

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR

*Out on the
Lake*

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By

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We would frequently be ashamed of our good deeds if people saw all of the motives that produced them.

~ Francois de La Rochefoucauld

CHAPTER 1

I was not lonely.

Just keep telling myself that, right Villette?

No, maybe not lonely, just horny.

And that was about to get me in trouble. Big trouble. Oh my god, get me out of here trouble.

I had thought the romance was just beginning. It hadn't ended, but it sure as fuck seemed like it was on hold.

My whole life was ahead of me now that I was an adult. Twenty years old – I had finally made it to two decades. This was when sex was supposed to be great. No more school telling me I couldn't and shouldn't.

Although dad still saw me frequently, sort of. Giving me the eye with a mixture of pride and caution. He worked for my husband.

They had been coworkers for TCS Chemicals: my father as a chemist and my future husband in supply. I was taken to a company party and we met.

It was nothing like the urban fantasy romances I had read. Bryce Parks wasn't a werewolf, didn't suck my blood, and didn't wield desperate powers to save the world from evil polluters.

Neither was he a billionaire who handcuffed me, beat me, and had tats.

I sat in the bay window looking out over the ring of trees surrounding our lakeside property. Crystal Lake was a big, open lake that might have been pretty to look at, if the trees weren't blocking it.

My husband had insisted on privacy.

Too bad for me.

But then again, the cushioned bench I sat on was very nice. I often sat here and masturbated while looking out at the trees.

Horny.

I couldn't help it. Bryce was away most of the day, seven days a week. His start-up was flying high and required his steady hand in its growth.

So he said.

Really, though, I believed him and I knew he was telling the truth. He loved me just as much as before, giving me all he could when he was home – if he wasn't too tired.

No, our romance was still there. Still the cuddles, the kisses, the looks and smiles. The hugs. I was still his. And he promised that as the company grew and solidified, he would have more time. It was still just a baby and much of it he had to take care of himself until the business was big enough to hire momentum.

I knew he had a good thing. Both my father and husband had tried explaining the details of their cerametallic process, as they called it. Electricity, nanotechnology... I preferred the layman's term: growing metal.

Another Saturday and here I was, sitting in the window.

I wasn't caged; I could go outside. If I wanted. But the bugs and spotty phone coverage kept me inside.

I mean, someone might text me.

I didn't want to miss it.

My sexuality had been teased by Bryce. Awakened, prodded, aroused, and then...

Not abandoned.

Not neglected.

Not forgotten.

Just... told to wait. Put on hold. Stuck in stasis.

The pines outside were thick. The ferns and vines meant my vision was effectively blocked by around the third tree.

A bird or two would fly by occasionally.

And here I was, horny.

The ache awakened and awaiting his return.

I slid my shorts off and sat back against the edge of the bay window. Knees up and feet drawn in, I let my hand slide down to tease the tension in my clit.

I always thought of Bryce at these times. Handsome and sexy, his eyes smoldered at me like hot coals and melted me with his look. I could never get enough of feeling him on me, his skin on mine, his breath in my mouth.

Fuck, he was hot. Skinny jeans, tiny waist, little butt, hairy chest. I loved it all. At forty-one, he was so hot I could barely breathe around him. And his carefully cultivated stubble? Yum!

Movement in the trees drew my attention. A bird or something.

I stuffed fingers into my hole as I remembered the last time we had made love. It was always fantastic. Always satisfying.

I was panting, working my pussy and loving it.

My eyes focused on the glimpse of movement. Something was moving. Squirrel?

A face appeared and froze.

My heart leapt up so hard I thought it was going to seize up. My eyes went wide.

Some man was out there in a rain hat holding a leash. His face was open-mouthed and shocked.

I screamed.

The man jumped in the air, though I doubt he heard me. He twisted around and began hop-stepping his way back through the trees – reminding me of the football jocks in high school dancing through old tires.

I lunged off the bay window bench, even though he was already gone.

My heart was hammering like a trillion woodpeckers at six in the morning.

Is he coming to get me? Is he a mass murderer? Oh my god, what am I going to do? I picked up my phone to text my bestie, but stopped. He's running away, Vilette. Calm yourself.

I often talked to myself. It's not like anyone else was around.

What was I going to say to Christine? I got peeped by a creep? Ridiculous.

I peeked out the window, eyes wide and fearful.

Trees.

Bugs.

Nothing.

The man had looked scared.

What the fuck was he scared of? It was me that was legs all over and diddling my clit.

And a leash? A man out walking his dog?

I got caught. Someone caught me masturbating. That's all.

How embarrassing.

I welcomed a tired Bryce home with a hug.

He looked weary, worn down. "How was your day?"

"Exciting." I wasn't going to tell him why.

His smile was slow and sexy. "Sure it was..."

I didn't argue; he expected my day was dull.

He said, "No get togethers with Christine?"

"It's a two hour drive." I hugged him close. He smelled of excessive coffee and fading cologne.

"I'm sorry..."

I knew what he meant. He sometimes apologized for taking me away, even if this was a beautiful home, and hiding me away from my friends. "I love you."

His hand stroked my hair. "And I love you, too. So very much..."

"Aren't you going to replace me when I turn twenty-five? When I'm too old?" It was something of a joke between us.

"Yeah, when I can't get it up anymore? What's the use?" He toyed with my hair. "You're mine."

I loved hearing it; I always did. I didn't want to ask, but I did anyway. "How was business?"

My husband loved talking about it and I was interested, but it seemed like right now it was all he talked about. "We have a meeting with the Department of Defense Monday."

It had been a rumor; now it was confirmed. I jumped a little on the balls of my feet.

He said, "This is going to be huge, but Scotty and I knew we could do it."

Scotty was my father. I said, "How soon would you be able to hire--?"

He interrupted me. "Next month we'd be bringing in the first federal grants if all goes well. I'd need to be around to shepherd us through the shift for a bit. Maybe two months?"

I sighed. Two months was forever. I reached down and rubbed at his slacks. "Celebrate?"

I felt his shoulders slump a little in weariness. But his tone was game. "Surely. Let me shower first." His kiss to my lips was tender and loving.

I groaned happily as he thrust his cock into my pussy. I wanted to say, "See? This wasn't that hard, was it?" But I didn't. I was just happy we were together. He was close on me, enjoying my feel as much as I was enjoying his.

He moved on me and I moved in my heart. I felt as if I was soaring like a bird, flying through the trees...

I remembered the man catching me and for fuck's sake, I blushed. Why did I have to remember that now?

But I was with my man, safe and secure, and savoring my time with him in the best way possible. I gave myself to him freely, wanting more, and looking forward to many more times like this.

I was his.

Getting caught apparently hadn't hurt anything, though I had wondered throughout the day if the police were going to come and bang down our door. Arrested for... something.

But maybe the man, looking as scared as he had been, had wondered throughout his day if I had called the police? Maybe he was as frightened as I was?

Thinking it made me feel a little better. Don't worry, leash-guy, I won't blow our secret. A simple accident. No big deal. No need for protestors, police, or pandemonium.

I was safe with my husband.

Or so I thought.

CHAPTER 2

Sunday was just another day. We went to church in the morning at Lakeside Community Christian Fellowship. It was a nice church as far as churches went.

My atheist father was surprised I agreed to go. He had scared me as a girl that church people were stupid and hateful. Maybe some were, but not these churchgoers. I found I fit right in. The people were nice and not judgmental at all, despite my father's assurances they were.

So what if I found God? What business was it of his? I was an adult and could make my own decisions.

My husband described himself as a quiet believer, whatever that was.

In any event, Sunday was at least one day where I was with him until lunch. So I enjoyed my time with him. Yet, it was with a little trepidation that I found myself looking furtively at those around us, wondering if any of them had been the man that had witnessed my... self-indulgence.

The efficient air conditioning in the church cooled my skin, even as I felt the heat of unease creep through me. There was no one that appeared to be the man.

I wasn't really too worried if he was there, though. The members were so caring that I doubted any one of them would refrain from giving me a hug.

When Bryce had introduced me to the church, I had been astounded at the hugging. I had expected my schooling to be a preparatory step into adult society.

In school, hugs were inappropriate. In the safe space, they were forbidden as symbols of power and oppression.

I had tensed up, expecting to be yelled at and called out for allowing a hug. When no one did, I accepted the next, though I was shaking with fear.

Was hugging something religious? Cultic?

My husband assured me nothing was wrong with hugs and to forget what I had learned in school.

I felt better for that because I liked hugs.

Still, accepting them felt... naughty.

That naughty mood stuck with me even after he dropped me off at home.

A kiss, a squeeze, and he was off for another day of pushing his company. Our company.

Our future.

The promise was real. The meeting with the Department of Defense solid and sure. The cerametallic process could provide armor at twice the effectiveness of standard alloys. Tanks, armored personnel carriers, and all kinds of vehicles and body armor. War stuff. Big money.

I believed my husband and my father when they exuberantly claimed it was revolutionary.

And I was at home on a Sunday afternoon feeling naughty.

I would hang out on the internet for an hour, then grow weary of it. As it always happened around two, I found myself in the bay window, peering out at the trees and wishing I could fly.

Would the man avoid the house now? Shamed by his discovery? Mortified at seeing my masturbation?

Long past the time he had seen me the previous day, my ache was undeniable and my safety certain. I slid off my shorts and moved my fingers around a grateful clit. I sighed with relief and leaned my head back.

I was alone again and for once, pleased that I was. The man had scared me yesterday.

I closed my eyes and played, happy to be by myself. Fingers down and in, out and over my bud. My legs quivered with excitement. The hugs had made me feel

especially naughty today.

I opened my eyes and looked out over the trees. Birds flew. I scanned the trees again, just to be sure.

No one was there. I was alone.

I thought of my husband making love to me last night: his kisses; his thrusts; his whispers of devotion. I closed my eyes with the memory.

