

CHRISTMAS MENAGE



REGIFTED

A HOTWIFE CHRISTMAS



LARAN MITHRAS

CHRISTMAS MENAGE



REGIFTED

A HOTWIFE CHRISTMAS



LARAN MITHRAS

REGIFTED

Laran Mithras

Model Photo by www.Shutterstock.com and Depositphotos.com

Regifted is a work of fiction. Names, locations and incidents either are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

Copyright © 2017 – Laran Mithras

There's so much love to share and not enough time. Start early.

CHAPTER 1

I screamed.

A hairy spider too large to be cute was scurrying across my desk.

Picking up the phone book, I slammed it down on the thing and shivered in revulsion. Working in my parents' contracting office sometimes came with sickening surprises. Too much ivy around the building made a mansion for morbid-looking spiders.

My phone chimed a text.

I moved the phone book off and saw the thing smashed onto the blotter. Gross, I thought.

I thumbed my phone and saw the text from my husband.

Mitt: I invited Riggs for Christmas

Stephie: Gross!

Mitt: What? You like him

Stephie: No I crushed a spider

Mitt: Lol

Stephie: Christmas?

Mitt: He failed to get picked up

Stephie: Aw

Mitt: Ttyl

He must have been on a bathroom break to text that.

I regarded the squished spider and the splat of guts. I swear, I was going to heave. I got up and ran for the paper towels to remove the atrocity from my desk.

Working for mom and dad paid very well, though it didn't offer a lot of upward advancement. Unless I wanted to learn roofing. Other than the spiders, I was happy behind the desk.

My husband was apprenticed in the local welding union. Pay wasn't as good as mine, but for being just months out of high school, we were making good money.

Most of my friends were still working fast food and pizza joints – a few had moved up to Walmart. Some had gone off to college.

Me? I'd gotten married to my high school sweetheart. His best friend had been my friend, too.

That was the subject that came up at dinner later.

My parents used to sit at a table.

We sat on the couch.

Mitt liked watching sports programs, mostly baseball. He had picked up his name as a nickname for Mitch because he had played catcher on the high school baseball team. He had caught for Riggs, the team's pitcher.

He said, "I feel bad for Riggs; he can't seem to catch a break."

Which was true. His parents had died in the World Trade Center and little toddler Riggs had been sent to live with his uncle here – and now he had failed to get picked in the draft.

I shook my head. "He's smart, strong, sharp..."

"But always just short of success. You don't mind him coming for Christmas, do you?"

"Of course not. I liked him ever since we went out on that stupid double-blind date. He thought I was Ashlyn at first."

"That's what you get when you have friends set you up and then bail."

My friend Jordan had wanted us to go with her and her date on a triple-date, but they both decided to do something else at the last minute.

Riggs? Always liked him. Easygoing and calm, reserved and friendly.

I said, "So he didn't make it on the tryouts tour, either?"

"Nope, that was his last chance. Failed to get picked in the First Draft and now this. He could go the collegiate route, but I think he's done with it." He pushed his food around with his spoon. "Really though, he had great control but he didn't have the flame. Sub-nineties fastball?" He shook his head.

I knew baseball was just something Mitt had done just to do something. He hadn't wanted to make a career out of it. "I feel so sorry for him."

He put his bowl down and rested his elbows on his knees. "You know what I think would be neat?"

"Hmm?"

"I'd like us to give him a really awesome present for Christmas."

"Like what?"

"You."

I tried to swallow my last bite before I choked. "Me?"

My husband's eyes were lit. "Yeah, you know, sex. He's always liked you."

"Wait..." The idea made me warm in my pussy. Very much. I liked Riggs a lot and sex with him might be hot. But why was my husband offering? Was it because he wanted to dump me or have an excuse to dick some chick? "I don't like the idea of this sharing thing."

"Why not? It's the perfect gift. When he traded you to me for Ashlyn after the confusion, it was like he gave me a gift."

"I don't share."

He looked confused. "What? You wouldn't be sharing anything."

"Is this some excuse for you to screw around?"

He looked outraged. "I like him, but not like that—"

"No, I mean did you meet someone on your lunch break or something—"

"We're talking about Riggs."

"But are you wanting this because you want an excuse to have some other girl?"

He laughed. "No, I'm suggesting it because I think it would be totally goat."

"Greatest of all time? Are you certain?"

"He got dumped by Ashlyn and told me once he regretted trading you for her."

That made me feel even hotter. I liked the idea, but... "I thought we were supposed to be married?"

He had married me because we had thought I was pregnant the last month of our senior year. He said, "It's a gift. Something to cheer him up and I think it sounds hot. I'd totally share you with him."

Now I was getting wet. "I don't know..."

"He means that much to me. It'd be fun."

"I'll think about it."

He helped me put up decorations later. It was our first Christmas together and we had gone all out on tinsel and lights and a fiber-optic Christmas tree. He pleaded, "Come on, do it for me."

"I said I'll think about it."

CHAPTER 2

I sure did think about it. I went to bed horny as fuck. I rolled towards him and began stroking his naked cock.

He grinned at me. "Sex? Heck yeah..."

"Shut up."

"Hey, I helped with the decorations."

"I know."

"Given any thought to Riggs?"

"I told you I'd think about it." At the same time as I said it, I was thinking about what Riggs' dick might feel like. I wonder if it's nice like this one?

"Well, think fast because Christmas Eve is Sunday."

"So, I've got four days."

"But we'll need to buy him a present if you prude up."

"I'm not a prude."

"Then you'll have sex with him?"

I coughed in annoyance and climbed over his erection. "Just shut up." I lowered myself over my husband and sat down on his shaft. Would it really be a big deal if I did it? Sure sounds like fun. And maybe Riggs would really like it.

I rocked back and forth on him while he played with my boobs. Guys were easy – just stick boobs in their faces. Would it be that easy with Riggs?

I rode Mitt's shaft like I loved him – because, well, I really did love him. If he loves me and is willing to share me with Riggs...

He pumped up harder into me and said, "I'd really like to see your pussy on his dick."

I lost it to a sneak orgasm. Swelling inside so fast I gasped, the release was surprising, rapid, and ended too quickly.

I slept after he came and tossed much of the night.

Tuesday morning was different at the office.

I avoided looking at the damp-looking gut smear that stained the cardboard blotter. My father checked the schedule for his teams and my mother read the phone messages.

She noticed my mood. "Are you feeling okay, Stephie?" Mom was always practical and direct. She needed it to be up on the roofs with dad working in the sun.

"I am, just thinking. Do you remember Riggs?"

"I think so?"

"He didn't make it. No one picked him up for the minor leagues."

"Aw, that's a shame. He was the pitcher, right? The one with no parents?"

"Yes. Mitt invited him to come stay for Christmas."

"That's very nice of him. You have the extra room."

"I know, but... it's our first Christmas together and—"

"I know what you mean, honey. But you're going to have many Christmases. Remember that. And many of them alone with Mitt until you have babies. Visitors make Christmas special."

I nodded. She was right.

After they left to go to the current jobsite, I texted my friend Jessica.

Stephie: Hey

A half hour later, she responded.

Jessica: Hey! Sorry boss was here

Stephie: No problem

Stephie: One of my facebook friends pm'd me a question

Jessica: What was it?

