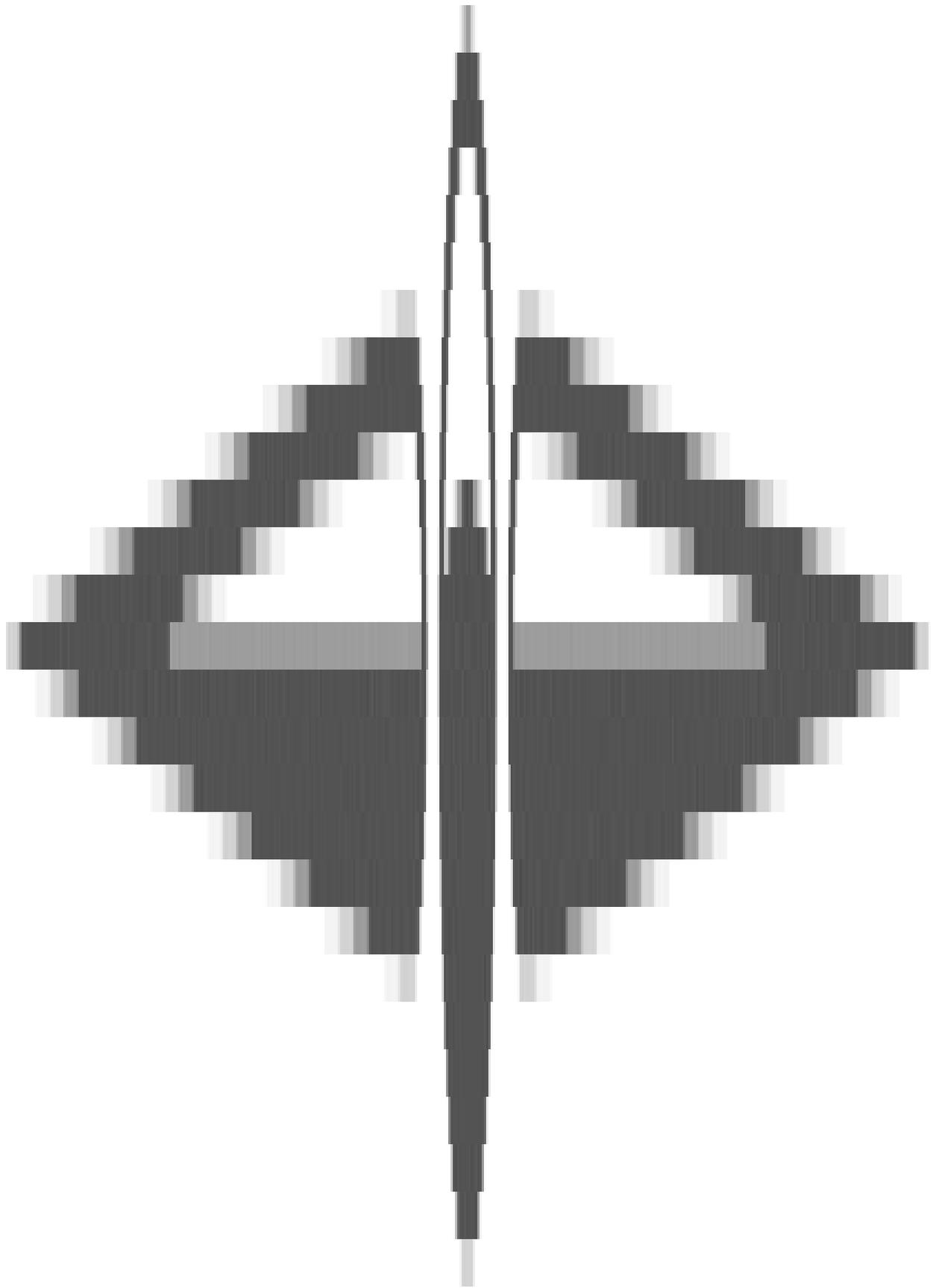


OPENING PANDORA'S BOX

BOOK 1

JESSIE PLAYS FOR HER HUSBAND



PETE ANDREWS

This is a work of fiction. All characters are of legal age and are 18 years old or older.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write sexy romances . I used to publish under xleglover and Flash of Stocking on various sites.

My stories are romances, so they explore the feelings, emotions and relationships of the characters. My stories have an emotional edge to them. The characters have thrilling adventures, but there's pain there too, at least for some of them.

I try to write stories that seem like real life. Yes, the situations are extreme, but I hope you come away thinking, "Yes, I can see how that might happened."

You can find my books at Amazon Kindle and Smashwords. Also, Barnes & Noble, Apple Books, and Rakuten kobo. If you'd like to join my mailing list or would like to send me a question or feedback, please email me at peteandrews1701@gmail.com.



BOOKS BY PETE ANDREWS

Faithful Wife's Fall From Grace (on-going series)

Book 1

Book 2

Book 3

Book 4

Girls Who Belong To Other Men (2 book series)

Book 1

Book 2

Opening Pandora's Box (5 book series)

Book 1: Jessie Plays For Her Husband

Book 2: Ollie Watches His Wife With Another Man

Book 3: Jessie Grows Closer To Roman

Book 4: Jessie Loses Herself In Roman

Book 5: How Can You Do This To Me?

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Chapter 1

Jessie texted her husband Ollie: "I can't believe I let you talk me into this!"

Her iPhone beeped a moment later. "Relax and have fun. I know you find this guy attractive" the screen said. She serendipitously glanced around the crowded bar. She didn't see her husband, but knew he was watching. She nervously returned her attention to the man sitting next to her. He'd approached her about 15 minutes ago. His name was Tony.

"Is everything okay?" Tony asked.

"That was my husband."

"Is he meeting you here?"

Jessie knew this was the moment of truth. If she said "Yes, he'll be here in a few minutes" then Tony would likely leave and look for another girl to hit on. But instead, she stuck to the script she'd practiced with Ollie. "Um, no, he's away. He travels a lot for business. I just got off work and thought I'd have a glass of wine before going home."

Tony smiled understandingly, although with a trace of delight and eagerness. "Hey, I get that. I'm on a business trip myself, been away for over two weeks now. It gets lonely." He looked Jessie up and down, and not for the first time. Man she was good looking! Blonde and petite, pretty face. Small tits from the look of it, but she had great legs, and he thought he saw the telltale bumps of a garter belt under her skirt.

Tony knew that a girl didn't wear a garter belt to just get "a glass of wine before going home." She was here to play while her hubby was away. He was doing the same thing – looking to get a little on the side. He had a wife back home. She wasn't nearly as pretty as this girl though.

Ollie's heart pounded as he watched the stranger hit on his wife. It hadn't taken long for Jessie to attract male attention, but he'd known it wouldn't. Only a mile

from LaGuardia airport, this hotel bar had the well-deserved reputation as a meat market for business travelers. With his wife's looks, she always attracted male attention, and in a place like this she was like a pretty goldfish in a tank of hungry sharks.

He watched with growing excitement as the stranger flirted with his wife. It was obvious he was good with women, because he soon had Jessie laughing and engaged in an animated conversation. The bar was so crowded and loud their faces practically touched as they talked. Seeing them like that, it wasn't too hard for Ollie to imagine them kissing, and the thought made his cock throb.

The stranger stood up and spoke into Jessie's ear. Jessie smiled and nodded, and let the stranger lead her to the dance floor. They danced a couple of fast songs, and then the DJ played a slow song. The stranger smiled charmingly and opened his arms, a friendly invitation to continue their dance. Jessie nodded, and the stranger wrapped his arms around her waist.

Ollie was practically lightheaded seeing his wife in another man's arms. Of course, he'd seen her dance with friends at parties, but this was something entirely different. This was a pickup bar, and she was in the arms of a stranger who was obviously trying to seduce her and get her into his bed. Ollie's cock was so hard it hurt.

Tony liked the feel of Jessie's body. She was slim, firm and tight. With his hands around her waist, he clearly felt a garter belt under her dress. Also, he'd brushed his fingers along her back, and he hadn't felt a bra strap. A pretty blonde, braless and wearing a garter belt and stockings. He felt like he'd won the lottery! His cock was pitching a tent in his pants, and he noticed she didn't pull away when he pressed against her. Clearly his suspicions were right – this pretty married girl was looking to get laid!

Jessie's body tingled, especially between her legs. Her husband had guessed right, she WAS attracted to Tony. He was tall, Italian and ruggedly handsome, and as they slow danced, she could tell he kept in shape because his arms and chest were muscular and hard. She hadn't expected him to be so charming. She felt tipsy from the wine and aroused by Tony's body and his hands on her. By now she was sure he knew what she was wearing (and not wearing) under her dress. Going braless and wearing stockings had been Ollie's idea of course.

As Tony pressed his erection against her, he felt bigger than her husband. Jessie had to suppress the sudden urge to reach between their bodies and touch him. Married women weren't supposed to think like this, but they weren't supposed to go to pick up bars alone either, or dance with handsome men not their husband.

Jessie felt like a coed again, dancing with someone she'd met at a frat party or a bar like Phyrst. She'd had a few one night stands before meeting Ollie —not a lot, but one or two—okay, four—and this felt like one of those times—slow dancing with a really hot guy after drinking too much. Tony pressed his cheek against hers, saying something into her ear. It was so loud she couldn't hear, so she reflexively turned her head towards his, and as she did her lips accidentally brushed against his.

Not missing a beat, Tony leaned in and pressed his lips against Jessie's. He kissed her softly. The first one was brief, like putting a toe in the pool to test the water. When Jessie didn't pull away, he leaned in and kissed her again. This time his mouth opened, and after a moment Jessie's did too. He gently pulled her closer, and they explored each other's mouths, abandoning any pretense of dancing. Jessie wrapped her arms around Tony's neck, and Tony caressed her back. His cock throbbed as he quickly confirmed the lack of a bra strap.

Jessie felt lightheaded and dizzy. Things were going too fast. She hadn't been with another man since meeting Ollie. And yet here she was, making out with a man she'd just met in the middle of a bar, and loving every second of it. She couldn't remember the last time she felt so turned on.

Ollie clenched his fists. What the hell was she doing? Letting a complete stranger kiss her, grope her? In the middle of a bar? What if someone we know walks in? It wasn't supposed to be like

Now he's squeezing her ass. this. Just flirting, maybe a little touching. That's all it was supposed to be. Not this! What the fuck? Now he's reaching under her skirt. Isn't she going to stop him? Fuck, he's raising her skirt. And she's letting him! Ollie's eyes bulged as his wife's lacy stocking tops and then the straps of her garter belt came into view. This was too much, he had to stop it.

Tony caressed the heavy lace of Jessie's stocking tops and felt ready to explode in his pants. Then he ran his fingers along the straps of her garter belt, feeling the pretty blonde shiver as his fingertips touched her bare skin. Normally he didn't

grobe a girl like this in public, but he couldn't resist with this hottie. She had a tight body and soft lips, and the fact she went braless and wore stockings made her irresistible. He couldn't wait to sink his big cock into her married pussy.

Just then he felt someone pull Jessie away from his grasp. "What the fuck?!" he yelled.

"Get away from her, she's my wife!" Ollie barked.

"Ollie ..." Jessie gasped as if coming out of a trance.

"I thought you said he was away!" Tony growled accusingly at Jessie.

