

My Husband Wants Me to Date?

Cin's Discovery



Laran Mithras

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By

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Let the wife make the husband glad to come home, and let him make her sorry to see him leave.

Martin Luther

CHAPTER 1

She caught him. *Filthy bastard, I caught you!*

Cindy peeked through the door. Robert was in there, in his office, masturbating. She could see the glow of the monitor on his face. Was her husband jacking off to a webcam of some filthy young chick? *It's always a redhead, isn't it?*

She loved him. He was handsome and they were barely married a year. What had happened? She thought they had a wonderful sex life. She thought they were happy. The shock of what she saw was like cold water to her face – to their marriage. *Is something wrong with me? Am I not enough?*

She stormed in. "What the fuck are you doing?" Her voice echoed through the small office in their home.

His eyes went large. He fumbled at his engorged dick like a schoolkid caught whacking off by laughing friends. He didn't even have time to touch his computer. His face went red with embarrassment.

She marched around the desk and opened her mouth in shock before she even saw the screen. It was always good to show you were totally outraged by whatever it was, just to make a point - because she knew she was in the right. So her mouth was already open in shocked outrage when she looked at the monitor.

She had come home early. There had been a horrendous accident outside Tennyson's Hardware. Some big truck and some cars. Glass everywhere. The fire department evacuated them – something about a hazardous spill. Her boss told them to go home for the day. Really, it didn't matter much; they didn't need the money. Robert made enough providing moving labor that her money was all extra. He worked a few days a week and paid all the bills.

But that didn't matter; she had caught him. *Fucking dirty cheating bastard! How dare he cheat on me!*

She looked at the monitor as he tried to grab the mouse and find the small close button on the webpage.

Popups flashed, interrupting him. He clicked furiously, his brow drawn down in concentration.

Why are you bothering? I can see it all. On the screen was a video playing. A woman was kneeling on a bed being pounded by a man from behind. She was sucking on another man in front of her. *Filthy. Filthy fucking filth!*

He finally shut down the webpage, then tried to act all cool as if she hadn't seen anything. He said, "What?"

Tears burst from her eyes. "Why were you looking at porn? Aren't I enough? What's wrong with me?"

He was up in a flash. "Nothing's wrong with you." He reached to hug her.

"Don't touch me!" She fled the room.

~ ~ ~

Cindy cried in the bathroom. What had happened? Why did everything feel like it was all falling apart? First the accident at her job, then she comes home to him stroking his dick? Was God throwing curses down from On High? *What did I do?*

Robert's voice came through the door. "Cin... I love you. Come out."

Everyone who was anyone called her Cin. Even her parents. "Leave me alone."

"Come on, come on out."

"No. Go away." She wiped at her nose. It was running like a faucet.

"Come out. I don't want you to cry in there all by yourself."

"What? Are you going to try to tell me I didn't see what I saw?" If he needed his dick stroked, why hadn't he asked her?

"Cin..." The door thumped lightly as he dropped his forehead against it.

"Go away. I'm sure there's some more porn you're missing." Why had he been looking at that video?

She heard him blow out a breath and move away from the door.

"I'm sorry, Cin. Come out."

"No."

Another sigh.

She was cute according to everyone. Straight blonde hair, pert nose, the remains of freckles fading now that she was in her thirties. She even had nice breasts for her size – short as she was. At five foot two, her C cups looked impressive. But weren't men always talking about D cups? Double D cups? Triple D cups? *Are my breasts not big enough? No, Rob isn't like that.*

She got up from sitting on the toilet lid and washed her face. *What am I going to do? I need to get out of here.*

She left the bathroom. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and stood immediately. His look was concerned. She said, "Leave me alone."

"But, honey..."

"Don't you honey me." She shook her head. "I need some air."

"What? Wait. Where are you going?" He followed her down the hall. "You can't leave."

She grabbed her keys and purse. She left without saying anything else to him.

He stood in the door. "Cindy..." There was frustration in his voice.

She got into her Honda and stomped on the gas. *I just need to think. I need... Maybe mom can help me understand.* She pulled over at the park and got out. Pulling out her cell phone, she hit Mom's number. She sat on the shaded bench as the phone rang on the other end.

"Hello?"

"Mom..."

"Oh, hi Cin." Mom was always cheerful.

She blew out a breath. "I, uh, need some advice."

"Oh, sure, honey. Hang on and let me get rid of the other call." The phone clicked.

Cindy watched a couple walk past her on the sidewalk several paces away. *I bet he doesn't look at porn.*

"Okay, I'm back. You there?"

"Yes, mom, thanks."

"What kind of advice are you looking for?"

She crossed an arm under her breasts and cupped her elbow. "Well... it's about Robert."

"Oh? You aren't having problems, are you?"

"Maybe." *Why is this so hard?*

"What happened?"

"I, uh, caught him looking at porn." She turned red.

"What? Porn?"

"Yes."

"Is that all?"

"Well, he was, um..."

"What, dear?"

She scratched her arm. "He was playing with himself."

"Oh, well... Uh... Was it really bad porn?"

She frowned. "What?"

"Come now, Cin. Who doesn't look at porn?"

"Well, I don't."

"Oh dear."

"Are you telling me it's alright?"

"Well, it's kinda everywhere, isn't it?"

"But, mom—"

"Look, maybe we raised you and sheltered you from much of that, but you're a big girl now."

She dropped her mouth open. *Like I'm acting like a kid?* She coughed.

"Like when I graduated I was supposed to go into the porn industry?"

Her mother laughed. "No, girl. But you don't need to be so uptight—"

"What? Me?"

"You're telling me you don't have any porn in the house?"

"Well, of course not. Do you?"

"Of course, dear. We—"

"No! I don't want to know." Her heart had begun to race. *How embarrassing.*

Her mother sighed. "Maybe you need to lighten up a little. Was the porn really bad stuff like pee and poop porn?"

She coughed again. *I can't believe I'm talking about this with my mom.*

"No... But—"

"Well, that's not so bad, is it? Listen, here's my advice. Talk to him. Find out what he likes about it. If it doesn't offend you, maybe it's something you could try—"

"Mother!"

"Cin, when you two are in the bedroom, do you have any games or things you do to make love interesting?"

"It's always interesting."

"Well, I mean something to share with each other? Fantasies?"

"Fantasies? Shouldn't I be enough?"

"Of course, but have you ever talked to him about anything like that?"

She frowned. "No... I suppose not."

"There you go. Do you love him?"

"Obviously."

"Alright then, does he love you?"

"Well, I thought he did and I caught him—"

"Cin. Talk to him. Don't be such a prude."

She coughed again. "I'm no prude, mother."

"Then talk to him. If you don't talk to him, you can't solve your problems."

Cindy pulled the cell phone away from her ear and looked at it in irritation. She put it back to her ear. "You're right." Her shoulders slumped. *What had I been looking for? Mother to come stomping in and spank Robert?*

"That's a good girl. It'll work out."

She recalled the video. "I don't know."

Her mother laughed in dismay. "Don't toss your marriage away just because you caught him playing with himself. Your father—"

"Mom! I don't want to know."

Laughter. "Alright, but talk to him."

"Okay, okay. I will."

"Let me know how it works out and if you need any more advice. You can pick up the phone any time."

"Alright. Love you, mom."

"Love you, too, dear."

She put her cell phone away. *Am I really being prudish here? I'm not the one masturbating to porn. Does that make me automatically a prude?* She said to herself, "No, Cin, it doesn't."

She got to her feet, against the unsteadiness of uncertainty. *What was he going to say? How could he defend jacking his dick to porn? How am I going to deal with this going forward?*

CHAPTER 2

Cindy went home. She would have to go home to pack her things if he didn't want her anymore. She tried to put a blank look on her face before she went inside.

Robert was in the living room sitting on the couch. His hands were clasped together and his thumbs were tapping and wrestling with each other. He did that when he wanted to talk.

She looked at his anxious face and felt as if she was being unfair. *But I wasn't the one looking at porn!*

He said nothing, just waited to see what she would do. He sat there, looking too cute for words. She loved that about him – his bedroom-sexy good looks and his love for her. He was ruggedly handsome and always attentive.

She sighed. *I guess I'll give talking a chance.* Putting down her purse, she sat on the recliner. "Mom said I should talk to you." She crossed her arms.

"You called your mother?" He looked ill.

"Yes, I wanted advice."

He pulled at his collar and shifted on the couch. "What did she say?"

"She didn't seem to think it was a big deal."

He tilted his head and looked at her as if to say, "It was to you."

Cindy looked side to side, then at him. "Do you have... a problem?"

"Problem?"

"A porn addiction?"

He sat back suddenly. "Well, no."

"Then why were you looking at porn?"

He scratched his arm – it was something they both did when nervous. "I thought it was pretty hot."

"And I'm not?"

"Not at all – you're fine."

"Then why would you need that video or any of the other porn you—"

"I don't need it. I like to look sometimes."

"Because their tits are bigger?"

He laughed. "No. I'm not into big whomp-bags."

"What's so special then about these women you—"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Actually, I imagine you're the woman."

She laughed in scorn. "Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes."

"I'm not kidding." The look on his face was serious.

She knew the tone. She knew the look. He was being serious. *He thought of me as the woman in that video?* "You think of me as a whore?"

His look was outraged. "What? Never."

"There were two men in that video. In my book, that makes her a whore."

"Not in mine, and I certainly don't think of you as a whore."

"Why would you imagine me with two men?"

"Because I think it's hot."

"For me to be a whore."

"No, not a whore."

"Then what?"

Robert was looking at her with that look she knew was sincerity. "You're super-sexy. Listening to you moan is awesome. Seeing you feel that pleasure makes my world turn."

"But—"

"I sometimes—"

"What? I'm sorry."

"No, go ahead." He nodded.

"No, you. You were about to tell me something."

He took a deep breath. "I sometimes wonder what it would be like to see that pleasure on your face."

"You see it all the time."

"I mean, watching it."

"Watching?"

"Yes, you with another man."

She coughed. "I'm not a slut."

"I don't think you are."

"I'm perfectly happy with you." *There. That should put an end to all this.*

He smiled that sexy smile that said he loved her. "And I'm more than perfectly happy with you."

"So you want me to sleep with another man so you can dump me."

He rolled his eyes. "Never. No."

"I don't want any other man."

"I don't want you to."

"But I thought you said—"

"Cin, I just think it would be hot if I watched your pleasure. You're super-sexy. I want other men to see that."

"Whatever for?" *Doesn't he realize people get divorced over this stuff?*

He shrugged. "Your mine. Thinking of another man giving you pleasure makes me hard."

"That makes no sense." *Did you hit your head or something?*

"It's like showing off a toy."

"Now I'm a toy?"

He laughed and shook his head. "No, not like that. Another man appreciating you would be ultra-hot."

She lifted her hands palms up and shook them. "But why."

"If a man is sexually aroused by you, it's because you're sexy. I'd love to see men look at you and get hard. It's an ego boost."

"Ego boost? What?"

He wagged his eyebrows. "You're fantastic and you belong to me. It would make me proud to have a man drool over you."

Cindy laughed and shook her head. "You're kidding."

"I'm not."

And she knew it was true.

~ ~ ~

Cindy didn't leave. But she wasn't sure what to think about it all. Her mother's words rang through her head at odd moments. *Bedroom fantasies?* She was in bed, book in hand when he came out of the bathroom. "So... that video was a fantasy of yours?"

He froze, looking at her warily. "Yes."

She put the book on the nightstand. "Do you think I'm a prude?"

He frowned. "No, why?"

"My mother suggested I was acting prudish."

He looked uncomfortable. "Maybe a little uptight..."

She coughed. "I'm not uptight."

"You stormed out of here today like you were."

I had, hadn't I? "Well, it was kind of a shock."

He got into bed. "I'm sorry for that."

"What, that I saw?"

He nodded.

"How long have you been doing that?"

"What, stroking my cock to porn while thinking of you or stroking my cock, period?"

Cindy gave a half laugh. "To porn and thinking of me."

He looked back and forth. "Well, I guess a while now."

"How long is a while?"

"Since we got married."

She blinked. "Really." It wasn't much of a question.

He nodded.

"You thought of me with another man on our honeymoon?"

His eyes got large and he nodded again. "Remember Don?"

"The bartender?"

"Yep."

She felt him against her, hardening. "You really thought about me with him?"

"Had a dream about it, too, the night we came back."

She felt his stiffness against her. "Wow, I guess that really does turn you on." She reached down and grabbed him through his underwear, squeezing. He had a beautiful cock that filled her so well. "So how long have you been stroking it?"

"To you?"

"No, before." She reached in and lightly dragged her fingernails up his shaft. It was fully hard.

He laughed. "Well, since I was twelve or thirteen or so."

She leaned her head back. "Really? No way."

He raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, really. Hormones, you know."

She smiled.

"Oh, you like that, huh?"

She snickered. "Well, not thinking about you as a twelve year old jacking your dick, no. Just that you stroke it at all."

"Lots of practice."

"So your fantasy is me with another man."

"Yep."

"And you'd just watch?"

"And jack. Yep."

"You'd handle yourself while..."

"Oh yeah."

Cindy squirmed, feeling a little heat down there. "That sounds kind of nasty."

"What, another man doing you?"

"No, I mean you stroking yourself."

"Oh yeah?"

"I guess it's because you'd be looking at me."

He nodded.

Hmm, I guess mom was right. Talking about his fantasy was kinda fun.
She gave his shaft a long squeeze.

CHAPTER 3

It was Saturday morning and Cindy sat down at her computer. Rob was moving some lady and wouldn't be back until late in the day. She sipped her coffee and opened her email.

There was one from her husband.

She gave a little smile and opened it up. It said "Thinking of you makes me do this." There was an attachment. She clicked the download and waited. After a moment, a little window popped up and a gif played. Some man was stroking his shaft up and down. Then he shot long squirts of cum.

She choked on her coffee. She looked around quickly and realized there were no parents to be wagging fingers. She looked back and watched the gif play and replay, over and over. It was a nice shaft, like her husband's. *I shouldn't be looking at this.*

But she sat mesmerized and watched the hand moving up and down on the shaft and the squirts of cum erupting. She realized she was very warm down there and getting wet.

She clicked the close button and drew in a ragged sigh. *Wow, that was something.*

She glanced down the hall towards his office. *I wonder what all he's been looking at?* She got up and went to the kitchen. She poured another cup and headed into his office. Armed with a cup of black courage, she turned on his computer.

A few minutes later, she began looking down his History tab. Some of the sites had to do with work or email. There were several YouTube links and news links. Then a long line of porn.

She clicked one. A page came up showing different videos to click. There was one showing a nice-looking couple standing side-by-side. She clicked it, curious as to why any decent couple would be on a porn site.

The woman was pretty, in a normal way. The husband was very handsome. They introduced themselves and were sitting on a couch. A moment later, a hunky-looking man came in and shook the husband's hand. The wife was smiling at both.

Where's this going? She sipped her coffee.

The wife got up and began to strip.

Oh no. She isn't really going to... In front of her husband?

Her mouth dropped open as the hunky man pushed the naked wife back and began eating her pussy.

Cindy wasn't sure what was more shocking: that the wife was getting eaten in front of her husband by another man; or that the husband had pulled out his cock and appeared to be enjoying it.

Is this what Rob thinks about? She squirmed in the chair.

When the hunky man moved up and gripped his erection, Cindy gasped. It looked like he was going to fuck her. The man pushed his cock at the wife's pussy and began sliding in.

Cindy's eyes bugged out and her breathing became ragged.

The husband was smiling, stroking a very nice-looking erection while watching this hunky man fuck his wife. She breathed, "No way..."

She watched the wife's mouth open in lust. The hunky man began pounding her, driving his cock into her pussy. She looked at the husband. He looked just as pleased, his hand stroking his hard shaft.

Cindy found herself rubbing herself through her shorts. *Oh my goodness.* But the fever of the video had gripped her. She put the coffee down and slid her hand down her shorts. She watched the husband jacking and she fingered her folds and clit. Delicious waves of electricity wound up her core. An ache developed in her pussy and she squirmed, trying to fill the void with something that wasn't there.

I can't believe she's fucking that guy right in front of her husband. And he likes it!

She frowned at the end when the hunky man pulled out and had the wife blow him. Then he leaned back and blew his load on her face. "That was rude."

She clicked back to the video page. She scanned the names. Several had "hotwife" as part of the title. "Hotwife?"

~ ~ ~

Flustered at the video and the stroking gif her husband had sent, she decided to stop before she became a feverish mess.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed Julie. They had been friends for six years.

"Hey Cin."

"Hey. Am I interrupting anything?"

"No. Kurt's mowing the lawn. What's up?"

"I need some advice."

"Oh, sure. Let me sit down." Fumbling sounds on the other end.

Cindy sat on the couch in the living room.

Julie said, "Shoot."

She drew a deep breath. "I... caught Rob looking at porn." *There. It's a good introduction.*

"So?"