Stephie: What would you do if your bf or husband wanted you to have sex with his friend?

Jessica: Hot af

I breathed faster as I thought about it. Yep, hot as fuck.

Stephie: So you'd do it?

Jessica: Yes where do I find a bf like that? Lol

Stephie: Lol I was thinking the same

Except I wasn't laughing. I was leaned back in my chair breathing hard and feeling hot down there.

If my mother thought having a visitor was great, and my husband and Jessica thought sex with another guy was great, why was I worried?

I stuck my hand down my jeans and began rubbing. Darn you Mitt, you got me all hot thinking about doing Riggs. I swirled my fingers around my clit, spreading delicious tension and heat with my fingers. I moved them faster, thinking about being on top of Riggs and feeling him up inside me.

Hot. I came, shivering and gasping with the strength of the orgasm.

The phone rang while I was finishing.

Not hot.

"Thomas Rogers Roofing?"

CHAPTER 3

I went home horny.

I couldn't get Mitt's idea off my mind.

Would it really be so bad?

We had learned throughout high school's occasional sex ed classes that sex was fun and should be shared at any age. We had learned that all combos were valid as long as everyone had fun.

Sure, we had all rolled our eyes during the lessons. I mean, who in high school hadn't already had sex or at least seen a porn site?

Come on.

But were the old people teaching us for real? As long as it felt good and everyone had fun? Of that, I don't think any of my friends would've argued, though some classmates were the selfish types and demanded things like virginity.

Those were some seriously backwards students. What had their 'rents taught them?

Maybe those old folks teaching us weren't so dumb after all.

Mitt came out of the shower naked, dick dongling and dangling everywhere.

I said, "I've given the gift idea some thought."

His eyes lit up. "Oh yeah?" His dick began to harden.

This really does turn you on, doesn't it? I grabbed his hardening shaft and stroked. "I guess I'll give it a try – but only once."

He sighed happily and his dick hardened fully. "Awesome. I'm going to video it."

I giggled. "As long as it's for us and not shared around among your friends." I slowed my jacking. "Do you think he'll go for it?"

He took a deep breath and thought. "If I know him well enough – and I do – he'll protest at first. He won't want to hurt you or me."

Having been worked up over the idea, his caution came as a disappointment and it showed on my face.

He said, "Don't worry, I think he'll cave. Besides, who can resist the most beautiful girl the class of 2017?"

I was proud of that accomplishment. I had beaten two blondes who were rumored to be the top two choices. Curly black hair and b-cup boobs had taken the prize over blonde and d-cups. Apparently, some people really did look at faces.

I hadn't gotten the most handsome guy in the class, according to the vote, but I thought Andy's eyes were too close set to be considered handsome.

I had really liked Mitt and Riggs and it had been Riggs who had caught my eye first. Only after the mix-up was straightened out did I see that Mitt was handsome, too.

Dead sexy, both of them. Muscled, not bulky. Good baseball physiques.

Could I entice Riggs?

"He's coming Friday night?"

"Yep. He's in town now, but at his uncle's packing stuff up. He said he has to move out. While he's here, he's going to be looking for a job."

"What does a pitcher do in the real world? Throw doughballs to other pizza-makers?"

Mitt's face dropped. "Don't joke with him like that..."

I looked down. "I know. I'm sorry. I wouldn't say something like that to his face. But really, what does a failed sports star do?"

"He had good grades; he's not a dummy. Just about anything, really."

I looked down at his erection. "So... do you want to fuck?"

He laughed. "Wow, more than once a week? Cool." He lifted me and threw me on the bed.

I almost felt a glimmer of hope that he was going to lick me. It wasn't something he liked to do, no matter that I was always super-clean. He climbed over me, passing up the opportunity.

His cock speared inside, pushing in easily. "You're wet..."

"I was thinking about the gift thing all day."

His smile spread. "Oh yeah?"

"I'm... comfortable with the idea." No I wasn't, I was steaming hot for it, but telling him that didn't seem like the thing to do. "So you're not going to be jealous?"

"No way. This is going to be awesome. The two most important people in my life? Come on." He pumped hard and fast, closing his eyes.

I didn't know who he was imagining, but I was thinking of Riggs. Would he be different than Mitt? Would he have a small thing? Would he like it? I asked, "Do you think he'll like fucking me?"

His eyes squeezed shut harder and he pounded his hips down onto mine with hard thrusts. He groaned out and shot his cum into my pussy. "Oh... fuck..."

Does this mean you like thinking about it?

He pulled out and dropped to my side. His hand came down on my pussy and began playing. He gasped, "He better like it or I'll kick his ass."

I started to laugh, but hearing my husband hoping his friend enjoys fucking me was enough to put me over the edge. I lifted my hips and quivered, crying out as a strong orgasm surged through me.

CHAPTER 4

My parents let me go early Friday.

I went home and the first thing I did was shower again. I wanted to be clean and fully shaven. I didn't know if it was going to be a special day. Maybe it was the spirit of Christmas.

Maybe it was the music.

We had bought a disc compilation of just about every Christmas song on the planet, I think. Four full discs of endless Christmas songs.

With the lights twinkling all over the apartment, I expected elves to jump out and push toys around.

I gave brief thought to baking some muffins, but I knew I'd have to look up recipes on the internet and then the email symbol would drag me in and I'd find I had Facebook emails and then Facebook would suck me in.

Nah.

I didn't want to have to feel guilty not scrolling for two hours down endless cute animal photos and videos.

I discarded the muffin idea.

I wrapped presents instead: cologne; new workboots; a spare game controller; and the Walking Dead PlayStation game.

I didn't want to have to wrap tomorrow with a visitor in the house. I set the presents under the tree and went into the computer room.

I frowned at our shortsightedness. We had our computers side-by-side and I had thought we were styling with the set-up: our own room for computers. Unfortunately, there was no bed. I had a sleeping bag set down for a cushion and blankets, and a pillow. We never planned to have a bed in here. I mean, why?

Never thought ahead to guests that would stay over.

I hope he doesn't dislike staying...

I don't know why I was being so harsh on myself about supplying a real bed; most of us could just crash anywhere: bathtub; couch; kitchen floor...

He might prefer the couch; I'd offer that in case he wrinkled his nose at the mini floor-bed I'd made.

Mitt told me to expect him for dinner, but his knock surprised me at four. With another hour before my husband got home, I opened the door to Riggs.

As handsome as ever, his face held that even appeal and bold features. Eyebrows dark and heavy over intense eyes and fine nose, he radiated that same old look from high school just months before.

However, a haunted sadness was in his eyes.

He carried two duffels stuffed and full.

I didn't care, I hugged him. "Riggs!"

His smile was surprised and pleasant, just like before. "Hey, Stephie. I was hoping someone would be home."

I gripped him for a long time, feeling the flesh through our clothing – not in a sexual way, but sensing the stiffness beneath his exterior. I had to pull away and turn to hide the water in my eyes. "Come in, I have a little place for you set up..."

I shut the door behind him.

He said, "Wow, you guys really decorated."

"My parents never decorated this much, but I wanted to make it look pretty." I showed him the computer room. "Would this be okay, or would you prefer the couch?"

"I'll crash on the couch if that's cool, but I'll leave my things in here." He set

down his duffels and we went out to sit on the couch.