Ollie didn't give his wife time to respond. He roughly grabbed her arm and dragged her out of the bar. They'd gotten a room in the hotel, so he dragged her there and threw her onto the bed. As she fell onto the bed her skirt flared up and bunched around her waist. Ollie leered hungrily at his wife. Not only was she wearing stockings and a garter belt, but she wasn't wearing any panties. Only the thin material of her dress had been between Tony's hands and her most private parts, her breasts and pussy, that were supposed to be exclusively his.

"You slut!" he growled with lust, jealousy and anger as he took his cock out of his pants. "You dirty cheating slut!" She was so wet he easily entered her with a single thrust. He growled profanities as he fucked her hard, calling her a slut, a cock tease, a cheat, a whore.

"Oh god yes, I'm so bad, I'm a slut," Jessie cried back, gripping the sheets as her husband fucked her hard. The married couple often talked dirty while fucking, especially when they role played about Jessie with another man. Although this had been the first time they'd ever actually done something for real. Because of that, they both were more excited than ever before.

Ollie reached behind her and fumbled with the zipper, and then jerked the dress off her shoulders and down her body so it bundled like a belt around her waist. He leered at her braless tits. "Did you want him to feel your tits, is that why you didn't wear a bra?" Ollie sneered. "Did you want him to finger you, is that why you didn't wear panties?"

"Yeah, I'm so bad, I wanted to feel his hands on me. I wish he had felt my breasts. I wanted him to. When he reached under my skirt I thought I would die.

I wanted him to rub me, but you stopped him before he could do that. Oh god Ollie, why did you stop him?"

Ollie's dark lust clouded his frenzied jealousy about how far Jessie had let the stranger get with her. "I wish I hadn't," he admitted. "I wish I'd let him get his hands all the way up your skirt. He'd probably cum in his pants when he found out you weren't wearing panties."

"He knew I wasn't wearing a bra," Jessie told her husband. "The way he touched my back, I could tell he was seeing if I was wearing one."

"He probably could tell the way your hard nipples pressed against his chest."

Jessie moaned at the memory. "Yeah, he probably could, my nipples were so hard, and so was his chest. God he had a nice body."

"You slut, you liked his body, huh, his hard muscular body, and what about his cock, could you feel his cock, did you rub him you dirty slut?"

"I wanted to, god I wanted to so much, he felt so good pressed against me, so big and hard, I could tell he was bigger than you."

"Ugh god!" Ollie groaned, grimacing and willing himself not to cum. From all their role playing, Jessie knew exactly how to push his buttons, knew exactly what turned him on, and the fact it was real this time thrilled him to no end. "You wanted to fuck him, didn't you? You would have gone up to his room if he had asked, wouldn't you?"

"God yes! I would have let him fuck me! I would have let him fuck me, and I wouldn't make him wear a condom, I'd let him cum inside me and get me pregnant, and then you'd have to watch my belly get big with his baby!"

"Fuck!" Ollie cried, and he lunged into his wife and came, shooting his sperm into her pussy, and his timing was perfect because just then Jessie came too, her manicured painted toes curling in her high heels.

The married couple lay panting in each other's arms. Ollie pulled out and rolled to his wife's side, and they looked into each other's eyes, their faces serious as they contemplated the reality and consequences of what they had just done. Then suddenly they broke out into laughter.

"Oh my god I can't believe we just did that!" Jessie exclaimed in amazement.

"I know, god you were unbelievable!" Ollie thought about how, for years, they'd role played about Jessie with other men, and how lately with increasing intensity he'd been urging her to make their bedroom fantasies a reality. "I told you it'd be fun," he teased.

"Ok, I admit it, you were right," she conceded.

A few moments passed, and then Ollie said frowning, "I was kind of surprised by how far you let him get with you."

Jessie heard her husband's judgmental tone and immediately got defensive. "What do you mean?" she asked with a frown on her pretty face.

Ollie knew he was on shaky ground. Jessie had a fierce, short fuse temper. "Well, I mean, dancing was okay, but you went way beyond that."

Jessie took a deep breath to control her anger. She counted to 10 to calm herself. But she couldn't hide her exasperation. "You're joking, right? For years you make me role play, pretend you're someone else while we make love, you make me read all those"—and Jessie air quoted—"hot wife and cuckold" stories on the internet, and then you practically beg me for months to go to a bar and let a stranger hit on me while you watch, and when I finally give in and do what you want, now you get mad at me because I let him get too far? I mean, hello? Don't you think you should have thought of that when you sent me alone to a pick up bar?"

"Okay, okay, you're right," Ollie conceded. Silence followed as he tried to reconcile his conflicting feelings of jealousy and lust.

"So ...," he began sheepishly, "would you really have slept with him?"

Jessie scowled at her husband. But her anger melted, charmed by the boyish expression on her husband's face. She thought back to how she'd felt on the dance floor with Tony, how hot he'd gotten her, how it'd reminded her of her adventurous, carefree college days. "I don't know," she admitted with a shrug. "If I was still single ... maybe "

"And now?" Ollie pressed excitedly, squeezing her left hand and twirling her

wedding ring. "If I hadn't stopped him? If I wasn't there? Would you have gone up to his room?"

Jessie studied her husband. She heard the excitement in his voice, and saw the tent he was pitching in the sheets. Already he was hard again. It frustrated her. He didn't know what he wanted. He was all over the place.

She loved him though, and didn't want the evening to end in an argument, so in a soft voice, she put a finger to his lips and said "Just stop talking."

She was still annoyed with him, but wrapped her hand around his hard shaft. "You know you owe me big time after tonight, don't you?" she said with a sly grin. "I think this week I'll buy that Louis Vuitton purse I've been looking at. You know, the really expensive one."

Her grin grew as she saw the panic on her husband's face—it was outrageously expensive but she had coveted it for a long time. It would take a big chunk out of their savings, but she deserved it after tonight. Then she did the surefire act that women since the dawn of time did to their men to shut them up. She leaned over and took his hard cock into her mouth.



Chapter 2

By unspoken agreement they decided to go to church on Sunday. After what they'd done, they both felt the need for a return to normalcy, and a prayer for forgiveness wouldn't hurt either.

Out of the corner of his eye, Ollie watched his wife get dressed. He loved watching her. After showering, she'd first brush through her wet hair, and rub moisturizer all over her body. Then she'd put on her bra, panties and pantyhose. Jessie was under the impression Ollie preferred her in real stockings (which she wore only on special occasions), but really he liked seeing her in pantyhose just as much. The way the silky material encased her long slim legs and went up to her tiny waist was a major turn on, especially with thong panties underneath (Jessie always wore thongs because she hated panty lines).

After her makeup and hair, Jessie would spritzed on perfume behind her ears and on her wrists, then she'd put on whatever outfit she'd picked out. Today she put on a tailored white blouse and pinpoint skirt that emphasized her slim figure. It was a simple outfit, but as always she looked incredible.

"Hi guys," Roman said as Ollie and Jessie entered the church. Ollie and Jessie had recently met Roman and Alisha (Roman's wife) at a bible study class. They were a little older, 31 and 29 to Ollie's 28 and Jessie's 25, and had 3 kids.

Roman was tall and broad-shouldered. He used to play football and still had his linebacker physique. If anything, he was more ripped than when he played ball, as he worked out all the time. He had a dark, Mediterranean complexion, with a close-cropped beard like a movie star (or a young NFL coach). Alisha was tall too. She had short, dark brown hair. She wasn't the prettiest girl, but she had a big bust and long legs.

As Roman and Ollie shook hands, Alisha (Roman's wife) kissed Jessie hello on the cheek. "You look fabulous as always," Alisha said as she struggled to get her kids into the pew. As usual, she looked overworked and seemed to have a permanent haggard and annoyed look on her face.

"Here, let me take Emma," Jessie offered, moving past Alisha and taking their 2 year old into her lap. The service started, and immediately Emma got bored and fidgeted on Jessie's lap. Jessie reached over into Alisha's diaper bag for a toy to occupy the toddler, and as she stretched to reach the bag her skirt rode high up her legs.

Out of the corner of his eye, Ollie saw Roman eyeing his wife's legs. He tried not to be obvious, but clearly he was checking her out. After pulling the toy from Alisha's bag, Jessie seemed to realize her skirt had ridden up, and she pulled it down. Roman quickly took his eyes off Jessie's legs, clearly wanting to avoid being caught looking. Ollie wondered—had his wife purposely flashed her legs at Roman?

By the time they got home, Ollie had forgotten about what had happened in church. "We need to talk about the other night," he said at dinner.

Jessie had tried not to think about it, but now it all came back. "There's nothing to talk about," she said dismissively. "I did exactly what you wanted, and you thanked me by getting mad and calling me a slut."

Ollie knew he hadn't handled the other night well. "I know, I know, I was a jerk," he conceded taking her hands in hers. "I guess I wasn't ready for turning our fantasies into reality."

"You mean YOUR fantasies," Jessie countered. "Turning YOUR fantasies into reality."

"Come on, admit it," Ollie grinned, "You had fun. Okay, you're right, this started out as my fantasies. But you had fun."

Jessie thought back to the other night, remembered how thrilling it had been, and couldn't help smiling. She had a quick temper but always got over it quickly. "Okay, you're right, I did have fun."

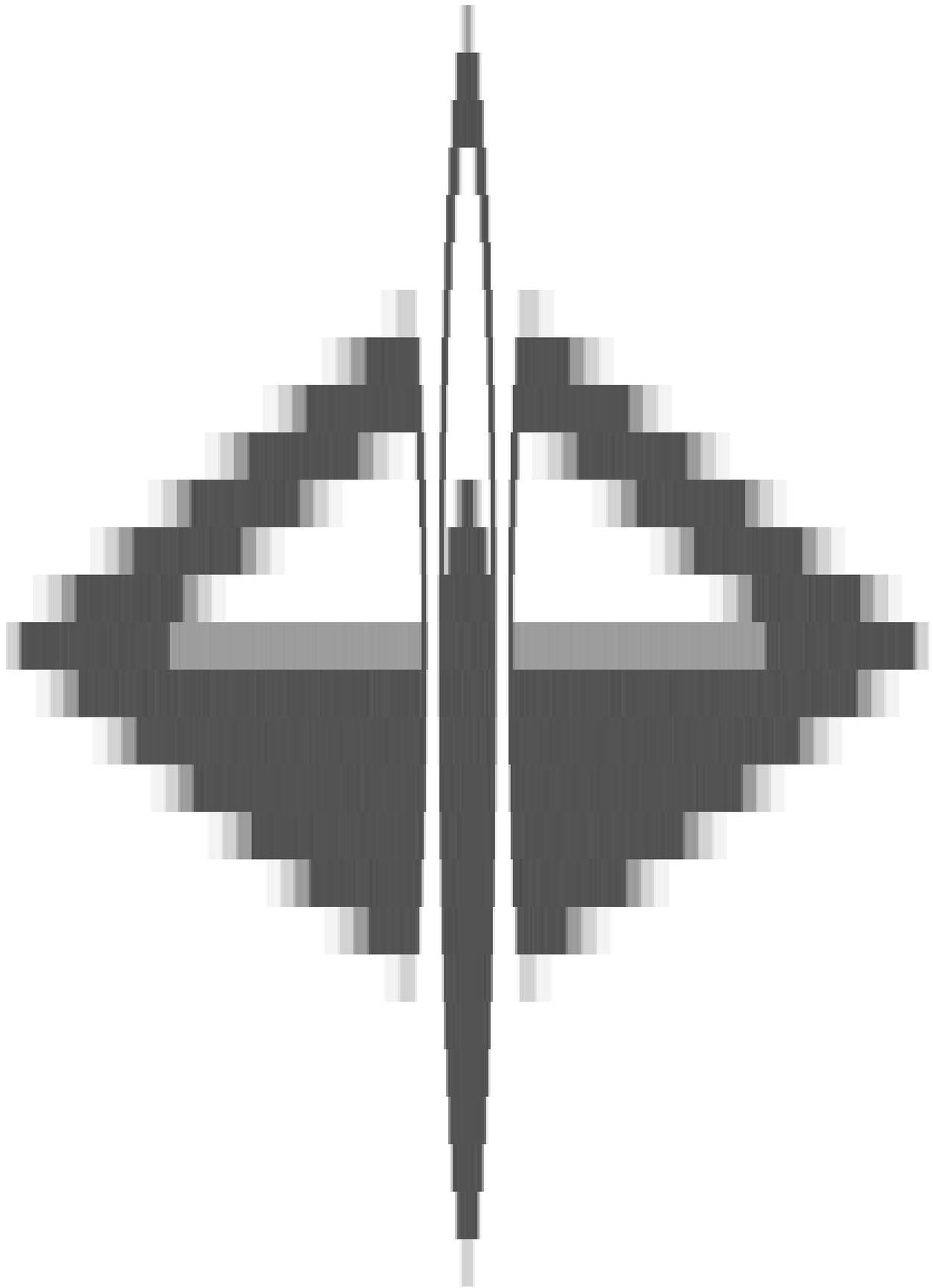
Ollie's grin turned mischievous. "Enough to do it again?"