"Uh, well... Should I be worried?"

Julie giggled. "If it was gay porn."

Cindy blinked several times.

"Are you there? Ohmigod, was it really gay porn?" Julie sounded flabbergasted.

"No! No... Sorry. No. I was sort of shocked. Gay porn?"

Her friend laughed.

Cindy said, "Not Rob, no. Definitely not Rob."

"Well, that's a relief."

"You know, my mother didn't seem to think porn was a big deal, either."

"Well, it isn't."

"But all those Lifetime movies about porn addiction—"

Julie laughed. "You watch too much TV."

Cindy frowned but didn't say anything.

Her friend said, "What kind of porn was it?"

"Oh... it was threesome porn."

"Two women?" Her tone was suspicious and assuming.

"No, two men."

She giggled. "Kinky."

Cindy laughed, but out of incredulity. "Does no one think this is a problem?"

"Whoa, step back a minute, sister. Why does it have to be a problem?"

"Porn is a problem!"

"I imagine for some, it might be. Especially old women."

Not my mother. "I'm not old."

"No, you're not. Lighten up a little."

"So... That means you and Kurt..."

"Yes, and that's our business. We're happy."

"I didn't mean to pry."

"I assume you wanted advice on how to cure your husband of this supposed porn addiction you think he has?"

Did I really sound that uptight? I guess it did, didn't it?

"Are you there?"

Cindy sighed. "Yes. I guess it was just a shock. I didn't think he needed it."

"No one needs it. It's just fun, is all."

"What about addiction?"

"What about it? Anything is addictive. People have all kinds of different addictions. Some people are addicted to drinking human breast milk."

Cindy coughed.

Julie said, "I'm not kidding. Anyway, threesome kink? Yawn."

She sounds serious. Am I making that big a deal out of it? "Oh, well..."

"You've never thought about a threesome?"

"No... Rob is all I need."

"That's sweet, but, really?"

"Really."

"Kurt has a cheerleader fantasy. I've dressed up for it a couple times. Rah, rah, rah."

She giggled. "Really?"

"Mm hmm. It's fun once in a while."

"What's yours?"

"Oh, getting personal, are we?"

"Aren't we?" *Is she being serious?*

"Nothing too out there. I sometimes fantasize about being tied up, blindfolded, and getting ravished by a stranger."

"No kidding?"

"Sure as shit, Sherlock."

"Julie, do you know what's meant by hotwife?"

"Well, yeah."

"Uh, well, what is it? Other than a wife that's hot?"

A small laugh on the other end. "Actually no, it not so much a wife being hot."

"Huh?"

"It's about a wife that has other men and her doing so makes her hot."

"Oh?"

"Don't take my word for it. Look it up. Type in 'hotwife definition.' You'll see."

~ ~ ~

Cindy scanned the page. "So a hotwife sleeps with other men at her husband's approval. Hmm." No one heard her.

Rob was due back in an hour or so, though.

"Interesting." She shook her head. *Why would he want to share me when I only want to be with him? How is that hot?*

She recalled the video she had watched. *I guess that was hot; I ended up fingering myself.* Before she shut down the computer, she opened up the gif and watched the man jack his cock and squirt. *Now that's hot.*

CHAPTER 4

Cindy couldn't wait to get him into bed. She endured dinner and some TV before her anxiety and lust drove her to the bedroom. "I think I'll go read."

He looked at her and then nodded. "I'll be along in a bit."

Darn. Come now. "Okay." Couldn't he understand the gif of the stroking cock and the video had made her seriously horny? *I need cock!*

She did her bathroom functions and came out in her t-shirt, ready for bed. She crawled in, feeling the harsh ache in her pussy demanding attention. There was an itch there that wasn't going to be ignored.

Her mind swam with the events of the day. What had gotten her excited? The gif? The video? Both? The realization her husband was fascinated with her as the center of his fantasies? Was she better off than Julie where Kurt fantasized about a cheerleader? *Am I better off because Rob fantasizes about me?*

Rob finally came in about the time she wanted to scream like a feral banshee-woman in heat.

She resisted the urge to jump out of bed and shred his clothes off with her claws. She was sure her eyes glowed red with the inner power of her lust. *Fuck! Hurry up.*

He went into the bathroom and she ground her teeth.

But when he came out, she suddenly froze. Not like she was cold. *What do I do? What do I say?*

He climbed in bed, giving her a searching glance over the events of the previous day.

What's he thinking? She tried to smile. *I really need my pussy touched.*

He paused, shifting around, and looked into her eyes.

Yes, you can read my mind. Good. Touch my pussy!

He smiled back at her.

No, you don't understand. Touch me! AGHH! She screamed in her mind.

He frowned. "Are you okay?"

"What?" She clutched the covers over her, scared her lust would show.

"You have this pained look on your face. Do you have gas or something?"

Great. Fucking great. My pussy is on fire and you think I have cramps? What the fuck? "I was thinking about your email."

"Oh, sorry. Thought you might like a little visual of what I would be doing."

Argghhh! She gripped him and pushed him back, mounting him like a banzai-bitch Amazon warrior-goddess claiming her man. "I... liked it."

A smile as bright as the day they married lit his face. "Yeah?"

She fell in love all over again. She planted her mouth down on his and they kissed. She broke it and said, "Yeah." She rubbed her aching and needy pussy back and forth along his hardening bulge. *I need it in me! Why aren't you getting the message? Hello? Hello? Bueller? Bueller?*

He said, "It's not like I said much."

"The gif was nice."

His eyes brightened. "You thought so?"

"Yeah. It looked like your cock."

His eyes developed that devilish glint that said he was thinking.

Just ram your cock in me, dammit! She ground her hips on his erection through his underwear. Would he ever get the hint?

"I didn't want you to be mad."

"Mad?" She froze. "Why would I be mad?"

His eyes were wide and he shook his head. "I don't know. Because it wasn't my cock."

She began moving again. "Well, I wouldn't want you posting your cock on the internet, so it being different was okay."

"You liked it?"

What's the right thing to say here? A lie? The truth? She decided on the truth. "It looked nice."

"The cock? Or the stroking?"

Before she could formulate a response, she moaned and worked her hips faster. *Darn it.*

"Maybe I'll send you more."

Shit. He might think I want to see other cocks than his. "No, that's okay."

He shifted, deflated. "Oh."

Crap. I don't want him thinking I don't like his fantasies. "If you want to send them, that's fine. I just meant I'm happy with yours."

His smile brightened. "So you liked seeing that man stroke his cock?"

Yes! It was hot. "It was alright."

"Oh. Just alright?"

Frustrated, she stopped her movements. "It was fine, but I love your cock."

"Okay."

She was satisfied he appeared happy. She began moving again.

When he finally got the hint and entered her a few minutes later, she sighed in relief. *Now, fuck me hard.*

~ ~ ~

Panting with relief, she cuddled to him. *Wow, that was fun.*

He said, "So you're not mad at me?"

She nestled her head in his shoulder. "I guess not."

"So you really liked the gif I sent?"

She pondered lying to him, but didn't. He had been honest all the way through everything. "It was fun."

"So I can send you more?"

"I don't know. You've seen one you've seen them all, right?"

He laughed. "Well, sort of. Different shapes, sizes. Some cum more."

She liked the one she had; she didn't need to see more. But she didn't want to hurt his feelings. "I don't know, I guess you can send more. But if I don't like them, I'm deleting them."

He smiled. "Sounds good."

I'll probably just delete them all, but I won't tell him that.

"Did you think Don was nice-looking?"

She lifted her head. The bartender had looked very handsome with a young Tom Selleck mustache. "Sure."

"Did you ever think about—"

"Nope. Never crossed my mind."

"Really?"

She shrugged. "I think about you."

"Mm."

"I can't help it. I love you, so you're who I think about."

He trailed a finger over her arm. "So do you have any fantasies?"

"Billionaire biker badass bear-shifter step-brothers."

"Huh?"

"I'm kidding."

"Oh."

She was quiet.

"So no fantasies?"

"You."

He pulled his head back and looked at her. "Just me, huh?"

She nodded. "Is that bad?"

"No. No, I just figured everyone had some kind of fantasy."

"But I'm happy with you. You're my fantasy."

"And you're mine."

"But you fantasize about me with other men."

He said slowly, "Yes... But my fantasy centers on you."

Is that supposed to make me feel good? I guess it does. "Hmm."

He quirked his mouth. "Would you rather I fantasize about Julie?"

She leaned up and coughed. "No."

He had a satisfied smile. "Well, there you go then."

CHAPTER 5

Cindy wrote out the sales ticket for Ron Ross. He was a tall man and skinny. A carpenter by trade, he bought supplies from them almost daily: stain, varnishes, brushes and the like.

He was also very handsome in a scruffy sort of way. His light brown hair was a curly sort of wave that said no manner of brushing could tame it.

Cindy often wondered if he even tried, though she never saw any tangles. He also wore two days growth of beard no matter what time of the week she saw him – as if his beard never grew and stayed just like it was.

She looked up at him and smiled, holding out the pen.

He took it with a return smile. He always looked at her like that – as if he knew something about her. She always ignored it. He handed it back, his voice warm. "Thank you, Cin."

She placed the ticket in the ticket box. Then she paused, a wild thought in her mind. *I wonder if he strokes his cock?* She blushed and looked up, but he was already leaving.

She squirmed, thinking of her email. She would check it when she got home. Rob hadn't sent her anything the previous day and he was working today. But maybe he had sent some before he had left.

Albert, the owner, interrupted her thoughts. "Restock the sandpaper, please?"

"Sure." She hated sandpaper; it annoyed her.

~ ~ ~

Pulling up to their condo, she grimaced at the rumble of the neighbor's Harley Davidson. The noise was as annoying to her as sandpaper. *Couldn't the guy put a better muffler on it or something?*

She went inside and grabbed a water from the fridge. Then she went straight to her computer. She sipped while it booted up. She hit the internet and email.

Four emails from her husband. *Great, I hope he didn't flood me with gifs.*

Each one had two attachments. *Oh, that's not so bad.*

She downloaded them all, shaking her head. She was sure she would delete them. Then, after she did, she'd watch the first one he had sent her a few days back. That one is fun.

Two were gifs, the other six were actual videos. She watched the gifs first. The first one was a repeated cumshot. Her eyes bugged out. *I didn't know men could cum that much.* She opened her mouth to breathe better as she watched it a few times. She felt a blush creep up her neck. *Some men need to get out more. Date or something.*

She clicked the next gif. Immediately, she liked what she saw. The man was jacking a cock that looked a lot like Rob's. The familiarity was nice and she decided to keep that one. She realized she had watched it probably fifteen times before she clicked it off. She deleted the big cumshot gif.

She clicked the first video. It was in black and white. A man with an enormous tool was ramming a wife. Her husband was in the background jacking furiously. Tendrils of heat wound up her body and she squirmed in the chair. *Wow.*

She wasn't sure what was making her pant. The wife's moans or the husband's fun. Or maybe the man pounding the wife. She decided she liked it.

She kept all the videos but one. In the one she deleted, the husband had a small dick. She didn't like small dicks; she never had. She made a new folder and put her new videos and gifs into it. She added the first gif he had sent. *This is nasty. I'm already in the mood.*

~ ~ ~

Bedtime couldn't come fast enough and she wanted action. Her cycle was due to start the next day.

Rob saw her looks in the bedroom and grinned. "Be right out."

Cindy pouted. "Don't take all day."

He came out a few moments later.

Too sexy. "Get in here."

His smile was wide and sly. "Something get you in the mood?"

"Yeah, you."

"Saw the videos I sent, huh?"

She giggled.

"Did you like them?"

"They were alright. I deleted one gif and one of the videos."

He looked disappointed. "Oh."

She smiled. "The others were nice."

He lay next to her, propping himself up on an elbow. His other hand reached under and found her naked. A finger ran down her clit, causing her to squirm.

I'm already in the mood.

"What did you delete?"

"Oh, the one with the huge cumshot. Eh."

"Oh, thought you might like that one."

"Not really. It was shocking to see, but a little much for me."

"Which video didn't you like?" His finger dipped into her folds.

Her legs quivered. "The husband with the small dick."

"It wasn't that small, but I know the one." He inserted another finger and pushed in. "Which video did you like the most?"

She moaned and tried to think. "The first one surprised me; I wasn't expecting it to look so good."

"What part of it did you like?" His fingers fucked in and out of her, driving her nuts with need.

"All of it was nice. I'm not sure. The husband was really going at his own dick. It looked like he was having a lot of fun."

He chuckled. "Ah yeah, that one. His hand was a blur."

"And the wife looked like she was totally gone."

Rob's breathing grew ragged. "Yeah." He pressed up against her and she could feel his growing erection. It was growing fast.

"And the guy doing her looked nice. Although he might have been too big."

Rob was moving his hips against her leg, pushing his hardness at her.

Wow, he really likes me being turned on by the videos. This is nasty.

He moved over her and mounted her. "I liked that one with the big man doing the wife. His cock looked great plowing her." His voice was shaking. He rammed his cock in.

Cindy gasped, feeling the length of her husband slide into her. Snatches of the video flitted through her senses. The big cock ramming in and out of the wife. She moaned long and low.

He panted, sitting up on his knees to look down at her. He slowly slid his shaft in and out of her. "Did you like seeing the wives get fucked?"

Her head was swimming. Her insides were knotted in tension. She felt as tightly wound as a guitar string. She nodded, not trusting her voice.

He reached a thumb down and flicked back and forth across her clit.

Spasms of electrical jolts raced up her back and down her legs. She began groaning.

He said, "I liked the one where the man came in the wife and the husband shot his load."

Bastard! It threw her over the edge. She cried out, raising her hips up high. Her legs shook and she convulsed in orgasm. Heat flashed through her and the skin of her arms tickled. She grunted, thrusting her hips and rode the wave of a nerve-shattering orgasm.

She drifted, feeling the tension released. It was almost like the Pirates of the Caribbean ride at Disneyland when the boat comes down the ramp and floats free in the water, bouncing and bobbing gently. Her pussy clamped and gripped, squeezing in delicious aftershocks.

Rob said, still thrusting, "Does anyone ever flirt with you?"

She blinked her eyes open. "Flirt?" She was out of breath.

"Yeah. Wink, smile, make innuendos?" He began thrusting deeper, leaning over her.

"No... why?"

"Your boss doesn't?"

She started in shock. "Hell no. He's fat and ugly."

He laughed. "Oh, sorry. Didn't know."

"I get smiled at by some customers, but no one flirts with me."

He began to tremble. "Smiling can be flirty."

"Well, I don't think—"

"Is there anyone that always smiles at you?"

She went still, thinking. The only customer that did was the carpenter.
"There's a carpenter named Ron that does. But he's just being nice."

Rob sped his thrusts. "Is he nice-looking?"

She frowned. "Well, yes. In a scruffy way."

"Why don't you try smiling back at him?" he began to quiver, hard. He was close.

She stiffened. "I don't really think that's a good idea—"

"Smile at him and see what he does..." His eyes screwed shut and he thrust deep. He cried out and let forth a burst of hot wetness in her.

~ ~ ~

She nestled in his arms, as usual. She wore a frown. "I don't think I should be smiling at anyone."

He raised his head. "What's it going to hurt? See what he does."

She sighed. "This fantasy thing is sort of fun and all, but it really needs to stay right here in the bedroom."

"Fine, but a smile is just a smile. Try it and come home and tell me what happens. Here in the bedroom"

She raised an eyebrow. "A smile."

"Just a smile." He gave her a squeeze.

CHAPTER 6

Cindy was writing a stock order.

"Hi, Cin." It was Ron.

She almost dropped the clipboard. "Oh, didn't hear you come up."

He flashed a grin. "Sorry. I noticed the four-ought steel wool is gone. Have any in back?"

"Oh, yes. Let me break open the box. Just got it in this morning."

He followed her into the back where they kept some paint and took deliveries. It wasn't unusual for the contractors to be back there.

She whipped out her boxcutter and swiped the tape on the sundries shipment. She opened the box with deft moves.

He was smiling. "Remind me never to pick a fight with you."

"Huh?" She looked up.

"You're wicked with that knife."

She blushed. *I hope he doesn't think I'm some gang member or something.* "Oh, well... A lot of practice, I guess."

He said nothing. She pulled out a sleeve of four-ought wool. "How many do you need?"

His voice was smooth and hunky. "I'll take all you've got."

She froze, then slowly pulled out all six sleeves. *Was that innuendo? It sounded suggestive. Is this where I'm supposed to smile at him? Can't say I'm all in the mood with my period and all.* She maintained a straight face and carried the sleeves to the counter. *Maybe I'll try a smile. I hope it doesn't come out like a grimace.*

He had some other things on the counter.

She pulled an order sheet and began writing. And working up her courage. *If this will make Rob happy that I smile, I guess I can give it a shot.* She looked up and said, "Will there be anything else?" She smiled at him.