I asked, "Can I get you anything?"

"I'm good for now."

Sitting, facing him, everything felt like school again. There was no way I could have sex with him. People would talk.

I knew I couldn't go through with it.

I stretched my arms, gripping my knees. "So... it didn't work out, huh?"

He pressed his lips together. "No..." He looked away.

I put my hand on his knee. "I'm sorry."

He heaved a sigh. "I cried for the first time in years after the exposition tryouts. Nothing. All the effort and work..."

"You were a good pitcher—"

"Good, just not good enough."

I didn't want to go down those dark avenues and torture him any more than necessary. "Any ideas what you want to do?"

"Get a sex change, wear a hat and a flowing dress, and paint ocean scenes from a cliff."

"Just kidding. No, I have no clue. I was pretty certain I'd get picked up. With my control? But all the other pitchers were throwing nineties." He looked up at the ceiling. "I don't know, how does Walmart cashier sound?"

"You could do worse."

"There's a website that tells you what you're good at. Career test kind of thing. I'll be looking at that real fast."

We talked about school until Mitt came home.

My husband threw out his arms. "Dude!"

Riggs got up and embraced him. "Mitt."

"You got here early. I hope you don't mind if I shower? I like getting the solder stink off me."

"Go right ahead."

I went into the kitchen to make dinner.

Riggs came in a moment later. "Anything I can help with? I don't want to mooch off you guys..."

"There's not a lot of room in the kitchen – we'd just bump into each other."

He looked disappointed.

I said, "But... how about you wash and cut the veggies?"

His smile returned.

I realized I could easily have sex with him and my pussy sent warm vibes up my body to my nipples. I set him up with the knife and cutting board so we wouldn't bump into each other. A few skin brushes left my nipples tingling.

Yes, I can definitely give you sex for a Christmas present.

I busied myself with the other pan-fry prep and tried not to quiver with anticipation. I stole a few glances at him, wondering if he had developed any more over the summer and fall. He looked the same from what I remember. If anything, his brow had become slightly more pronounced.

If he stopped smiling, he would have that bedroom brooding look. If he grew out his beard, he'd be a lumbersexual. I asked, "Ever thought of growing out your beard?"

"I just might."

Chills went down my back. "I think it would look good on you."

"Then I'll grow one just for you."

Yes, I could definitely have sex with you and can't wait.

"You want me to just dump these in?" He was holding the cutting board and the chopped veggies.

I was squarely in front of the pan and didn't move. "Yes, please."

He brushed against me and I shivered with barely concealed desire as he scraped the veggies into the pan.

With a shaking hand, I stirred.

Unfortunately, he moved away and left a cold spot that alerted me to the warmth of his presence.

An ache developed in my pussy, right there in my kitchen. I was going to be giving myself to this boy – no, man now – with the blessings of my husband. I think Jessica was right: hot as fuck.

Would the one time gift be special? I wanted it to be. I wanted it to be slow and romantic, and rough and satisfying. Was Riggs a good lover? Did he know what to do? I knew he wasn't a virgin; he and Ashlyn had bumped at least once before she dumped him.

The girl usually stuck around for a good half a dozen screws before dumping – except when the guy was too much: too domineering; too passionate; too much to handle. If Ashlyn couldn't be the upper hand in the relationship, she was gone.

I served dinner on the couch, handing out bowls.

Mitt was sitting next to Riggs and they were talking about my husband's job as an apprentice welder with the union.

Seeing them together was so normal that I realized there was no way I could have sex with Riggs.

I can't fuck Riggs; he's a friend. The friend-thing wasn't bad, it was just that me and my husband were so used to him being just a friend. How does one go from

friend-zone to fucking?

I had heard some doing it during Netflix and chill nights. Buddies just satisfying themselves without any commitment.

Could I do such a thing?

Maybe I could.

My eyes searched Riggs' face for clues that I might succeed. What I saw, however, was Riggs the friend, not Riggs with a dick to stick in me.

Still, the ache inside me started twisting and turning and tormenting my pussy with wonder.

He caught me looking, but I didn't look away. There was no way I could look away. My lips parted as my breath caught and I tried to breathe through my mouth.

He flashed a smile at me.

My husband caught it and looked over at me.

I looked down and toyed with my food. I couldn't meet his eyes, even though it had been his idea.

No, I can give myself as a gift. Why not? Friend-zone to fuck. Happens all the time and I'm going to try. I looked back up, but they were talking with each other.

CHAPTER 5

Saturday, the day before Christmas Eve, was going to be my big test of the possibilities. Where could this go? Did it have any viability?

I had to find out to bolster my bravery.

Coming out after my morning shower, I ran into Riggs in the kitchen. He was rinsing his glass in the sink.

After he put it aside, I wrapped myself on him in a hug.

He stiffened, but relaxed a second later. "Well, good morning to you, too."

I giggled, but I was primarily wanting to see how he reacted to the hug.

He relaxed more and ran his hand up and down my back. "You smell good."

Is that good? I knew it was better than smelling bad, but did smelling good always warrant a comment? I let go after a bit and gave him a pursed smile.

Inconclusive.

He hadn't pushed me away, but neither had he mauled me. What did I expect?

I went into the bedroom and into our bathroom. I heard the second bathroom door shut and the water come on.

I stroked Mitt's back as he shaved. "I don't know if I can do it."

His eyes moved to me while he scraped his neck. "Hmm?"

"The whole gift thing. It seems ridiculous."

"Where's your sense of trying new things?"

He hit a sore spot. I didn't want to be like those repressed kids who thought

sexual things were bad. I was part of the new generation: try it all; it was all good.

I sighed in disgust. "It just seems like it won't work. What if Riggs isn't like that?"

"I don't think he's going to turn you down, after I talk with him about it. At first he will, because he doesn't want to hurt—"

"I know, you told me. Maybe I'm just worried it'll turn out bad."

"Stop worrying. We're adults now."

I didn't know if he was more positive or just deluded. Sometimes guys were simple about things because they were simple. Was I viewing this with abnormal complexity?

I certainly felt good about being with Riggs; he was sexy.

Maybe I really did need to just relax and let it happen. After all, this was a new era. We were the millennials where sexual mores were old fashioned. We embraced change with hope and freshness. We took the reins of our lives in our own hands and forged new paths of sexuality and love.

Who was anyone else to say that we couldn't love as we wanted? We didn't need parents, teachers, and society policing our sex.

Get out, fuck off, kthanxbye.

However, I had to get over this friend-zone issue. Where had I picked up such limits on my sexuality? If Mitt thought it was great, then I should, too.

Monogamy was old fashioned. The new monogamy included avenues for sex outside of marriage – a long term commitment to one person while maintaining occasional sexual contacts outside. Surely, I could do that.

What was stopping me? What was inside me hesitating?

It had sounded hot and gotten me wet, but just seeing Riggs again had slapped all that right back into the comfortable friend-zone.

I stepped back from the bathroom and removed my bra from under my t-shirt. Guys loved boobs, maybe this would help me feel sexier and attract Riggs' attention.

An hour later, Mitt and Riggs were on the floor in front of the TV playing Far Cry 4 and not paying attention to me.

I pouted.

CHAPTER 6

Sometime after midnight on Sunday morning, I awoke and grabbed for my water cup. Instead of gripping it, I knocked it down to the carpet.