Jessie eyed her husband warily. She could still feel the excitement of the other night. It reminded her of her life before marriage. And it had been even more exciting because she had known Ollie was watching. It was like being on stage. But Ollie had gotten so jealous. "I don't know ... are you sure that's a good idea?"

Ollie sensed what she was worried about. "I admit it, I got jealous. But that just made it more exciting. It's hard to explain, but I'll be able to handle it better next time. Now that I know what to expect. Now that we've done it before."

At least he's admitting last week wasn't my fault, Jessie thought. Still, she was wary. "Are you sure you can handle it?"

It didn't escape Ollie's notice how his wife had changed from a reluctant participant to the one more sure of herself than him. His insecurities stirred again, but they were pushed aside by his lust. He couldn't shake the memory of his pretty young wife being fondled by Tony, and he wanted to experience it again. It was like a drug, the more he took, the more he needed. He flashed a big excited grin. "Absolutely!" he said confidently.



They hadn't planned it, and maybe that's why it was so exciting. Ollie sat next to Nicholas in business class on a triple 7 out of Chicago. As they drank free booze, they both joked about how great an expense account was, and how they could never afford business class with their own money.

Ollie was going home and Nicholas was on the second leg of a multi-city business trip. Ollie invited Nicholas to dinner so he wouldn't have to spend another night eating alone. Nicholas declined because he had to prepare for a meeting the next day, but immediately changed his mind when he saw Jessie, who was waiting in the terminal for her husband.

Nicholas couldn't keep his eyes off her. What a beauty! His opinion of Ollie immediately went through the roof. He couldn't figure out how a girl as drop dead gorgeous as Jessie would ever have married him.

Jessie pretended not to notice Nicholas checking her out. She was used to her effect on men. It wasn't conceit; it'd just been that way all her life. Also, if she was being honest, she'd admit she liked the attention. And Nicholas was hot. He was older, but handsome and looked Greek-ish. She had a thing for Mediterranean men. He was tall and broad shouldered, and a big mop of thick wavy salt and pepper hair.

Ollie held the taxi door open for his wife. She carefully held her skirt as she slid in, but still her skirt rode up. Ollie noticed Nicholas checking out his wife's shapely legs. He didn't even try to pretend like he wasn't looking, maybe because they both were still half drunk from the drinks on the plane.

Ollie got in after Jessie, but then Nicholas went to the other side so Jessie was between him and her husband. There wasn't a lot of space in the back of the taxi. Ollie was acutely aware of his leg touching his wife's. Given how small the taxi was, he figured Nicholas's leg was also pressing against Jessie's other leg.

Nicholas had the charming banter of a salesman, which he was. But he had a European flair to him, which was disarming. He had both Ollie and Jessie laughing at his stories. He was one of those people who talked with his hands, and as he did he repeatedly touched Jessie's knee, often letting his fingers linger, once even palming and then briefly caressing her knee. Ollie didn't see this in the dark of the taxi, but of course Jessie felt his touches.

As soon as they arrived at the restaurant, Nicholas's cell rang. He looked at the caller id. "Sorry, I have to take this, won't be long. It's my client."

Jessie narrowed her eyes at her husband as soon as Nicholas left. "You know, I'd appreciate some warning if you plan to play this game of yours," she said annoyed. "I mean, it's my body."

Ollie hadn't planned this, but he'd seen Nicholas eyeing Jessie in the taxi. "I didn't plan this," he protested, giving his best look of innocence.

"Yeah, right," she said sarcastically with narrow eyes. Clearly she didn't believe him.

"I swear I didn't plan this," he insisted.

She gave him a "you're not understanding what I'm saying" look. As the maître'd arrived to lead them to their table, she said dismissively, "you should have asked me," and then turned her back on her husband and followed the maître'd.

The maître'd led them to a square table. "Can we sit there?" Ollie asked, pointing to a round booth. He grinned as his wife rolled her eyes at him. She knew what he was up to.

Nicholas arrived a moment later and immediately slid in next to Jessie. The white tablecloth was long and covered their laps. Nicholas ordered an expensive bottle of wine and insisted he—or more precisely his generous expense account—was paying for dinner. The wine was good and Nicholas told more of his funny stories, so soon Jessie relaxed and began enjoying herself. Nicholas was easy to talk to. He was also easy to look at, with his handsome face, charming smile, and broad shoulders.

Just as the appetizers arrived, Jessie felt Nicholas's hand on her thigh. It didn't surprised her given what happened in the car, but still she tensed. She moved closer to Ollie, but Nicholas didn't remove his hand.

She crossed her right leg over her left but that just caused her skirt to ride up her leg and Nicholas moved his hand from her knee to her thigh. Throughout this dance, Nicholas kept up his merry banter and drank wine with his other hand. She firmly placed her hand over his and pushed him off. This caused him to interrupt his banter for a moment, but then he put his palm on Jessie's knee again

and continued talking.

The waiter came to refill their wine glasses, and Jessie took the opportunity to lean over and whisper in her husband's ear. "He's touching me," she said in a low voice.

Ollie glanced down at his wife's lap. Because of the long tablecloth, he couldn't see her legs, but he could see that Nicholas's left hand was underneath the tablecloth. And he could see the tablecloth moving, so it didn't take much of an imagination to know what was happening.

"What do you want me to do?" Jessie whispered.

Ollie thought quickly. Nicholas had a lot of balls, trying to seduce his wife right in front of him. It sent a shiver down his spine. "You know what I want," he whispered back.

Jessie took a big gulp of wine. Okay, Mr. Brightside, if that's what you want, that's what you'll get, she thought. Then she uncrossed her legs.

Nicholas felt the pretty young wife uncross her legs. He moved his hand from her knee to her thigh. When she didn't push him away, he moved from her outer thigh to her inner thigh flesh. He caressed her softly. He expected her to slap his face at any moment. But instead, she turned her head to face him. He saw the unspoken question in her eyes: "Are you really doing this to me here, with my husband right next to me?"

Nicholas had no shame, and he was half drunk anyway. He pulled her leg towards him, causing her to part her legs. When she didn't stop him, he softly drew circles on her tender inner thigh flesh. She took an intake of breath, feeling his soft caresses on her sensitive skin, and closed her eyes.

Ollie tried to concentrate on the food in front of him, but of course he couldn't. How could he? His wife was being seduced right next to him. Nicholas had stopped talking. Jessie's eyes were closed, and her lips slightly parted. Through her tight blouse, Ollie could tell she was breathing hard.

Ollie glanced at Nicholas and their eyes locked. Nicholas raised an eyebrow, like he was asking for permission to continue. Ollie hesitated, then nodded his head yes. Then, he pulled the tablecloth back so he could see what was happening.

Ollie gawked at what he saw. Nicholas had pushed up Jessie's skirt high up her thighs. Her shapely legs were parted, and his hand was between them, caressing her inner thighs. A part of him couldn't believe his wife had let Nicholas get so far. But most of him was thrilled she had.

At first, Jessie didn't notice when Ollie pulled back the tablecloth. But eventually she did feel the chill air conditioning on her thighs, and her eyes snapped open. She looked down at her lap. Seeing her legs parted with Nicholas's hand on her thigh sobered her, and she immediately closed her legs on Nicholas's hand.

Ollie was lost in lust. Seeing his wife succumbing to another man's seductions, being so close to it all, was too much. He wondered if she'd worn panties (her legs were bare with no hose). If her skirt was just a bit higher, he'd be able to find out, and if she hadn't wore panties, then her pretty pussy would be exposed to Nicholas's eyes. The thought made him lightheaded with lust. Without even thinking, he reached over to his wife's lap, and tugged her skirt up until it bunched just below her waist. Ollie saw she was wearing panties. A pink thong fringed in lace.

Jessie looked at her husband. Her panties were now exposed to Nicholas's eyes. Ollie was so excited, he felt like it was an out of body experience.

Ollie moved his hand between Jessie's legs, and curled his finger into her panties. He pulled them to the side, exposing her. He said to Nicholas, "Isn't she pretty?"

Nicholas gawked at Jessie's pussy. She kept herself bare except for a small trimmed landing strip above her clit. It was as natural blonde as the hair on her pretty head.

And like her face, she had a sweet looking pussy. Her slit was tight and small, and the lips were smooth and slender, just a shade darker than the surrounding skin. It looked like a teenager's pussy.

Nicholas ran his fingertip up Jessie's slit, making her shiver. He looked again at Ollie for permission. Again, Ollie nodded his head.

With Ollie's permission, Nicholas gently caressed Jessie's clit. He ran his fingertip softly around and over it. Her body seized up and she grabbed her husband's hand. She looked at him. "Is this what you want?" she asked

breathlessly.

"This is exactly what I want," he managed to choke out.

Jessie's pussy lips glistened with moisture. She tensed as Nicolas ran his fingertips along her slit and then around her pleasure bulb. Then he pressed one finger between her lips. Nicholas was a bigger man than Ollie, and he had thick fingers. She was so moist he slipped in easily initially, but then his finger encountered resistance. "Jessie your pussy is tight," he said in a low lustful voice.

Jessie flushed red at Nicholas's remark. She couldn't believe another man was commenting on her pussy!

Nicholas applied steady pressure until one, and then two of his fingers were inside the beautiful blonde wife. He slowly pumped her, at the same time rubbing her clit with his thumb. He was driving Jessie crazy! She pressed her fist to her lips to stifle her moans.

At that moment, the waitress came to the table for their orders. With the tablecloth pushed up, he immediately saw what was happening. "Oh ...," she said with shock. Jessie looked up and made eye contact with the waitress. She blushed as the waitress gave her a demeaning look, as if saying "my god you are such a slut." She wanted Ollie to defend her, to chastise the waitress, but instead he said, "Can you give us a few minutes?"

The waitress nodded, still looking at Jessie and Nicholas' hand on her naked pussy. With a judgmental roll of her eyes, she turned and walked away. Jessie's cheeks burned with embarrassment. She felt so humiliated.