His eyebrows lifted and his smile broadened. Then he bit his lip and rubbed them back and forth against each other. "Well. I don't know. Any suggestions?"

She felt the blush rush up her face. *Was that suggestive?* Why did she feel like she was back in school, blushing like a little girl? She looked down to the order form to avoid his eyes. She turned it to him and handed him her pen.

He signed and placed the pen in her hand very slowly. His fingers brushed the skin of her palm.

Shivers ran up her back and she dropped the pen. "Shoot." She snatched it up and hurriedly tore off his copy. She couldn't do it; she couldn't look at him again.

His voice was smooth and sexy. "Thanks, Cin. See you later."

She avoided his eyes. But in looking down, her eyes glanced across his crotch as he turned. A nice bulge was there. *Is that normal for him? Or is he excited?* She looked away.

~ ~ ~

She was eating soup for dinner. "So..."

Rob looked up. "Hmm?"

"I did it."

"Did what?"

"I smiled."

A slow grin crossed his face in disbelief and grew into a huge smile. "Really?"

She nodded. "Can't say I was all in the mood with my cycle and all. Cramps are a bitch."

"What happened?"

"I smiled. He smiled."

He shifted in his seat and reached down to adjust his package.

She shook her head. "That excites you?"

"Uh huh." He was nodding for emphasis. "Maybe tell me the details later in bed?"

"I can't do anything."

"I can jack while you tell me."

She laughed and shook her head. "You're strange."

"Would you rather I jack to porn?"

Hmm, you have a point. "No, I suppose not."

~ ~ ~

Cindy relaxed in bed.

A buoyant and naked Rob almost bounced onto the bed.

She moved with the bed. "Eager, huh?"

His grin was sly. "You bet."

"Well, there's not much to tell." *Like I feel all into it with these cramps and shit.*

"What happened?" His shaft was already half hard.

"I was in back with him—"

"In back? Like in private?" His eyes got a feverish glow to them.

She laughed. "No, it's just a stock area. Contractors are back there all the time."

"Oh."

"Anyways, I was pulling some steel wool from an order—"

"Was he checking you out?"

Cindy frowned. The question had her realizing that Ron might have been but she hadn't been looking. Had he been looking at her? Looking at her little butt? She wasn't all that curvy, except for her breasts. She had no idea. "I wasn't looking. I don't know; I was bent over a box."

"He'd be stupid not to be checking you out."

The thought made her irritated. *Maybe the cramps aren't helping, but what right did Ron have looking at my body?* "Well, I don't know."

"Go on."

"I asked him how many sleeves he wanted and he said he'd take all I got."

"Hmm. You think that was flirty?"

Cindy nodded. "Maybe. It's hard to tell, but his voice got all low and smooth."

"Is that unusual for him?"

"Yes, I'd say so."

He started stroking himself, his shaft hardening. "Sounds like he got a little suggestive."

Yeah, like I was in the mood for it. "I don't know."

"Anything more?"

"Well, yes. After he said that, I figured I'd try a smile. See how it went – not that I was really in the mood."

He stopped stroking and touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry. I'm sure smiling is the last thing on your mind when it's your period."

She rolled her eyes and nodded. "Anyway, I gave him a smile after asking him if he needed anything else."

Rob grinned. "Yeah?" His hand was working his very hard erection.

Despite herself, Cindy found herself warming at the sight. A week before she had thought it meant the end of her marriage. Now she was feeling lust as she watched her husband masturbate. *I wish my cycle was over.* "He asked if I had any suggestions. His voice was kind of bedroom-like. Like you get."

He closed his eyes and stroked with longer strokes. "Mmm, that sounds very nice."

"You really like this?"

He opened his eyes and shook his head. He waved a very hard shaft at her. "I don't know; what do you think."

She laughed. "Whatever."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Not really, but..."

"But?" He sounded eager.

"When he handed me back the pen he did it real slow and touched my palm. Gave me goosebumps."

Her husband's eyes rolled away and he gasped. Squirts of cum erupted from his shaft as his fist slid up and down on it.

She squealed, backing away. *Oh wow. He really does find it sexy.* She laughed. "That was amusing."

He began laughing and panting at the same time. Smaller squirts flew as his orgasm subsided. "What a mess."

Yeah, but that was fun. Much better than a video.

CHAPTER 7

Cindy tried to avoid Ron for the rest of the week. But she couldn't. The first day after, he smiled and she didn't.

But as her cramps subsided, she found his smile contagious. She smiled back the second day. His eyes were smoky and she had trouble looking up into them.

By the end of the week, she felt a lot better and his smiles were returned with hers. She felt comfortable now returning the smiles and he was a very handsome man, after all.

"You sure have a nice smile," he said.

She laughed and rolled her eyes. *Is this a pick-up line? Please. I've heard better from nerds in high school.* "Okay..."

But then he floored her. His gaze shifted to her wedding ring. He lowered his voice so Albert wouldn't hear. "Does your husband ever let you out?"

Suddenly her heart was thumping in her chest. She gave a half laugh. "Uh, no."

He shook his head. "That's too bad."

She realized she was shaking. She also didn't want to be there. *Where's my husband? I want to lose myself in one of his hugs.*

Ron didn't pester her, though. He winked and left with his varnish purchase.

~ ~ ~

Rob was stroking and his shaft was very hard. "Tell me."

Cindy toyed with the blanket, nervous. "After he said I had a nice smile, he looked at my ring."

That brought a smile to his face.

"And then he asked if you ever let me out."

Rob's hand let go of his twitching cock. His eyes closed and he let out a long sigh. "Oh yeah."

"I'm not really comfortable with him flirting. When I knew he was for sure, all I could think about was you."

He smiled again and reached out to squeeze her arm. "I love you."

"But, aren't you worried that you'll lose me?"

He laughed. "No. Do you love me?"

She nodded, tears threatening her eyes.

"And I love you. No, I don't worry. You're making me a very happy man." He gripped and waved his erection.

A small laugh burst out, but died. "You weren't happy before?"

"Of course I was. I have you."

"But now?"

He shrugged. "It's like a dream come true, I guess. Makes me love you all the more."

"You didn't love me very much before? I love you with everything I am."

He soothed her arm. "Shh. I've always loved you. I meant it's nice I can share this fantasy with you and you with me. This is awesome."

"You're not mad?"

He laughed. "No. Does it sound like it?"

"I don't know, not many husbands like the idea of their wives flirting with other men."

He wriggled his eyebrows. "You'd be surprised. Men like to brag and show off."

She recalled the stroking husbands in the videos looking proud while they watched their wives get fucked. "I don't know."

"I wonder what he would do on a date with you."

"A date?"

Rob nodded. "He was asking."

"He was not."

"He was. That bit about me letting you out? He was asking if he could have some time with you."

She looked at him funny. "What makes you think that?"

"Because that's how a man asks a married woman. He was asking if you were ever available."

She sat there stunned. "He asked me out on a date?"

Rob nodded. "Something like that." His hand slid faster on his cock.

She looked at it, wary. "Are you going to spray me again?"

He let go and laughed. "No. Would you go out on a date with him?"

"What? No."

"Is he ugly or something?"

"No."

"Fat?"

"No, he's tall and skinny."

"Doesn't really sound like your type."

"He's not really. You are. I love your muscles."

He frowned. "So you think a date with him would be bad?"

"No. I don't know. I don't want to go out on a date with him; I'm married to you."

"Wouldn't be much different than going somewhere with Julie."

She coughed. "Are you serious? A date?"

He nodded, grinning.

"No way. You're my husband."

"I'm not asking you to divorce me."

Cindy sat there, dumbfounded. She raised her palms up in the air. "What exactly are you asking?"

"Play along with him. See if he asks you out on a date."

"But—"

"What's it going to hurt to see if he asks?" His hand moved slower on his cock, squeezing and stroking.

She felt the worm of lust in her at the sight. "You're really going to be all turned on if some man asks me out on a date."

He closed his eyes and hummed with pleasure. "Yep. Would be even better if you accepted."

"No way."

~ ~ ~

Cindy squirmed in her chair. She avoided that folder with the nasty videos. She really wanted to open it and have some fun, but she refused. This was all going too far. *He wants me to flirt?*

Her husband was at work on a Saturday. It happened often; most people liked to move on weekends.

She chewed on a fingernail and tried to read a news article. Her eyes kept drifting back to the folder.

She got out of her chair. *I need to do something else.* She grabbed her phone and dialed Julie.

"Hey, Cin."

"Hi. Doing anything? I'd like to get out of the house."

"No. Come on over. Is this about your last call?"

"Not really, no. Well... Sort of, yes."

Julie laughed. "You sound like a blonde."

She dead-panned, "Thanks."

"See you in a few?"

Cindy said, "Yeah. Thanks."

The drive to their house was short. One freeway exit and two and a half blocks. It was a fixer-upper that they were slowly renovating in their spare time and spare money. They had more time than money.

Kurt answered the door. "Hey, Cin." He was dressed in a bathing suit with a towel over his shoulder. "Come on in."

She paused, struck by the similarity of his grin to Ron's. She walked in past him as he looked her over. *Has he always done that? Had I not noticed? Has Rob awakened in me an awareness? Am I dreaming?*

Julie gave her a light hug. "Come in and sit. Want something to drink?"

She twisted her hands together. "Oh, I don't know."

Julie's eyebrow went up. "Looks like you do."

"Well..."

"Screwdriver it is."

Cindy gave a half-laugh. "Alright. It's been a long time."

"That's my girl."

Kurt went out back and waded into the pool. He was a muscular man, like Rob, but tanned all over.

She gazed at his back and looked over his physique. *Yes, very much like Rob.*

"He's a looker, isn't he?" Julie said. She was holding out a tall glass.

Startled, she gripped her blouse. "Oh. Sorry. I didn't mean to be looking."

Julie gave her a pained look. "Don't worry about it. Here, take your drink."

Cindy took it and took a gulp; she liked screwdrivers. She blew out a breath.

Her friend smiled. "See? All better."

"Sorry about looking at him. I was just thinking how he looks like Rob. His muscles."

Julie waved a hand. "Don't apologize. Yes, he does, sort of. I don't mind you checking him out, but just remember, he's mine." Her eyebrows drew down in mock severity.

Cindy laughed. "Oh, I needed a good laugh."

"What's got you so uptight?"

Is it that obvious? Am I really an uptight person? She looked around and then into her glass. She didn't know how to start.

"This is about Rob?"

Cindy nodded.

She leaned back and crossed one leg over the other. "Spill."

She glanced out the window at Kurt swimming around the pool. She sighed. "He wants me to flirt."

Julie was looking at her silently as if she'd just mentioned the garbage truck had picked up the trash.

Cindy frowned at her friend's silent expression.. "What?"

Her friend rolled her eyes with exaggeration. "Call in the National Guard, there might be some flirting going on."

She coughed. "I'm being serious."

"Wow, girl, you really need to lighten up. Do you get sex at all?"

She put on an outraged look. "Yes."

"Could've fooled me."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're acting like a prune-faced old nun."

"What?"

Julie thrust her chin at her. "You got a ruler up your sleeve?"

She coughed.

Her friend shook her head. "You don't ever flirt?"

She straightened her back and lifted her nose. "Of course not."

Julie rolled her eyes. "How did you and Robert ever get married?"

"That's different."

She sipped her drink and tilted her head to the side. "What's wrong with some harmless flirting?"

"But I'm married."

"So? Flirting doesn't wreck marriages. Affairs do."

Cindy gulped at her drink. "He wants me to date." *There, I said it.*

Julie's eyes got big and her mouth opened in realization. "Oh..."

"See? I'm not being uptight."

Her friend giggled. "Yes you are."

"What?"

"Well, it's obvious you're totally super-glued to his soul."

"Yes."

"So what would some dating hurt?"

"I can't believe I'm the only one who thinks it's wrong."

"Oh, don't get me wrong. If you two weren't so totally in love with each other, it wouldn't be something I'd recommend."

"Huh?" She finished her screwdriver.

"Nothing's going to drag the two of you apart. So what's so bad about a little fun? Get out and see a movie. Whoop! The sin." She fanned herself as if she were burning in the flames of Hell.

Cindy chuckled but was shaking her head. "I want to have fun with my husband."

"Good for you. You should. But you're very lucky to have a man who wants you to date and is strong enough to handle it."

"Are you serious?"

Julie nodded. "I'd love to have a date every once in a while, but Kurt's a bit on the jealous side. It's okay for him to flirt, but not me."

"He flirts?"

"Didn't you catch his flirtiness when you came in?"

"Uh, well..."

"I saw it."

"It doesn't bother you?"

Julie tossed her head to the side. "Actually no. The flirting doesn't bother me. Who cares about a smile or a wink? Now if he went further with it..."

"Would you let him date?"

Julie finished off her glass and twirled the ice in the bottom. "Depends on who it is."

Cindy dropped her jaw. "Are you serious?"

"Oh, believe me, not any typical gal off the street. No. No old girlfriends or that kind of thing. But like if Robert wanted you to date and you asked me? I'd let him take you to the movies or something." She motioned towards Kurt outside.

"Oh, that's different."

Julie shook her head. "No it isn't. You're still another person. It just all depends on who."

"Why? Why would I be alright but not some other chick?"

"Well, I know you wouldn't try to take my husband. You'd probably explode like the Death Star if you even thought about it. Gimme your glass."

Cindy handed her empty glass to her. "And you aren't mad he was flirting with me at the door?"

She shook her head. "A smile and a look? Who cares. Now if he tried to flirt with the little redhead girl next door..."

She giggled. "Because she's a redhead?"

"No, because she's eighteen and was a cheerleader and I don't trust her. You? I trust." She got up and went into the kitchen.

Cindy followed. "You don't think it's strange Rob wants me to date?"

She gave her a playful eye. "You're so lucky."

She watched her friend make drinks and took hers when she was done.

"Want to sit in the Jacuzzi? I have some shorts and a t-shirt you can wear."

"That sounds relaxing."

CHAPTER 8

Cindy came out holding her drink.

Julie was already in the Jacuzzi, water roiling and steaming.

Kurt was laid out on a lounge.

She tried not to look at his package stuffed in those little shorts.

Julie said to her, "Nice save."

"Huh?" She eased into the heat.

"I saw you look." She flashed teeth in a white grin.

She huddled down in the water and leaned towards her friend. "I swear that wouldn't have happened two weeks ago."

"Well, what changed?"

"Rob's been sending me videos."

Interest appeared in her face. "Oh? What kind?"

"Men jacking off."

Her smile broadened. "Nice."

"I didn't think I'd like it, but..."

"Fun, isn't it? I have a few myself."

"You do?"

Julie nodded. "Don't tell him that, though. He wouldn't like it." She motioned her head over to Kurt.

Kurt heard them talking. He got up and walked over. "What're you ladies talking about?" He stretched.

Julie said, "Your package."

Cindy covered her mouth in a slap and turned red.

Kurt smiled and shifted the hem of his shorts around. "Oh yeah?"

Julie giggled.

"Do you two want to see it more up close?"

Her tone turned scolding. "Settle down Bronco, you're not getting the two of us in bed."

He pouted. "Well, that's a shame. I think Cin would look good in pigtails."

Julie gave him a look. "That's enough."

Cindy thought she was going to die.

But Kurt's grin got bigger. "Tit for tat. Try to embarrass me and see how far you get." He climbed in and sat down next to Julie.

Julie faced him and tilted her head ever so slightly.

He looked at her and then his eyes shifted to Cindy.

Julie climbed out of the Jacuzzi. "I'll refresh these drinks. You want one, honey?"

"Please."

They watched her go into the house.

Kurt slid over to her.

She leaned away.

"I was kidding about the package-thing. Sometimes she tries to embarrass me."

"Oh, well..."

"Could you pull that lounge over?" He pointed beyond her.

She gladly nodded. *I need to get away from him; he's too close.* She stood and leaned out, grabbing the leg of the lounge. There were towels on it.

He patted between them on the lip. "Over here is good. Please?"

"Sure." She twisted around, dragging it.

"Very nice," he said.

She noticed he was looking at her. With horror, she realized her breasts were completely visible through the wet t-shirt. Her eyes popped open and she sank down.

"Very, very nice."

Her heart thumped in her chest and she tried to smile. *Uh, shit. What do I do?*

He leaned a little but said nothing.

Suddenly, she felt a hand under the surface of the water brush across her right boob. Her eyes threatened to bug out of her head and she froze. Not

even her fingers could move. Stunned into paralysis, she could only sit there as she felt his hand begin to gently massage her breast.

She opened her mouth to say something, but gasped instead. Not that she was turned on, but that she was so utterly shocked.

Julie came out with a handful of glasses clasped in her two hands. "Here we are."

She felt him lightly pinch her nipple and then the hand withdrew. She drew in a ragged breath.

Julie said, "Now, was that so bad sitting here with my husband?"