The thump woke Mitt. "Huh?"

"Nothing... just spilled my water." I got out of bed and stepped in the wet spot. My foot went insta-cold.

Great.

I reached down and picked up the cup. Despite what Mitt was going to propose when it came time to open presents, I didn't want to go out there and disturb Riggs.

Maybe a slut would've bounced out there naked and bright-eyed, but I wasn't a slut.

I really didn't want to wake him.

I tiptoed out and carefully hit every single loud spot on the floor that could make a creak. I did not remember our floor creaking that much. It almost sounded like every step was a segment of conversation caught briefly by an opening door. I tried to step in different spots.

The floor creaked louder.

"Huh?" Riggs stirred.

"Nothing, I'm just getting water."

He grunted and there was a thump. "Oh, great..."

"What?" I was almost at the kitchen.

"I knocked my water onto the carpet."

I hissed a quiet laughter. "That's what I just did." I turned on the oven light.

He swung his legs out and reached down for the cup. "And I stepped in the puddle."

I lost it in the kitchen, laughing. "I did, too." I filled my cup as he managed to pad in total silence into the kitchen. My floor hated me.

I took a sip as he filled his and then filled mine back up.

I said, "Sorry I woke you."

He scrubbed at his face. "Oh, you didn't, really. I haven't been sleeping all that well."

"Oh, sorry."

"It's not your fault. I had thought I was going to be a ballplayer and now it's like I'm lost in the fog."

"You never wanted to be anything else?"

"Yeah, a police officer. Forget that. It's probably the most disrespected and toughest job in America right now."

"Hop on that website in the morning. Take the test."

"It's almost a hundred dollars."

"Ouch, really?"

"I looked yesterday. I don't even have twenty bucks to my name."

"Mitt and I will cover it for you."

He was quiet a long moment. "You guys have always been there for me."

"We love you Riggs; you're our friend."

He shook his head. "I sure blew a big opportunity when I picked Ashlyn."

I pressed my smile tight and said, "Aw, you're sweet." I put my cup down and gave him a hug.

I heard his cup settle on the counter and he hugged me back

His even breathing and heartbeat against my upper chest were music to my body, but even better was the sense of increasing pressure I felt against my pelvic area.

He was hardening.

Without a conscious effort to do so, I tilted against him, pushing back. I hadn't meant to, it just happened by instinct.

I think both of us froze.

I felt his pulse increase and his breathing become heavier.

He let go of me, moving back.

The perfect gentleman.

A friend in the friend-zone.

He turned away and went back to the couch. Whether it was to hide the erection in his boxers or just because he was mad he had let me hug him, I don't know.

I creaked my way back to the bedroom. "I hope you sleep better."

All he did was grunt in dismissal.

CHAPTER 7

Sunday was the day and I'd like to say that I started it well.

I didn't.

I'd like to say I was firm on the path of pursuing my rights as a millennial with my sexual liberty.

I had rights.

I sure didn't feel like I was on the path on which I had decided because I felt scared.

In the end, what would I do if Riggs laughed at me?

Mitt was so confident I wanted to strangle it out of him.

I barely said anything to Riggs. I was just too embarrassed about the kitchen encounter and what he might think of me when Mitt announced his present.

After breakfast, Riggs said, "I can leave if you guys want – when you open presents. I didn't bring anything for you."

My husband handled him with aplomb. "You aren't going anywhere. We have a present for you."

I blushed.

Riggs was dumbfounded. "Dude, I have no money. I couldn't—"

Mitt waved him off. "Stephie and I have worked out the perfect gift for you and it didn't cost anything."

Our friend looked confused. "Oh..."

I knew this wasn't going to work.

My husband said, "Tonight. Don't worry about it."

"But I don't have anything to give you guys."

"Accepting the gift will require something from you. It's the perfect balance."

Riggs looked surprised. "For reals? All right then."

I knew this was going to work.

That was how my day went. Jerked one way and then another within myself.

It wasn't the sex that bothered me as what Riggs would think of me after. Sex was sex. No big deal. Riggs, however, was close. Way close. Too close.

It mattered with him.

Not just the act was going to occur, but something deeper because that's how I viewed him and that's why it mattered.

He asked, "When do you guys open presents?"

I said, "When it gets dark. Jesus was offered gifts at night. At least, that's what my parents say."

He nodded. "Never thought of it that way."

My husband said, "Works for me."

Riggs spent some time at the career testing site after Mitt paid with his debit card. He was intent over his laptop, frowning, scratching his stubble and looking with curiosity over the job categories.

He proclaimed, "Athletic trainer or other physically focused job, like construction." He looked disappointed.

Mitt said, "I caught for you and I'm a welder."

"I guess I shouldn't have hoped my life would be as easy as playing games for a living."

"Yeah, I think ninety-nine percent of the gamers want to make a living playing games all day."

As the light began to wane and the lights in the apartment twinkled just a little bit brighter, I began to get hot – and this was despite my brain telling me that what I was doing was frightening.

I had argued with myself the whole day. It was sexy. It was scary. If it had been anybody but Riggs, I would've ran around naked the entire time being enticing. It was just sex – but so much more with Riggs. It was as if my sexual rights to be with whomever I pleased shrank in his presence.

I felt it was going to be big.

For presents, I dressed in a long Christmas t-shirt - bra and panties underneath and nothing else but my nerdy Santa hat.

I was too turned on to say anything.

I was too terrified to say anything.

I was too tormented to do anything but sit on the couch and listen to the music.

Here I am, might as well put a bow on myself. Would that make him feel better?

Mitt initiated the sorting of gifts. We hadn't got a lot for each other because the decorations had cost so much. That just meant a bigger present pool next year.

He was happy with his gifts.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to tear mine open as fast as I could or as slow as possible. I was trembling.

Mitt had gotten me a neat phone dock for the office, a heart necklace, an art scarf, and an assortment of perfume samplers.

I gave him a hug.

He looked at Riggs – who was watching with a wistful smile on his face. My husband said, "I bet you're wondering what we got you?"

His eyes looked under the tree and seeing no presents moved back to Mitt. "Yeah?" His smile was amused and wary.

My husband waggled his eyebrows. "We thought it would be really cool for you to have Stephie tonight. Sort of as an apology for you getting stuck with Ashlyn."

"What?"

"She was your first pick. I think it's only right you get to have a taste of what she's like."

"Uh... you mean, like sex?" He looked stunned.

I took off my hat, stripped off my t-shirt, and snugged my hat back on. "Merry Christmas, Riggs." I bit my lower lip.

He blinked a few times and shook his head. "Aw, dude, I can't take that—"

Mitt said, "Nonsense. Don't be shy. We both want you to have this."

His mouth was hanging open, but his eyes were on me. He blinked again, closed his mouth, and swallowed. "Really?"

I said, "Truly. Unless you don't want me."

He said the words that blew me away. "No, I definitely do – I... always have."

I stood on shaking legs. "I think Riggs should follow me to the bedroom. What do you think?"

Mitt said, "If he doesn't, I'll drag him in there and throw him on you."

Our friend's face broke into such a slow spread of wonder that it was exactly the look I might have imagined if he had been selected in the draft.

CHAPTER 8

I spun around in the bedroom and faced Riggs. I held out my arms. "Unwrap me."