Nicholas continued to work on her. She wanted to scream but again pressed her fist against her lips. She tensed and dug the spikey stilettos of her high heels into the thick expensive carpet as she orgasmed. Her back arched and she clenched her eyes tightly closed. Her body shuddered as she softly moaned, "Oh god, oh god, oh god."

Afterwards, Jessie gasped and grabbed Nicholas' hand with both of hers. She breathed hard as her orgasm subsided. When she finally recovered she looked up. Amazingly, no one was looking at her. Still feeling weak, she managed to push Nicholas's hand away, close her legs, and pull her skirt down. She smiled

weakly at her husband, feeling guilty. His face was covered in lust and uncontrolled excitement.

"I've got a room at the hotel across the street," she heard Nicholas say. "Do you want to come up for an after-dinner drink?"

Jessie didn't know what she wanted. She'd cum, but her body ached. She needed fucked. But this was all going so fast. She looked at her husband. "What do you want?" she asked.

Ollie couldn't decide what he wanted. This was all moving so fast. Did he really want his wife to fuck another man? In the end, he abruptly pulled Jessie from the table and hurriedly ushered her out of the restaurant.

Ollie and Jessie were all over each other in the taxi home. The driver adjusted his mirror to watch the action. He envied the man, because the girl was so good looking. He'd trade his fare for 10 minutes with her, but he knew that only happened in Literotica.

In their apartment, they didn't even make it to their bed, instead falling on the sofa. Ollie got between her legs, pushed her skirt up around her waist, and shoved his cock into her. "He got you so hot, didn't he?" Ollie taunted. "You would have fucked him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes! I would have!" she answered falling into their normal pillow talk. "Isn't that what you want?" Her question came out like a challenge.

"YES!" Ollie cried as his orgasm neared. "I want to see you fucked hard by a big dicked stud!"

Later after cumming, they lay on their sides in bed, facing each other. "You really were attracted to him, weren't you?" he asked, smiling at her.

Jessie giggled. "Well, yeah ... I mean, you're getting really good at picking out men who are my type." Ollie continued to smile, but inside, he felt his stomach churning over.

He softly ran his fingers over his wife's side. "You liked the way he touched you?" he asked.

"I think that's obvious, don't you," she said, slyly smiling at him. "I mean, he made me cum."

Ollie swallowed a lump in his throat. He felt conflicted, his big head saying one thing, and his little head saying something else. Again he felt the conflicting emotions of arousal and jealousy. He asked, "He looked big, didn't he?" He was referring to Nicholas's penis of course.

Jessie couldn't help giggling, and joked, "Honestly, Ollie, I think you pay more attention to men's dicks than me." She thought back to all their pillow talk over the years. "With you, it can't be just any handsome man who does me. It has to be a well-hung handsome man."

Ollie smiled sheepishly. "I know it turns you on too."

"Maybe," she said teasingly, reaching under the covers and cupping Ollie's penis. She joked, "Especially since this is all I get from you." Ollie wasn't the biggest down there. About four inches hard, and thin.

Then, like an after-thought, she said "I'd forgotten how exciting it is to be with a really hot guy."

Ollie didn't reply, but he died inside. He died.



Chapter 3

Ollie couldn't believe how much his wife had changed. They'd role played for years, but she'd always resisted doing anything for real. That had changed now, and he had mixed feelings about it. It was thrilling of course. But the excitement was mixed with feelings of jealousy and his insecurities.

What she'd said – "I'd forgotten how exciting it is to be with a really hot guy"—was a stark reminder that HE wasn't a "really hot guy." It made him jealous, insecure and aroused all at the same time.

He glanced at his wife, sitting in the church pew next to him. Roman sat next to her with his kids (he'd come without Alicia, who was visiting her parents). Jessie had young Emma on her lap like last time. The pastor had just started his sermon a moment ago, yet Emma was already fidgeting. As Jessie shifted to accommodate the 2 year old, her tight skirt strained across her curvy thighs. Ollie casually looked down and then did a double take. He thought he saw the bumps of a garter belt. As Emma squirmed in Jessie's lap her skirt inched up, and Ollie's suspicions were confirmed when he saw the dark welt of real stockings.

Ollie couldn't believe his wife was wearing a garter belt and real stockings. To church! She wore them only on special occasions, like their anniversary, or when they played their game.

Just then Jessie leaned over into Roman's diaper bag as she'd done the last time in church. Just like last time, her skirt edged up, revealing more of her lacy stocking tops and even the garter belt snaps attached to the welts. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Roman ogling his wife's legs. Jessie didn't notice Roman looking, or at least she pretended not to.

As Jessie settled back into the pew, she demurely adjusted her skirt, covering up what she'd just been revealing. Once again, Ollie wondered if she'd purposely flashed Roman. Is that why she'd worn stockings and a garter belt? To tease Roman?

For the first time, Ollie really thought about Roman. He definitely fit the stereotype "tall dark and handsome." Ollie knew he worked out all the time. In fact, he ran a gym or something like that.

He understood why Jessie might be attracted to him; he definitely qualified as a "really hot guy" even though he was older. The way Roman gawked at her legs, it appeared their attraction was mutual.

Roman's wife Alicia had been a beauty when younger (he'd seen their wedding picture). But her looks had faded, maybe because of age or the wear and tear of having 3 kids. It wasn't surprising Roman's eyes were wandering from his wife to younger girls like Jessie.

After the service ended, the pastor asked Ollie to help carry some boxes to the shed outside. When he returned, he saw Jessie chatting with Roman and a few others from the congregation. Jessie and Roman were standing close together and were talking and laughing.

Ollie paused, looking at them. A stranger might think they were a couple. They fit together. They both were really good looking, like super models who just stepped out of the cover of GQ or Cosmopolitan. Ollie knew it wasn't the same with him. He was hitting way above his average with Jessie. At best you'd call him cute, far short of Jessie who was a drop-dead knockout.

Ollie felt his cock stir as he watched Jessie and Roman together.

On the way home, Jessie excitedly said Roman had invited them over for dinner that evening. Alicia was returning home from her parents and they were planning a casual cookout.

When they arrived later that day, Alicia seemed to be in a bitchy mood. She always seemed moody, it was her shtick. Ollie guessed her aloofness had added to her allure when she was young and pretty, but now with her looks faded it just made for a lot of awkward silences.

Jessie wore a white tailored blouse, tight skinny jeans and high heels. While casual, she looked amazing and Roman gave her an appreciative up-and-down look when he saw her (although Jessie pretended not to notice). As Alicia put Emma down for the evening, Roman gave Ollie and Jessie a tour of their house. One living room wall had a large bookcase filled with pictures. A few pictures of

a younger Roman with other women graced the shelves. All the girls had short dark hair, just like Alicia. Roman said they were pictures of old girlfriends, which Ollie thought was strange to have in your living room.

Jessie got on her knees and leaned over to see Roman and Alicia's wedding pictures on the bottom shelf. Leaning over, the back of Jessie's thong crept up her back over her low rise jeans. Just a small amount of the pink lacy material came into view, but both Ollie and Roman's eyes immediately focused on it. The men looked at each other, Roman turning red at being caught looking. Ollie smiled, and then they laughed.

"What's so funny?" Jessie asked as she stood up.

"Honey, I think you're showing more than you mean to," Ollie said with a grin, motioning at her back.

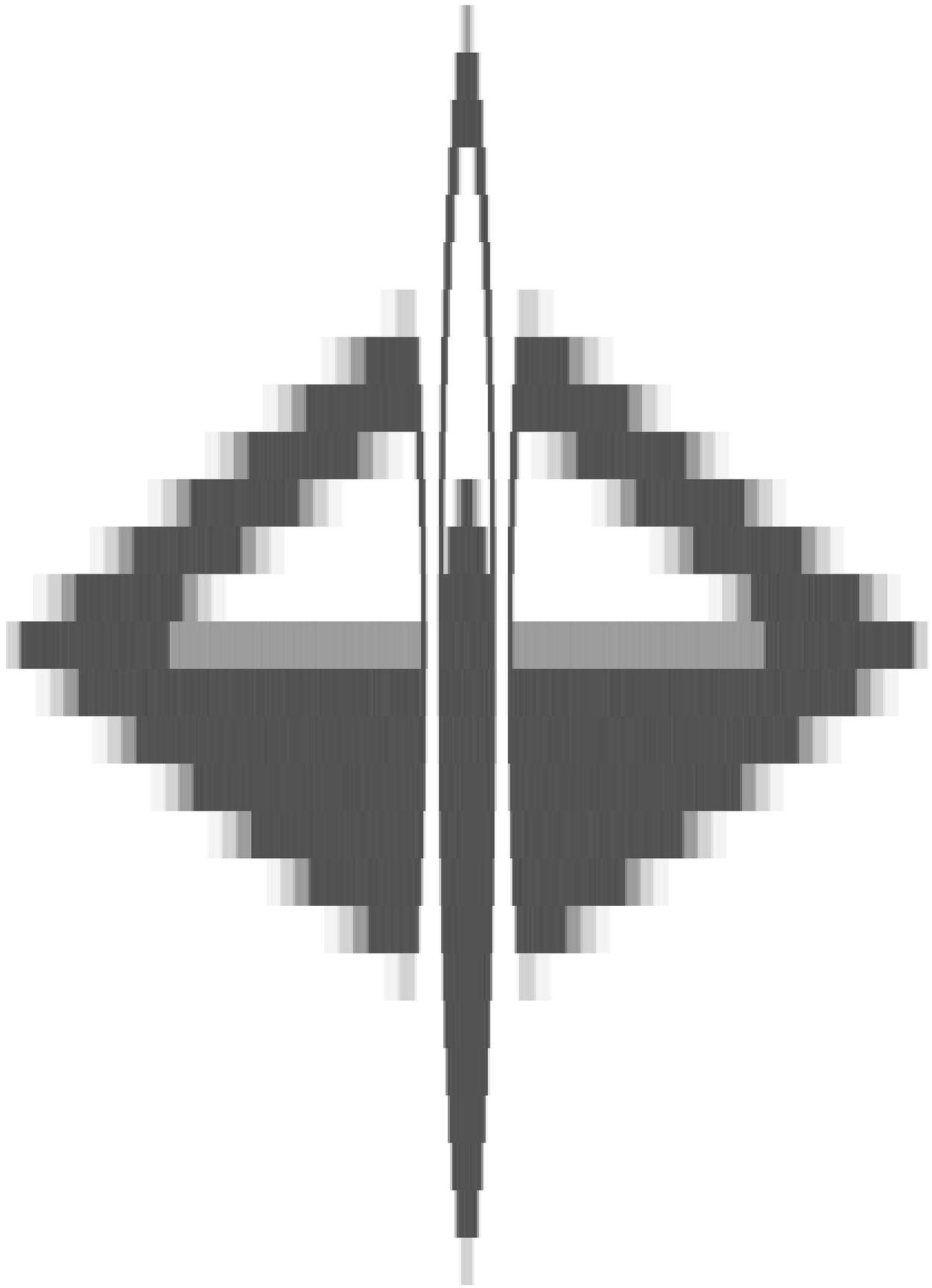
Jessie's eyes grew wide, and her hand immediately went to the small of her back. Feeling the lace above her jeans, she flushed red in embarrassment and ran into the bathroom to rearrange her clothes. Ollie and Roman laughed again as if making it into a joke, but seeing Jessie that way had been highly erotic. Ollie surreptitiously glanced at Roman's crotch and it looked like he had half a hard-on, so clearly he found the image of Jessie just as erotic as he had.