I was a lucky girl. Woman, now, even if I was twenty years younger.

My best friend Christine wondered why I hadn't picked someone my own age.

"None of them were serious," I had texted her.

And I had meant it. None of the boys I knew had been serious. Their lives were college, or the next beer party, or the next score of drugs. None of them had the gravity – the connection to reality – that Bryce had shown.

Was it age? I thought so.

Was it some old fashioned social grace that attracted me? Maybe.

Was it that my generation was dumb? Probably not. I fully believed we were smarter than ever – far more than our parents had been at the same age. Fuck, they hadn't even had cell phones back then.

We had cell phones, the internet, texting. Information was instantaneous. Sex and dating had evolved into sexting. Better. More efficient.

It was the perfection of technology and our ability to grasp it that made us smarter.

We were far more advanced than old people. We, as younger people, had the advantage. We had the power.

We were the future.

My meandering thoughts were interrupted by a twinge inside – a twist in that tension that promised a pleasurable release.

Thrills bubbled up the lengths of my arms, tickling and teasing.

I opened my eyes again. I was moving my hand fast, knowing I was close.

I looked into the trees again, scanning with little care that the man might again be there. It was past the time yesterday.

Something moved.

A bird, of course...

I focused, waiting to see the flutter of its wings again.

Instead, a pale flash of face from around the tree.

I froze.

What? Again?

I didn't move. Not even my fingers.

My breathing was ragged, from both my excited lust and the sudden shock of someone there.

Is he looking at me? What's he doing?

The face under the hat poked out a few times, then stayed out. A dog came out from behind the thick trunk and nosed along the ground. The face looked down and the dog perked up its ears. It moved back behind the tree.

I still didn't move. I wasn't all that certain that the man could really see anything. Would he be able to see through the glass and see clearly that I wasn't wearing shorts? For all he knew, I could be wearing a bikini.

He didn't necessarily know I had been masturbating, right? At a hundred feet away? Maybe ninety? Could he really see?

His face came back out, looking at the window where I sat.

I frowned. You better not be peeing out there.

The thought of him exposed sent a little shockwave through my pussy that triggered the entire collapse of my control. My eyes went wide with consternation at having my orgasm in the window while someone was looking.

You have to be kidding... "Ungh..." I convulsed in the window as the explosive burst inside threw lights and chills all throughout my body. The flare of heat consumed me, spreading and sending out the most satisfying surges of relief at exactly the wrong time.

I jerked in the window, my mouth opening and closing in gasps I couldn't contain. I could roll off the bench, but then the man would know something was going on.

Was it better to just stay here and quietly ride out my orgasm and hope the man didn't notice? Even though he was looking at me, would he be able to tell at that distance that I was experiencing a knee-knocking release?

My uncertainty and fear of discovery held me there.

The only movement I saw was him checking his watch. Then he was walking away, dodging through the trees like someone intent on escape. His chestnut-brown dog followed happily alongside.

I had been seen and I think he knew what was going on. He had left after my orgasm. After I had stopped jerking and gasping.

The blush on my face came up, but was not as sharp as the previous day's embarrassment.

Fuck, he knew.

And then my head hit the wall as a stray wave threw me over with an aftershock that had me seeing spots.

Someone had watched me masturbate and cum.

CHAPTER 3

I had a dream about the man. I couldn't see his face, but I could see his body. He wore a trenchcoat and rain hat. It reminded me of something from the 1940s.

I was naked and he kept seeing me. No matter where I was, he appeared. I kept trying to hide my nakedness, but he had already seen it. Before I awoke, I dreamed I was playing with myself and didn't care he was there. I was frustrated and going to finish despite his presence.

Fuck him.

And I awoke annoyed.

Strange dream.

Before Bryce hurried off to work and his big meeting, I brought up the bay window. "You know what's silly?"

"Hmm?" He was fixing his tie.

"When I come out of the shower, I cross the room, and like, dash really fast past the window."

"Yeah?"

"I'm scared someone might see me naked or something."

"Oh."

I loved him but he wasn't entirely focused on me. But that was to my benefit at the moment. "I mean, if someone saw me, couldn't I be arrested?"

"Huh? No, of course not. This is private property with no visibility to the street. Someone seeing you could be arrested for being a peeping Tom." He finished his tie with a tug and a shift. "You don't need to be worried about being seen. Seriously."

Relief almost as strong as an orgasm made me shiver. Whew, good.

I kissed him at the door. "Good luck, today."

He winked at me. "Won't have anything to do with luck. And all the licensing and federal registrations shouldn't take long."

"What licenses?"

"To do business as a defense contractor. To procure equipment and ordinance we might need for testing."

"Oh."

"It's just paperwork. Make sure we're not felons."

"Well, good luck anyway."

His smile wasn't condescending. "Love you, Villy."

I didn't really like that nickname. My name was Villette. But it had grown on me. "Love you, too."

I was in the window Monday afternoon, wondering if the man was going to wander by.

Although I didn't masturbate, I sat there waiting.

Would he?

I waited past two o'clock.

No man. No dog.

Nothing.

Maybe he worked. He had seen me Saturday and Sunday. Maybe he wouldn't be anywhere near until the weekend.

I felt safer for that, but still didn't play with myself in the window; his witness of the event was still burning in my conscience.

We might have been reclusive and this might have been private property, but there were no fences. Just trees. The corners of the property were staked out with tall iron stakes with painted white tops.

I received a text after 3pm.

Bryce: Bingo baby

I was happy for him. For us. For my father, too.

Villette: Awesome

He sent nothing else; I was sure he'd be busy turning the place into a beehive of activity.

He was happy until Friday.

He came home troubled – about the same way I had looked when I knew someone had seen me masturbate. He was subdued and shaken.

Concerned, I asked, "What's the matter?"

He shook his head to clear it of the distraction, but wasn't entirely successful. "Nothing, really. Just, I received notice from the SEC today that they want records of my TCS Chemicals trade."

"Is something wrong?"

"I don't know, but they're sniffing over something. My records would be the same as the broker's."

"You paid, right? It's not like you owe anything."

"Of course. The stock was paid at purchase; that's how it works. The money has to be in the account up front."

"Oh. Then--?"

"It's probably nothing. But that was the purchase that provided all that cash for our start-up. TCS Chemicals tripled in price after my purchase."

"Right." It had been thrilling to see the ballooning of the value – until he sold it all to start Cemco. "Do you... need some stress-relief?" It was my signal to him I was willing to have sex.

He ran a hand back through his hair. "Not tonight. I need to get those documents together..." He went to his in-home office and shut the door.

Not just Friday was he tense. Not being able to deliver the papers until Monday, he fretted the whole weekend. He went to work early, Saturday.

I worried for him, but he told me not to worry – that it was all a minor distraction. His confidence was there in his company. Things would turn out right.

He prayed.

I prayed.

What else was there to do?

I found myself in the window Saturday, wondering about the government contracts. Would they be what my husband needed to hire his momentum? Those who would help carry the burden forward in growth so that he could ease back?

I hoped the contracts did all that. Time was passing and moving through the trees like the wind.

Maybe I should get away to see Christine. I wonder if the man will be here today?

Those two thoughts wrestled in my head. Later, my pussy began to ache as two o'clock approached. Not because I had neglected it, but because my thoughts turned more to the man than Christine.

Someone had watched me masturbate. Even after being scared the first day. He

had returned and watched again.

That was... hot.

It made me squirm.

Will he come today? Was I right about weekends? Maybe he worked?

Knowing it was getting close to the previous Sunday, I slid off my shorts. I settled into my normal position and toyed with my clit. I was watching the trees with intent eyes.

I waited, playing – but not too seriously. I didn't want to cum before he showed up. If he did.

I saw the dog first. Its reddish coat looked like a touch of Autumn amongst the ferns.

I froze, heart suddenly thumping madly.

Is it the same dog? Or someone else with another dog?

His face and form appeared, moving between the trees. Somewhat stealthily. Wary. Maybe even uncertain.

He froze.

We stared at each other.

He shifted behind a tree, his face still visible and watching.

I moved my hand. He wouldn't be able to see much except for maybe my wrist. I was sideways to him and I was sure my thigh blocked my pussy. Very sure.

He gazed, shifting a little here and there.

I played with more confidence. I had a willing audience that thought it was exciting to see me. Maybe as excited as I was?

I shifted a little towards him.

Did he smile? He still wouldn't be able to see, but the hint of me willing to expose my hand actions had caused a smile.

I was determined to find out if he really was into it. I forced my right leg – the one at the window – down. He might still not see my pussy, but for sure he would see my fingers moving.

His hand came up and scrubbed at his face as if trying to clear away drunkenness. Then he turned sideways as if to go.

No, don't go! Fuck, I scared him... My mouth dropped open. He leaned forward enough that I saw movement. He was jacking himself behind the tree. But now he was sticking out far enough for me to see he was masturbating, too.

Ooo, you kinky man... I panted faster, my breath rapidly condensing and fading against the window in tiny patches. I twisted towards him and showed as much as I could. He would be able to see my pussy.

His smile spread into a pleased wide-open flash of teeth. He stepped out from behind the tree. He was stroking and showing me, full on. His cock was thick and long. His hand moved back and forth on it so sexily...

Oh fuck! I diddled faster as the sudden swell swept me up and dropped me over the edge. I cried out, unheard by the man, and jerked through several amazingly strong and violent pulses of pleasure. I kept my eyes on his hand and cock, enjoying the visual view with the intimacy we shared.

His mouth dropped open and he stroked faster, until he came in long streams – his teeth clenched together with effort.

Oh fuck, this is too hot. Joy spread through me after the pulses and satisfaction swelled inside that we had found something so salacious to be so fun together.

Me and the man.

He panted for a minute, then looked around. He pulled up his pants and then looked at me. He made an exaggerated motion at his watch and nodded. Then pointed to the ground. His smile suggested I understood.

I did.

