Kimmie's. He knelt down and put his face into Taylor's pussy.

Dylan's wife cried out. He moved his head down quickly and smothered Kimmie again with a kiss. Just to be sure you don't say anything...

Kimmie moaned through the kiss, her body moving faster – fucking him back.

Taylor groaned with need. She pulled on Eddie and her body squirmed with pent-up lust.

Dylan knew she needed cock, badly. He had never teased her when she was like this. She needed to be fucked and she was being denied. He thought about pulling out and doing her right that moment, but he didn't want to mix Kimmie's juices into her. Might create problems down there later. Maybe I can kick them out and be done with it all. Then I can wash off and do her.

But Taylor wasn't waiting. She was squirming like a worm on a hook. Her body moved with such need that Dylan knew she would start cussing like a sailor if something didn't happen fast.

Eddie didn't disappoint her. He could barely lick her anyway, she was moving so much. He climbed up, his cock erect and pointing at her pussy. He settled onto her gently while a stunned Dylan and Kimmie watched.

Taylor lifted her legs and tilted her hips. A look of shock came over her face as Eddie's hips moved down to hers. She gasped and pulled on him. Her body trembled and she let out a long sigh of relief.

Dylan's eyes were bugging out. He's fucking my wife!

Kimmie shook underneath him, but it seemed more nerves than anger. Her mouth was open, her look glazed.

Eddie's hips began moving in circular motions, not pumping.

Taylor wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled. She moaned with need and pleasure.

After a moment, Eddie began pumping in short stabs, his hips never really leaving hers. Taylor's body jerked, her eyes shifting all over the place as she moaned louder. He fucked her quietly, making only quiet grunts.

Dylan closed his mouth and swallowed. He watched his wife's curled bangs moving to Eddie's thrusts. And he stopped moving as he realized the world hadn't ended.

He looked down at Kimmie. She had her head twisted, watching, the same odd look on her face that Dylan felt on his. He began moving again and Kimmie looked back to him. She smiled uncertainly.

He leaned down and kissed her as four bodies moved the bed with lust. He broke the kiss, thrusting deep.

Kimmie whispered, "I thought I'd hate it."

Dylan shook his head. "Feels right."

She nodded.

When Dylan flooded Kimmie with his cum in a vocally loud display of relief, Eddie gasped out. He strained against a gasping Taylor who was watching her husband draining his balls into Kimmie.

She grunted once, and then lifted, her teeth coming down on Eddie's shoulder. She whimpered in a high tone and then was convulsing under him as he worked up to his own release. She flopped limply as he started to cum.

Dylan watched, stunned, as Eddie pumped Taylor with his cum. Wow, that was hot. I actually like this.

It was a moment later when a breathless Taylor looked at him and pointed to Eddie. "Isn't this clean-up time, dear?"

Dylan's eyes went wide. Oh, fuck no.

EPILOGUE

I'm Taylor Ruff, and my husband gifted me something that I never could have told him. Sure, we developed his Asian fantasy and I even grew to like it. It turned me on to feel his cock get hard while looking at some Asian girl's pussy. It almost seemed as if it was natural – that his lust for an Asian didn't invalidate anything, only added to it. As if his cock was meant for me and it was perfectly fine to enter another pussy as long as it was Asian.

I know, weird, huh? Like, I wasn't taught this at church or in school. But that's how it seemed. I guess because we developed that fantasy together.

We never did anything with Kimmie or Eddie again. Nope. And it's not like I was the one who put the foot down. I'm really not sure who did or why. All I know is, that was the only time they came over before Dylan told me none of it was happening again.

I suspected he wasn't telling me everything. I assumed he had been fucking Kimmie before he admitted it. Oh yeah, that idea angered me. Where was I? Wasn't I his wife? Why wasn't I there? It burned in me so much that I suspected his claim it was all over was a ruse. But it was. I even followed him for a week, just to be sure. He would either go straight to work or pick up Eddie and be on the road in less than three minutes.

My mind might imagine a blowjob or a quickie in that time, but come on. Three minutes?

No, I knew he was telling the truth. But what about before? My suspicions were never answered and I didn't ask. I would not have been angry if he had admitted it. Well, okay, like not really angry. But she was Asian, I could've handled it. Maybe even been really turned on and excited.

There was a secret I had, too, that I could never tell him. But my dear, handsome husband fulfilled my secret fantasies with his own secrecy or theirs – whichever – so that I feel as if I'm the one who got the most out of it all.

You see, I could never tell Dylan I had a fantasy of licking another woman. Not like I'm lesbian or anything, just licking as part of something else. And that was what Dylan gave me. Doubly surprising was Kimmie licking me. Wow! What a turn-on. I tell you, that is something I'll always treasure in my memories.

But that wasn't all of it. Oh, no. Even more of a secret was my fantasy to see a man suck another man. Like, just the idea gets me all wet. Seriously! And I got that fulfilled, too, though my husband was really reluctant. I guess I have Kimmie to thank for that.

Maybe it was better it all ended. I don't know if Kimmie, having watched us, approved of it later on. It seemed to excite her, but she was a total bitch about telling me she didn't want my yuckiness on her husband. Well, fuck her. And fuck Dylan, too. There I was all hot and needing cock. And I mean, needing it bad. They're fucking like porn stars and I get nothing? Like, what the fuck? Am I missing something here? What, I'm supposed to just sit there like a good little puppy and watch, unsatisfied?

Hey, fuck that. I had my fingers up myself and fuck them if they didn't like it. And I'll admit to you right now, even if Eddie was on the small side, he knew how to use it. He ground all over my clit and his movement was pure friction and bliss inside my opening.

Sure, Dylan's pumping is hot and I love it. But Eddie used what he had in a way that was different and something I really needed at the time. Whoop! Maybe he wasn't seven inches like my husband, but he sure was cute with his slicked-back hair and beard. And the way he moved was different in a way that fulfilled me that drizzly Sunday. I really loved it.

I turned to my husband in bed.

He held up an Asian magazine and grinned.

I smiled and wrapped my fingers around his beautiful cock. Ooo, I loved it. It was fucking gorgeous. I jacked him slowly while he opened the magazine.

He firmed rapidly, looking at some Japanese girl with pink hair. She was so very cute. Not beautiful, but girly cute. His cock flexed.

I said, "She's pretty."

He pumped his hips. "Yeah."

I felt myself getting wet. I wanted to see his cock in the girl. But other thoughts entered my mind, too.

He was panting.

I said, "Have you ever thought about buying a naked mans' magazine?"

He looked as if he were caught in headlights. "Huh?"

"You know, cocks everywhere?" I jacked him faster.

He slapped his hand to his forehead and hid his eyes.

Thank you for reading My Employee's Asian Wife. Reviews are always appreciated!

If you liked this book, be sure to check out the other books by Laran Mithras.