When Ollie and Roman joined Alicia in the kitchen, Jessie was already there. "Don't worry sweetie, boys will be boys," Alicia was saying to Jessie. Clearly Jessie had told Alicia what had happened, and Alicia scowled at Ollie and Roman as they entered. Then she looked down her nose at Jessie. "That's what you get for wearing ass floss." Jessie momentarily looked shocked at Alicia's harsh rebuke. She recovered quickly, forcing a laugh. Roman gave Jessie an apologetic smile. That's how it was with Alicia. A lot of awkwardness.

Ollie noticed Roman looking at Jessie a number of times through the evening. She was always good eye candy, but especially so tonight. It was possible to just make out the lace of her white bra through the silky material of her blouse. Her skinny jeans and high heels really showed off her slim curvy ass and long shapely legs, and knowledge of what she had on under the jeans only heightened her sexual appeal.

On top of that, Jessie and Roman got along well, talking and laughing about a lot of topics. Alicia went upstairs to put their other three kids to bed. Ollie was

content to mostly watch them interact, adding something to the conversation just now and then.



"I think Roman's attracted to you," Ollie said later that evening after getting home. "He couldn't take his eyes off you."

"You're crazy," Jessie said with a girlish laugh. "They've been married forever and have 3 kids."

Ollie grinned and shrugged. "I'm just saying, he was checking you out all night long. He checks you out at church too."

Jessie avoided her husband's eyes, looking a little guilty. "She HAD flashed him on purpose," Ollie thought. He felt excited and also bothered by it.

Later that night in bed, Ollie stroked his wife's shoulder. "Maybe we should add Roman to your Harem," he joked. Jessie's "Harem" were the men they fantasized about during their pillow talk and role playing. They included movie stars, some of Jessie's old boyfriends, Ollie's co-workers, and anyone else Jessie found attractive. "I think Roman's your type," he said.

Jessie smiled back playfully. "A man who looks like a Greek god," she said teasingly. "Now why ever would you think a man like that would be my type?"

"So you ARE attracted to him," Ollie said triumphantly.

"Um, hello? Yeah! But come on, fantasizing about a man we go to church with? Who's married and has kids? Don't you think that's crossing the line?"

"Hmmm, you're got a point," he said taking on a pretend thoughtful look. "Naaah!"

Jessie punched her husband's arm. "You're crazy," she said and they both laughed.

Then she snuggled up to him and reached down to his crotch. "Anyways, I don't think we need the Harem anymore." She wasn't surprised to find her husband hard. He always got an erection whenever they talked about her and other men. She thought it strange at first, but after so many years, she just accepted that's how he was. "I think we've moved past that."

Ollie's eyes went wide with surprise. "You want to play the game next weekend?" Ollie asked excitedly. They hadn't done anything since that time with Nicholas. And this was the first time she'd brought it up.

"If you want to."

"I could be up for that," he said grinning with her hand around his hard cock. Laughing he rolled on top of his wife. "But tonight you can fantasize about Roman."

"Well, okay," she said with a giggle, reaching between their bodies and guiding her husband into of her. "Fuck me Roman, fuck me with your big cock ..."



Chapter 4

"I met this great guy last night!" Sophie gushed as the friends congregated in Jessie's work cubicle. "He's a lawyer, and soooo good looking!"

Jessie and Harper rolled their eyes. "Let us guess, you went home with him," Harper said.

"Well ..."

Jessie and Harper burst out laughing. "Sophie, you're such a slut!"

Sophie smiled weakly, but then shot back at Harper. "What about the guy you met last weekend?"

Now it was Harper's turn to blush. "That's different! We've gone out on two dates since then!"

"You mean you've slept together twice since then," Sophie challenged. "Those aren't dates, they're booty calls!"

All three girls laughed. "If you saw this guy, you wouldn't be able to resist either, he's so hot!" Harper gushed.

Sophie leaned in and whispered, "My guy – the guy I met last night – he had the biggest cock I've ever seen. When he took it out of his pants I almost fainted."

Harper nodded knowingly. "I told you, size matters. Don't look at me that way. I don't care what all the magazines say. Seven inches is my minimum. If he's not at least seven inches I don't answer when he calls back."

Jessie gawked at what her friend just said. "How can you tell? Do you carry a ruler with you?" The girls laughed.

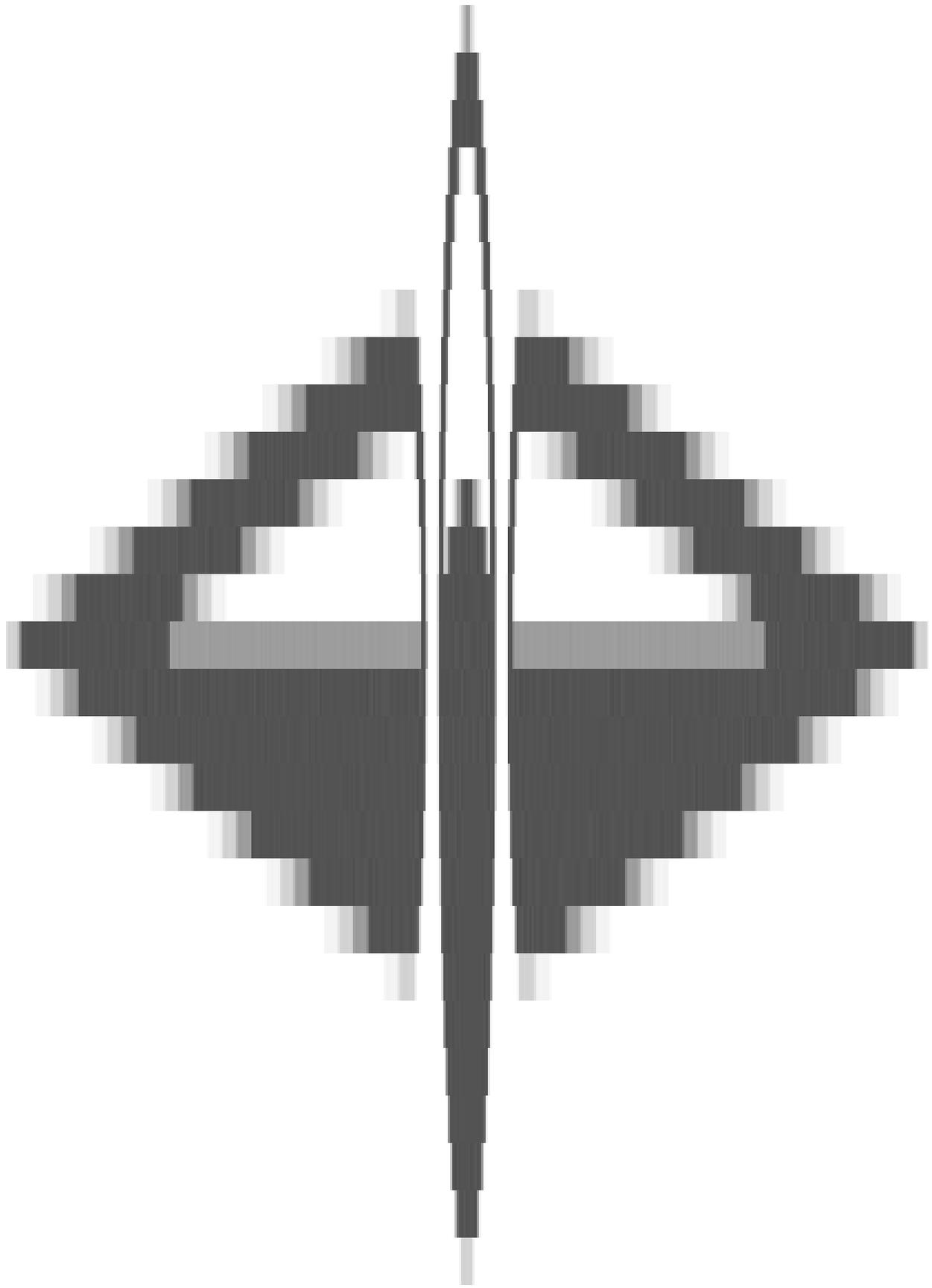
Then Harper held out her hands, one fist on top of the other. "Two hands is my minimum," she said seriously, and all three girls laughed again.

Sophie took Harper's arm and led her away. "Come on Harper, you can tell me more about your measuring skills. Jessie doesn't need to hear this. She's a happily married girl. And to Ollie, the world's perfect husband."

Jessie smiled at her two friends as they walked away. She turned back to her computer but couldn't concentrate on work. Making sure no one was looking, she took out a ruler and measured her hands fist to fist. About 3 and a half inches. Feeling foolish, she threw the ruler back into her desk.

Sophie and Harper were her age, 25. But while she was married, they were still single. Most of her college friends were still single too. While she loved Ollie, a part of her envied the carefree, exciting lives of her single friends. Maybe that's why she found Ollie's games so exciting. It was like being single again. She wanted to have a baby soon and start a family. But for now she found his kinky games fun and exciting.

And they were playing their game again tonight.



Lorenzo led Jessie downstairs and then through a corridor. The farther they walked, the more the music of the dance club receded. Finally, they pushed through a door and entered an alley. Jessie could tell the main door of the club was just around the corner, because she could hear people talking.

"When you said you wanted to find someplace quiet to talk, I didn't know we were going outside," Jessie said.

"Are you cold?" Lorenzo asked.

"No, it's just –" Jessie knew Ollie was inside, but of course she couldn't say that. She looked into Lorenzo's face and felt weak-kneed. He was soooo good looking. After entering the bar she'd politely declined offers to dance from the first guys who approached her. No one had caught her eye until Lorenzo introduced himself and offered to buy her a drink. Wow, he was sexy. He was from Florence and had that sexy Mediterranean complexion and dark, brooding Italian eyes. And tall. He was a head taller than her, even in high heels. She'd been with him since he approached, over an hour ago.

As they flirted and danced, she spotted Ollie watching. She assumed he'd follow when Lorenzo suggested they find a quiet place to talk, but then Lorenzo had led her here, outside the club. As she considered what to do, Lorenzo pressed his lips against hers. His lips were soft and experienced, and she found herself opening hers, then feeling his tongue slip into her mouth. His hands caressed down her back and sides. She lost herself in the moment and, in that instance, forgot all about her husband.

Ollie frantically searched the bar. Things had been getting interesting with Lorenzo (he found out his name later), and he didn't want to miss anything. But Jessie had disappeared with him 10 minutes ago, and they were nowhere in sight.

"You're so beautiful," Lorenzo gushed between kisses. He had one hand around her waist, and another between them, fondling her breast over the thin material of her dress.

"Oh god," Jessie moaned into Lorenzo's mouth as he rubbed her nipples. She was braless and he was rubbing her hard nipples through her dress. Her nipples

had always been super sensitive, like there was an electrical wire between them and her clitoris.

Lorenzo turned her so her back pressed against his front. She raised her arms around his neck, giving herself to him. Lorenzo cupped both her breasts in his hands, rubbing both her nipples between his fingers. Then he moved one hand down her front, over her flat tummy, towards her skirt. Jessie fleeting thought of Ollie, and hoped he was enjoying the show.

With one hand still fondling Jessie's breast, Lorenzo reached under her skirt with his other. He moved up her silky thigh and then felt the heavy lace of her thigh highs. He realized she was wearing thigh high stockings, not pantyhose. Moments later, as his hand continued its journey up her skirt, he found she wasn't wearing panties. No bra. No panties. Thigh high stockings. His cock pulsed in his pants. "God you're so hot," he moaned into her ear.