He would be here at the same time tomorrow.

Already, I wanted to masturbate again.

I nodded to him and that bright smile returned.

CHAPTER 4

I wasn't going to tell my husband; there wasn't much point. I didn't feel guilty over that, either.

I had masturbated in the window and someone had seen. It wasn't my fault. And it wasn't like I had cheated on my husband.

Certainly, I still loved my husband with all my heart. What I had done felt no different than looking at porn. If men could look at porn and claim it wasn't cheating, then why couldn't a woman masturbate if someone happened to be there watching?

It wasn't cheating. Of that, I was certain.

Bryce had even joked once that I sat around looking at porn all day.

Bleh.

I hotly told him I did not. Porn seemed so... tawdry. Unrealistic.

What I had done in the window seemed much more exciting. Enriching. Erotic.

Porn on the computer screen? Or porn through the window? What was the difference? Except the bay window was far more satisfying.

And it was that night that I rode my husband's erection, letting him relax on the bed while I did the work. I leaned on his chest, kneading his skin while moving my hips up and down his love.

I was being sympathetic; he still seemed tense, and wearier than usual. Probably the worry over the SEC's request.

I wanted to massage it out of him using my pussy. Draw it out. Lure that relief from hiding. Tease it into revealing itself.

Everything was going to be okay and I wanted him to know it.

To feel it.

My thoughts instantly turned to the memory of the man stroking himself.

I gasped, jerking on my husband's stiffness.

The man's cock had been large and thick. It had looked so... satisfying from a distance. Would it be so different than what I was used to? Being thicker, would it be more difficult to move? Would I feel so full I could only squeeze my pussy?

I jerked again, coming close to release.

I shouldn't be thinking of the man. I should be making love to my husband.

And I did for several seconds.

Then the image of the man's cock shooting his cum towards me had me clamping tight as the wave overtook me with a sudden ferocity.

For an instant, I could feel that thickness in me, expanding and squirting. The sensation was voracious and forceful. My pussy felt as if it were wringing into a tight knot inside as I clamped over and over on the memory, releasing my lust in a satisfying series of orgasmic seizures.

I squeezed again, my eyes closed, and imagined that thick cock.

I had never been so naughty. Not with my husband.

And he contributed to the dirtiness of the unspoken and secret fantasy in my mind by cumming right after me. I felt the hot wetness spreading inside me and imagined the streams of cum from the man earlier.

Ooo, nasty. I was panting and shaking, totally consumed by the eroticism of my thoughts. I settled down onto his chest, keeping him inside, and exhaled with relief and relaxation. Though my body thrummed with energy and tingles of titillation, I nestled on him and drifted dreamily in happiness.

I loved him. I loved him more for being a momentary object of focus while my mind replayed the memory of the man. It was as if my husband had participated, and I was thankful he had.

But I wasn't going to poke him and strike up a conversation about it. He'd probably take it the wrong way. I counted myself fortunate to have such a loving, supportive husband; I didn't want him thinking I didn't love him back with just as much strength and force.

Sunday morning was church, and I looked forward to seeing other people. Having become used to being around hundreds of other kids in school, the transition to solitude except when Bryce was home was shocking.

Even my trips to the grocery store were too short – little glimpses of people that were nice. Some not.

But church? Nice people, all around. Surrounding me. Hugging me. I felt included and a part of a huge family. However, only one day a week. So Sunday's were special for me, and not just because of my extra time with Bryce. The family feeling was special, too.

I was even more attentive than the previous week. Head held high with happiness, I searched the crowd before the service. Happiness gave way to disappointment, though, as I saw no one looking like the man in my memory.

He had been clean-shaven. That eliminated many of the church-going men right there. Many had beards, either full or trimmed like my husband's. The man had dark hair, maybe black. It was short, not long. And all that had me down to one man in the service who had brownish hair but was way too thin.

The man in my memory had looked thicker in a way. Bigger rather than slender.

No, the man was not at church.

I had been hoping to see him and to see if he had a wife. But he wasn't here and I didn't know if he was married. Which was a good thing. If he had been here with a woman on his arm, it would've totally turned me off.

For some reason, I didn't want my memory-man to be married.

Even if I was.

I still enjoyed the service. I always came away feeling as if my battery of faith was recharged. Not that it had died, but that it had been worn down by all the sick and hateful people in the world. A Sunday was enough to see me through another week of societal sewage.

If I had lived in town, I would probably need to go to church twice a week – which wouldn't be a bad thing. The family feeling and hugs would be worth it.

Another Sunday, more hugging, and another revival of my naughty itch. I rode home with my husband already looking forward to a good masturbation session.

It needed release.

It was all wound up and tense, promising a powerful expunging of my tension. I felt as if the release would make me scream.

My anxiety and agitation to touch myself was acute and absolute. There was nothing else on my mind.

I was aware enough to kiss my husband goodbye. Not much else.

I removed my clothing immediately and put on a t-shirt; I needed nothing else. I wanted to be able to reach my pussy. And I did, using both hands to rub down over my clit, then squeezing my arms in together as the tingles raced up my back.

I had an hour and a half to go before the man came back.

Am I hopeless? This heretofore unknown desire was a shocking thing, consuming me in a way that made me feel as if I had been thrown into the lake.

Where did the man live? Obviously, somewhere close by.

I stood in the bay window, fingering myself in plain view. No one was there to see.

What if I take up walking? Could I find where the man and dog lived? Spy on him? While feeling the desperation in my bones to do so, I also knew such a move was dangerous.

After all, I didn't want to give the man any thought that I was available. This was a mutual little secret show for just the two of us in a very certain, peculiar situation.

It couldn't expand.

I wouldn't cheat on the man I loved.

But I was going to enjoy my live porn.

He showed up early, but then, I was in the window already, too. Ten minutes: he had been anxious. He tied his leash to a branch behind him and faced me.

I was still only wearing the t-shirt. I turned and knelt, facing out, instantly exposing myself to him. He had already seen it the previous day, so why not? I began playing with a shaking hand. Still nervous, though I had looked forward to it all day.

He didn't hide behind the tree. He opened his coat and dropped his slacks. His cock looked small, but was swelling as I watched.

Moisture flooded me as he gripped it and pawed it to life.

Small? No way. Not when it was erect. I banged my forehead on the glass as I tried to look closer.

He took a step forward, looking back once to his dog. He stood in that spot, not advancing any further.

I still couldn't really see. I played with myself anyway, content that we were sharing something we had both looked forward to. Porn through a window, rather than a computer monitor.

Strange, but sexy.

He was a video for me. I was a video for him. There couldn't be a better arrangement. Nothing more perfect than what we had.

I shoved fingers inside, growing hot with excitement.

Even though only a couple steps from where I had first seen him the previous week, he was still closer so that I could tell he was handsome.

Thank heavens for that.

He was also bulky up top without the bulky in the middle. A muscle-builder. But there was an intelligent look about his eyes that suggested something of my father – that inquisitive scientific consideration.

Another chemist who lifts weights in his off time?

My thoughts evaporated as his hand moved more surely on his length. My mouth was open and watering. So was my pussy. I squeezed my fingers together and curled them up into my hole.

His smile was serene and pleased. He jacked faster.

His dog barked once.

He jerked his head to the side, startled. Eyes large in panic.

A flash raced towards him and he stumbled backwards, down onto his ass.

I yelped in fright. Who's spying on us?

A deer bounded across the yard, eyes bulging and scared.

I frantically looked around for people – police – but there were none.

The man was sitting on the pine needles laughing his ass off.

I grabbed my forehead and felt the sudden dampness there. Then the giddy relief bubbled up in me and I began laughing.

His let his laughter out until he was shaking his head and smiling. After a moment he got up and made a stroking motion, eyebrows raised.

I nodded and resumed playing with myself. I watched him reawaken his cock.

Together we played, offering smiles to each other as we did. I moved fingers in and out as he stroked – his eyes on my hand and pussy. I leaned back a little,

thrusting my hips up in a more exposed position.

His grin widened.

His fingers were loosely gripped on his shaft and his back and forth motions were slow and steady. He was enjoying touching himself, I could tell.

I liked that. A lot. Especially because he was looking at me. At my pussy. That made me feel very special and desirable. But I knew I was at least pretty. My blonde curls did their own thing and people said they liked it. Many people said I looked like Madonna when she had been super young – just starting out.

I didn't know about that; I didn't think Madonna was very pretty. But I had seen her youngest pictures and... yeah, maybe.

The man was stroking faster.

I fingered faster. I wonder what his cock feels like? Is it hot? Smooth? Squishy? Hard? Silky? My tongue was running along my open lips as I panted and wondered. Is he thinking the same about me? What does my pussy feel like?

He leaned his head back a little and stroked hard. His shaft was engorged and straight. His hand was a blur on it. Suddenly, squirts were erupting, flying out with force.

I pulled out my fingers and sped them around my clit in tight circles. I teased the tension there until it exploded through me, unleashing all the pressure I had carried all day. I cried out, thrusting my hips and cramming my fingers up my clamping pussy.

I imagined his cock in my hand, pulsing and shooting his cum. I shivered violently with desire as the orgasm sent explosions of heat and tingles throughout my body and down to my toes.

I panted, my eyes refocusing.

He was smiling wide and nodding. He pulled up his slacks and stuffed his cock into them. He checked on his dog and looked back to me. He held up his watch and two fingers. Then he humped his arm over and mouthed something.

Problem was, I was straining to hear. I mouthed, "What?"

He held up two fingers and I heard a muffled word.

I shook my head and put a finger to my ear.

Frustrated, he looked right and left before fully stepping out of the ring of trees and onto the grass. He took a few more steps and raised his voice. "Two o'clock, next Saturday."

I shook my head violently and raised my own voice to be heard. "No, one o'clock." I held up a finger. "One o'clock!"

Closer, I could see his face a little better. Very handsome. Older. Thirties, maybe. Not much older than that. So younger than my husband.