He looked back at Mitt. "Dude. You're sure about this?"

My husband was all smiles and nods. "For tonight, let's pretend she's the date you never had."

Riggs turned back to me and with a reach of his hand, touched my shoulder. His fingers were light on my skin and sent chills down my arms and back. Tingles in my nipples and wetness in my pussy chased away the doubts of the day.

My pulse started pounding in my ears.

He reached around and unclasped my bra. He sighed with pleasure when he saw my boobs.

At least he likes them. I wonder if he'll like the rest of me?

His hands cupped my breasts and rubbed, sending more shivers down my back and making my legs quiver. My nipples became so hard they ached.

I said, "Why am I the only one getting undressed?"

He bent his head to mine and kissed me. It wasn't a friend-zone kiss. It was deep and left my knees weak and wobbling. He pulled back and said, "Give me a moment. Be right back."

I watched him hurry from the room.

I shrugged at my husband.

He raced into the second bedroom and then back across the hall to the bathroom. The door shut and the water ran.

I tilted my head.

Mitt chuckled. "Making sure he's presentable?"

Riggs came out a moment later, naked.

My eyes caressed his cock. It hung long and thick. Mitt's was a very nice specimen, but Riggs' was just a tantalizing touch more impressive – not by a lot, but noticeable. He was hardening fast.

I removed my panties and twirled them on my finger.

He laughed with lust and longing, shaking his head as if disbelieving seeing me naked.

That made me feel very good. Very.

I dropped down and said, "Well, hello there." I grabbed his semi-hard erection and was gratified to feel it pulse hard in about three beats.

Yes, slightly more impressive. Maybe a half inch longer and satisfyingly thicker. It felt solid and sexy.

I put my mouth over it and saw Mitt jump up.

He said, "Whoa..."

I pulled off and blinked at him. "Something wrong?" You can't back out of this now.

"No, that just looks so hot. I'm going to record this." He pulled up his cell phone and aimed it. "Okay, go back to what you were doing."

I stuck out my tongue at him and put the head of Riggs' cock back in my mouth.

Mitt moaned in wonder. "That looks sexy as fuck."

I started to laugh and rolled my eyes at him. I felt the blush creep up my neck.

He whispered, "Yeah, do it, Stephie."

Even Riggs sounded like he liked it. He gasped above me and I felt his shaft flexing in my mouth. I pushed my head down on him, jaws wide and lips sliding smoothly down his shaft. His cock filled my mouth, rubbing against the roof until I reached that sensitive area at the back.

He groaned with pleasure.

I started moving back and forth.

He let me do that for no more than five seconds before he was laughing and pulling my head off. "Wow, uh..."

I asked, "I got you that close that fast?"

"I always wondered what you'd be like. It's better than my fantasies of you." He lifted me and gently set me back on the bed. "Let me do some work."

I was filled with joy. It wasn't something my husband was really into.

His tongue spread wide and licked deliciously up my lips and clit. I was instantly strung tight and on fire. Shudders of pleasure rippled up my body, tingled around my nipples and tickled the hair on my head.

I squeezed my boobs in my hands and palmed my nipples.

He moved his face up and down - holding his tongue still - and massaged my pussy with what felt like wet silk.

Oh... yes... this is good.

He moved his head as if burrowing – his tongue pushing, sliding, diving, and swirling.

I touched his head, running my fingers into his short hair to hold him there. It felt great; I didn't want him to stop. My hips moved on their own, totally out of my control.

I felt the tension increasing inside, causing all kinds of anticipatory tremors. My feet and legs twitched at his oral assault, and my body built up a tight wall of ache and need. It was going to topple and it was going to be good.

I felt his fingers probe into my lips and swirl around. He pressed his upper teeth gently just above the hood of my clit.

I groaned as the wall loomed higher over me.

He pulled his fingers out and his face away.

I gasped, "No, don't stop!"

He chuckled and returned to licking.

Warmth built behind my clit and turned to heat. The looming wall began tilting.

He jammed three fingers into my pussy and pushed the wall over.

I tumbled through an orgasm that sent searing swells through me and pushed the heat throughout my body. I was moaning low and jerking with each surge. My pulse beat strong in my neck and temples, signaling my pleasure was deep and complete.

I slowly relaxed and let him pull away.

He leaned back and said to Mitt, "Condom?"

"Nah, dude, she's our gift. Take her bare."

CHAPTER 9

I opened my legs wider.

He pulled my hips to the edge of the bed and toyed with his erection. He was masturbating while looking at my pussy.

It made me feel sexy. Very sexy.

My pussy was clamping with the aftereffects of my orgasm. I wanted to feel him in me.

My husband got close with the phone. "Put it in."

Riggs said, "I was getting there." He leaned towards me and I felt the pleasing press of his cock against my opening. He moved it up and down, wetting the head in my folds.

I begged, "Just put it in..." My hips were moving with urgency.

He was breathing heavily.

I felt him push. My pussy split open in invitation and welcome.

Only three other guys had been in there before, and one of them was my husband – by far my best lover. Now Riggs was shoving his lust into me and it felt just as good. His hands on my hips pulled as he pushed and his shaft began filling the emptiness inside me.

Stiffness slid in past my pussy lips and I moaned happily with the sensation as he filled me.

Mitt breathed, "Fuck... dude."

His hips met mine and the tip of his cock brushed new places inside me. He panted a little. "She's so tight."

I squeezed my pussy onto his dick and he laughed.

He said to me, "I think I could just sit still and have you do that and I'd cum."

My husband grunted happily. "Glad you like your gift."

He looked down at me. "Best ever."

I don't know if he meant anything by that, but it was the right thing to say to start twisting that pleasure coil within me. Two orgasms? Not likely, but it felt nice.

He wasn't moving.

I squeezed him with my muscles. "What's wrong?"

His look was filled with intense interest. "Nothing... I just... never thought I'd ever get to do this..." He moved a little, pushing in and out. He closed his eyes and opened them again, looking down into mine.

I found myself staring at him, locked together physically and emotionally. What had I worried about? It was sex. It was Riggs.

It was good.

He began moving slowly but with more range: out to the tip and back inside in one long slide. In and out, deep and careful. I moved with him, enjoying the feel of his shaft slipping through my pussy lips. His pubic bone pushed against mine with every deep thrust and pressed my clit with tantalizing touches.

Heat lingered in my limbs and fed my focus. Riggs was the one giving me these feelings – and he did it with a tender care.

His face came down to mine and we kissed. It was the natural flow of sex and it brought with it a heady, dizzy feeling as we probed each other's mouths and souls.

His cock moved faster in my pussy, pushing and pressing and pleasuring me.

He broke the kiss and pulled out, panting. His shaft was slick with our juices.

Mitt was hovering, recording, but neither of us looked at him.

Riggs lifted me and shoved me further up the bed. He climbed over me and lifted my legs. His cock bobbed and throbbed – aiming at my open pussy and I felt total submission to his moves. He got my ankles up onto his shoulders and I felt myself ready and open.

He aimed his cock down and pushed the head back inside.

I closed my eyes with anticipation and satisfaction at the stretched feeling around the head of his cock.

He rested on his fists and dropped down, driving his cock deep into me.

That angle hit a new spot and I groaned out loud at the new sensation. His cock was an incredible fit, stretching me open and filling my emptiness with such perfection that everything around me ceased to exist.