Like the other times, Ollie had picked out her clothes. Black dress, black thigh highs, black high heels. No bra, no panties. Jessie moaned as she felt Lorenzo's fingers on her bare pussy. He explored her, along her slit, around her clit, feeling her slim, blonde landing strip. Then she felt his thumb on her clit, and his finger entered her. She moaned as pleasure flooded her tight married body.

Lorenzo unzipped and pulled out his cock. Then he turned Jessie around, pressing her back against the wall so she was facing him. He wanted to look at her pretty face as he entered her. He pulled one of her stockinged legs around his waist and positioned his cockhead between her pussy lips.

Jessie felt something pressing against her pussy. "Oh god, it's his cock!" she realized immediately. She couldn't believe how fast this had happened. Where was Ollie? But then she understood. Ollie wanted her to let Lorenzo fuck her. He was hiding in the shadows and probably playing with himself right now.

God, Lorenzo had her so worked up, and he felt freaking huge. The game had moved so fast, and now it had come to this. Jessie knew this is what her husband wanted.

"Oh god Ollie, if this is what you want" she thought, and she wrapped her arms around Lorenzo's neck and kissed him. At the same time, she pushed against him, inviting him to enter her.

Lorenzo felt the pretty blonde surrender to him and blood surged to his cock, making him even harder and bigger. He pressed his cockhead between her pussy lips and got ready to penetrate the pretty married blonde.

"Jessie, is that you?" Lorenzo heard behind him, and then he felt a strong arm around his neck and pulling him away from the girl. "Get away from her!"

"What?!" Lorenzo cried. "Is this your husband?!"

"No ... what?" Jessie said confused. Her head was spinning. Standing there wasn't Ollie.

It was Roman!

"Get out of here!" Roman shouted at Lorenzo. Lorenzo calculated his chances. The interloper was a big guy, with a strong chest and arms. He decided it wasn't worth it. Taking one last look at the sexy blonde, he reluctantly walked away.

"Are you okay?" Roman asked concerned. "I'm here with friends, a bachelor's party – that's them over there – and I saw that guy mauling you. Are you okay? Do you want me to call the cops?"

"I'm fine," Jessie said, trying to regain her composure. She was still panting from being with Lorenzo.

"I, ah, thanks," she sputtered. She suddenly realized her skirt was still around her waist, and Roman was looking at her nakedness. She hurriedly pulled down her skirt. She looked away, absentmindedly brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. She felt so embarrassed, she wanted to find a hole and crawl into it.

Understanding hit Roman. She'd been a willing participant, not a victim. "God Jessie, I'm sorry. I should have minded my own business," he said.

"No, it's okay," Jessie quickly said. "What you did, defending me ... that was really sweet."

Roman pointed to his friends. "We were leaving. Do you want a ride home?"

"No, that's okay," she replied. She couldn't bear the thought of riding home with Roman and his friends. It would be the ultimate walk of shame, and the

embarrassment would be too much. She looked around. Where was Ollie? Then without thinking, she said, "Ollie's inside."

"Ollie's inside?" Roman repeated, shocked, his eyes going wide.

Jessie felt like an idiot, and her cheeks took on an even deeper shade of red.

From Roman's expression she knew she had to give some explanation.

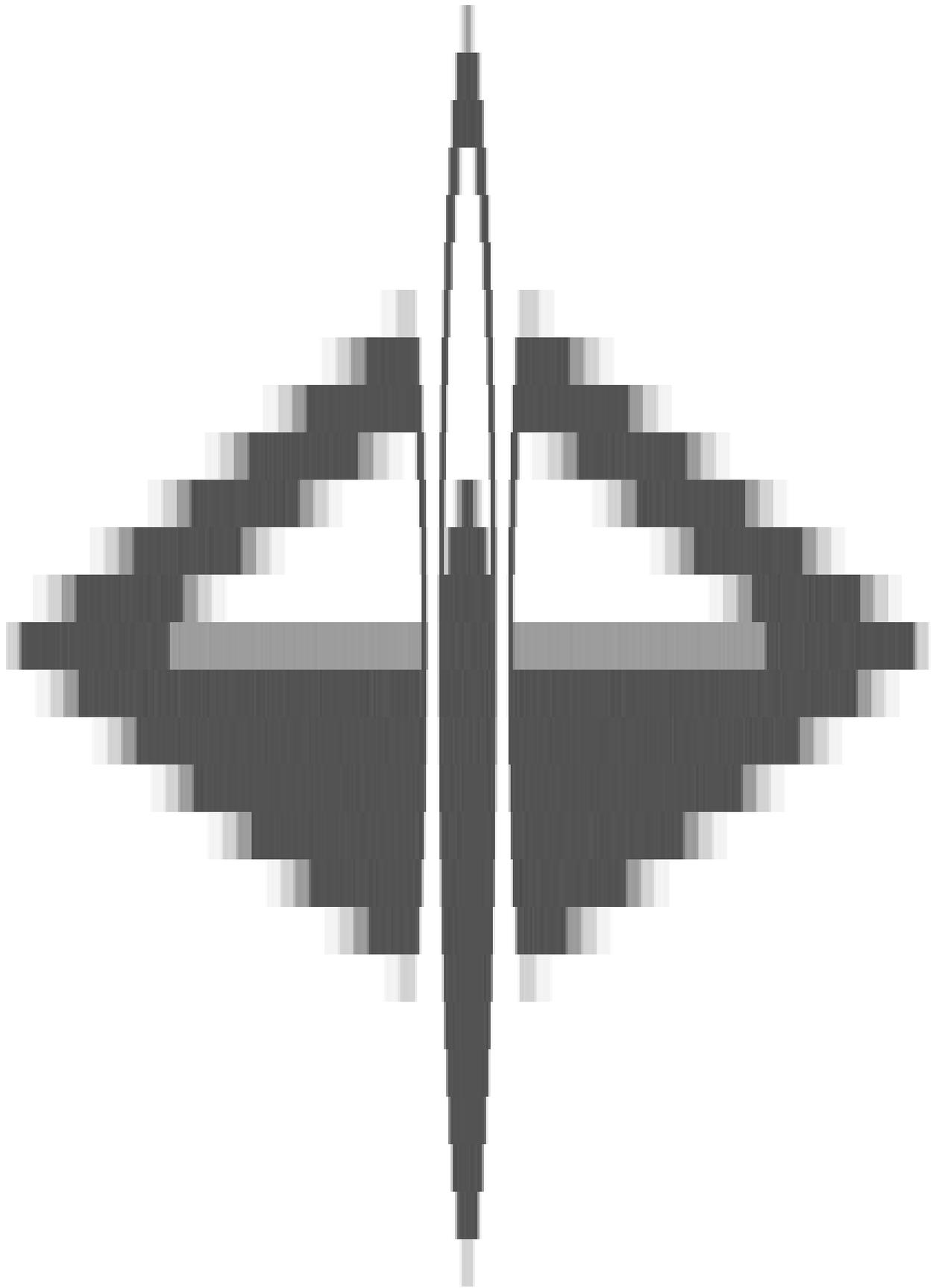
"Sometimes ... well ... sometimes Ollie likes to play games with me." Her cheeks burned with embarrassment. WHERE – WAS – - FREAKING - OLLIE????!!!!!!

Roman's expression went from incomprehension, to shock, to understanding, to amusement. "Oookay," he finally said, trying to hide a smile and not doing a very good job. "Then I guess we'll take off, and leave you and Ollie to your ... whatever."

Jessie's pretty face got even redder. She'd never felt so mortified. Ollie was going to pay for this! As Roman turned to walk away, she grabbed his arm.

"Please don't tell anyone," she begged. "Especially Alicia. Please don't tell her." She couldn't bear the thought of Alicia's judgmental attitude.

"Don't worry, I won't," he said reassuringly, the smile still planted on his face.



"W HERE WERE YOU!" Jessie growled when she finally found Ollie in the club.

"Where was I?" Ollie answered. "Where were you?"

"Roman saw me!"

"What?"

Jessie grabbed her husband's arm. "You know! Roman! From Roman and Alicia! From church! He saw me, with Lorenzo!"

"That's his name, Lorenzo?"

"OLLIE! FOCUS! ROMAN SAW ME WITH HIM! HE SAW EVERYTHING!"

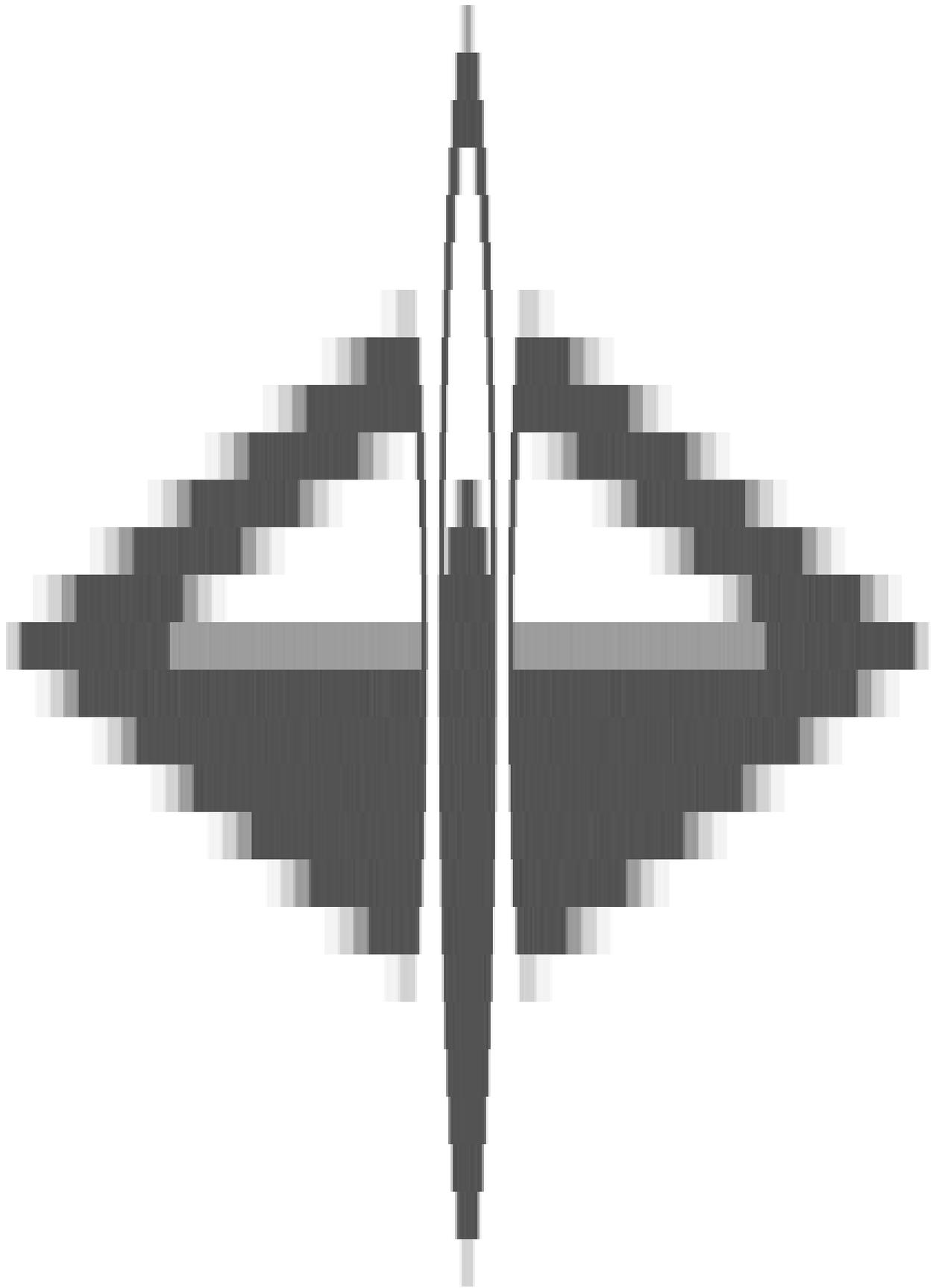
Ollie looked dumbfounded. "What was Roman doing here?"