He tilted his head and considered me at the new distance. A pleased look was on his face and he nodded slowly. "One. Okay." He made the OK symbol with his fingers.

Then he turned and left.

I wanted him to turn around as he unhitched his dog. I wanted to take a last look at his face, but he didn't turn. He just walked into the trees.

CHAPTER 5

It was Thursday of the following week when Bryce came home and broke the news. Bubbly and buoyant, he related how Cemco had received the clearances and licensing as a company to proceed.

He still needed to receive his personal clearance, but all the registrations for the company had been done.

"How long for your personal clearance?"

He pressed his lips together. "Couple of months, likely."

"I thought it was faster than that."

"Me, too."

"And you can't do business until then?"

He shook his head. "Preliminary plans can be made. Procurement forms submitted and the like. And then everything put on hold until the clearance."

I pouted.

He said, "Sorry, Villy. I want it faster, too."

I sighed. "Well, if this is the way it works, then that's how it is."

His expression was pleased. "Good girl."

"Any word from the SEC?"

His face clouded over. "No."

I felt the mistake of my asking. "I'm sorry." I gripped his arm. "I shouldn't have asked."

He ran a knuckle across his brow. "No, no, that's okay. I'm sure it's nothing,

anyway."

He had been under so much stress that I didn't want to spoil his better moods. He didn't deserve what he was going through. Obstacles on the path to success were never fun or encouraging.

I thought I would do something special for him that night. With his worries of business and the SEC, I didn't want to pressure him for sex. But I did the next best thing.

I moved under the covers when he got in bed and began nibbling at his package.

He laughed, asked what I was doing, and tried to twist away.

I mumbled under the sheet, "Thought I'd lick on this for a while. You're so yummy."

"Oh... well, sure. Why not?"

I heard the relief in his voice. I knew he loved having sex with me and it was always good. We made beautiful love together but it was an exercise of effort after excruciating work hours. Performing at the end of a long day under the influence of exhaustion was not an easy task. In fact, it added stress.

That wasn't what I wanted right now.

I wanted to help him, not burden him.

He slid off his boxers and I gripped his warm flesh. The poor thing had been cooped up all day. I was going to excite it and make it happy.

I kissed it and licked it, feeling the gentle swelling in my hand. It was amazing how a limp length of skin could transform into a hard, throbbing object of lust. I sucked at the head until it expanded to its fullest.

He sighed happily and the rest of his body was very relaxed.

Another amazing dichotomy to me – the contrast of relaxation and strenuous readiness. The male body was such a strange thing. I understood the synchronicity of my own body much better.

I moved my head over and began sucking up and down.

Bryce had a nice cock. It was a good fit in my mouth. No one would call him large, and that was fine. Neither was he small, and that was great. Blowing my husband was not an activity of dubious accomplishment. The fit in my mouth was good. It was an easy act.

Now the man in the window on the other hand...

I don't think I could get my lips around that thing.

My pussy twisted and tightened.

I would probably hurt my jaw if I could even get it in my mouth.

My hips humped as the ache inside grew.

Thinking about another man's cock while blowing my husband was causing all kinds of naughty twistings inside.

What would he taste like?

I sucked harder and faster on my husband, wondering if I could do the same to the man. Would my mouth fit? Would my jaw hurt? Would I be able to pleasure it getting so little of it in? Or would I have to just lick the outside?

I pulled my mouth off Bryce and licked the side of his shaft. I ran the skin of it around my mouth, flicking my tongue out and imagining the thick staff the man had stroked earlier.

Would the man think I was good at it? Or bad? Skilled or amateur? Would he prefer his hand? Or my tongue?

I devoured the helmet of my husband's erection as I imagined the thicker head of the stranger's cock. I moved fast and sucked hard, swirling my tongue all over it as if to force my imagination to be pleased with my performance.

It was a welcome surprise when my husband groaned fast and tensed. I sucked happily and swallowed his ejaculation. Would I be able to swallow all of the man's? He had cum a lot.

My husband panted with the exhaustion of relief. He hummed with satisfaction, then rolled over.

My pussy needed release. The ache was intense. But I didn't want to wake him and knew I would have my opportunity tomorrow. And over the weekend with an audience.

I loved it.

Feeling peaceful, despite the achy tension, I drifted off to sleep.

Much of my dream state was a mist of unremembered nothings. But I did dream about the man and awoke with strong and fond memories of touching and holding his cock.

Saturday couldn't come fast enough. I dearly loved my husband and reveled in the bond we shared. I would do everything for him – he had just to ask.

My naughtiness, however, was gnawing at me from the inside out. A really good show today would be just the thing.

It was not to be.

Long before the appointed time, the skies opened up in a deluge of wet that precluded anyone standing outside in it.

I leaned my head against the window, hoping the rain would let up and stop before one.

It didn't.

If anything, it rained harder at the appointed time. It even thundered in the distance.

Great. Why didn't it rain yesterday?

The sky didn't hate me; it wept for me. Dry-eyed and despondent, I imagined the rain drops running down the window were my tears.

My private porn show had been cancelled.

Woe is me.

I didn't even want to masturbate. I had worked myself up so strongly for this that the letdown let out all my steam.

I was deflated.

My pussy was angry.

If I touched it, I might get bitten.

Sour, sour, sour...

I stabbed my fork into my meatloaf.

Bryce was suspicious. "How was your day?"

It was fucking still raining out there. The rumbles of thunder mocked me with distant chuckles of mirth. "It rained all day. I like to look out the window in the afternoon."

He grunted. "Yeah, there's a leak in the warehouse. Called the landlord, but got the voice mail."

Not the same. Mine can't be fixed. I missed the show. "Sorry to hear that. Nothing critical getting wet?"

"Don't need rainwater in our solutions..." The warehouse was full of open bays of chemical solutions where they grew the ceramic metal.

I knew these kinds of things were important, even if I thought I was the sorer loser. "Any news?"

He knew what I meant and shook his head. "Still going through the processes."

It was on my mind; I couldn't help it. "What do you think the church thinks of masturbation?"

He raised an eyebrow at me in a pretty good Spock-imitation. "Most think it's a deadly sin."

"Do you think Pastor Wilks thinks that?" He was our pastor at Lakeside.

"No. Before we were married, he did a couple services where he talked about that. He's definitely not like the majority of the preachers—"

"What did he have to say?"

He finished chewing, tilting his head, and looking off in remembrance. "Well, he brought up all of the common-quoted arguments against it. The big one, about spilling seed, was a common practice of worship in those days – to a foreign god. So the act of doing it for religious beliefs was a sin. But if it had nothing to do with worship..."

"Really?"

"Yeah, so he said. And it sounds right. He brought up other things, too, like men having long hair. There's a verse in there that talks about plaited hair being a sin. But the Babylonian priests used to dress up as women and have sex with men – as an act of worship."

"So masturbation wasn't bad?"

His lips spread into amusement. "Why, got something you feel guilty over?"

I blushed a deep red. "Well..."

"Don't worry about it. Nothing wrong with it." He raised his fork, but stopped. "Something you want to talk about with the pastor at church tomorrow?"

I didn't think I could, but I blushed deeper. It felt as if steam were coming off my skin. "No!"

He laughed. "Just teasing you. Although I'm sure he would explain it all much better than I just did, with scripture and everything."

"Yeah, I'm sure."

"So you thought you had a problem with it?"

"Well, no... I just... Well, you know there are porn videos of people masturbating..." Maybe I'm putting my foot in my mouth here...

His eyebrows twitched up in thought. "Been watching them?"

"Of course not." Other than having seen a couple, I didn't. How do I get out of this?

He shrugged. "Wouldn't be a bad thing. No one's getting hurt, right?"

"No..." I searched his face. Are you serious? I could watch them if I wanted to?

"Some people get all into it. Do it live. Kind of them, really."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"They masturbate. Some lonely person on the other side appreciates it. Makes them happy. It's sort of a gift to them: a nice thing to do in a society that doesn't relate well anymore."

"I... hadn't thought of it like that before."

He made a face. "I'm not being strange. Everyone looks at porn. If the prudes don't, they're sneaking guilty-reads from smut books and then asking for forgiveness."

"Isn't that kind of pleasure wrong?"

He leaned over his plate, looking at me from under his eyebrows. "Do you really think God thinks love should have no pleasure? The first miracle Jesus performed was turning water to wine to keep the wedding party going. I don't think those partygoers were having a sour time scowling in judgment at everyone."

He had a point. A really good point.

CHAPTER 6

Church was especially fun for me as I looked forward to a message about sex.

Minor disappointment let me down when the pastor delivered a message on Love, instead. Love your neighbor as yourself – which was very heavy considering how much people loved themselves.

Nevertheless, I accepted the hugs that always put me in a naughty mood. And I still looked around for that handsome face among those attending.

Not there.

And yet, my happiness was bubbling over, despite the minor disappointment. Another day, another message. Sometime in the future, Pastor Wilks would hit on a topic that I wanted. I was happy because one o'clock wasn't far off and it wasn't raining.

Yay, baby.

I was going to masturbate and love it. And the stranger was going to watch. I was sure of it.

Right? Be positive, Villette.

I kissed Bryce goodbye, grateful I had such a wonderful husband. I watched him leave in the black C-Class he drove.

I even twirled as I shut the door.

I was two years out of high school and my life was so... on track to greatness. My poor friend Christine worked as a cashier at McDonalds. She was hoping for that management opportunity.

Even though I didn't work, I counted myself as in a better place than my friend.

Lucky?

Or perceptive?

Christine would've dismissed Bryce without blinking. Too old. Too conservative. Too retro in his manliness. She would've passed him up for an aspiring author her age who wanted to make a million dollars off writing about victims of cis-gender oppression.

Perhaps my father's practicality poisoned me, but I didn't think what I was learning in school was going to mesh with reality on the outside.