Cindy grabbed her drink and downed half of it.

~ ~ ~

Cindy fidgeted in bed. "Um..."

Rob was climbing into bed. "Something wrong?" He looked around.

"I, uh... think I have something to tell you."

He grew serious. "What's the matter?"

She twisted and faced him. "Something happened today."

"What happened?"

Julie searched his face. Only caring was there. She blew out a breath and said, "I went to see Julie today."

"Yes? Did you two get in a fight?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"Kurt flirted with me."

Rob blinked. "He did? Are you sure?"

She coughed. "Very sure."

"Alright, what happened?"

"He checked me out at the door."

Rob made a face. "Alright, so?"

"And... I got into the Jacuzzi with them in some shorts and t-shirt Julie loaned me."

"Sounds like fun."

"No, it was horrible."

"Alright, alright. Tell me what happened."

Cindy darted her eyes back and forth. "Julie got out to go get some drinks."

"This is getting interesting." He smiled.

"Stop that. Kurt asked me to pull over a lounge with some towels on it. So I did. But then I realized he was checking me out. He saw everything."

"Everything?" Her husband's eyes were alight with interest.

"You know, wet t-shirt?"

He moaned and leaned in, nuzzling her neck.

"He said they looked very nice."

He sighed, his eyes closing. "That's awesome." He reached down and began playing with himself. "They're beautiful."

She shook her head. Her husband was stroking a very fast-growing erection. "But..."

His breathing grew ragged as he jacked. "Huh?"

"His hand was under the water and I felt him touch me."

Rob leaned up very suddenly a surprised look on his face. "He what?"

Finally, he sees the sense in all this. "He touched my boob. Here." She pointed.

His look grew fierce. He tore the sheet down, his cock bobbing and throbbing angrily. "He touched your breast?"

"Yes." Her lip quivered.

He gripped her panties and yanked. They shredded in a protest of cotton. He was between her legs in a flash.

"When Julie came out, he pinched my nipple."

His eyes bugged out and he thrust his straining erection into her hard. "Fuck, yes!"

Cindy was stunned. His assault on her was fast, furious, and filled with fuck-lust. *He likes this?*

Her husband drove down into her, pounding his cock into her with deep, frenzied strokes.

Cindy's eyes rolled back in her head as the suddenness overwhelmed her. Her pussy clamped hard on him, gripping him, and she spread her knees up and out to let him pound in deeper.

The bed squeaked, the headboard creaked, and her husband's pants almost sounded like hyperventilation.

She spun out of control, her body not responding to her brain and her brain not functioning at all. The slaps of their hips and the grinding hits against her clit made her eyelids flutter. She realized she was moaning

loudly in one long wail of passion. Then her tension exploded in a series of agonizing shocks.

She cried out with each shock, clenching and releasing and clenching again.

With a savage grunt, her husband unloaded a stream of hotness in her that didn't seem to stop.

She thought she was going to pass out. She couldn't catch her breath. Her body seemed locked in an orgasm that wouldn't let go. The convulsions became painful. But they finally slowed.

Panting, he collapsed on her. He twitched when her pussy clamped. He started chuckling. "Wow, that was awesome."

She drew in several breaths of sweet air and moaned. She felt dizzy and delirious. "Yeah, wow." Then she laughed with him.

CHAPTER 9

Cindy kept looking at her husband on Sunday. Checking on him. He kept saying he had a blast the previous night, but was he hiding anything? He appeared alright.

She felt a little sore, but it was a very good sore.

He frowned at her. "Are you alright?"

She nodded. "I guess so."

"Sorry about your panties."

She waved him off with a toothy grin. "You can run me out of panties doing that. That was nice."

He chuckled. "I'm glad you let him flirt with you. You really didn't do anything to egg him on?"

She shook her head, eyes wide. "Nothing."

"Well, I hope you see it isn't like the end of the world or something."

He was right about that. She had been relieved. "It was still a shock."

He nodded. "I'm sure it was. It's not every day a stranger feels you up."

"That's for sure."

"Did you have fun, at least?"

"Fun? I was scared. It was totally unexpected."

"Well, maybe next time you won't be so scared."

"Next time?"

"Who knows, he might want to lick one."

She slapped his arm. "Rob!"

"I would, if I were him."

"Would you really want to hear another man licked my breast?"

He shook, sighed breathily, and said, "Fuck, yes."

She giggled. "You're incorrigible."

"Going to smile at Ron tomorrow?"

She rolled her eyes. "I don't know. It's sort of hard to stop smiling once you've started."

"Are you going to let him ask you out on a date?"

"He's not going to ask."

"What if he does?"

"I'll say no."

"Really?" He looked disappointed.

"He's not going to ask."

"I bet he would if you hinted you'd accept."

"What?"

"Like if you told him I just might let you out on occasion."

Cindy blushed. "That's horrible."

He threw up his hands like she did – palms up. "Why? Because he thinks you're interesting? Because he thinks you might be fun to take to a movie? Because he thinks you're smart and sexy?"

"But I'm not married to him."

"I wouldn't want you to be."

She coughed.

"I expect you home and in my bed."

She gave him an eyebrow. "After a date with another man."

"Especially after a date with another man."

Cindy laughed and shook her head. *I'm getting nowhere in this. He sure was fun last night, though. Wow.* "If I agreed to go out on a date with him, or Kurt, wouldn't you think I was just some slut like we knew in high school?"

He stepped close very suddenly and tilted up her head. His kiss was slow and sensuous. "Never," he breathed into her mouth.

Am I being dumb or something? Everyone was saying she was uptight. Even Julie thought Kurt could take her on a date. "If I go on a date with Kurt, will that be enough?"

His arms encircled her and held her close. "That would be wonderful."

"I'll call her. No promises. She might have been kidding when she said it was alright."

He was smiling and his eyes were smoking. It sent a thrill through her insides.

~ ~ ~

Cindy said, "He's coming tomorrow night. A movie."

Her husband beamed. "Awesome. Anything happen at work today?"

"No. Ron didn't come in."

"Oh." He seemed disappointed.

"Don't worry, he comes in three or four times a week for supplies." She shook her head. *How am I going to get through this?* She felt nervous.

~ ~ ~

"Hey, Cin."

It was Tuesday afternoon. She looked up into Ron's eyes. "Oh, hi." She gave him a smile and found it much easier than before.

"Have any painter's overalls my size?"

"Hmm." She twisted her mouth. "I don't know." She led him to the spray area. The rack held several folded stacks, all picked over. She began checking through them.

He said, "Yeah, I looked through those last week."

"Oh." She glanced down at the overstock box under the rack. "You look in here?" She squatted down.

"Er, no. Didn't notice it." He squatted down next to her.

She dug through the box and checked sizes. "What's your size?"

"Thirty-two thirty-six."

She dug a little more. "Ah, got one right here." She pulled it out and twisted to hand them to him.

He was staring into her eyes, just a foot away.

A quiver of warmth ran through her and she smiled at him.

They seemed to squat there together, for a minute, just looking at each other.

What would my husband want to hear? She opened her mouth. Her temples beat to her pulse and she said, "My husband might let me out. On occasion." *I can't believe I said that.*

His eyes intensified and his small grin widened. "Really?"

She nodded and got up, suddenly unsure about what to do or say. "Did you need anything else?"

"Your phone number."

She chuckled and blushed; she couldn't look at him. "Um, well..."
Stupid to offer and then not give him my number. "Alright."

~ ~ ~

Cindy got out of the shower and began dressing for her date with Kurt.

"Ohh, this looks nice." Rob must have come home when she was in the shower.

"Hmm?" She pulled on her jeans.

"You dressing for a date."

"I'm just putting on clothes."

"It's sexy."

"I have news about work."

"Oh?" He crossed his arms and leaned against the doorframe.

"Ron asked for my phone number."

Rob broke out into laughter. "Did he? Good man."

"Well, I sure hope he doesn't call."

Her husband grinned. "I hope he does."

"I don't know. Maybe this date with Kurt should be the only one. I don't want you having second thoughts or anything."

He shook his head, slowly. "You're sexy."

She giggled. "Stop it."

"But you are."

A worm of thrill and heat coiled in her with visions of what Rob might do to her later that night. "You're so nasty."

"I'm all yours."

A sudden overwhelming love came over her and she embraced her husband. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Looking forward to the date?"

"Not really."

"Aw. I was hoping you'd enjoy it."

She finished buttoning her blouse. "It's just Kurt. I'm sort of looking to get it over with."

"Try to have fun."

"What, watching a movie? Thrilling."

"Don't be frigid."

She coughed. "It's a movie theater."

He chuckled.

The knock on the door an hour later had Rob answering. "Hey, Kurt."

"Hey." He was smiling like a schoolkid. "She ready for a movie?"

"I guess so."

They shook hands.

Cindy shook her head. *Weirdoes*. "I'm here, let's go."

CHAPTER 10

Cindy felt better. Kurt was being a gentleman. He didn't maul her tits in the car or anything like she almost expected.

The theater was dark and they chose seats about four rows from the back. A good view of the screen.

Almost immediately, someone sat behind them. The man crinkled a wrapper endlessly and then started coughing.

The previews came up.

The man behind them began coughing up his lung in chunks.

Cindy scowled.

The man coughed harder. Her hair was moving.

She glared back.

The man was red in the face, coughing with an open mouth without even covering it.

She rolled her eyes.

Kurt touched her arm and motioned with his head. "Let's move."

She blew a sigh of relief.

He led her over to the side and into the smaller seats on the far left.

"Thanks," she said. "I think his lung is in my hair."

He chuckled and reached his arm over her shoulder to pat her hair. "Yep, there's a floppy wet chunk right there."

She jerked in disgust. "Eww."

"I'm kidding."

She slapped her palm against his chest.

He left his arm around her.

The movie was a rom-com, but she wasn't paying any kind of attention to it. She felt his hand move up and stroke her hair around her temple. Half-expecting to get mauled, she was tense for a few minutes. But he seemed content to just stroke her hair and run his fingers through it at her temple.

She found herself with half-closed eyes, relaxing. *This is nice. Probably not what Rob expects to hear.*

Halfway into the movie, he shifted so his arm could reach better. She leaned towards him and closed her eyes, relishing the soft scrape of his fingers. She wanted to go to sleep.

A funny part had the theater laughing and she opened her eyes. He was looking down at her with a smile on his face.

He said, "I promised Julie I wouldn't maul you, you know. But..."

She looked up into his kind eyes. She felt secure in his arms.

"Can I kiss you?" He said it softly.

I don't suppose a kiss would hurt. It's not like he's licking my boobs or something. "Okay."

He was leaning down as she said it. His mouth met hers and a man's tongue that wasn't her husband's pushed into her mouth gently. His lips were soft and she began breathing faster. They kissed lightly at first, but a headiness swept over them and they were kissing deep and hard.

She moaned happily. *He's a good kisser. Julie, you have it good.*

Kurt broke the kiss.

She wanted more, but came to her senses and shook her head. *There. I've been out on a date and kissed a man.* She smiled. *The sex is going to be great tonight.*

~ ~ ~

Cindy cried out in passion as Rob rammed his cock into her. She took him in, her aching pussy accepting the dominance of his manhood.

He had gotten hard when she told him about the hair-stroking. He became feverish when she told him about the kiss.

His cock made her pussy complete. His pounding erection gave her everything she needed.

He pulled out.

She whimpered, trying to pull him back in.

He leaned his head close with his cock poised at her entrance. "Do you feel it?"

She felt the tip brush against her swollen pussy lips. "Yes, put it back in."

He pushed a little and her lips parted.

She squirmed and thrust her hips. "Put it in."

"Do you think Kurt is fucking his wife right now and thinking about you?" He rammed it in hard.

She felt as if she had been hammered with an electric sledgehammer. A violent twist of insane lust gripped her insides and she was crying out, falling fast over the edge of orgasm. Lights flashed before her eyes and she squeezed them shut.

When she was able to open them again, she lay panting – her chest heaving in sexual exhaustion.

She fell asleep, locked in his arms.

~ ~ ~

The next morning she opened her email after avoiding it for a couple days. There were no emails from her husband. She felt disappointed.

She opened her nasty folder and selected a couple. She played a gif for several minutes, watching a man stroke his cock. "Sure looks good." She wanted to touch herself, but she knew it would make her sore.

She closed the folder and shut down the computer. *Time for work.*

~ ~ ~

Ron came in after her lunch hour. "Hi, Cin."

Her smile stretched her face. "Hi."

He leaned on the counter, his face a couple feet from hers. "So if I call you for dinner and a movie, that would be alright?"

Her heart beat a little faster and her breath caught. She knew she was standing there, her mouth open and her tongue playing against her bottom teeth. "Um, I think so."

His smile was all sunshine. "I'm thinking Friday, but let me see if tomorrow makes more sense. I'll call you tonight."

She blushed. "Okay."

He leaned up and her gaze dropped to his pants. Then she looked away. When she looked back, his eyes had a nasty twinkle in them. "Your husband won't mind?"

Not sure what to say, she bit her lip and shook her head.

He winked. "I'll call tonight."

She watched him walk out, but not before checking out his sexy ass packed in those work-jeans. *Wow. Rob's got me all worked up. Here I am looking forward to telling him about Ron's ass.*

She shook her head and went back to work.

~ ~ ~

Later that night, her cell phone rang. She was in bed, reading. Rob was next to her doing the same.

The caller ID said Ron Ross.

"Hello?" She motioned to Rob that it was him.

"Hey. I'm not calling too late, am I?"

"No, this is fine." It felt weird talking to him with Rob listening, but oddly exciting.

"Tomorrow's not good, I'm sorry. So Friday?"

"Friday? Sure."

"I have Italian in mind. That okay?"

"Sure."

"Good, I know this great little place run by a friend's father. And for the movie—"

"Anything but a rom-com."

He laughed. "Alright. We'll leave the movie open for now. The Century has twelve to choose from anyway."

"Should I dress up for your friend's restaurant?"

"Ah no, it's casual. Jeans and no panties is fine."

She giggled. "Men."

"I'm not a big fan of underwear myself."

Her breath caught. "You?"

"Commando. All the time."

"Oh my goodness. Uh..."

He laughed again. "I'll come in tomorrow and get your address."

"Alright."

"See you then."

"Okay."

She placed the phone on the nightstand and blushed.

Rob smiled. "What?"

"He said he goes commando."

Her husband chuckled. "Sounds promising."

She rolled her eyes.

CHAPTER 11

Friday night had Cindy feeling tense and she wasn't sure why.

Rob seemed anxious.

Maybe it's because I need a good fucking tonight. Tuesday night was their last sex. Good as it had been, it wasn't enough. She wanted more and she was going to get it tonight if she had to jump Rob's bones and hold him down.

She was nervous, too, that she didn't really know Ron all that well. She saw him almost every day and he was certainly nice, but she didn't really know the man. *It's just a small date. Dinner and movie. Then I'm home getting the daylight's fucked out of me by my loving husband.* That brought a smile to her face.

The knock on the door was electrifying.

Rob turned out the lights in the kitchen and stood in the darkness. He had said he wanted to watch them leave out the kitchen window.

She answered the door as a deep rumble vibrated through the parking lot.

The neighbor, Chuck, was pulling in on his Harley.

Great. I can't hear a thing.

"You ready?" Ron had to raise his voice.

She nodded vigorously and pulled the door shut behind her. *Let's get out of here.*

The rumble stopped and the big neighbor got off his Harley. He gave her an odd look and looked at Ron. The neighbor wasn't a giant or anything, but he had muscles and moved his Harley around between his legs like it was a ten-speed. His hair was pulled back in a very short, black ponytail.

Ron nodded at him as he unlocked his car.

Cindy grimaced in what she thought might be a passing smile.

Chuck wasn't a bad neighbor, except noisy. He owned the Walter's Harley Davidson Dealership out on Highway Two. He was divorced and lived alone.

She shut the door to Ron's car and sighed heavily.

Ron got in. "What's with the biker?"

"Him? Nothing. That's Chuck Walter."

He raised his eyebrows. "Oh yeah? The same guy on TV?"

He actually wasn't on TV, but his dealership was. "Yes."

"What's he doing living in a condo? No offense to you, but, isn't he rich?"

"Nasty divorce, I hear."

He nodded slow as if understanding. "That's why I won't get married."

"Well, when you find the right one..."

"I had a girl on and off over the years. She keeps leaving though. Why bother?"

"Rob is wonderful; I can't imagine living without him."

They were driving.

He looked over at her curiously. "You sure he's okay with this?"

"Oh yeah. As long as you treat me alright."

He quirked an odd smile and nodded once.

The restaurant was a quaint little place with vines hanging everywhere. The smell of pasta sauce and cheese permeated the entire building. It looked busy.

She shook her head. "I never really noticed this."

"That's Gino there. From Italy. His son worked with me for a while." He waved at the jolly looking man.