"It doesn't matter!" Jessie said exasperated. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life! You have to talk to Roman! You! Explain to him this is your thing! You have to make him promise not to tell anyone! Especially Alicia! Oh my god she's got the biggest mouth! If Alicia finds out she'll tell everyone!"

"Okay, okay, I will."

"Tomorrow, Ollie! Promise me you'll talk to him tomorrow!"

"Okay, I promise, I'll talk to him tomorrow."



"So you guys are swingers?" Roman asked as they sat in the bar.

"No, not exactly, not swingers. I mean, I'm not looking to have sex with other women." Ollie smiled weakly. "I know this probably sounds weird, but I've always had this thing about seeing Jessie with other men. "

"Yeah, it's hard to understand," Roman agreed. He hesitated, looking thoughtful. "But on the other hand, I understand how important it is to keep your marriage interesting."

From Roman's tone it sounded like he had more to say. "Everything is okay between you and Alicia, isn't it?" he asked.

Roman shrugged. "It has its ups and downs. Right now, we're on a down. But we've been married a long time, so I'm sure it'll get better. Anyway, you don't have to worry. I won't tell anyone. Not Alicia or anyone else."

That night, Roman caressed his wife's shoulder and then cupped her ample breast. "Not tonight Roman. I'm tired," Alicia snapped.

"Come on, babe, it's been over a week," Roman said, pressing his lips to the back of her neck.

"Roman, it's not my fault you're horny after going to titty bars with your friends last night!" Alicia lashed out.

"It was a bachelor's party, and we didn't go to any strip clubs," Roman protested.

"Yeah, right, like you didn't flirt with girls all night, just like you always do!" Alicia half sobbed into her pillow. Then she rolled over, ending the discussion.

Roman sighed and looked blankly into the darkness. He was too charged up to sleep. Eventually he heard the steady breathing of Alicia.

She'd fallen asleep. He took out his cock. As he stroked himself, he closed his eyes and thought of Jessie. She'd looked so incredible last night, with her dress hiked up around her waist. She had the most incredible legs, and his cock throbbed at the memory of seeing her in thigh highs and high heels.

But what made his heart pound was the memory of her pussy. She hadn't been wearing panties and he had been able to see her clearly in the lamp light. He saw her tight slit, completely bare except for a tiny trimmed blonde landing strip.

She looked so different from Alicia, who didn't shave or even trim anymore. Roman thought about Jessie's tight sexy body, topped off by the prettiest face and sweetish blue eyes he'd even seen. As his wife slept, Roman beat off thinking of another woman.



Chapter 5

Jessie nervously approached the church for the annual charity bazaar. This was the first time she'd been at church since seeing Roman in the club. She wasn't looking forward to seeing him, but she couldn't get out of it because she'd volunteered to help months ago. What made it worse was Ollie was away on another business trip.

Once there, she looked at the bazaar sign-up sheet. Ugh! She'd been assigned to work the cake and cookies booth. That was fine, but Roman was assigned to that table too! And she knew Alicia wasn't coming because she was visiting her parents again. Jessie couldn't believe her bad luck.

She saw Roman was in the booth already, selling cake slices and cookies baked by volunteers. She walked around the table and stood next to him, trying to avoid eye contact. He apparently didn't feel the same awkwardness because he had a big grin on his face the entire time and kept trying to make eye contact. Finally, after about 10 minutes, he burst out laughing. She couldn't help herself—she punched him as hard as she could in the arm, growling, "Shut up, you jerk!"

"Ouch!" he said, but he didn't stop laughing. Jessie winced too at the pain in her hand after hitting him. His bicep was like solid steel!

When he looked like he was about to say something else, Jessie growled, "JUST – SELL – COOKIES!"

This made Roman laugh harder. Jessie couldn't help a slight smile. But still she glared at him. "Just don't talk to me about it!"

"Okay, okay," he said rubbing his arm. "You pack quite a punch."

"I kick hard too!" she warned. But as he continued to grin, she smiled despite herself.

An hour (and countless cookies and cake slices) later, Roman pointed at Jessie's

college football t-shirt she was wearing. "Did you go to Penn State?"

"Yes," Jessie said. "I miss going to the games. It was the best thing about college."

"I know. I went there too. I was even on the football team. So you like football?"

"I have three older brothers," she answered. She brushed a strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "They went to Penn State too, just like my parents. Ollie and I get season tickets every year. It was my only condition for marrying him." She grinned at the joke; she'd told it many times. "You were on the football team? What was it like?" she asked excitedly.

"It sounds better than it is," Roman said in a charming modest way. "Mostly I rode the bench."

"What position?"

"Mostly linebacker. Some strong safety," Roman replied.

Jessie nodded slowly as she looked at him. Roman definitely had the body of a STRONG safety. He was seriously broad-shouldered, and his abs and biceps swelled out of the sweater he was wearing. His dark hair and complexion, and close-cropped beard, gave him a dangerous look, although he seemed to be a sweet man. Jessie realized she was staring and quickly looked away.

Roman didn't seem to notice her looking at him, as he said "I started a few games my senior year, and even got drafted and played a season in the NFL. That didn't last, but I made enough money to start my own business."

"What's that?"

"I opened a gym, Manhattan Motion."

Jessie's eyes grew wide. "I know that place! I was thinking about joining. I minored in dance at Penn State, and I've wanted to start up again."

Considering her fantastic legs, it didn't surprise Roman that Jessie was a dancer. His spirits soared seeing her big smile and being so excited. It was like seeing a beautiful sunrise. "You should definitely stop by," he said encouragingly. "I can

set you up with Brooke. She's our best instructor."

"I'll do that," Jessie said, and they smiled into each other's eyes. But the moment passed, and she looked away, feeling awkward again.

There was a mini-rush of cookie buyers. Then Roman asked "When did you graduate?"

"Four years ago."

"Oh okay," Roman said. "I was on the 5 year plan, so we just missed overlapping."

The thought of being at college with Roman was ... disturbing. Without thinking, Jessie blurted out, "I was already with Ollie in college."

Jessie felt foolish as soon as the words left her lips. Why had she felt the need to say that?

"Oh, ah, okay," Roman said. They were silent again as a few more people stopped by to buy cake slices.

Wanting to change the subject, Jessie asked "Where did Roman come from? Is it a family name?"

Roman said, "My parents met in Rome. So they named me Roman."

"Oh, that's sweet," Jessie said. "So you're Italian?"

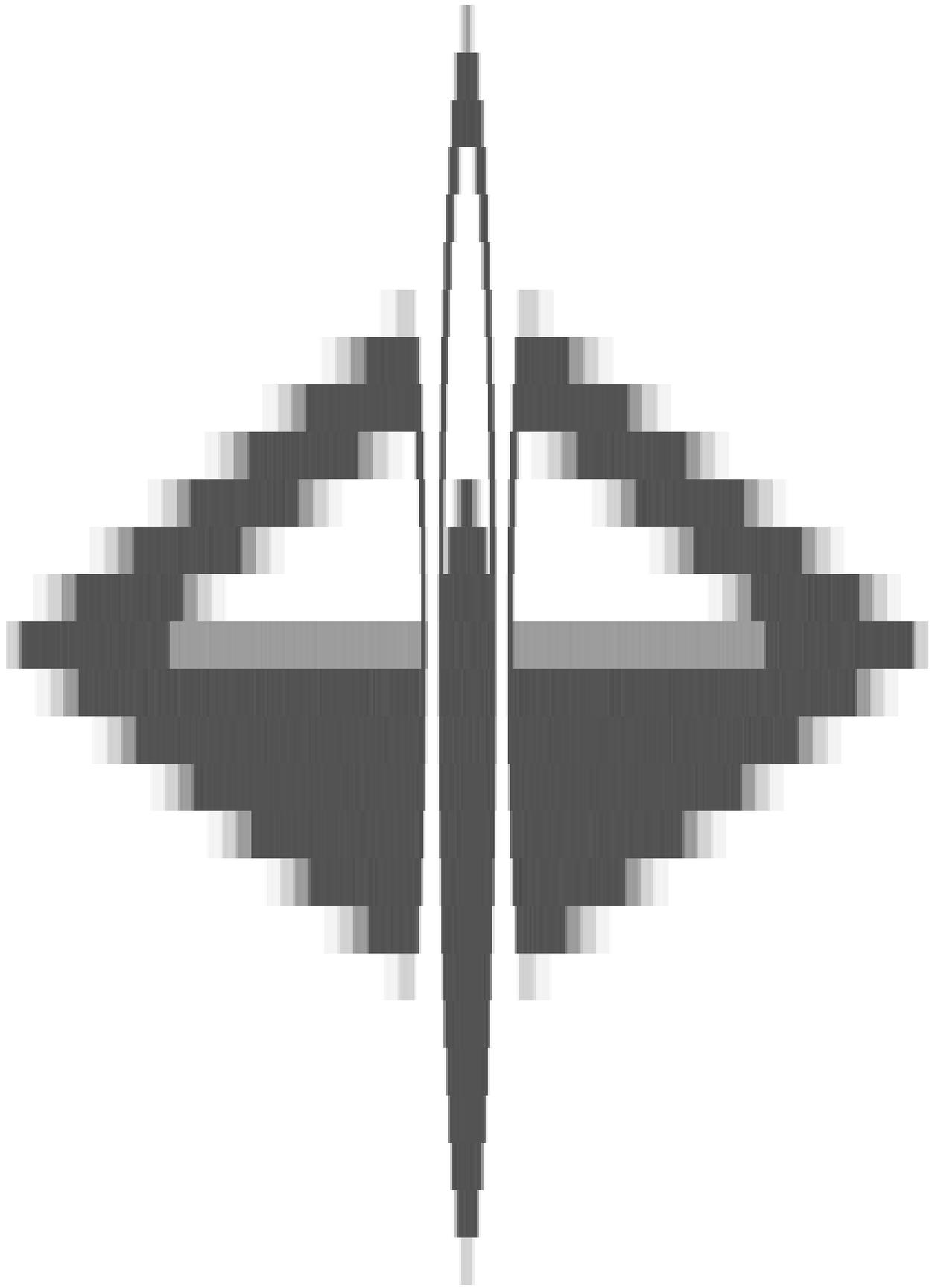
"Italian, German, Persian, I'm a mix of a lot," Roman replied. With a grin he said "I'm a mutt."

Jessie smiled back, then looked away. He definitely wasn't a mutt. He was tall, dark and handsome. Very handsome. And very fit.

"And he knows Ollie fantasizes about me with other men," Jessie thought to herself. "And he saw me practically naked. I WAS naked from the waist down." She felt tingling between her legs.