Maybe that's why I took immediately to Bryce.

I was in the window waiting when the man appeared. He tied his dog to a tree branch and peered through the trees at me.

I waved.

The burst of a smile at my gesture preceded a wave of his own.

I realized each time he had showed up, he appeared uncertain. Self-conscious? Frightened someone might see? Or I might finally disapprove and call the cops? But each time, he had relaxed on seeing my response to his presence.

Hey, I like you here. I wish you could be out there every day. I was already naked and began playing. Still a touch shy, I was certainly braver now than I had been before.

This was my porn. This was my masturbation fetish. My husband didn't mind it, even if he thought I might be doing it on the computer.

This was more personal. Exciting. Close. Somehow more so than if the man had been live on the computer.

He was wearing a long raincoat. He was naked underneath - prepared, just for me. My eyes ran over the muscles as he unbelted the coat and let it open. Yep, a bodybuilder. Not super muscled, but defined.

Very sexy.

And my own personal show.

What was it my husband had said? A gift?

He was stroking his dick to wake it up. Meanwhile, he was looking around at the edge of the trees. Maybe for a rampaging deer. Or a particularly vicious bunny. Appearing pleased that no one and nothing was around, he stroked with more confidence.

He made eye contact with me.

I motioned for him to come closer and pointed to the ground about ten feet from the window.

His face clouded over and I had to motion twice more with more insistence. He didn't look all too comfortable doing it, but he came forward, closer.

I registered a better view of his facial expressions. Yes, he definitely appeared uncertain – even wary of why I might want him to come closer. There was a tension that tightened his form as he stopped. He was ready to turn and run.

But it wasn't fright; it was an intense scrutiny of me and my hands.

Oh... I shook my head vigorously in the negative and mimicked holding a phone.

His eyes sharpened and maybe a little bit of tension drained off. He reached a hand into his coat pocket and showed me the top of his phone. His eyebrows drew down and he shook his head. Very clearly, I heard him say, "No."

I raised my voice. "I wasn't going to." I gave him a thumbs up and OK symbol right after.

He heaved a deep sigh and relaxed. He grabbed his dick again.

We were back in action.

Yet I was a little dismayed at his concern over being filmed. I hadn't intended to, but... Anyway, I guessed I could understand his position. Mine, too. Recording any of it would be evidence to cops. Not good.

I certainly didn't want to be blackmailed. That was how people did it, right? I was sure of it.

Those thoughts trailed off as I watched his hand make love to his erection. It was so sexy... I had to remind myself a couple times to play – my hand kept stopping as I became mesmerized.

Here was my own private gift. No different than some internet person masturbating, but much more personal. I loved it and my heart raced with the thrill of sharing something so intimate.

I hope I look good for him.

His eyes were intent on my pussy, but they wandered, too – all over my body. To my face and eyes.

Oh yeah, he liked what he saw, even if my self-conscious wanted to make excuses. Maybe that's what made the thing so good.

I drove my fingers up inside and stretched. Then I pulled them out and rubbed up and down over my clit. I began circling, teasing the area around it as the heat built and the tension mounted.

It was so sexy doing this and seeing the definite and positive reaction my masturbation had on the man. His cock was hard for what I was doing and it made me feel special – powerful. My actions were having a sexual effect on another man.

Immediate.

Intense.

Impassioned.

My moving fingers and his moving hand generated the same extreme lust in us both: my fingers to his cock; his grip to my pussy. It was as if my pleasure was transmitted through Wi-Fi to his masturbation – and his to mine.

I admired his thick shaft. Yes, so much bigger than my husband. I doubted I could do much more than get the head in my mouth – if I had tried.

Powerful twinges jolted my pussy and sent shocks through my skin. The hairs on my arms stood up. My nipples puckered.

I stripped off my t-shirt.

The man smiled again, pleased.

I toyed with my clit. I ran fingers over my hard nipples. I felt the euphoria of our mutual self-pleasure and it was sweeping me up and entangling me in the eroticism of our shared event.

What is he thinking? Is he thinking of me? Staring at my pussy? Or my fingers? His cock looks so good.

I circled faster, closing my eyes as the heat increased, advancing on my need like a predatory beast.

What would his cock feel like in my hand? My eyes snapped open as my pussy churned hard. I came close to that promised relief, but it receded.

That's all I need to do? Think about his cock? Then I'd love to feel his skin in my fingers. I want my hand to be the one gripping him, sliding back and forth on his hardness. Oh... yes... Fuck yes.

The heat blossomed fast, moving with certainty upwards and inwards. Then it all let loose. I felt his cock in my hand, imagining it, and conjured its feel as I squeezed mental fingers.

It would be hot, hard, and stimulated by my touch.

Flashes of white and light burst across my vision as everything quivered with the explosive release. I cried out and knew he could hear me outside.

The orgasm was so intense, my eyes were closed. By the time I opened them, my vision was swimming with spots and blurriness. Hot relief flooded my body and I felt scorched.

My eyes focused on him and I saw that he had finished.

I missed it! I pouted.

He shrugged ruefully.

Darn it, I wanted to see. But the satisfaction in me was strong, and I replaced my pout with a weary smile. My limbs felt energized, but limp as jelly. The tingles rampaged through my system and made me feel alive.

Unfortunately, the man was belting his coat. He said it normally, and I caught his words. "See you next Saturday."

I pouted again. It had all happened too fast. But just like a horse running away and its rope far out of reach, I couldn't call it all back. It was too late.

I blew out a breath and nodded. I raised my voice. "What about during the week?"

He made a disappointed face. "I work." His voice was flat, yet held compassion beneath the surface.

I nodded sadly. All week I had waited. Had yesterday stolen from me by rain, and today was over too fast. Now I had another week to wait.

He was still standing there, a hint of a smile on his rugged features.

I indicated my breasts, small though they were. "You like?"

The hint turned wide and toothy. "Yes. I like." He touched the brim of his rain hat and turned away.

I watched him unhitch his dog.

This time, he looked back - and the warm thrills of gratification tickled my heart.

CHAPTER 7

I gasped in shock. Bryce made a sudden move beneath the covers and was assaulting my pussy. His tongue made its first touch to my clit and my sensations exploded with quivers of stimulation. My entire being was electrified and awakened.

I threw back the sheet and gripped his hair. I had that odd little fear that unless I was touching his head, he might bite off my clit. The vulnerability was as exciting as his tongue.

I relaxed though, after a few minutes, and enjoyed his tongue. He wasn't going to maim me. No, he was going to give me what I had given him a few nights before.

The mouth I kissed and brought me so much comfort to my heart was now delivering something of the same to my pussy. His love for me was complete, and he was demonstrating its fury with each lick and suck. Each twirl and swirl of his tongue increased the heat and need, twisting it all tight and excited.

I was panting, my chest heaving with excitement.

He didn't often do this. Special times, only. But this time was sooner on the heels of the last time.

I could live with that. Even if I had to trade him oral satisfaction. Or not.

I stroked his head, having released his hair. He had me close and the heat was still building in a ferocious knot inside. My arms were quivering as I petted his head.

My husband. My love. I'm all yours. I was smiling down at him, though he couldn't see it. Even when I'm masturbating for the man.

My thoughts produced his image and I briefly wondered what the man's tongue might feel like? I had already imagined his cock. Would his tongue feel like my husband's? Would it do to me what his was doing to me now?

Just that little diversion of thought let loose the tight knot. I cried out as my orgasm unraveled and spun out of control. I was shook and rattled. My legs trembled as if electrified.

I pushed his head away – my over-stimulated clit throbbing and sensitive. I curled over onto my side, panting and twitching with aftershocks.

It was only Tuesday night, and I was thankful my husband could hold me through it until the weekend.

I was leaned over the back of the recliner, hugging my husband Friday night.

He shook his head. "We need ten times more capacity than we have..."

"Just pick one; you don't need all of them to start, right?"

"But the Dee-Oh-Dee is interested in all of these programs."

"So, pick one, start small, and expand as you go."

He sighed. "I know that's how it works, but if we don't supply them all, they'll find competition who will."

"But we're the only ones doing ceramic-metal growth, aren't we?"

"As far as I know. Some other companies do similar things. Just not with ceramics."

"So... pick one—"

He laughed. "Yeah, you're right. It's just that we could do them all if we had the capacity."

"How big would the warehouse have to be?"

He twisted around and gave me a wry look. "Let's just say we're talking a complex of warehouses, not just one."

My eyes widened. "Oh..."

"Yeah." He sighed. "Fifty, sixty warehouses?"

"Oh my god."

"Yeah, see?"

"We don't have that kind of money."

"And won't for a long time."

I sat on the arm. "So, grow it."

He chuckled. "Just like our metal. Yep, that's how it will have to be. But the opportunity..."

"Maybe we should be thankful we can even do what we're doing."

He didn't answer, but I saw his wheels turning. "I suppose so." He pulled me down into his lap, snuggling me. "Thank you."

I twisted my head up and kissed him.

Saturday afternoon was gloomy. I sat in the bay window and shook my fist at the clouds. "Don't you dare."

It didn't.

Although when the man appeared, he glanced anxiously at the sky.

A week had passed. I was ready. More than ready. Even as he was tying up his dog, I was stripping off my t-shirt.

Last week, I had been disappointed that our mutual little secret had happened so fast – come and gone with a long week to drive that nail of disappointment deep.

Yet, here I was, ready to get right to it because I couldn't contain myself. I was shaking so hard with eagerness that my skin felt like it was vibrating. If I didn't slow down, it was going to be over in a minute.

I pointed to the ground by the window.

Instead of wariness, there was a hint of pleasure on his face. Still, he looked all around the yard before stepping out of the trees. His steps were tentative and his head and eyes swiveled everywhere.

Suspicious.

But not at me. That tension relaxed when he looked at me.

Was he really worried about cops? No one could see back here – it was all blocked from the road.