Gino smiled large and waved back. He was wearing an apron with tomato smears on it. He came over, wiping his hands and then held out his arms. "Ronno-boy. Good to see you."

They didn't hug – it was more of an inclusive gesture.

"Gino."

The Italian turned to Cindy. "Ah, che bella." He winked at Ron. Then he motioned towards the back.

They were seated in a very private booth with a single candle.

She looked around. *I wish there was more light.*

Dinner was superb and Ron didn't put any moves on her. By the time it was over, she was laughing and relaxed.

"What happened to his son?"

"Joined the Air Force. But I keep coming. It's good food."

"Sure was. I'll have to tell Rob about this."

He checked his watch. "The next four movies start in fifteen minutes. After that, it's an hour wait."

She raised her eyebrows. "Oh, we better go then."

He paid the bill and Gino handed her a violet.

She giggled and stuck it in her hair over her ear.

Gino shook his head and put fingers to lips, kissing them.

Ron said, "Say Hello to Lucia for me." They left the restaurant.

She decided to return there with Robert. *What a nice place.*

Tickets were bought and they entered the theater just as the previews were ending. He pulled her to the very back, up against the wall. Not many people were in this one. More people wanted to see the rom-com and not the suspense thriller.

They settled in and Ron immediately turned to her. "Thanks for coming with me tonight."

"Is... it hard for you to find dates?" *I hope that didn't sound wrong.*

His teeth flashed in the dark as the opening credits began showing. "Nah, but I've had my eye on you for years."

"Years?" The idea floored her.

"Remember when you dressed for Halloween four years ago?"

"Yeah, that was the last time I did it."

"The little witch's outfit. You looked adorable."

She didn't know what to say. "Thanks..."

"I think I fell in love with you then."

Love? What? Are you serious? "Uh..."

"I never wanted to make a move. You never seemed like you noticed me."

She hadn't, really. Not that way. *What do I say?* "Oh, well... sometimes you have to let go and speak your mind." *Did that sound corny? Shit.*

"Well, we're here now. I'm happy."

She faced the screen, uncertainty once again in her. He had liked her for that long? *Me? Me?* She found herself trembling. *I wonder if Rob will like to hear that?*

It was only fifteen minutes or so into the movie when he took her hand.

I guess hand-holding is okay. But if he doesn't kiss me or something, Rob will be all pouty.

He stroked her hand for about thirty seconds and then moved it.

She felt skin. *Is that his other hand? What's he—Ohmigod.* He was placing her hand around his erection. Her hand froze in place around his shaft. *I'm touching another man's cock!* She felt her palm go instantly sweaty.

Her mouth was hanging open, but she refused to look at him. *What do I do?*

His hands covered hers and gently moved her hand up and down. Then he let go.

I can't just take my hand away, can I? She gave the shaft a very gentle squeeze. *Wow, it feels nice.* Instantly, her mind was playing the gif she liked. Fist around cock, sliding up and down. She began moving her hand, feeling the heat of his shaft mirrored in the heat blossoming in her pussy.

He scooted down a little and his shaft poked up higher.

She began to breathe fast, her mouth open. His cock felt really nice in her hand. She stroked him up and down, feeling it like the gif-man felt his own cock. She realized then that all her fears and inhibitions had fled. This wasn't so bad. In fact, it felt really good. She stroked him like she stroked Rob.

He gave a quiet moan and shivers went up her spine at the power of her hand on his cock. She was pleasuring him and it felt good. He had a nice shape and it might have been slightly longer than her husband's.

His skin was smooth in her hand and he moved his hips slightly, fucking her hand as she stroked. *Oh, this is nice. I can't wait to tell my husband. He's going to flip.*

And knowing he would like it melted away her last reservations. She smiled to herself in the dark as she stroked this man's shaft. His cock was hard. For her. She felt more of that weird sensation of power, then. It felt good.

She felt a drop ooze out of his head. She squeezed a little and got more out, rubbing it around and coating his head. Then she gripped him again and stroked.

He sighed happily and with lust. His chuckle was low and quiet. "You do that so well."

More pre-cum oozed from his head and she glanced over. Her heart beat a little faster, but before she could try convincing herself not to, she bent over and placed her mouth down on his erection. She did it fast, not trusting herself to back out if she thought about it too long.

He had a light taste and his skin was hot with lust. He gasped and touched her head lightly. His hips bucked up with a mind of their own and pushed his shaft up into her mouth. She opened wide for him, slowly moving her tongue around the head and top half of the shaft.

He gasped again. "Oh... Cin."

She moved her head up and down in the darkness of the theater, sucking his cock while her husband waited at home.

Her previous worries were gone. Why had she been so uptight? Used to being married? Building a life of tradition that didn't include any kind of sensual lust? Isn't this what her husband wanted?

She sucked harder. She knew Rob did. She knew he would burst to hear this. Was it so bad she was giving him what he wanted?

The burst of Ron's orgasm caught her off-guard. Cum oozed out of her mouth, though she tried to swallow it all. She slurped and licked, then pulled off. She licked her lips and wiped the drool-cum from her mouth.

Ron was laughing quietly, wiping his brow. His whisper was for her. "Wow, that was awesome, thanks. Do you want me to..."

She shook her head. "Um, it was fun, but I'm not taking off my pants in a movie theater. Us girls don't have flies that make it easy to whip things out." She looked around. No one had noticed.

"Alright, but I would."

She patted his arm.

CHAPTER 12

Cindy walked in alone. Ron had dropped her off and watched from the car.

Rob poked his head around the hallway. Seeing her alone, he gave her a smile. "Well, how'd it go?"

She looked at him with lusting eyes. "Hmm. The restaurant? Nothing." She walked over towards him and placed one hand on a hip. "The movie was a different story."

His eyes sparkled. "Tell me."

She crooked a finger. "You're going to want to be in the bedroom, lover."

He growled and took her arm, leading her to their bed. He began undressing.

So did she.

His eyes roamed hungrily up and down her small form.

She saw it in his eyes and it was all worth it. She took deep breaths, knowing her pussy was going to get good and fucked. It needed it. She climbed into bed.

He was already half hard and it looked like he had been stroking it.

"Been playing while I was gone?"

"Couldn't help it."

"Mmm, that's so sexy. But get your hand on it and stroke while I tell you."

He laughed. He grabbed it and began stroking. "Did he kiss you?"

"No."

"Oh."

"He held my hand."

"Is that all?"

She gave him a smile. "Well, no..."

He began stroking it; it was fully hard.

"He placed my hand on his cock."

He laughed. "What?"

She nodded. "I didn't know what to do but then I thought of you. So I began stroking it."

His eyes were pure shock. "You did?" His chest vibrated to his beating heart.

She nodded.

His look went from surprised to feverish. He tore down the sheet, exposing her nakedness. "You touched him?"

"I stroked him. It felt nice."

He groaned and a line of cum drooled from his cock. He placed it at her opening and pushed.

She closed her eyes to the delicious feel of her man entering her and filling her. "I moved my hand on him like those videos and gifs you sent me."

His erection swelled in her and he thrust faster.

"It oozed and I used it to lubricate the shaft."

He let out a long groan and then began slamming into her. "Did you like the feel of his cock?"

"I was scared at first, but then I thought about how you'd like it. After that, I liked it."

His eyes closed. "Fuck, yes. I wish I could've seen it."

His ramming was sending excellent signals to her brain. Her body tingled with an orgasm that had been days in waiting.

She said, "There's more."

He froze, the veins beating visibly in his neck. His face was flush with lust. "What? Tell me." His whisper was hoarse with desperation.

"I'm not sure what came over me, but before I could talk myself out of it, I leaned over and sucked him."

Her husband shook and let out a cry of lust. His cock swelled and she felt the hotness splashing her insides. He dropped on her, placing his mouth on hers and kissing frantically.

She broke the kiss. "I swallowed."

His eyes blinked and she felt his cock give another squirt. He put his mouth back on hers and ravished her mouth with his tongue.

He pulled out and then scooted down her body. His mouth attacked her clit. She was close but hadn't cum. He said, "Did you like sucking him?"

She moaned.

"Did you like it?"

She gripped his head as he licked and talked.

"Tell me you liked it. Did you?"

His tongue pushed her over the edge in one long, slow fall. She cried out, holding his head, her hips thrusting up and her legs quivering with uncontrollable spasms.

She cried out, "Yes, I liked it. I liked it." She drifted a few seconds, the waves of orgasm receding. "Did you taste him when you kissed me?"

He leaned up and gave his cock five good strokes. His eyes screwed shut and a lingering squirt of cum erupted from the head, splashing on her stomach.

She fell asleep in his arms and dreamt of stroking and sucking cock.

~ ~ ~

"That really happened?" he said. It was Sunday. He still couldn't believe it.

She shrugged. "I hadn't planned to. A date. Maybe a kiss. Good sex from you and it's over. I didn't go out with him thinking I'd give him a handjob. Or even blow him. Shit, if I'd known beforehand, I wouldn't have gone."

"But you liked it."

"You wanted me to." It was half-accusation.

He nodded.

"Don't go back on what you wanted. It's a little too late; I had his cock in my mouth."

His smile was all love. "You're beautiful."

She had felt the return of insecurity. "Are you sure?"

His nod was solemn. "More than ever."

She let out a relieved sigh. Sex had been good the previous night, too. She suspected he was going to give her pussy a good reaming again.

He said, "Will you let him take you on another date?"

She rubbed the bridge of her nose. "Where does this end?"

"I want you to be happy."

"What if I'm happy with what's happened and I call it all off now?"

"Then I'll leave it up to you. I wouldn't want you doing something you really don't want to do."

That made her feel better. "Thank you."

"So you'll go out with him again?"

She laughed and shook her head. *Men.*

CHAPTER 13

Ron phoned her Monday night while she lay in bed next to Rob.

"Hi," she said.

"Cin." His voice was smoky.

She resolved to say no to whatever. "What's up?"

"I was thinking drinks."

"Drinks?" She looked at her husband. That was a mistake.

He was grinning and nodding.

"I don't know..."

Ron said, "Don't say no. Please."

Rob looked panicked.

I have two men against me. How can I win? "Alright, I guess so."

Rob looked relieved.

Ron sounded relieved. "Great. Tomorrow night? I'll pick you up at seven-thirty."

She threw up a hand. "Alright."

"See you then."

She clicked off and made a face at Rob.

"What?" he said.

"I wasn't wanting to go."

"Oh. Well, you didn't have to."

"You looked as if a bus was about to run over your puppy."

He chuckled. "That bad?"

She arched an eyebrow. "Mm hmm."

"Look, just go and have fun. That's all I ask. Have fun."

"And give him another blowjob?"

He held up his hands. "Only if you want."
Cindy shook her head. "What if by drinks he's expecting more?"
"I would if I were him." He winked.
She slapped his arm. "I'm being serious."
He pursed his lips in thought. "So am I."
"And you really think me dating him is hot?"
"Fuck yes. I love it."
She sighed. "Alright. I said I was going anyway."
"Thank you, Cin. I can't wait to hear about it tomorrow night."

~ ~ ~

She sat at her computer after her shower and drank her coffee. Rob had sent an email. She opened it but saw no attachments. A small pout was on her face until she read the words: "I love you."
A smile replaced the pout.
She opened a video and watched it before work.

~ ~ ~

She dressed after taking a shower later Tuesday, the thoughts of the morning video on her mind.

She never would've thought Rob would be so happy that she had stroked some other man. Or blown him. But the sex he had given her – the love – was so overpowering with passion that she could no longer disbelieve.

She had done the forbidden. She had touched another man's cock. She had tasted it. And she had liked it.

Would Ron want another blowjob? Her husband had about died with lust when she had revealed the oral activity in the theater. He didn't think her a slut, either. *Of course not. I can stop this at any time. I wasn't the one pushing me to date.*

Rob came in and watched her put on lipstick. He began rubbing himself through his pants.

She laughed. "I haven't even left yet."

He growled. "Can't wait for you to get back. Seeing you put on lipstick for another man is sexy."

She smiled at him, shaking her head. "The things that turn men on. I don't know."

He came up behind her. "Go and have fun."

She looked at him in the mirror and then nodded. "I'm going, aren't I?" *I love you so much.*

He said it in words to her thoughts. "I love you."

She raised her hand up, covering his on her shoulder. The touch connected them.

Then he was backing away, grinning.

The knock startled neither of them.

Rob gave her a quick kiss and wished her luck. He retreated into the dark kitchen.

Luck? Why? It's not like drinks is a game of lottery. She smiled at Ron.

He gave her a look of pleasure.

She walked out with him to his car. She looked back and quirked a quick smile at the kitchen window. Can he see me? *I love you.*

He didn't drive them to a club or bar, he drove them to his home.

That made her a little tense. "Your house?"

He had an excited look on his face. "I wanted to show you. I've done a lot of the work myself in here. Much of the color you see is what you've sold me. The varnish, the work materials. I almost feel like you had a hand in it."

That got her curiosity. "Really?"

They entered a home that looked tract on the outside, but held wonder on the inside. Although it held a tiled floor, everything else was wood. Wood paneling, wood trim, wood cabinets – the bookcase system was incredible.

She let her eyes drink it all in. "Wow. You did all this yourself?"

"Yep. Come on. Time for drinks." He led her into the kitchen. "What do you like?"

She shrugged. "I had screwdrivers recently."

"A fine drink. Two screwdrivers coming up."

She watched him pour the drinks. "So no gal, huh?"

He glanced at her under sexy brows. "Don't think I can find one as nice as you."

That made her blush. "Go on."

"No, really." He handed her the drink. He motioned to the living room.

There was a soft leather couch in there that looked like it could suck someone in. She sat on it and sank right in.

He lit the gas fireplace and the hiss of the flame filled the room. He sat next to her, close.

Wondering what he was wanting, she took a drink.

He turned to her and drew a finger along her shoulder. "I think about you a lot."

"Me?"

"Yep."

"I'm nothing special."

"You are to me."

He's so nice. How come he can't find a girl? I would've been clawing eyes out to get him if I wasn't married. "My husband says I should have fun —"

That's as far as she got. His mouth covered hers and they were kissing with desperation.

When he broke the kiss, she was panting. Wow. She took a gulp of her screwdriver.

He did, too. He motioned. "Finish that off and I'll refresh it."

It had been a fast drink. She felt a buzzing numbness faintly in each cheek. She gave a flirty giggle. "Okay." She downed it and the cold of the orange juice seized her throat. She swallowed and handed him the glass.

He winked. "Be right back."

She snuggled into the couch. She had worried coming in that the first thing he would want to show her was the bedroom. But he hadn't. He hadn't even asked. She looked around the couch and ran her hands over the smooth leather. Then she looked down.

What would Rob want? She undid her top button on her blouse. *He'll like to hear he touched my breasts.*

A glass was being handed to her and it startled her. She still had her hands on her button. "Oh." She blushed. She took a drink and so did he.

He removed the glass from her hand and set it aside.

Mmm more kissing. Yummy.

He leaned into her and kissed her. His tongue was strong and his stubble rubbed sexily on her chin and cheek.

She moaned with pleasure. A heat was building in her pussy. *I can't wait to get home. After a little more kissing.*

His hand came up and gently touched her breast through her blouse.

Yes, my husband will like that. She rubbed the back of his head as he kissed her.

His touch on her breast felt good. Then he was unbuttoning her blouse – a look of need on his face.

She reached back and unclasped her bra after he had removed her blouse. She searched his eyes for disapproval as he looked at her breasts. *Do you think they're too small?*

As if reading her mind, he said, "They're beautiful." He leaned down, pushing her back a little. His mouth covered her breast, his tongue flicking out and circling her nipple.

She gasped and squirmed, sinking lower on the couch. Her world slowly spun, sending sensations of lazy pleasure coursing through her at every lick.

He sat up and removed his shirt. He had a very nice chest, if not as muscular as her husband's. Then he sat and began removing his pants.

Her eyes got big, but she relaxed when his cock came into view. It was very much like her husbands, but about an inch longer. She opened her mouth at the sight. She wanted to grab it in both hands and jack it. It was already hard.

He climbed back over her and laid on her, licking her breasts and rising further up until they were kissing again.

Her body moved under him, undulating with passion. He pulled back again.

She reached for him.

He gave a sexy smile and began undoing her pants.

She said, "I don't know about..."

He held a finger up to her lips. "I want to lick you."

Oh, I guess that's alright. Rob will really dig on that. She relaxed. She really wanted to touch his cock again, but the promise of him licking her forestalled her. She let him slide off her pants and panties.

The touch of his tongue to her pussy was electric. She gasped and grabbed his head. *Oh this is dirty. Rob, I wish you were here.*

He licked and moved his tongue all over her clit, causing spiraling waves of tension to coil within her. She spread her legs, wide.

He kissed the area above her clit and licked a long line up to her belly button.

She squirmed, her pussy wanting attention again.

Then his mouth was on her breasts again.

She closed her eyes.