Only our connection remained. Only his cock inside me was what mattered.

It was a completion that left me swaddled in a cocoon of cotton. I opened my eyes and watched what was causing this intense intimate reaction.

Up and down he drove – his shaft sliding so straight into my upturned pussy.

I looked up at him as he fucked and filled my hole. I looked around in a daze a few moments later and saw my husband watching and recording. He was rubbing his jeans and squeezing the bulge there.

I moved my eyes back up to Riggs as he accepted his gift.

Maybe the gift is mine.

I was moaning, breathy and high as he twisted that used coil of tension right back up. I doubted his current pace could tip me over that edge, but I suddenly wanted to try. I wanted him to do it with me so I could share with him my satisfaction again.

I started breathless and ended with a desperate hiss, "Fuck... me... Riggs. Hard."

He was already panting, and his look was also dazed, but his eyes sharpened and his lips quivered at my words. He took a deeper breath and began using more

force – pounding his cock down onto my pussy and hammering it with his lust.

I moaned loud, surrendering to his need. Everything receded again – even farther. I couldn't keep my eyes open as my inner self swirled deliciously with his commanding effort. My pussy squeezed at his erection – that wonderful and fulfilling connection between us.

He grunted with effort and I moaned with ecstasy. I wanted more.

My hands gripped his waist tighter, urging him to give it to me. Our slaps of skin were as loud in the room as our vocal efforts – and it was Riggs doing it to me, not my husband.

That sore tension twisted tight, promising...

"Harder," I gasped.

He panted, "Should I pull out?"

Mitt started to say something, but I interrupted him. "No, I want all of you. Give it to me."

His pants turned desperate and he pounded my pussy harder. His skin became moist as his hips met mine over and over.

I receded again into a vague dizziness, and felt the tension twist tight inside. I felt the wall looming over me as I floated mostly without physical sensation – except for his intense efforts at fucking my grateful pussy.

Then it was there in a blossoming rush that destroyed the wall and let me loose over the edge. The wall crumbled and tumbled me over. I cried with desperation as the second orgasm twisted and tore at my already raw and sensitive condition.

He gave a few more hard thrusts, deep and held it inside, pressing as far as he could go. His cock flexed in me several times and sent gushes of hot lust straight down into my cervix.

The scalding heat felt incredible.

He grunted on me, emptying himself as the tables turned and he surrendered to

my pussy.

We had surrendered to each other.

He looked down at me, mouth open in an exhausted pant, and stared with a look of discovery.

Of what that might be, he didn't say.

The look changed, however, becoming something somber.

All I knew at that moment, was once wasn't going to be enough.

CHAPTER 10

I felt shifted inside, as if I had moved and discovered a new place to settle – if that makes any sense.

I wasn't sure I was making sense to myself.

Subdued was a word I had not much familiarity with, but I was making a grand acquaintance with it now.

Everyone was subdued.

Quietly, Riggs thanked us for the gift. His tone of appreciation was deep and sincere and tickled my pussy with memory of his reach and fill.

Mitt was astounded in a silent way, looking introspective and sporting a bulge in his pants that was obvious. Maybe he had thought it a nice sexy gift for Riggs, but it looked like he had gotten as much out of it as I had.

I was quiet, too, wondering how I was going to feel in the morning and also curious as to the subdued atmosphere in the apartment.

I was feeling great.

What was their problem?

Later in bed, Mitt took me, too. He was ravenously horny and kissed me endlessly.

I accepted him with everything I had, feeling the love I had for him in a special way. I did not think of Riggs as I shared passion with the man I loved.

If anything I only thought of our friend in relation to how earnest Mitt was taking and kissing me after the giving of the gift.

He didn't think I was dirty or a slut. He showed his love for me with an enthusiasm that transcended his usual good effort at sex.

When he finished in me – there was no way I could pull a third one out of my hat – he said, "Thank you for agreeing... and sharing. I think it really meant something to him."

"I hope he doesn't look at me weird, now."

"Nah, I don't think he will. For one night, he got to see what he had missed. I think he'll treasure that."

Now the fresh memories replayed in my head and helped me drift into a troubled sleep.

Christmas Day was muted.

I gave Riggs a hesitant peck on the cheek. His face felt slack and he didn't kiss me back. I turned away to hide the confused frown and furrow of my eyebrows.

He thinks I'm yucky. What happened?

He and Mitt played games on the PlayStation all day.

I wondered if it had all been a mistake.

I hid a lot in the bathroom, crying. It had been so... special. I had felt connected to him and now it was as if he had reached in and cut away a piece of my heart.

What was wrong with him?

What was wrong with me?

He got what he wanted and now I was an annoyance to him? Riggs didn't seem like the type to act this way.

Why was I feeling so hurt over it?

I knew why, though I asked myself why: I had wanted him to treat me different.

Better.

Closer.

I thought we had made a connection last night deeper than the sex. More meaningful than the act. I had felt something inside that was...

New.

Something wondrous.

I thought for a moment the previous night, I had seen that same light in his eyes... but then it had faded.

Didn't boys have any feelings?

Or was I making too much out of the sex? It was just supposed to be sex, after all and here I was...

Here I was, attaching meaning to it.

What meaning? What was I feeling? What was this strange and frightful force fucking over my mind? Was I just making too much of our friendship?

But why was Riggs seeming more distant now? Shouldn't he feel closer, like me? If he liked me as much as I liked him as a friend, why did he now seem more farther away?

That night in bed, Mitt asked if I wanted to see the video he had taken on the phone.

I tried not to sound petulant. "No." I failed.

"Why not?"

I rolled away from him. "Watch it yourself."

"Is something wrong?"

"I didn't think our gift was going to make him less of a friend."

"Less?"

"He was distant, all day."

"He was?"

I wanted to smother him with a pillow and forever end the chance we might produce another dense male into society.

I tried to sleep. I drifted a little hovering on the edge of dreams while thinking about Riggs in the other room.

Why? Why was he being so distant? Had I said something wrong?

Maybe that was it.

Maybe I had done something and not realized it.

Would he tell me?

Mitt was breathing deep sleep next to me.

I got out of bed, knowing he wouldn't wake up. He slept deep and unmoving most of the night.

It wasn't even midnight. Would Riggs be asleep? Reading something on his phone?

I walked out into the living room. It was dark and he wasn't reading. I stood there for a moment and moved closer.

He turned towards me, looking up when the floor gave me away. "Huh?"

I moved to him and knelt down beside him.

Inside, I began to tremble. Being near him was having a strange effect on me and constricting my throat.

"Stephie?"

"How did you know?"

"I can smell your perfume."

I wasn't wearing any, unless he meant my shampoo and body wash scents. I

swallowed hard. "Did I do something wrong...?"

He sat up, but we were just dim shapes in the darkness. "What do you mean?"

"I... thought I felt something... closer about you last night. But today you were really distant."

"I was distant?"

Oh, not this again. I swear my husband and Riggs could be brothers. Twin brothers. "Did I do or say something that upset you?"

"Not at all—"

"Because I feel like you're more distant to me now than before."

There was movement. I think he was shaking his head. He said, "No, I felt... very close to you." Something in his voice told me he was struggling.

I asked, "What's bothering you?"