He opened his raincoat and toyed with his flaccid member.

I licked my lips. I really wanted to touch it – feel it firm in my hand. Skin to skin.

Will a little touch hurt? Would he allow it? My heart was hammering as I waved to get his attention – his eyes had drifted to the side of the house.

His eyes snapped to me.

I tried to grin but it felt strange on my face. I pointed to myself. Then I pointed to his dick and made a stroking motion. I said, "Can I?" I didn't say it very loud, but he heard it.

His eyebrows drew down and his face was a study of concentration. He lifted his semi-erect cock. "You want to touch this?"

I nodded vigorously. "Yes... please..."

His eyebrow went up, reminiscent of my husband. Then he lifted both and let them fall. His pursed lips were tense with thought, but he nodded once.

My heart flipped over and started bouncing. I pointed to the right – to the sliding glass door.

He considered it, then went to it.

I scrambled out of the window and went to the living room. I unlatched the lock

and removed the slide bar from the bottom rail. I slid it open and looked up into the man's eyes. "Hi... um..." I swallowed nervously. "I'm Vilette."

There was an amused quirk to his lips. He mouthed silently, "Vilette." His eyes flashed over me with sparkled interest. "I'm Tommy. Some call me T."

I grinned like a little girl. "Tommy." I made a motion. "Do you want to come in?"

He stepped inside, looking around with idle curiosity. "You shouldn't invite strangers into your home..."

"Somehow, I don't think we're strangers anymore. Besides, you come at the appointed time and have never stalked or followed me."

He looked down at me with annoyed curiosity. "Perceptive."

I laughed. "Well, I'm not dumb. Besides, I think you were as frightened as me that first day."

He burst out laughing. "I was."

"Why did you come back?"

"I almost didn't."

"I'm glad you did..." I suddenly felt ridiculous. I was standing there naked almost arguing about the wisdom of our little secret. He was standing there with his cock hanging and waiting. I looked back and forth between it and his eyes. "I sort of feel like we share a mutual secret satisfaction..."

His bright eyes sparkled. "So do I, exactly."

I felt the blush creeping up my neck and I twisted back and forth on my feet. "So... can I touch it? Or is this a bad idea?"

He held up a warning hand. "I'd really like nothing more, but..."

My heart flattened and deflated. "But?"

"Are you clean? As in diseases?"

"Oh, yes. Totally. And... you?"

His lips spread again, happy. "Clean as a newborn baby." He indicated his hanging cock.

I reached trembling fingers for it, hesitating near it. I could feel the warmth from a fraction of an inch away. This is no different than touching my husband's cock. Just do it!

I made contact with the hot skin. As if it had gravity, my fingers were drawn to it and gripped the shaft as if pulled. I gave a gentle squeeze.

My mouth was hanging open.

He cleared his throat. "I suppose you could move your hand on it, if you want."

I giggled. I had just been standing there holding it. "Yes, of course." I began stroking him.

He closed his eyes.

With a shocking jolt, I realized I had crossed a major line in my husband-approved masturbation. Something flittered in my heart, feeling hurt. Had I done immeasurable harm? Had touching this man ruined something so dear as my love for my husband?

If I loved him, I wouldn't have done this, right? But I did love my husband. So much that it hurt. Yet here I was with another man's dick in my hand and it felt so right. So good. So... naughty.

No, I definitely still felt the love for my husband. It even made my eyes tear up. But I could not deny the wonderful sensation of this man's cock hardening in my hand.

His even voice held a hint of interest. "Villette, huh?"

I nodded, not looking, stroking.

"Pretty name." He was fully hard.

My fingers didn't reach all the way around. I didn't think I should do more than jack him, standing there in front of the glass door of my living room, but the decision was taken out of my hands.

He lifted me bodily.

CHAPTER 8

He slammed me up against the wall, high. His face mashed into my pussy with a hunger I could neither stop nor deny. His tongue lashed my clit and lips in a rush of lust.

I cried out at the sudden change, but hooked the backs of my knees onto his shoulders. I hung there by my legs and my back pressed against the wall as he tortured my pussy with his tongue.

I trembled and groaned, still breathless from his manhandling of me. I was pinned against the wall by his tongue as surely as a butterfly on display, and I loved it.

I wanted it.

I needed it.

From him.

Immense forces swirled and twisted inside me, and heat was generated by the moving of his tongue.

I thought my pussy was going to melt.

Never had someone taken so thorough a control over me. I was helpless and instantly at the pinnacle of pressure and tension. I clenched my muscles, wanting to cum but knowing it was yet to develop further.

I shook like a vibrator.

His wet tongue lashed at my lips and flicked at my clit. I wasn't in any kind of control and the passion building inside me was fully in his power. He played it like a musical instrument, driving me – if not up the wall – up the limits of my endurance.

The entire room spun.

I was moved.

I found myself face down on the thick white shag rug near our glass and brass coffee table. I was laid down mostly gently, ass in the air.

My wet pussy felt the press of his hot hardness.

My eyes went large with panic, although I didn't move a muscle.

The lips of my pussy spread at the invasion, opening and stretching as a thickness I had never felt invaded my sanctity.

I groaned with passion as the stretching became almost unbearable – on the border of pain. And then I was being filled with a sliding motion so seductive that I went silent. My mouth was open in a shocked circle of surprise.

I wanted it.

I couldn't deny it.

But why had I wanted it? I had a husband. I had a lover. I had a friend. I had Bryce.

But I said nothing as my pussy was stuffed full of cock so thick I thought I was going to split.

Tommy groaned loudly behind me and his hands gripped my hips harshly, pulling. His cock flexed inside me, once it was all the way in, and almost caused me to cry out in pain.

Then he was moving. That enormous girder of girth in me began moving in and out. I thought my insides were going to come out with it.

I clawed at the shag, my mouth open and unusual grunts coming out of me.

His cock plowed my pussy like a furious farmer. He plunged deep, hitting places I didn't know existed and my husband had never reached. I thrust back against him.

His hips slapped my butt and I began to lose focus and sense. With my ass in the

air, I was otherwise limp with the exceptional euphoria brought on by his enthusiastic pounding of my pussy.

I couldn't imagine being anywhere else right now.

I didn't want to be anywhere else right now.

I wouldn't have traded this moment for anything.

His balls slapped against my excited clit, sending electrical jolts sharply up to my nipples.

I was being used.

Fucked.

I loved it.

He was hard and long, and it was for me. All for me. I clamped on him out of the blue and then again. My pussy began squeezing on its own, over and over. I gasped at the unusual sequence of my orgasm. Usually, I clamped after.

Oh... this is going to hurt...

Scorching hot fire flared out from my pussy, sending lava-like waves of heat suffusing my system. A squeal that I didn't know was mine at first emitted from my mouth.

I tried to slam my hips back against his. I really did.

I think I just jerked and flopped.

My pussy was squeezing hard, milking his moving organ. I panted as if I had just run a mile even though I had just knelt there, face in the carpet, and received the greatest fuck I had ever felt.

Explosions of ecstasy from my pussy pulsed through me, leaving me bursting with tingles.

I was drooling.

I couldn't help it.

Then I felt the searing heat and wetness of his ejaculation so far inside where I had never felt it.

I clamped hard on his cock, trying to keep it in. Trying to experience the depth of sensation that I might never feel again.

I tried to keep him in.

He kept moving, out and in, squirting with each push deep.

I felt it all.

And I wanted more.

He used one hand and drew his fingernails down my back, scratching harshly.

It hurt, and felt so good.

And then he pulled out.

I wanted to die.

To feel so good and then have it withdrawn, removed, erased...

I wanted it back and whimpered with the loss.

I fell over onto my side and struggled to get up.

He was sitting back on his haunches, grinning with relief. "That was nice."

Nice? That's all? It was fucking fantastic. "That bad, huh?" I took deep breaths to try regaining my balance.

He chuckled. "Bad? It was great."

I was so pleased I couldn't do more than make a complimentary noise and smile at him. "So... is that it? You're satisfied and done?"

He moved forward and put his upper weight onto his hands, palms down. His

face was close. "I'll be back tomorrow at one, like usual. It's up to you to invite me in."

"I will."

He said nothing, but his approval spread across his face.

I felt energized all day.

Until Bryce came home.

Crashing down around me was a feeling of guilt so deep and dark that I thought the best option was to slit my wrist and be done with it.

I didn't.

But I sat all through dinner thinking about it.

He asked, "Anything wrong?"

I thought fast. "Just worried about your SEC thing."

A cloud passed over his face as his forkful of chicken salad was almost to his mouth. "It's nothing."

I shrugged. "Women worry. Men manage."

His grin was sexy and wistful. "Maybe I should put you to work for me."

"What would I do?"

"Walk around in a skirt and drive me nuts."

Great, I think I already did that with some man today. Tommy. I looked down at my food.

He reached across and squeezed my hand. "Don't worry. No news is good news. Your dad and I are trying to decide the most efficient of the programs the Dee-Oh-Dee wanted us to handle."

He talked.

I listened.

Mostly.

I was in bed, wondering where I had gone wrong.

Bryce got in with a bounce and a suggestive look on his face.

I hadn't seen him so chipper in weeks – except for the day he had texted me about the Department of Defense meeting.

He pulled me and his head went under the covers.

I panicked. Oh god no, Tommy was in there... "I don't... I haven't showered tonight."

"You showered this morning."

His tongue hit my guilty pussy and moved with a purpose.

I was tense, waiting for the blast of accusation. Different taste, different smell, too wet...

He licked and sucked as if he detected nothing.

My eyes were back and forth along the ceiling in thought. Much of him had dripped out already, but I knew I was still wet inside with his cum.

Bryce licked me like I was an ice cream cone and he surely licked Tommy's cum along with it.

I closed my eyes in relief that he apparently didn't taste any difference and with pleasure at the touch of his tongue. I began to relax.

He muttered, "You sure are wet tonight."