Jessie inwardly shook herself. She was at the freaking church bazaar! She had

to stop thinking about this!



Later that week, Jessie stopped by Manhattan Motion after work. Roman introduced her to Brooke, and they hit it off right away. Jessie signed up for a modern dance course.

As Brooke showed Jessie around the rest of the gym, they saw a group of women around Roman. "He's always surrounded by girls," Brooke joked with a playful roll of her eyes. Jessie wasn't surprised. He was so good looking and the Under Armour shirt he wore really showed off his biceps and muscular chest. And Jessie thought she saw the hard ridges of a six pack outlined in the tight material of his Under Armour shirt.

One girl in particular was fawning over Roman. She was pretty and young – very young—with short dark hair and big breasts. Brooke saw Jessie looking and said "Oh that's Fletcher. She's got a major thing for Roman."

"Doesn't she know he's married?" Jessie asked.

Brooke laughed and said, "I don't think Fletcher's looking for a husband. If you know what I mean."

Jessie nodded slowly, but didn't say anything else.

They went into the free weights room and saw some other girls lifting weights. "Now that you've signed up for a course, you can use the rest of the gym too," Brooke said, seeing Jessie's interest in the girls bench pressing.

"Oh, I could never do that," Jessie said.

"Sure you can," Brooke said. "You're slim, but I can tell you have a strong core from all the dancing you did in high school and college."

She showed Jessie how to lie on the bench. She took the weights off the bar, explaining that the bar itself was 45 pounds and so she should start with that and gradually increase the weight. Jessie wasn't really interested in lifting, but now Brooke had gone to so much trouble she felt obligated to try. Just as Jessie was about to lift the bar, Brooke's cell rang.

"Oops, I'm sorry, this is my date tonight, do you mind if I take it?"

"No, go ahead," Jessie said. She continued to lie on the bench, feeling silly and not knowing what to do. Finally, she lifted the bar off the supports, and was pleased to find she could do it. She lowered and lifted the bar 5 times, but then she tired, her muscles not used to the exertion. She struggled to get the bar back into the rack when she heard a deep voice above her. "Need some help?" the voice asked. She looked up and saw it was Roman.

"Um, well, Brooke just needed to take a call," she said straining under the weight.

"That's okay, I'll spot you," Roman said. "Come on, 3 more, you can do it. That's right, lower it to your chest, then exhale as you lift."

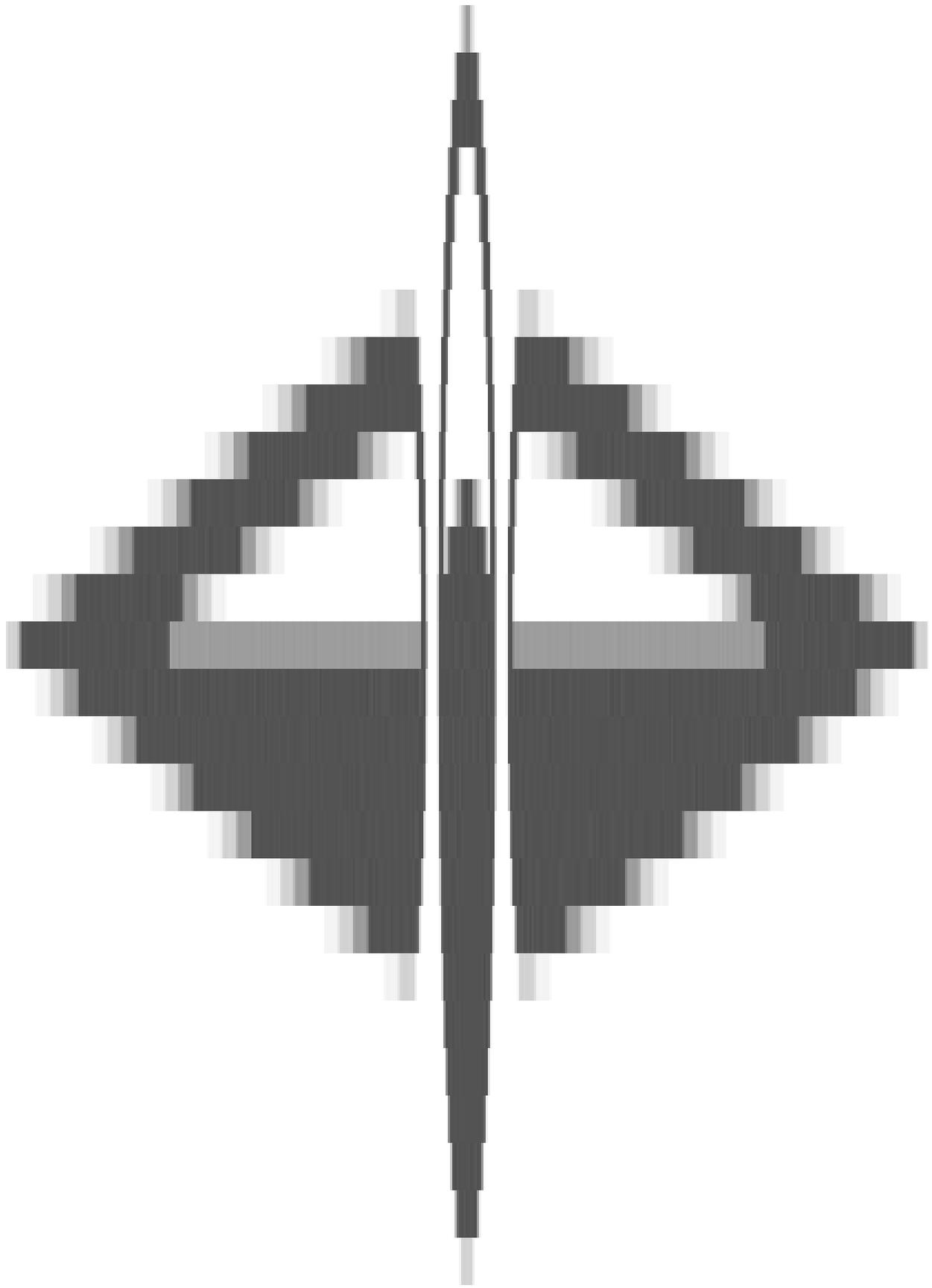
Jessie managed to do the last reps, feeling good about her self-accomplishment. Roman leaned over to help put the bar back into the rack. As he did, Jessie had a clear view up his loose shorts. She gawked at what she saw. He wasn't wearing underwear and his penis hung freely—and he was huge! She'd never seen anything so long and thick, and he wasn't even hard.

She stood up, her cheeks flushed. "Thanks," she said, avoiding eye contact with Roman, the image of his big cock burning in her memory. She didn't notice Roman looking at her chest. Her erect nipples were clearly visible through her sports bra and top.

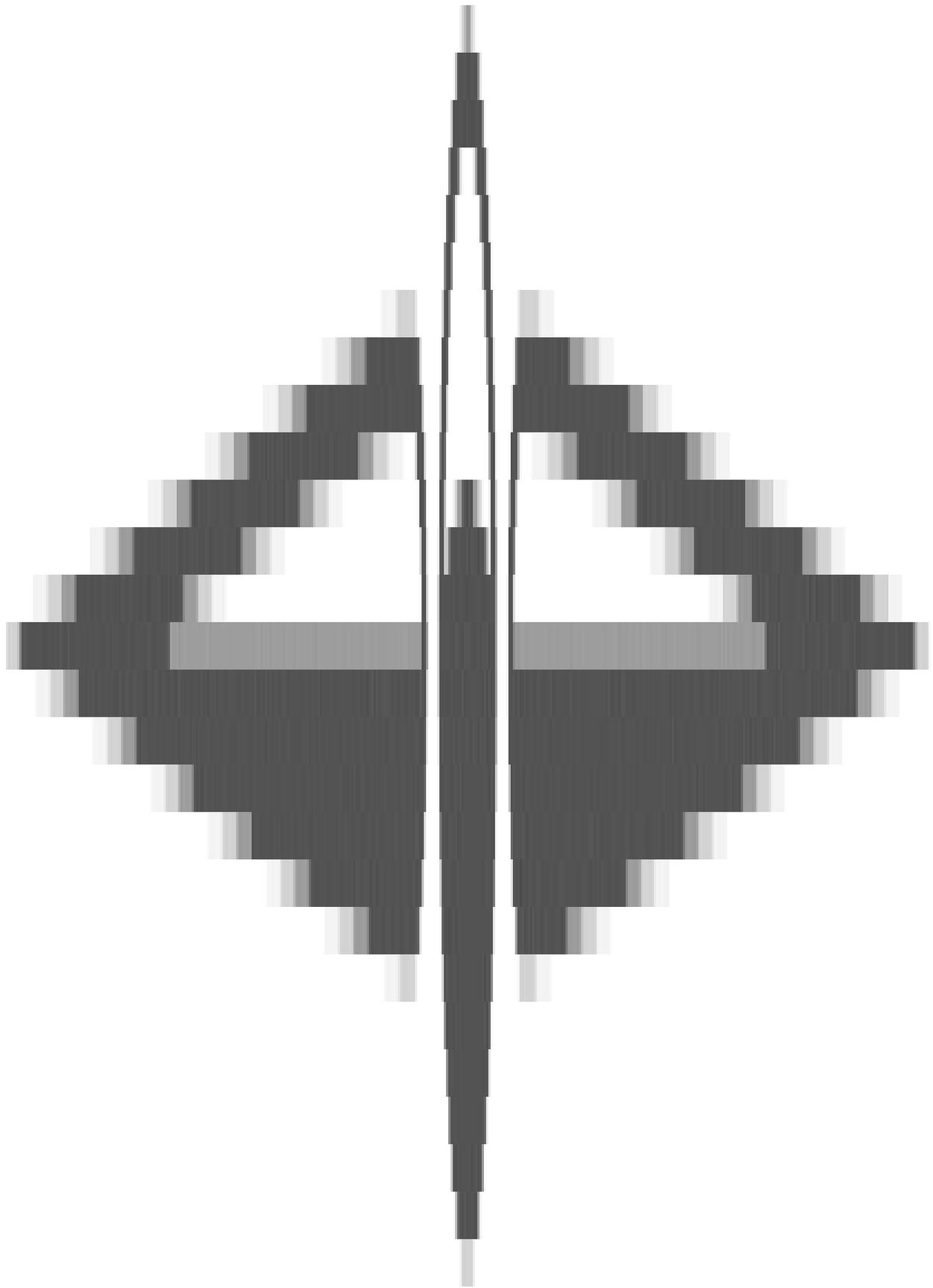
Jessie excused herself and, after saying goodbye to Brooke, rushed home. Ollie was still traveling. She tried to watch TV but couldn't concentrate. Finally, she took a bubble bath. As she often did in the bath, she let her fingertips trail along her body, over her breasts, around her nipples, down her stomach.

She ventured down to her clit and slowly rubbed herself. She fantasized about all the things she and Ollie had done lately. But her thoughts kept drifting to Roman. He was so good looking. So fit and muscular. And she kept thinking about what she'd seen up the leg of his pants.

Jessie thought about what it would feel like to have such a big man like Roman on top of her. And to have that big cock inside her. She came, her shuddering body causing ripples in the bath water. Afterwards, after catching her breath, she felt envious of what Alicia had to sleep with every night. The thought immediately made her feel guilty, like she was betraying her husband.



CONTINUED IN
OPENING PANDORA'S BOX
BOOK 2



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