His kisses moved up to her neck.

She felt a hardness press against her wet pussy. She opened her eyes and mouth, but his mouth descended on hers and locked her into a kiss.

He pushed and his cock parted her pussy lips.

She moaned around his tongue in worry and lust. *Yes, slide it in. No, get off. I can't, I'm married. Oh, maybe just a little.*

His shaft pushed in past her lips, sliding in slowly. He pulled back and watched her.

Her mouth was open in shock. She was clutching his shoulders, squeezing and pulling. Her head felt warm and she gave in, pulling hard, wrapping her ankles behind his thighs and pulling. She sighed long and loud as his entire length slid into her. She was filled, his cock reaching just a little deeper than her husband's.

"Oh..." she said.

"You feel so wonderful," he said.

Her heart beat faster and faster. *He's fucking me!*

He pulled out and slid slowly back in.

She felt his manhood violate her, filling her with lewd passion. She wanted more. She swung her head a little and gasped, "Fuck me."

He growled and began pumping his cock in and out of her married pussy. The hiss of the fire was loud and so were the squeaks of the leather couch. Their pants worked together as he drove his cock into her. He was not forceful, but his thrusts were deep. In fact, he was gentle.

Over and over she felt his erection fill her, rubbing deep in all the right places. She moved her hips to meet his thrusts, enjoying every stroke. *Oh wow. This is way better than a handjob.* She found herself laughing.

He seemed alarmed. "Are you okay?" He had stopped moving.

She nodded vigorously. "Yes." Her voice was a breathy whisper. "Yes, keep fucking me. Don't stop."

"I don't have any condoms."

She giggled. "No worry."

"No?"

She grew serious as she hung on and he fucked her. "I spent eleven thousand dollars several years ago trying to get pregnant." With that bastard Jeff. Once he knew she wasn't going to have kids, he had left her.

He thrust deep. "I would have helped you for free."

She gasped and looked into his eyes. "Fuck me. Fuck me and fill me."

He lay on her fully and drove his cock deep with fluid hip movements.

She raised hers to meet his thrusts. It felt delicious.

He reached his hands under her, grabbing her small butt. His thrusts didn't pull out as far. He stayed in deep, moving half out only before thrusting as far as he could.

She closed her eyes because they threatened to swim all over the place and make her dizzy. She held on as he quickened his pace, striving to get deeper. She moaned. "Yes..."

He cried out and then grunted, his back muscles straining under her fingers.

She felt the hot blast deep inside her. *Oh yes. So good.*

His grinding against her clit sent her over the edge. She trembled and convulsed, her pussy clamping on Ron's deep-thrust cock. She held tight, squeezing as he emptied his balls into her.

He gasped, panting. "I love you."

The hiss of the fireplace took over and she fell asleep under him, his cock still buried in her pussy.

CHAPTER 14

Cindy was far later than she had planned on getting home. Ron had wanted her to stay the night. He had fucked her again.

She fumbled with the keys and finally got them in the lock.

He waved and drove off as she closed the door.

Rob came out of the bedroom. "Wow, you're late. Was it that good of a night?"

What do I say? Is it going to be what he wants to hear? "I..."

"Are you alright?"

"Yes... I, uh..."

He came up to her and gently took her face in his hands. He studied her eyes. "What?"

"I was a very naughty wife."

She felt him tremble. A light came into his eyes. A feverish one.

She said, "Very naughty."

"Did you fuck him?" His voice was full of wonder.

She nodded reluctantly.

His mouth dropped open and he laughed in surprise. He blinked bright eyes and laughed again, happiness bubbling out of him. "You did it? Really?"

She watched his eyes search hers, full of wonder and happiness. She relaxed. "Yes."

He pulled her into the bedroom. "I want to hear it all."

Their lovemaking was different this night. He took her with passion and love, but was very tender and slow. She clutched him desperately, recalling the feeling of Ron in her and wanting Rob to know she still loved him.

She was troubled, though, as she drifted to sleep.

~ ~ ~

Cindy stretched in bed. Hump day. She would need to get moving but it was still early.

Her husband was looking at her, those sexy eyes consuming her. He moved his fingers and began trailing them over her arm. "Are you alright?"

She nodded, searching his eyes. Was there any doubt there? Hesitancy? She had done what he wanted. To her complete surprise, she had enjoyed it. She wouldn't have if he had not wanted it so bad. She wouldn't even have kissed a man other than him. But his sincerity and desire for her to do so gave her the nudge she needed.

The plunge had scared her, but she looked back and realized how much fun it had been. "What about you?"

His smile spread slowly. "I'm just fine."

She saw something there, though. A tension at the corner of his beautiful eyes. "What?"

He pursed his lips.

Is this where he dumps me? But she didn't feel that from him.

"I just wish I could've been there."

And she knew he was telling the truth. From the very beginning he had said he loved seeing the pleasure in her face. That he would enjoy seeing it there for another man. She frowned. "I wish you'd been there, too. But I don't think Ron wants that kind of thing."

"You'll go out with him again?" He sounded hopeful.

She nodded. Then said, "Maybe. I don't know."

"What's wrong?"

She leaned up on an elbow to tell him. "He said he loved me."

Rob appeared to consider that. "Nothing wrong with that. Actually I think that's for the better. I wouldn't want you mistreated."

"I don't think you understand. I think this is more serious."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "He said he's been waiting for me for years and that he doesn't want any other woman."

That caused a fleeting look of trouble to cross Rob's face. "Hmm."

"Maybe it was fun, but maybe it should stop before something gets ugly."

"Are you positive you think this is a problem? Were you misreading him? Men and women are very different."

"I know, I know." She slumped. "I'm not sure."

"When you're sure, tell me. I'll support whatever you decide."

And that's why I love you. She pulled him into a hug and clung tight.

~ ~ ~

Ron came into the store later.

Cindy thrilled at the sight of him, little shivers racing down her back. *I had him in me. I took his manhood – all of it.* It gave her that special feeling of power.

"Hi, Cin." His eyes searched hers.

She hid her trembling fingers. "Hi." She felt the heat crawl up her insides. Having felt resolved to cut things off, she realized his magnetism was pulling her back in.

"Would you come over again? Tonight?"

A smile split her face as the lust twisted in her and lit up her nerves with pleasure. "I think I'd like that."

"Earlier? Six?"

She nodded.

"I'll pick you up?"

She shook her head. "I'll drive. I'll be there."

He searched her eyes again and finding what he wanted, grinned in relief. Heat flamed in his eyes. "Alright."

~ ~ ~

Rob was not home yet. She showered and dressed in shorts. She put on a simple pullover top that would be easy to get out of. She applied her lipstick lightly and looked in the mirror. *Is that lust I see there? What happened to the woman last week who was ready to explode like the Death Star if someone made a pass at her?*

Rob happened. His encouragement had come at the right times and his love always supporting. *I had been uptight. Very uptight. And for what?*

She stood for a moment and frowned. Then she removed her shorts. She took the panties off and threw them on the vanity counter. She changed her mind about the shorts and instead selected a knee-length skirt. It went better with the pullover.

He still was not home as she grabbed her keys. Disappointed, she wrote a note telling him she would be at Ron's.

The rumble of the neighbor's Harley was early today.

Why does it always seem like he rattles the house when I'm leaving at night?

She scurried to her car. She cast a look at the man as he parked his bike and got off.

He smiled at her. It wasn't a friendly smile – not like Julie's or Kurt's. More like a greeting between two unknown people. Or a store owner to a customer. Or a neighbor to an unintroduced neighbor.

Cindy scowled. *Shit, he's coming over here.* She unlocked her car.

He wasn't a bad-looking man, and when he pulled off his helmet, showed slicked-back black hair. His beard was black with white streaks, but very trimmed. His voice was very rough. "Hi, I'm Chuck, your neighbor."

She pasted on a smile. "Cindy."

"Is my ride too loud? I noticed it echoes when I come in."

"Loud? No. not at all." *It just shakes the fucking house down, is all.*

He grimaced. "It is, isn't it? Sorry about that. You get used to it, riding. I'll tuck in some slip-ons."

Huh? "Oh, sure."

His eyes were business-style intense. He didn't look her up and down – he looked into her eyes. He turned to walk back but twisted to wave. "Sorry to bother ya."

Well, that was nice. I guess. She drove to Ron's house.

He answered the door with a look of hope on his face.

Feeling the lust already building, she slowly inched up her skirt. *Rob will like hearing this.*

His eyes widened when the hem showed him her bare pussy.

CHAPTER 15

Cindy leaned over Ron as he lay naked on the floor. She gripped his nice erection in her hand and lowered her mouth over it. She sucked and licked, remembering the first time she had done it. Warmth spread through her as it came easier and more natural now. *I could get used to this.*

Ron moaned on the floor, watching her as her head moved up and down on him.

She moved her hair back so he could see her mouth around his cock. She jacked the shaft and sucked gently.

"You're fantastic," he said.

She hummed around his erection. She felt good about sucking this man who wasn't her husband. How easily she had changed, though the process had been grudging. Now that she was doing it, she realized how easy it was and how hard she had made it. It was fun. Rob loved it, and loved her for it.

Julie's words rang true, thinking back. Cindy was a lucky woman to have a man secure enough and wanting her to date.

Was she a bad woman for having fun when her husband had begged her to have fun? What was wrong with pleasing her husband?

She pulled her mouth off and gave Ron a sexy smile. She stood and pulled off her skirt. *My husband had loved it when I told him I had fucked another man. He was so happy and our lovemaking so wonderful. Is it bad that I find I enjoy it? Isn't that what he wanted? For me to have fun?*

She stepped over him and lowered herself. She took his erection and guided it to her very wet and aching hole. For the third time in twenty-four hours, she felt this man's cock fill her pussy. She sank down and settled,

squirring her hips around and relishing the feel of a cock that didn't belong to her husband.

She closed her eyes as his hands found her back and rubbed over her butt. She moved her hips on him, back and forth, and then rising up and down. Her pussy felt alive as it slid up his shaft and then back down.

My husband wants me to fuck him. Shouldn't I be trying to make him happy? She ground down on Ron's cock harder, rising high and dropping down fast. Her pussy gripped his shaft and her lips molded to him perfectly. *Oh, man. I could really get used to this.* She pushed down hard, grinding her clit against the root of his shaft.

She leaned forward, hands on his bare chest and dug in her fingernails. She slammed her pussy up and down, riding him with lust and pleasure. She was panting lightly, eyes still closed, feeling the wonder of Ron's excitement. *This is so good.*

He said, "You're beautiful."

She opened her eyes and he leaned up, wrapping his arms around her and kissing her. Passion flared, bringing heat and tension. She wanted more.

He pulled her off roughly and flipped her onto her stomach. He used his knees to part her legs and then pressed his stiffness back to her eager hole. He pushed in from behind, half laying across her back.

She arched her butt up and relished the feel of his length hitting new places. It was so deep and so hard and felt so right.

He reached his hand around, cupping her neck. He kissed the other side. Tingles spread from his kiss and connected to the tingles spreading up from her pussy. She began to quiver.

He pulled out and picked her up. He carried her into the bedroom and laid her back on the bed. He looked down at her swollen pussy and smiled.

She reached, wiggling her fingers. "Come here. I want you in me."

His smile broadened. "Yes." He pulled her to the edge of the bed and got between her legs. He leaned over and whispered, "I'm going to fill your pussy with my sperm and make you mine."

She laughed low with lust. Then she gasped when he rammed it in. *So full in one thrust.* Her pussy pulled at him, wanting more.

He grunted with each thrust, driving his cock deep. "I'll fill you and give you a baby."

Her pussy clenched. She dug her nails into his shoulders.

The sounds of his hips slapping down into hers filled the room.

She cried out with each thrust, wanting it all. Wanting more. Wanting him in her. "Oh... yes. Fuck me..."

He panted. "I'm going to breed you. You'll be pregnant with my baby."

She lost control, bucking her hips wildly against him. Her cries became louder as her tension reached a breaking point and hovered there. She pulled hard on his back and butt, trying to get him deeper so he could fill her with his seed. *Oh... more. I don't want this to ever end.*

He groaned, his butt clenching hard. His body tensed and he ground his crotch against hers.

Her clit exploded. Spasms tore through her and her pussy milked his cock.

Ron shook and then jerked.

She felt the scalding heat of his seed shooting deep in her womb. She spun fast, pleasure wracking her body. They were joined perfectly, his erupting cock planting her pussy with his sperm.

He groaned low and then sucked in ragged breaths.

She floated, happy. Her pussy still milking his cock but now relaxing.

He said, "I love you, Cin. You'll become pregnant and be mine. Your husband will have no choice but to give you up."

~ ~ ~

Cindy said, "I love you so much..." She gripped his head, stroking it. "I'm yours. All yours. Forever."

Rob leaned up and looked down at her. "Always."

But she felt wrong. She had told him everything that had happened. He had taken her, showing her his love and excitement. It had been wonderful.

He knew something wasn't right. "What's wrong?"

"I won't see him anymore."

Rob froze, mid-thrust. "What? Why? I thought you said it was wonderful."

She chewed her lip. "He wants to take me from you and I won't be a part of it."

"Take you?"

"He thinks he can make me pregnant and you'll have to give me up."

Ron looked annoyed.

She shook her head. "It was fun, but no thanks. I won't be in the middle of those kinds of games."

He settled back down onto her, moving a little, but more in thought. "No, you're right. We don't need that kind of bullshit. You're sure about his intentions?"

"Very. A few weeks ago the thought of fucking another man horrified me. But even though I enjoyed it when it finally happened, I never wanted that kind of thing in my life. I only want you. I don't need some guy thinking he can take me. I'm yours."

His hand touched her face. "I understand and I trust your judgment."

She felt immense relief. Even though she had liked it, she had wondered if Rob would be angry if she put a stop to it.

He said, "There's always kiss-dates with Kurt."

She laughed, but shook her head. "No."

"Why not?"

She sighed. "It was cute, but he belongs to Julie. I can get kisses from you all I want; I don't want them from my best friend's husband."

He nodded. "Fun while it lasted."

She wrapped her arms around him.

~ ~ ~

Cindy felt bad, but better. She had to field a call from Ron and tell him she didn't want more. Actually, she would love more, but he wanted far too much from it. She couldn't let it continue.

He had sounded shocked.

She didn't see him at work that day, or the next.

Coming home on Friday, she approached the front door. There was a note on it from Ron: "I'm sorry. Please call me."

She crumpled it.

A quiet thrumming sounded behind her and she turned.

Chuck was riding in on his Harley. It was very quiet. He saw her and lifted his head.

Wanting to comment on the sound, she stepped back out to the parking lot.

"Hi," he said. "I hope this is better." He removed his helmet.

"Yeah, wow!"

He chuckled. "It was bad before. Sorry. I don't mean to be a bad neighbor."

"Oh, you're not."

"We don't really know each other. What's your husband's name?"

"Robert."

"And you were... Cindy."

She nodded.

"I'd introduce my wife, but she isn't anymore." He made a wry face.

"Oh, yeah. We heard about that in the news."

He blew out a breath. "Sometimes I wish I could escape the media." He threw up a hand. "It's just a dealership, but they treat me like some dumb celebrity."

"Yeah, we felt sorry for you."

He said dryly, "Her attorney didn't."

Cindy covered her mouth and giggled.

"Would you and your husband like to come over tonight for some beer?"

"Oh, we don't drink beer. Too much estrogen."

He shook his head. "Neither do I, I was offering because everyone else seems to drink it."

"Oh. What do you drink?"

He shrugged. "Scotch. Vodka. Irish whisky."

She nodded. "I like screwdrivers."

"Your husband?"

"He doesn't drink."

He appeared disappointed. "Oh. Oh well."

"But I'll come over for a drink."

"You will? He'd be alright with that?" He looked at her funny.

She nodded. "Sure."

He tapped a finger against his lips. "Is that why... I saw you going out with a guy..."

She blushed. "It was a date. My husband said it was okay and it was something I wanted to try. A few weeks ago, I was horrified at the idea."

"Horrified?"

"Come on, who lets their wife go out on a date? I feel really stupid talking about this."

He looked nervous. "Oh, no. Don't worry. It might seem out of the norm to some people but a lot of the bikers... er... well..."

"What?"

"A lot of them are rather liberated with their wives. I wasn't and maybe that's why she left."

"Oh."

"You want to come in now? I could use a drink. Owning the dealership is stressful."

She shrugged. "Sure. Rob won't be home for another hour."

"What's he do?"

"Moves people. He's the labor. Contracts out with moving companies."

"Good money?"

She followed him into his condo. "I suppose. It pays all the bills."

"What more can you ask for?" He began mixing drinks.

CHAPTER 16

Cindy came into the house a little unsteady.

Rob rose from the couch. "There you are. Thought you said you weren't going to have anything to do with Ron anymore?"

"I'm not."

"Oh. I saw the crumpled note and your car. Didn't he pick you up?"