I laughed, startled. "You're licking me..."

"I'm not complaining." His tongue tortured my already tormented pussy. It still ached from the thick pounding earlier in the day. Little darts of the tip of his tongue inside the lips just made me go all weak.

I couldn't help it.

I spread my legs open farther and offered up to him my used pussy. Pleasured once, it could be delivered to paradise again.

I closed my eyes to block out the shame.

Funny, it didn't go away.

CHAPTER 9

I was torn all day Sunday. Well, all morning.

At Lakeside, I searched the congregation – not for Tommy, but for those giving me those knowing looks that I had committed the worst of all sins.

I swore I entered the church with a big sign on my back that said I was a cheater.

But no one was reading it.

The big red A on my dress?

No one saw it.

I accepted the hugs, certain those giving them would smell Tommy on me.

They didn't.

I wanted to confess to Jesus, but He already knew. He had already forgiven me.

That made it all worse.

Am I going to fail again? Even this day?

There was no Tommy at church. Either he wasn't Christian or he belonged to a different church. Or just didn't go.

I didn't know.

It didn't matter.

I was an adulteress and for some fucking reason, I looked forward to his visit again.

I couldn't get that out of me.

What was it about him? His looks? His youth? His masturbation? His manner?

Why had some strange guy come along and so captivated me that I couldn't comprehend my own name?

I was tossing it all away for someone I barely knew.

What insanity.

And yet, mute with guilt, I was at the window at one. I was shaking with anticipation - nipples hard, pussy wet.

I didn't love this man; I needed him.

How was I supposed to make sense of that? Could I ever? Was there a simple answer?

The flash of his face in the trees filled me with dread.

It wasn't cloudy today, it was sunny and crisp. This was definitely not the day for my mood. I might have welcomed a sudden thunderstorm that chased Tommy away.

But the deed was already done, wasn't it? The pussy had been pounded. Fucked. The wife debauched. Defiled.

I wore that scarlet letter as surely as the sun shone overhead.

As surely as water was wet.

And yet, my heart began thumping with anticipation.

He looked at me through the window and I was lost just that fast.

I ran for the sliding glass door – each running step a mile of doom never to be recovered. I ran down into the hole of hopelessness with willing feet and heart.

I slid the door open.

And there he was, smiling down at me with that knowing look of comprehension and consideration.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to sing. I wanted to make sense of this tortuous thing.

His hands gripped my shoulders and he kissed me, his tongue plunging deep.

My mind was struggling, but my body had already surrendered. I melted into him as if we were kissing after being pronounced man and wife, even if I belonged to another.

What was this insanity?

What were these feelings, so alien and antagonistic? Why was I falling for something that brought so much anxiety?

Was I so flawed?

I was in t-shirt and panties.

Not for long.

He pushed me down onto the recliner – Bryce's favorite chair. The thing stretched and settled into the lay-back position.

Tommy grabbed my panties and tore with a savage yank. The material ripped and shredded, coming off of me with a sting where the material had torn. I flinched, and my pussy became sopping with anticipation.

He was already hard. Already erect. Ready for me.

With a squatting push, he was sliding into me – violating me on my husband's chair.

I took him, eagerly. I thrust my hips up, angling for the best penetration. I wanted him inside. I wanted him deep.

My pussy demanded it.

In he slid and his insertion brought that deep connection inside me that made us one. I was his and I was willing.

He fucked me slow at first, in and out, and then hard. The chair creaked. His balls slapped my ass with little stings that sounded wet.

We were leaking all over Bryce's chair.

And I thrust my hips up at him harder.

His eyes were on mine and he gently lowered himself down onto me – not fully – and close enough to kiss. His mouth ravaged mine as surely as his cock conquered my pussy.

Connected at the hip and mouth, we grunted and groaned together as we mashed lips and tongues.

It was delicious and exquisite.

Here in this moment, I was without guilt. I had no fear or doubt. I held no reservations. I was without blame.

That entire negative miasma was gone.

I soared, drifting, lofting out over my consciousness as my pussy was pulled inside out. Each pump filled me with energy and power. It built inside of me with force and fury. His heaving hips drove down into mine with voracious violence – most satisfying.

The ache in my hips and pussy was of a different sort. This was a good feeling, as if I had exercised and stretched muscles not normally used. All the while, the usual tension built. My insides were seized with salacious elation – hot tingles radiating out from my pussy with the promise of yet another massive release.

He grunted above me with passion.

I gasped, "Give it to me..."

He growled with arousal, pumping hard and fast.

I took it all.

Everything on me froze with the tension of stretching and filling. As if he drove it through me with each pump, my body went stiff with feeling and fever.

I was turned on.

Oh, was I turned on.

And Tommy delivered his decision, decorating my insides with his cum. His frantic, breathy groans accompanied the hot splashes inside.

I had met with his sexual approval.

I had received the stamp of his satisfaction.

He pulled out, stumbling back on wobbly legs. His face was sweaty with effort and exhaustion. Cum dripped from his cock and fell to the carpet. The cushion beneath me was wet.

I had a mess to clean up. Would it come out of the chair?

He said, "That was better than the last time." The look of appreciation was gratifying.

I hadn't cum, but I was close. It was a matter of a few touches and I wanted to insure its arrival. For that, I wanted to be alone. "Then I'll see you next week?"

"For certain."

I watched him go, feeling nothing but numbness inside.

Where was I going? What was I doing?

I had some cleaning to do.

It was Tuesday evening when Bryce dropped a bomb so large that I thought things were coming to an end. Even the entire world.

"I'm being sued."

I blinked in confusion. "What? Why? By who?"

"Sunray Systems."

I had heard of them. "They're...?"

"A defense contractor, and a competitor for armor plating."

"How are they suing you? For what?"

"Insider trading."

"What?"

He shook his head. "That's why the SEC wanted copies of my records. They're waiting to see what the civil suit turns up and then they might jump on the wagon as well. Full criminal prosecution."

"How?" I was pleading with him, wanting to know not so much how, but why.

He dropped into the recliner.

I had done a commendable job of cleaning it.

He shook his head and rubbed his brow. His tone was defeated. "I bought all those shares of TCS just before that big contract went public."

"So?"

"So? I had heard details of the contract before I bought. The senior vice president was bragging to his secretary in the parking lot. I overheard it."

A sinking sensation scuttled my hopes and dreams. "What does this mean?"

"If they decide to, they can force me to repay all the profits."

I was stunned. "But... that means you'd have to..."

He finished for me. "Sell the company. Give up Cemco."

I was inflamed. No way. "But it's yours!"

"My competition thinks it isn't."

"That isn't fair!"

"That's up to the courts." His face told me he knew the verdict already.

I gripped his knee. "But..." Everything we were – everything we had left, was

his business. "But..."

CHAPTER 10

I drifted through the week in a depression deeper than any I had known. Not only had I failed my husband, but he was going to lose everything because some creepy competitor didn't want him taking their business.

It was as if we were being punished for my indiscretion.

It rained again Saturday.

It was just as well; I wasn't in the mood.

It got worse Sunday.

Talk on the news was that the drought was over - that the tributaries were overflowing. Roads were getting washed out. Global warming had caused the drought, according to the news, and had caused the deluge of water, too.

The tiny spark of brightness in the gloom of doom was that the landlord had fixed the roof at the warehouse before the rains had hit.

Small consolation when we were going to lose it all.

I didn't miss seeing Tommy. At all. It was my fault this had all happened and the future was one of bleak survival.

Even my father was defeated.

Bryce detailed the smug look on the face of the man representing Sunray Systems – some redheaded guy whose eyes showed whites all the way around. Their attorney was slick and arrogant.

They knew what they were doing and my husband's attorney didn't have high hopes.

That was bad when your own attorney thought it was hopeless.

They had their preliminary hearing. My husband had pleaded not guilty. Trial was set for the following week.

I asked him why it was taking so long.

He just shook his head and told me it was happening very fast.

It was late in the week and I was stuck in the rut of glum. There was no getting out.

When Saturday came, I almost wished it would rain.

But it didn't.

And I had an appointment with the cause of our troubles. Surely, Tommy was a punishment – sent by God to tempt me and bring about my failure. Even though Pastor Wilks said bad things happened because the devil was the god of this world, I felt as if there was a divine hand in this.

Felt it deep inside.

And I wasn't fabricating excuses in my mind. I felt a divine hand in this as surely as I knew Tommy would be at my window at one o'clock.

Even if Pastor Wilks made sense, and by his understanding he would consider Tommy a temptation from Satan, why did this feel like there was something special about it?

Did the Almighty step in and upstage Satan by offering His own temptation? It didn't make sense, but I felt it.

Everything I had learned, well-backed by scripture, said Tommy was sent by Satan. I believed otherwise and I was at a loss to prove it. I just had that feeling.

And Tommy erased that all at the instant I caught sight of him.

I scrambled from the bay window and slid open the door. His manner was peaceful and at ease. Interested and intense – the way my husband regarded me when in a relaxed setting.

"Villette." The way he said it caused shivers of anticipation in me.

I would give myself to him without thought – willingly. There was no hesitation or doubt. Nor worry or deliberation. In this moment, I was his. Much like tonight, I would be my husband's.

I said, "T-Tommy."

"Remove your panties or I'll shred them."

I didn't want to ruin another pair; I slid them down and off. I dropped them to the side of the recliner.

He gripped my shoulders and kissed me, sending all thought flying away like startled birds. I closed my eyes and let him devour my mouth, experiencing the feel of his hot tongue and slick coating of saliva. The lips on my face wet, and so did those lower.

He lifted me and laid me gently on the couch as if I were a delicate decoration of high dollar-value. An exquisite exhibit on display for his eyes only.

If my husband walked in right at that point, I don't know what I would've done.

Died, I guess. Simplest way to escape the fallout.

But Bryce didn't come in and Tommy's tongue tortured my pussy with tantalizing licks.