"I... really... enjoyed my gift."

I heard it.

I... felt it... against the skin on my face: he was breathing heavier.

The newish something in me shifted again, from comfortable to daring. I felt my pulse quicken to a pounding drumbeat of excitement.

Do I dare?

I plunged my hand under his blanket and found his boxers. The hardness there was immediate, stiff, and obvious. I latched my fingers around it and squeezed. I moved my fingers as he gasped. I whispered, "Is this for me?"

His whisper was more guttural, forced. "I can't help it. You were..."

I stroked him through his boxers and then wriggled my fingers down into them to grip his cock directly.

He gasped and gave a shuddering sigh.

I jacked him, feeling the heat of his shaft.

He pulled my hand out. "I can't... We can't..."

I tried to get my hand back in.

He pushed my hand away. "Leave me alone."

I sat there for a moment stunned, as he rolled away from me and covered his head with the pillow.

I stood on numb legs and moved woodenly back to the bedroom.

Why had he turned me down?

CHAPTER 11

Tuesday morning, I was a mixture of intrigued and incensed.

I was fascinated that Riggs held something of the same feeling for me as I did for him. I had been right: there was something of a bond that reached into our friendship.

Maybe it had just been sex, but it had opened up something inside that might have never been felt if not for the act.

Sex had been the key that unlocked whatever it was locked away in my depths.

I was also angry that he was trying to hide or lock away whatever it was he felt and thus deny me in the process.

I had felt his erection. There was no mistaking it or misinterpreting it.

Why did he want to turn a cold shoulder to me?

Why did he want to shut me out when inner doors had been opened?

Wouldn't he want as a friend to explore how deep we could go?

I cornered him in the kitchen while Mitt was in the shower. "What was wrong with you last night? Why did you push me away?"

He glanced towards the short hall towards the bedroom. His look was intense and determined. "Don't you understand how hard it is to be around you now?" He motioned to his crotch.

"Well..." I was sort of at a loss for words. He had indicated something I had hoped for. "What's wrong with that?"

"The gift was great. It was fan-fucking-tastic. I loved every minute of it and I think the taste I got was torture."

"Why torture?" My pulse was racing and I was getting warm.

"Because it was a Christmas Eve gift. It was a slice of heaven I'll never have again, unless Mitt wants to gift you to me next year."

"He might go for it again next—"

His look was so fierce it silenced me. "The thing is, I want you again. And again. It's a force so powerful, I don't know how I'm standing here and not touching you."

Stunned, I said nothing. Meanwhile, my pussy became wet with excitement. I grabbed at his jeans, squeezing his bulge there.

He stopped me, though. "I can't do this Stephie. I can't do this to Mitt. I'm already a failure. How much of a loser would I be to take my best friend's girl from him?"

"But—"

"Don't you love him?"

"With all my heart."

"Then what are you doing right now? How much of a loser would I be to allow this?"

I let go and allowed his hand to push mine away. "But I feel..." My hand curled up at my chest. My eyes watered in frustration at not knowing what I was feeling; I only knew what I wanted.

I wanted to feel him in me again. And again. Yes, I wanted that.

I... needed that.

The bathroom door opened and I turned away.

So did he.

We pretended we hadn't just had a heated conversation filled with barely restrained lust. I could almost feel the cloud of desire in the air.

I set about preparing breakfast.

I left Riggs alone the rest of Tuesday, wondering about what we had said. Was it so bad I felt this way for Riggs? It wasn't like I didn't love Mitt.

My husband looked at me a few times during the day with a curious look on his face. I had been snippity with him the previous night over watching the video.

Maybe I should watch it with him later?

That was exactly what we did Tuesday night, although I wasn't sure what kind of effect it would have on me.

I found his recording too focused on details and not enough on our faces. I wanted to see the look on Riggs' face – on mine. I wanted to see our expressions that went along with the moans and gasps.

I stroked my husband and he was very hard.

When the video got to Riggs sticking it in me, it was all about the penetration. That was great – I remembered that, but where were our faces? I didn't want to see a jerky clip of a shaft sliding into a pussy – I could feel that by memory. What was on our faces?

I didn't remember and I missed that with Mitt's obsession with the physical penetration.

However, my hand was telling me he really liked what he was seeing. I asked, "You really like this?"

"Yeah, I'm glad I thought to record it. I need to send copies of this to my computer."

I felt a little embarrassed, but his erection was signaling me in other ways. "Do you... think we might make the same... gift next Christmas?"

He breathed with a frown for a moment, just watching the screen. "I don't know... maybe."

"Why not if you really like watching this?"

He exhaled loudly. "Once was great. It was a great gift, but I don't know if I want to share you like that."

Much ran through my head. How can you be so selfish? Don't I have a say? These things I couldn't say for fear of creating an argument. Doesn't Riggs have a say?

Instead, I concentrated on helping him enjoy the video. If he really liked it, wouldn't he want to see it again? The real thing? Or would the recording be enough? Would the video be the key to him never wanting it to happen again as he already had the recorded event to watch over and over again?

I climbed over him and slid down onto his erection. It felt good and hard as I slid down on it. I closed my eyes and thought of Riggs. Though I loved my husband, my thoughts were on the man lying on the couch out in the living room.

Our friend.

I squeezed my husband's shaft, trying to regain the feel of Riggs' cock in my memory. It had been good, but I knew I was going to need more.

Definitely.

I didn't want to cheat on my husband, I had to. I had to feel our friend again – every fiber of my being called out for it. My heart ached to be in his arms again.

Neither did I want to hurt Mitt. I loved him.

It would have to be in secret.

My pussy flushed with moisture as I rode him with more effort.

Yes, I will do it. I will be with him again.

CHAPTER 12

I went into Wednesday with a wide plan of attack.

I sat on Riggs' lap when Mitt was in the shower.

His surprise was muted and his eyes narrowed at me.

Instead of saying anything, I kissed him.

His response was instant, kissing me back. Maybe he thought kissing was safe. I drove the point home with my mouth that I was not going to let go.

Sometimes you had to do what you felt in your heart. Everybody always said to follow your heart, but when it came to situations like this, everyone disapproved.

So we weren't always supposed to follow our hearts. We were only supposed to do what other people expected.

How was that fair?

No, Mitt, I could understand. If he didn't want me and Riggs to be together again, then I was trespassing on the mutual understanding we had with each other. He was my husband and I owed him my loyalty.

But I was loyal. I didn't want to leave him for Riggs. I wanted both.

I broke the kiss breathlessly and got off him in a rush. I sat at his side and excitedly grabbed his hand with both of mine. "Hey..."

He licked his lips. "I think you got my attention with that kiss."

"No, no. Listen." I squeezed his hand. "You stay here with us and pay rent—"

"I don't have any money."

"Come train with my family to be a roofer."

"A roofer?"

"Sure, your career test mentioned physical activity. Baseball is outdoors and so is roofing. My parents would pick you up in a heartbeat."

"Because they feel sorry for me?"

I sighed. "They might, but if you were willing to learn... You'd be perfect."

He scratched his chin. "You really think they would?"

I bounced on the cushion. "Absolutely. It's not like you aren't suited for the work with that physique."

His eyebrow went up. "A roofer, huh?"

"We could ride together to work every morning."

His eyes shifted, moved to mine, and went still. He swallowed.