She grinned and thumbed to the wall. "I was sharing a drink with Chuck."

"Noisy neighbor?" He looked annoyed.

"He did something to the Harley. It's super quiet now."

"Oh. Really? Were you... doing anything over there?" He didn't sound very sure.

"No, not at all. We talked about his dealership, your job, and how he'll never marry another woman again." She giggled.

"You're trashed."

"He didn't have any orange juice, so I tried straight Vodka. Couldn't do it. Then I tried Irish whisky. About burned my tongue off. So I settled on Scotch. Not as bad."

He chuckled and shook his head. "So no flirting?"

She blinked. "I honestly didn't think about it, though he asked about my dates."

He coughed. "You told him?"

"Well it kinda came up when I said you wouldn't mind if I had drinks with him."

"Oh."

"He had wanted us to come over for beers."

Rob made a face.

"I told him you don't drink but I'd come over. He was really nice."

"He didn't seem shocked at the dating thing?"

"No, he thought it was kinda cute."

"Cute?" Rob looked perturbed.

"He said that the bikers go way farther than that. Gangbangs, swapping, sex parties..."

Rob was holding up his hands. "Oh... I understand now. That's right, they get pretty kinky. Too kinky for me."

She nodded.

He said, "So he's into all that?"

She shook her head. "Oh no, not at all. He thinks that's why his wife left him. He just sells the motorcycles."

"Interesting."

~ ~ ~

Cindy saw Chuck after work again the following Thursday. She waved cheerily and so did he. *Nice man.*

"Hey, Cindy."

"Hmm?" She was already at their door.

"I bought a smoother Scotch, if you want to test-drive it."

"Oh yeah?"

He nodded and motioned to the house.

"Alright. Rob's home, let me tell him where I'm at."

He gave a thumbs-up and went inside his house.

Cindy went inside. Rob was on his computer, looking over emails.
"Hey."

He stood and they kissed. "Day okay?"

"Yeah, Ron came in again looking hungover."

"He say anything?"

"Nope. Just looks. Does his business and leaves."

He sat back down. "You sure you did the right thing?"

"Positive. Chuck invited me to test drive a—"

"Motorcycle? No way."

She laughed. "No, silly. Test drive a new Scotch. Said it was smoother. You want to come?"

He groaned. "I just can't get much into alcohol after our honeymoon." He had thrown up. A lot.

She pouted. "Okay. Just wanted to say I'd be over there. You want me to put the leftovers in the oven for you?"

"Nah, I can do it."

~ ~ ~

Cindy stepped in as Chuck held the door. "Sorry, was talking to my husband."

He shook his head, eyes wide. "I wasn't upset about it. You two get along well?"

She smiled happily. "Oh yeah. He's the love of my life."

"Good. I thought so. Whenever I see you two you seem happy." He handed her a drink. "Sometimes people get into that whole dating thing because they're bored."

"Oh, there's no boredom over there. And things are still great even if I'm not dating."

They sat on opposite ends of his couch. "Not dating?"

"No, I stopped it."

He sipped his drink. "Oh? Why? Too much for you?"

She laughed. "You know, the idea was at first. I didn't want to look like some slut or something. I went out with my friend's husband once, just to see if I could do it."

"And that worked out alright?"

She shrugged. "Hard to say. I mean, he's my friend's husband. It was just a nice date at the movies."

"Pretty tame."

She drank some Scotch. "Oh, yeah. This is a bit smoother. Was expecting a bite."

"That's a blend. The last one you tried was a single malt. Sometimes those kick hard. Blends are smoother."

"Ah. It's good."

"Your husband doesn't drink, huh?"

"Not since our honeymoon. It wasn't pretty."

He nodded slow with exaggeration. "Yeah, one binge can knock drinking right off the table for years."

"I asked if he wanted to come over, but he's just not ready to try the drinking thing again."

"Understandable. He could've come anyway. I'll need to get over there and introduce myself." He paused. "So you broke it off with that other guy?"

"The real date? Yes. After two nights. He was nice and all, but he wanted too much."

"That sounds ominous."

"I wasn't willing to give up my husband."

"Well, no, why should you?"

"I guess he wanted me that bad. Said he was going to make me pregnant and take me away."

He scowled. "That's kinda rude."

"Yeah, I thought so, too. It's not like he could've gotten me pregnant. I'm fairly certain I can't have kids."

"Aw, that's a shame. You tried one of those fertility clinics?"

Cindy's voice went dry and low. "To the tune of eleven thousand dollars."

"Wow. Robert must've been crushed."

She shook her head. "No, this was before him. Some ass-nugget whose head was all ego and no room for a brain. I'm rather glad none of it worked."

He leaned back and laughed deep.

CHAPTER 17

Cindy looked out the kitchen window. It was Saturday and she had heard Rob's truck pull up. He hadn't come in yet.

He was standing out there, talking to Chuck.

She went outside to see what they were talking about.

Chuck was saying, "No, she's not a bother at all." He glanced at her and beamed a smile. "There she is."

Cindy waved and took Rob's arm.

Rob said, "I was just telling him to boot your ass home if you were bothering him."

She pouted. "I haven't been bothering him."

Chuck shook his head. "Nah, she's fun. Spunky little girl. I'd date her myself if I could."

Rob tilted his head. "You?"

"Sure. She's an absolute gem. Beautiful, funny, and she's got a head on her shoulders that makes me wonder if her blonde is a dye-job."

She giggled. "It's real, but thank you."

He winked at her. He said to Rob, "You sure you don't want to come over for some drinks? I can pour you some real light stuff. It gets lonely sitting around by myself."

Rob blew out a breath. "Well, if you put it that way... maybe I'll give it a shot."

The bearded face lit up. His hand came out in a calming gesture. "You won't be sorry. I have just the thing."

Rob said, "Alright then. I'll shower and we'll come over."

A flash of white teeth. "Just knock."

Cindy followed Rob inside. "You were talking about me?"

"He introduced himself. He thought it wouldn't be right to be drinking with some guy's wife and didn't know the guy's name."

"Oh."

"Weird people running around, you know? Never know when someone will flip out on their psycho meds and start murdering."

"Aren't the psychotropic drugs supposed to stop those urges?"

Rob's eye twinkled at her. "Exactly. Now ask yourself why every single school shooting in the past twenty-five years has been done by some kid on psychotropic drugs."

"What... are you saying?"

He waved her off. "Let's just say there's a lot of weirdoes out there, and some of them are in power. I'm going to take a shower."

~ ~ ~

Chuck handed her husband a small glass with a very light amber liquid in it. His smile reminded her of a salesman showing a customer their best model of car. Or motorcycle, in this case.

She said, "What is it?"

Chuck said, "Expensive."

Rob laughed. "Oh, well, maybe I shouldn't be drinking it."

Chuck's booming laugh and voice filled the kitchen. "Nonsense. Give it a go. It's mixed with a touch of water to bring out the flavors."

She accepted a screwdriver. "Thanks."

Chuck winked at her.

Rob took a sip and his eyebrows immediately shot up. "Wow... smoky, chocolate..."

Chuck laughed again. "It's a very good Scotch. Better than the lower-priced blended stuff. Though I like blends."

Rob gave him an approving smile. "Thank you."

The man clapped her husband on the shoulder. "No, no, no. Thank you. I hate TV so there's almost nothing to do while I sit here on the weekends. It's finally nice to be having visitors and your wife is charming. Come, let's sit."

They sat in his living room. There was only one lamp and stand by the couch. She selected the leather easy chair.

Rob looked around the very bare living room. "You're a minimalist?"

Chuck snorted. "Fuck no. Minimalists have nothing to say. Let's just say my ex-wife is a maximalist and took everything I had to say."

"Oh, sorry."

He shook his head. "Don't be. I'm done with her. Divorce is final two months from now. One final payoff and the papers are clean."

Rob grimaced. "Sounds ugly."

Chuck growled. "It was. I don't know if it was my spineless attorney or the fact that the female butch-judge didn't like beards. Who knows."

Cindy said, "I like beards."

Rob said, "I find being shaven gets me more work. I dunno, old ladies see a bearded man and they think old-movie villain."

Chuck roared. "I can believe it. They think of bikers that way, too. We're all Hells Angels to them."

"So you would really date my wife?"

Chuck waved his glass. "Oh, I was just kidding."

"Oh."

But Chuck gave him a searching look. "Or were you offering?"

Rob shot a glance at her. "Sort of. You seem like a nice guy."

"Oh... well I'll say then that I wasn't being entirely honest."

"What?"

"You never know what kind of customer... or, I mean person you meet. You have to be... how should I say it? Vanilla? You have to be vanilla to many people so you don't offend them."

Rob nodded. "I know what you mean. Many of the people I move are odd. You keep your mouth shut and do the work."

"Exactly. So I was being vanilla. You seem like a great couple. I wouldn't want to say something and have you think ill of me."

"Ill?"

"If I was entirely honest without fear of offending you I would say I'd love to date your wife. She's a fun gal. She wouldn't be after my money and I wouldn't be after her. Perfect."

Rob nodded. "Oh, I see. So you really weren't kidding."

Chuck grew serious. "No, I wasn't kidding. Sure I would. I was just being diplomatic." He gave her a look that was both interested and hungry.

She shivered.

Rob smiled. "It's up to her, of course. As long as you treat her well, I'll let her decide."

Eyes turned to her.

What the fuck? Her eyes were large like a deer caught in the headlights. *Why is everyone looking at me?* She swallowed the drink she had taken. "Um, wait, what?"

Rob gave her a sly smile. "He says he'd date you."

Chuck said, "He says it's up to you."

"Date me?" *Hadn't I just left this all behind?* But Chuck was different than Ron.

Chuck said with a dry tone, "The only friend I have seems to be my attorney. At a hundred and seventy-five dollars an hour."

Rob chuckled. "Maybe I should take up law."

Chuck shook his head. "Every lawyer I've ever seen has had an eaten soul."

Cindy tilted her head. "Eaten?"

"Yes, like worms or termites had eaten their core and left nothing but rot."

She looked at the man's indignant face and decided she liked him. Honest and dignified, he seemed like a decent man. "I wouldn't mind... hanging around you."

Rob smiled.

Chuck smiled.

CHAPTER 18

Cindy said, "I thought I was done with the dating thing." Memories of Ron were still too fresh in her mind: the pleasure; and the emotional upset. She pouted in bed.

Rob was getting into bed. He paused. "You said you wouldn't mind—"

"I don't want another Ron."

He got in and pulled the covers up. "Then don't accept one."

"Easy for you to say—"

"Because it is. Maybe Ron was fun but not exactly right? Who's exactly right for a woman or a man? Probably very few – but they're out there."

She scowled. "I'm not going to get involved with someone who wants to separate us."

His answer was simple. Stupid simple. Obvious simple. "Then don't."

It made sense to her. "What if Chuck decides he wants more?"

"You heard him. He's done with marriage. Can't say I blame the guy."

She frowned at him. "Well, I'm glad your ex didn't totally ruin you."

His smile was very real. "Even if she had, you would've won me over."

~ ~ ~

Cindy wondered about the dating thing over the next few days because Chuck didn't ask her out. Neither did he say anything to Rob.

She drank with him on Wednesday, and he apologized for being busy. He told her he had a convention to go to that weekend.

That was all fine by her. Though she liked the big biker, she was still dealing with the emotional fallout from Ron.

Weeks passed. Cindy began to wonder if they even really had the conversation about dating at all. She sat and talked with Chuck, sipping screwdrivers a couple of times a week. Rob joined them on weekends.

Having space to herself, she had built up quite a collection of stroking videos. Rob had surprised her one day with a bullet vibrator.

She looked at it in horror. "What's this?"

He rolled his eyes. "You know what it is."

"But why—"

"For when you're getting all hot looking at your videos."

"Not to replace you?"

He laughed. "No. To put you in the mood for when I get home."

"Naughty man."

~ ~ ~

Chuck waved at her in the parking lot late Friday. He came over as she got out of her car.

Cindy had to look up to him; she stood a foot and a half shorter.

Tall and broad, he was a mountain of a man and none of it fat.

"Hi, Cin."

"Well, hello. Looking for some company?"

He grinned down at her with interest. "Yes, actually, I was. I was thinking about dinner tomorrow."

"Dinner?" *Not drinks in your condo? Oh... The dating.* "Oh. Uh, I guess so. I'll have to talk to Rob."

He nodded with a sparkle in his eye.

~ ~ ~

Cindy was in the kitchen. Rob had just come out after showering. "Chuck asked me to dinner tomorrow."

"Oh?"

"What do you think?" She wanted to go, but wanted to make sure Rob was okay with it.

His eyebrows lifted in consideration. "I was wondering if he had meant what he said about dating you."

"Yeah, me too. I wonder why now?"

Rob rubbed his lips together in thought. "I bet his divorce is final."

"It should be. You think he wants to take me out as a celebration?"
Rob shrugged.

~ ~ ~

Cindy climbed into Chuck's truck. She rarely saw him drive it, except when it rained. It was dusty on the outside but immaculate on the inside. "Wow, this is plush."

"Eh, I use it to haul around my ride sometimes."

They pulled away from their condos.

"So why all this time before you asked me out?"

He shrugged, lifting half a hand from the steering wheel and then letting it fall. "I wanted to get to know you a little better before I did. And I also wanted to make sure my divorce was final."

"So this is like a celebration?" She didn't know what to think about that.

"I suppose it could be, but I didn't want to be dating someone in case my ex's attorney got wind of it."

"Why would that matter?"

He gave her a wry eyebrow. "It might not have, but what if they told the media or her attorney thought they could wrangle something more out of me? Some excuse for delay so I'd have to pay yet another month of dealership income."

"Ohh... I see. Yeah, I guess you don't want to give them any ammo—"

"Exactly. You like steak?"

"Sure."

"Good. David's serves grass-fed beef. Good stuff."

"Is there really much difference in other types?"

He grinned. "Buy some regular ground beef and some grass-fed. Open both and take a good whiff."

"There's a smell difference?"

His nod was sly. "You'll never eat regular again."

Dinner was excellent. Her ribeye cooked just the way she asked.

He was swirling his water around in his glass, looking at her. "Have to be home any certain time?"

"No, but sometime."

"Sometime?"

"Yeah, like sometime tonight. Rob likes to talk to me about what happened."

He nodded. "I wasn't sure about the dating thing."

"Why?"

"Well... Some dates include kissing and other stuff. I wasn't sure by what your husband and you meant by it all."

"Oh, I thought you weren't sure you wanted to date me."

His smile reached his eyes. "Oh, I do. You're beautiful."

She blushed. "Am not."

"Yes you are. You're on the short side, but that tiny figure of yours holds quite the personality."

"Uh, thanks?"

"No, I mean it." His eyes dipped down to her breasts. "Very nice."

She blushed more. She recalled Kurt doing and saying the same thing. Men and their fascination with boobs.

He winked. "So, I can get a kiss later?"

She felt her face pull into a wider smile. "That would be okay."

"With Rob, too?"

"Oh, yeah." She nodded. "He'll love hearing about that."

He tilted his head back in a nod as if understanding. "Ah, okay. I think I understand now."

~ ~ ~

Cindy followed Chuck into his condo.

"Screwdriver?" he said.

"Yes, please." She sat in the easy chair. It was her spot.

He handed her the drink a minute later. "Don't want to sit with me on the couch?"

"Oh. Sorry." She grinned sheepishly. She sat beside him and felt her heartbeat begin banging in her chest.

He set his drink down and leaned over to her. His large hand took her chin and turned it. There was a heat in his eyes. "I'd have to say, I've wanted to kiss that pretty mouth of yours for a few weeks now."

"Really?" Her voice shook.

His lips met hers and their tongues introduced themselves.

She relaxed, the nervousness evaporating.

He pulled back and pulled on her. "Come here. It's hard to lean over."
He pulled her over his lap.

She turned and straddled him. "Better?" They were almost eye to eye.

"Much." He pulled her head in and the next kiss was easier.

In fact, Cindy thought it was a scorcher. Heat flooded her and rose from her neckline. She had her arms around his neck and could feel the muscle through his flannel shirt. She pulled back and panted for air. "Do you work out or something?"

"Lightly. I have a weight set in the bedroom. Most of this comes from moving those big Harleys around."

"Feels nice. Like my husband's."

His grin was happy.

They kissed again and she felt herself heating even more. She squirmed as a worm of heat coiled in her pussy.

He chuckled. "Maybe I better get you home before things get too hot."

"Why?"

"I'm getting a bit excited."

She giggled. "Can I see?"

He looked shocked. "That's okay with..."

She nodded.

His smile went into full-happy mode. "Well, then. How about you take off your top while I get more comfortable?"

She moved off his lap and began pulling off her sweater.

He undid and pulled off his pants. There was a large bulge in his white underwear.

"Oh my goodness."

He chuckled. He motioned with his chin. "Those sure are nice. Can you take off your bra?"