I hadn't realized how wound up I had been. I didn't think I was tense. I wasn't aware of needing relief so badly. But the ache flared instantly with an intensity that made my hips squirm out of control. I was groaning, moaning, and gripping his hair.

I was close and could feel the immense release winding up inside. It frightened me and I panted, trying to draw in more breath.

To scream, probably. It felt like it was going to hurt.

He didn't finish me, though. He rose up and slipped his thick cock up towards my mouth. I eagerly licked and sucked, as if trained to do so. I sucked in as

much as I could, licking and swirling my tongue around the head. I held the base and made little stroking motions.

That didn't last long. I saw his chest heaving. He ran his hand back through his hair, head tilted back. He was close and his cock was flexing dangerously in my mouth. He took it away from me.

Powerless to stop anything, with no desire to change what was happening, I opened my legs wider for him. It felt like the right thing to do. It was the perfect response to his erection and my legs and pussy couldn't deny it. A natural move – an invitation – and my complete acceptance of his desire.

I offered my pussy to him, exposing that which was Bryce's by marriage. I shouldn't have done it. I couldn't have stopped it.

He slid the helmet of his cock into my lips, nudging against my hole.

It was sensational. Just like last time.

He pushed and drove that thickness into my stretching pussy. That taut sensation spread wide and began moving up my insides.

My mouth was stretched open in caution and possible pain. But it didn't hurt and before he was halfway in, I closed my mouth and grabbed his butt. I pulled hard, wanting – needing – him inside me.

I needed it so bad and had denied my pussy in my depression for so long, it was awake instantly. I hadn't even masturbated and my pussy was presenting an invoice for an amount I could not believe.

His final push to ram his cock all the way in produced a single slap of his balls against my ass and his hips to mine. That was all it took. My orgasm, so long denied, ripped my insides apart in a furious and maddened detonation of lust. I grunted savagely under him, thrusting my hips up as explosive waves tumbled me over again and again.

Brilliant flashes across my squeezed-shut eyes matched every electrifying pulse from my pussy. Even my ears heard a dull pressure-sound as the waves flashed through me.

My conscience chose that moment to wonder why. Why was I doing this? It wasn't helping anything. It wasn't being true to my husband. It wasn't delivering him from the troubles of his stock trade. If Sunray Systems won their case, the SEC would follow. Sunray was a civil case with a monetary penalty. The SEC case would be criminal, with a prison penalty. And here I was, spread wide for the temptation and offering no resistance.

I was useless.

I couldn't stop the tears as everything – even the lust – wilted inside of me. The explosive relief withdrew, shrinking, and being replaced by my silent voice: "Why?"

Tommy had stopped. He was close, flexing inside of me.

Right now, all I wanted was him to be out of me. Cruel in a way, I suppose. I got to finish and now I was done. But that was how I felt.

His voice was concerned and compassionate. "Villette? Are you okay?"

The timbre and melodious flatness of his voice drew my attention and conscience. I trusted him, somehow, despite my guilt. I sobbed instead of answered.

He pulled out immediately, leaving a vast emptiness and vacancy inside my pussy - inside my soul. Panic and empathy were equally writ across his features. "Did I hurt you?"

I shook my head and tried to staunch the flow of tears, but I think my cry-jugulars were cut and there was nothing to stop them. "I... We... I'm just having a tough t-time right now..."

He was standing at the arm of the couch, hurt and sympathy warring in his eyes. "What's wrong?"

"You know I'm married." He had to know.

He lifted a hand to his hair, but his rake back was far more anxious than before. "Married?"

I held up my hand. "Didn't you see my ring?"

He exhaled and moved around behind the couch looking everywhere but at me. He muttered, "Yes, I saw the ring. But you're so young. I thought you were someone's daughter. A college student—"

"Someone's wife."

His tone suggested he was disgusted with himself. "Fuck."

"And my husband's company is in jeopardy..."

He turned away and faced the wall with the decorative shelving. Hands on hips, he shook his head and looked at the pictures.

Pictures of me and Bryce.

He said, "What does your husband do?" He leaned closer to our wedding picture and went still, considering it with a scrutiny that was damning. Then he turned and pierced me with a stare so intense that I shook.

I babbled, "He grows metal. Cerametallic process. He was just getting his Department of Defense contracts lined up, waiting for his clearance when a competitor sued him. They want to remove him."

"You can't just sue a competitor because you don't like them."

"No, it's insider trading."

He grunted and went back to looking at the pictures. "Competing with a defense contractor is serious business. Takes a lot of money. Where'd he get it all?"

I sat up, wiping my eyes. "His parents died and he took his inheritance and bought stock in a company."

"Inheritance?"

I nodded. "He had been planning the purchase for a long time. His father had Alzheimer's. It was really sad."

"And he bought the stock after the passing...?"

"Yes. Now they're calling it insider trading."

He was quiet.

"Bryce – my husband – overheard the vice-president in the parking lot bragging about a contract."

"But he was going to buy the stock anyway?"

"Yes; he'd planned it for over a year."

"Fuck..."

"I'm sorry to lay all this on you..." But you asked.

He looked devastated. "I can't do this..."

"I shouldn't be..." Doing this.

"Married..." He shook his head with anger. "I have to get out of here."

Panic rose in me as surely and quickly as the lust had. "I'm sorry."

"Villette..." Face hard and eyes soft, he scanned my tear-streaked face. He lifted a knuckle and swept back some tear-matted hair. Then he dropped his hand. "I won't be back; I can't do this."

A doom worse than all I had ever felt descended on me like the closing door of a dungeon. "No, please..." If he took away what little solace I had in terrible times, how was I going to survive?

"I'm sorry. For all of this." He was rushing, pulling on his slacks and jacket.

"Please, don't go."

He just looked at me, hurt in his face, and finished buckling his belt.

I ran to him, grabbing his arm. "Please."

His last words were a whisper. "I loved you, Villette."

My heart crushed in on itself inside as I sank to my knees.

He left without looking back.

EPILOGUE

I contemplated suicide in the days that followed. I was at the window Sunday after church in case Tommy changed his mind.

He didn't.

I clung to my husband – the man I had abandoned for a futile fling that had done nothing but harm. Bryce was my rock in the middle of the storm – my only life preserver in the rising seas. God was my rock in the matter of faith, but I questioned why He had tempted me with something I could not resist.

The next week, Tommy did not return. It didn't rain outside, but it did inside as my tears were offered as farewell to someone who said they had loved me.

The loss inside was immense.

I stopped eating; I had no desire, no appetite.

I looked at the razor in the bathroom everyday – an antique from his father. A straight razor they called it. Every day I decided I hadn't suffered enough for my sins. One more day to let my failure sink in – to enjoy the delicious disaster I had caused.

I walked the forest outside once, looking for him, but not knowing if Tommy came from the street or the lakeside. There were homes everywhere. I ended up just crying against a tree, my cheek pressed so harshly that it left a mark for days.

I didn't want to live. I didn't want to go on. Tomorrow, I will end this shit.

I was sitting on the couch, staring at the spot I had cleaned on the recliner – and thoroughly hating myself – when the landline rang.

I didn't want to answer it. I didn't want to talk.

The phone rang again after the voicemail picked up. I looked at it, wondering if

my husband was calling with the bad news. His trial had been this morning.

Bad news would be just what I needed to open my arm. With sudden motivation to hear the disaster, I snatched up the phone. "Hello?"

Bryce's voice was high and tight, reedy with panic. "Villy!"

Bad news. My voice was quiet. These would be the last words he heard from me.
"What?"

"The judge dismissed the case!"

Shock at the disconnect from reality numbed me. "What?"

"I'm going to be on Channel 8 News at six tonight!"

"Wait, what?" Something foreign and freaky fluttered inside me: hope.

"The judge ruled no insider trading!"

I wanted to cry, to laugh, to babble. "Are you serious?"

"I love you, Villy. I'll talk to you in a bit."

The line went dead.

I rose off the couch on unsteady legs. I had been so close to ending it all. What a waste if I had...

I paced behind the couch, looking lovingly at our wedding picture. I would've hurt Bryce far worse if I hadn't had the will to endure another day...

I shook my head. I had been so close. "Thank you, Almighty God, for the strength you gave me to hang on."

I touched the wedding picture and cried.

I was snuggled with Bryce in the master bed, propped up and waiting for six o'clock. Home early with his exuberance, he was still shaking from the victory.

I clung to his arm, not wanting to let go. "Your attorney was surprised, too?"

He nodded with so much enthusiasm I thought he would hurt his neck. "Totally out of the blue. Here it comes." He pointed the remote and took it off mute.

He wasn't on TV right away. We sat through a couple of national news pieces before switching anchors to the clean-cut man who reported the local events. I listened raptly.

"In local news tonight, one of the newer industries in town won a crucial court battle against a major arms manufacturer. Cemco Industries founder Bryce Parks was accused of insider trading in his acquisition of funds to fund his start-up."

The scene cut to a shot of my husband on the street, flanked by his attorney. He was smiling so large it looked painful. The mic was thrust in his face. "I'm thankful to the judge and district court for the justice that was delivered today."

The reporter asked, "Did you expect the verdict?"

The attorney gave a cautionary look.

My husband said, "No. Insider trading is a very fine line of distinction and the judge made it clear I hadn't crossed it."

The local news anchor returned. Behind him was a shot of the courtroom.

"District Judge Mercer T. Culbertson delivered the stunning verdict today in a major upset to..."

I had stopped listening. I couldn't anyway – there was a ringing in my ears. The camera shot zoomed in on the judge and my heart stopped. I was seeing the man who had given us such a strange and uplifting gift.

Mercer T. Culbertson, dressed in black.

Tommy.

He didn't look at the camera; he didn't need to. But he was looking directly at me.

Thank you for reading Out on the Lake. I sure hope you enjoyed the ride.

All reviews are greatly appreciated!

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