"Oh, sure." The blush was back. She searched his eyes as she took it off.

His smile never changed. "They look so big on you."

"Pff, they're only C cups."

"They look big on such a small body. Very nice. I can touch them?"

She nodded, trying to suppress a nervous laugh. She climbed back on his lap and straddled him.

His hand came up and covered her left breast.

She smiled at the thrill that tingled in her nipple and the relaxing sensation of his gentle rubbing. Her nipples hardened dramatically.

He pulled her up a little and placed his mouth over her right boob. His tongue sent shivers up her spine and she moaned happily.

When he eased her back down, she felt his lump had hardened.

"Do I get to see it?" She looked down between them.

"That's okay, too?"

She giggled again. "Yes."

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" He set her beside him and pulled off his underwear.

Cindy's eyes went large. "No way."

"Impressive, huh?"

It was about as long as Rob's, but way thicker. Way, way thicker and Rob wasn't a small man down there.

She half coughed and half laughed. "Wow. That looks like it would tear me apart." She reached over and took it in her hand. Her hand looked so small holding it. His flesh was warm and spongy – he wasn't fully hard yet. "Wow."

He sighed happily as she started stroking it. "That feels a lot better than my own hand."

She laughed. "Got any videos of yourself doing that?"

"Uh, no."

"Too bad; I'd like to have one."

"I might take one of you doing it."

She giggled. "Really? Rob would want to see it."

"Really?"

"Mm hmm." Her hand slid up and down his shaft.

"Is he..."

"What?"

"He, uh... Likes men?"

She startled herself with a burst of laughter. "Oh. No, not at all. No, I just mean he'd like to see me doing this."

"Oh. Oh, okay. I think I'm getting this now."

She gave him a look and then leaned over to put her mouth on his cock.

He tensed and gasped.

She swirled her tongue around the tip and opened her mouth as wide as she could. She lowered her head and was able to get the helmet of his erection into her mouth. She felt like she was stuffing a bowling ball into

her mouth. She pulled off and shook her head. "I don't think that's going to work."

"You were doing fine. How about we get those pants off ya?"

"Are you sure you want to see more of me?" She gave him a wicked look.

He nodded with enthusiasm.

She stood and took off her jeans. Then she removed her panties.

The look on his face was priceless.

She smiled, blushing, as his eyes roamed over her naked body. She looked around, trying to avoid his gaze.

"Beautiful," he said. "So small." He got up and moved her to the couch. He settled her back and easily pulled her to the edge. He knelt down and moved his face to her pussy.

She spread her legs for him and shuddered at the touch of his tongue. Desire and pleasure erupted from her clit and swirled up her body. She moaned at the sudden sensations overwhelming her. *Oh that feels so good.*

His fingers parted her lips and invaded her hole.

Oh, that feels even better.

He moved his fingers around and licked her clit. "You taste good."

"I do?" Rob had told her that, too. But she wondered if he was just saying it to make her feel better.

"Like butter."

"Butter? Is that good?"

He wiggled his eyebrows at her as she looked down her body. "Yep."

His tongue licked and darted and his fingers twirled and played.

She felt a giant crank twisting in her, increasing in tension and need. Her moans increased in volume as she spun tighter and tighter.

He licked faster, flicking his tongue back and forth across her throbbing clit.

She gripped his hair and pulled. Her hips arched up and her legs trembled. Something flipped over in her hard and she cried out as her orgasm crashed into her over and over again. Her body vibrated and quivered, each pulse coming harder. The last two were painful. She pushed his head away.

Her eyes were half closed and she floated there, catching her breath. Her body tingled with relief. "Wow... Thanks. That was awesome."

"My pleasure." He sat next to her, his erection angry and standing up.

She hummed and crawled over him to sit on his lap. She felt his cock twitch. She looked down and scooted up until she felt her thrumming pussy lips touch the bottom side of his shaft. It felt hot and hard against her. She looked up and kissed him.

A shaking hand came up and touched her boob again, rubbing and circling the nipple.

She hummed happily and began moving her hips, rubbing her wet pussy against his shaft.

His breathing grew ragged and she felt his cock twitch several times.

She said, "I don't think that'll fit in there, but we can try if you want."

"Uh, yeah I want. I was trying to control myself."

She giggled. Then she opened her mouth as she moved her pussy along his erection. "I don't know."

He was gasping. "He'll let you fuck me, too?"

"Uh huh."

He growled, gripping her waist. "Then what are we waiting for?"

She laughed. "I don't think that's going to fit."

"Try. Please. Just sit on it and relax." His look was feverish.

She lifted up and angled the fat thing at her pussy. She was all wet, but... She wriggled and tried to settle on it. Now it felt like someone was trying to push a bowling ball into her, though it wasn't that big. It wasn't very long for being so thick. If she could get it in, it would reach as deep as her husband.

She felt the stretching and she gasped as it began to be painful. "Wow, I don't think so."

"Keep trying."

She eased back down, squirming her hips. She was leaning with her forearms on his shoulders, looking down between them. The stretching spread and again became painful. She was panting. "I can't."

He blew out a breath. "You're so tiny."

"Do you have lube?"

He shook his head. "No, no sex lube. I'll have to buy some cooking oil tomorrow."

"Just buy some lube."

"Sex lubes have parabens in them. Gives ya cancer."

"What? Really?"

He nodded. "I'll get some sesame or a light olive oil in the morning. Maybe we can try again?"

"Sounds fun." She gave him her sexy smile.

CHAPTER 19

Cindy gave Rob the same sexy smile.

He raised his eyebrows and offered a smile. "How'd it go?"

"It was fun."

"Did you... do anything?"

She laughed and shook her head. "Well, we tried."

His smile was questioning. "Tell me in bed."

She said several minutes later, "He's huge."

"He has a bigger cock than me?"

She nodded. "Well, sort of. It's the same length, but it's incredibly thick. My pussy wouldn't stretch open enough to let him in."

His mouth was open and he was stroking his erection. "What happened?"

"He said he's buy some oil tomorrow. I promised him we would try again." She flung up her arms as her husband blew a load.

~ ~ ~

Cindy watched Chuck lube up his cock. "Looks nice. You sure you don't want to make me a video?"

He chuckled. "Come here and let's try again."

It was Sunday. People were at church and she was climbing onto her neighbor's lap to try to fit his hard cock up her married pussy.

Her husband waited at home, probably jacking his cock knowing what was being attempted. The idea warmed her. She was panting before she even felt the head of his cock touch her hole.

He whispered, "That's it. Just ease onto it. Let your weight and the oil do the work. Are you sure your husband's okay with this?" He was shaking underneath her with lust.

"He'll be very happy if I come through the door filled with your cum."

He groaned and his hips thrust up out of instinct. "Let's try to make your husband happy. I'd hate to be a bad neighbor and make him unhappy."

She pushed down a little, getting the angle right. She felt his fingers spreading her lips and rubbing oil back and forth along them.

"Ease down," he said. "Don't be afraid."

She leaned into his neck and tried to relax. His scent was clean, like soap and leather. She concentrated on that while she felt her pussy open and stretch. Her mouth opened as the oil made things move a little better.

A large fullness was there, inside her lips, pressing. She gasped and wriggled. She closed her eyes, her mouth still open as he gently pulled her hips down.

"You're doing it," he said.

She could feel it. It wasn't painful like last time. The oil was doing the work. Though she did feel stretching at the edge of discomfort.

Suddenly, the fullness was filling her.

"Yesss..." he said. He grunted and thrust his hips up hard. His thick cock slid the rest of the way into her stretched pussy.

She cried out in surprise and shock, expecting pain, but not feeling any. However, it felt like she was impaled on a telephone pole. She didn't think she could move. "Wait, wait. Let me adjust."

He was panting, wanting to move. "Okay."

I did it! I did it! She wanted to shout it loud enough for Rob to hear. *I wish he was here.*

"Your pussy feels phenomenal."

"Like it?" She put her husband out of her mind and began moving her hips on his shaft.

"Hell, yes."

"You can fuck me all you want."

"Any time? He'll be okay with that?"

"Yes." She began lifting up and down.

"And I'm the only one you're dating?"

She stopped. "Yes. I think he'd like it if I fucked more men, but I don't want to. I don't want to have to think about more than one extra."

"Good. Then I'll be your man. Come over as often as you want."

She giggled. "That might be a lot."

He growled and held her hips, humping his hips and cock up into her.

She gasped, relishing the sensation of the thick shaft sliding slickly in and out of her.

He lifted her after a few minutes and carried her to his bed.

She lay under him, panting and gasping as he rammed his thickness into her. She tried to focus beyond the constant filling followed by the sudden void. She felt as if her insides would be sucked out. She felt when he pushed in as if her insides had nowhere to go. His thrusting massaged her pussy with delicious oiled pressure.

She moaned out and panted in between moans. There was a wheeze to her panting and she felt heat building within her.

When he came, his whole body tensed and she felt an enormous amount of hot seed enter her.

~ ~ ~

She scurried from Chuck's door wearing only her long t-shirt. Her jeans and panties were tucked under her arm. She knocked.

Rob opened the door and his eyes went wide. He pulled her inside. "What're you doing running around outside naked for?"

She blushed. "My t-shirt covers everything."

"But—"

"There's so much cum in me that I didn't want to make a mess of my clothes. It's running down my legs." She showed him.

He growled like a lion and picked her up.

She squealed.

He carried her into the bedroom.

Their love-making was frantic, hot, and exhausting.

~ ~ ~

Cindy stretched in the morning. Ugh, work.

Rob came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. "Morning, sexy."

She laughed.

"How's your pussy this morning?"

"Sore."

He pouted. "I was hoping for some more later."

"Hmm. We'll see. I might go back over tonight. The more we do it, the easier it will be."

He nodded. "Just save some for me." He frowned.

"What?"

He sighed. "Just wish I had been there."

~ ~ ~

As the weeks passed, Cindy's pussy adjusted to accommodate Chuck's cock. When not on her cycle, she spent three evenings a week with him. She brought a cum-filled pussy home to her husband, each time.

But as the weeks passed, she grew pensive. She knew what Rob wanted.

"Hey."

Chuck had answered his door. "Come in."

She shook her head. "Rob's going to be home in an hour or so and I want to do something for him."

"Oh? What?"

"I want you to come to our place and fuck me. I want him to see it."

He raised an eyebrow. "When?"

"Right now. We can get started." She gave him the sexy look she felt.

"Alright, give me a minute and I'll be over."

"Kay."

She let him in a few minutes later. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I guess. Just feels kinda funny being in the home of the wife I'm fucking."

She laughed. "Bedroom is this way."

He took a deep breath and followed.

She touched his arm. "It'll be fine."

"You don't think he'll snap?"

"No."

He didn't look like he believed her.

She sat on the bed. "Listen, he's been wanting to see it in my face. In person. Ever since this all began."

"But hearing about it might not be as bad as seeing it. I don't want to look up into the barrel of a gun."

"Do this for me. For us."

His grin was lopsided. "If you say so."

She nodded. "It'll be alright."

He sat next to her on the bed. It creaked to his weight. He pushed her back and began kissing her.

She let him explore her mouth with his tongue, loving the feel of his warmth and intimacy.

He moved down and began stripping her of her clothes.

She smiled her warmth at him, her pussy already clamping in anticipation.

His tongue worked its magic and his fingers toyed with her.

She was just about to cum when Rob walked in. She froze and the orgasm receded.

Chuck looked up, wiping his mouth.

Rob stood there, mouth open and eyes wide.

She could see the veins beating in his neck.

"Uh..." he said.

Chuck stood, his bulge prominent. "She said you'd want to see. I can go if that's not what you want."

Rob's face turned into panic. "No. No, stay. I just didn't expect to see you both in here." His hands were out. "Stay. Keep going."

Chuck's face was serious. "You sure?"

"Yes, yes. I'm... I'm just going to take a quick shower. Get this work off me. I'll be right out."

~ ~ ~

She came in a bed-shaking orgasm while Rob was drying off in the bathroom.

He came rushing out, having missed it. A towel was wrapped around his waist.

She laughed, panting. "Sorry, I couldn't hold back."

Rob smiled at her and shook his head. "That's alright."

She got up and started fumbling at Chuck's clothes.

Her husband moved her purse and sat on the chair, his towel beginning to tent.

Chuck helped her.

Cindy pointed to the bed and he sat. Sitting next to him, facing Rob, she gripped Chuck's cock with her left hand – her wedding ring touching his skin. She knew Rob would want to see that. She made a show of stroking the fat shaft and smiling at her husband.

He looked delirious.

She squeezed the head and got a large drop of precum to ooze up. She waggled her eyebrows at Rob and turned her hand, rubbing her wedding ring up and over the cock hole. The pre-cum coated her ring and covered the stone.

Rob tried to suppress a moan. It turned into a half gasp, half growl of lust.

Winking at him, she brought the wet ring up and licked Chuck's juice from it.

Her husband reached his hand under the towel and gripped his dick.

She felt good that he was liking it. She turned and pushed a quiet Chuck down. She said to Rob, "I'm going to ride his cock, now."

Rob blinked, his hand beginning to move underneath the towel. "Okay." His voice was a ragged whisper.

She turned and climbed over Chuck's hips. She looked over her shoulder as she gripped the fat cock and aimed it at her hole. "Can you see?"

He nodded, eyes wide.

She lowered her pussy until it touched.

Rob groaned and panted.

She pushed down gently, letting her weight do the work. She felt her pussy open over the head. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. She felt his fullness sliding up into her.

Rob whispered, "Oh, yes."

She looked back. He was stroking his cock under the towel – his look was intent and desperate.

Chuck gripped her hips and thrust up into her with slow strokes.

She looked back again. "Can you see his cock going in me?"

Rob laughed. "Yes, it's beautiful."

She felt a flood of love for her husband.

Chuck moved up and lifted her. He turned her over on the bed and she spread her legs wide. He leaned over her and guided his cock back into her hole. He let himself down and rested on his forearms over her little body.

She felt his cock push into her. She moaned happily. Her hips rose to meet his and they worked up a rhythm of fucking that had the bed squeaking dangerously. Her pussy felt alive with desire and need. She clawed at his back as his hips rose and fell into hers.

Then she remembered Rob. For his benefit, she said, "Yes, fuck me, Chuck. Ram your cock into my pussy. Give it the fucking it needs."

He groaned over her and began pounding her pussy with his strokes.

"Yes, that's it. Fuck me while my husband watches. Oh, yes, it feels so good."

Rob was stroking madly in the chair.

Chuck looked back and saw. He pulled out suddenly. There was a frown on his face. He said, "Hey. None of that. Come here."

He knelt up and pulled on Cindy.

She followed his direction and got on her hands and knees.

Chuck entered her from behind and her eyes rolled up in her head. She quivered on her arms.

Chuck said, "Come over here. She has a mouth, doesn't she? Maybe it needs a sock in it." His tone was playful. "You know, your sock."

Rob's face lit into an understanding grin. He came over, dropping the towel. He still stroked his very engorged shaft.

Chuck moved her a bit, so her head was over the edge of the bed. "Why don't you show your husband your mouth?"

She laughed. She opened and said "Ahh..."

Rob smiled down at her with love. He offered his erection to her mouth. He closed his eyes when her lips closed over it.

Cindy rocked to Chuck's thrusts, letting her body move her head for her over her husband's cock. She moaned happily.

Rob said in a low voice, "Are you having fun?"

She pulled off and nodded, showing a toothy smile. "You?"

He laughed, his eyes bright and said, "Yep."

"Do you like seeing him fuck me?"

Rob's look was penetrating. "Yes. Thank you."

She closed her eyes and pushed back against Chuck's thrusts. Her husband's cock found her lips again and she realized with a sudden burst of pleasure and poignancy that this was just like the video she had found so filthy when this all started.

EPILOGUE

Cindy lay in bed next to her husband. Chuck had gone an hour before.

Rob said, "You know, now that I've seen it, you don't have to do anymore. If you don't want to."

"Hmm?"

"I've seen my fantasy. You can stop if you want. I know it wasn't always easy for you—"

She placed a finger on his lips. "A couple of months ago, I was totally against something like this. And it was hard understanding it all. But I think I like this hotwife thing, as long as it's Chuck."

Rob grinned. "Fair enough. Don't do anything you don't want to."

"There won't be other men; I won't be a slut."

"Alright." He brushed her hair back over her ear with his fingers. "I love you, Cin."

She smiled happily. "I love you, too."

~ ~ ~

Cindy grew accustomed to her husband's fantasy. She made it a point that every Friday night, the first thing Rob saw when he got home was Chuck's thrusting hips between her legs. He would see her cling to the muscular man with her ankles hooked to the backs of his thighs pulling him deeper. He would see her wedding ring gleaming on his back as she clawed him.

She kept Rob happy.

Together, they entered into something strangely deeper than the love they had known before. And Chuck was honored to be a part of it.

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