I said, "It would be perfect."

"Does Mitt know about this?"

"No, I just thought of it. You have no job and nowhere to go. You don't have to go anywhere; you can rent from us and work for my parents."

"If they hire me."

"Trust me, they will. Finding good help is hard. You would have to work, though."

"That doesn't scare me. Beats working at Walmart."

I squeezed his bicep in encouragement. "I'm going to call mom."

"Wait, what about Mitt?"

I laughed. "He'll think it's a great idea."

His tone was dubious. "Are you sure?"

I poked him in the chest and put my lips close to his. I breathed, "I know my husband..."

"All right..."

I bounced off the couch and picked up my cell.

"Stephie? Hi."

"Hey, mom."

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah, remember I told you Riggs was back?"

"Sure, honey."

"He used a career tester and found he would be good at physical activity like construction. Do you think you and dad could hire him on and train him?"

"Is that something he wants to do?"

"If you would hire him, yes. He likes the outdoors and is in great shape."

"I don't know; I'll have to talk to your father. He's outside right now trying to figure out why one of our light strings isn't working."

"Okay. Just text me back."

"Is everything else okay?"

"Yep, just that." We had already talked on Christmas Day.

"Okay, I'll let you know. Love you."

"I love you too, mom." I thumbed off.

Riggs was looking at me suspiciously. "How'd that go?"

Mitt walked out as he asked it.

I said, "She's going to ask my father."

My husband said, "Ask what?"

I announced, "Riggs can rent from us and work for my parents as a roofer. It's great money."

His eyebrows went up. "Sounds awesome." His face fell.

Riggs said, "What?"

"Oh, nothing. Was just all into having a separate room for the computers, but we can move them into our bedroom. It's not like it matters where they are."

I tried not to bounce. I tried not to grin. I failed at both.

CHAPTER 13

I teased Riggs relentlessly. I rubbed him whenever Mitt wasn't looking. I hugged him when my husband was looking.

I did the same to my husband as I usually did, but the secret gropes became a game.

I think the poor guy was going to have a breakdown.

Mitt had gone to the bathroom and I attacked Riggs from behind in the kitchen. I reached around and rubbed at his semi-hardness.

He sighed, shook his head, and said, "You are pure evil."

I giggled.

My cell phone chimed.

I let go of him and picked it up from the counter.

Lucy: Your father said okay if Riggs really wants to

Stephie: Great. Thanks mom

I gave Riggs a satisfied smile. "All set. I'll drive you in on Tuesday."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

"Wow... Wish I had gotten picked in the draft that fast."

I pouted a little. "The pay is really good."

He exhaled sharply. "Nah, I know. I need to move on and accept it. My fastball had to be towed to the plate."

Mitt was out. "It was faster than that."

"Just not fast enough."

He clapped Riggs on the shoulder. "We had fun in school."

"We did..."

"Keep the fond memories. Let's move forward."

I said, "Mom texted me back. They'll hire him."

My husband's face split into a wide grin. "Seriously cool."

Riggs relented with a laugh and hung his head. "You two aren't going to get sick of me?"

Mitt laughed. "Get the fuck out."

I was confident. "Never."

Unfortunately, they were on the PlayStation the rest of the day with only a few bathroom breaks. I sat in between them and leaned on one or the other as they played.

I think for all my teasing, it was me getting worked up.

I was going to have to do something about it or go crazy with lust.

Wednesday night I waited until Mitt was asleep and breathing deeply.

I went out to the living room.

Riggs' face was lit up by his phone as he read something. He looked over at me. He swiped at his phone and lit the flashlight.

I was illuminated and hid my eyes.

He grunted, "What do you want?" The light went out.

I knelt by the couch. "Things are... looking up for you."

"Thank you for the job."

"Oh, you'll do fine – and you'll earn it."

"Why do I get the idea—"

I interrupted him by sliding my hand under the covers. I found his package and worked my hand inside.

He sighed and let me.

I stroked him fully hard.

I said, "I think you deserve a little congratulations." I lifted the covers and moved my head to him, moving my mouth down over his cock.

He sighed again - on the tense side - but said nothing. His cock flexed in my mouth, expanding and plugging my mouth open.

I licked and sucked at the head and slid down as far as I could. I held my head there just short of gagging and sucked.

I felt him tremble.

I moved my head up and down and used my tongue to massage his shaft.

He groaned low and gasped.

I kept up a rotation of suck, tongue twirl, and hand jacking on the length of his shaft not in my mouth.

His cock continued to flex and it grew hot. He panted, then faster.

If I had been a gift to him for Christmas, I was being a gift again for what might be the start of success in his life. I wanted to express my happiness for him and I did it with my mouth.

His breathing became rapid and his trembles turned to violent quivers. His shaft swelled in my mouth.

I held my head still and sucked. His jets of cum squirted into my mouth and I

worked on getting it all down.

His fingers were in my hair and stroking and I swallowed it all.

I pulled off and wiped my lips.

He panted with evident relief.

I whispered, "You liked that." I leaned close to his face and said, "I dare you to deny it..."

CHAPTER 14

Thursday morning came with wicked thoughts. I showered before Mitt, as usual. I felt the water pressure dip as Riggs took his.

He had said he liked to be clean when people started coming out.

That worked perfect for me because that meant we were alone while Mitt was in the shower.

When I came out of the bathroom I made a point of stretching with my hands way over my head in front of my husband to display what I was wearing: long t-shirt and panties. I finished the yawn and blinked as if I was still sleepy.

He did not object to what I was wearing.

Now that he knew, he couldn't act surprised if he hadn't noticed. Neither did he say anything when I walked out into the living room and to the kitchen.

I silently willed Riggs to come out faster as my husband got up and got his clothes together.

Our bathroom door shut and I paced, waiting.

The second bathroom door opened and Riggs came out. I followed him into the computer room where he kept his duffels.

He looked at me with tension and interest.

I grabbed his hand and brought it forward up under my t-shirt. I pressed his fingers against my panties and encouraged him to rub.

His breathing accelerated and his fingers did as I bid them.

I unzipped his jeans and slid them down a little.

He tensed more. "What about Mitt?"

"He'll be in there for at least twenty minutes. He always is." I stroked his cock hard. "Kiss me."

He did, with almost no hesitation. His cock twitched in my hand.

While he was busy at my mouth, I moved forward and aimed the head of his cock at my panties. I rubbed the stiff shaft over my covered clit.

We both moaned.

I slid my panties aside with my other hand and brushed his hand out of the way. I rubbed his bare cock over my pussy, up and down.

He broke the kiss and gasped.

I put a finger to my lips and humped my hips forward. The helmet of his erection moved deliciously between my folds and I felt it getting wet with my juices.

He wasn't resisting.

I moved back and sat on my computer chair, spreading my legs. "Put it in. I want to feel you again. Hurry."

He was gasping with lust. "Okay... maybe just a little..." He bent his knees a bit and placed the head at my hole. He pushed and my chair rolled.

He straightened and removed his jeans.

I pulled my panties way over to the side. "Hurry."

Grabbing the back of the chair, he used his other hand to guide the head of his cock into my pussy. My hole stretched open around the head and he pushed his hips while pulling on the chair. His shaft slid in and filled me and I moaned with incredible relief.

I had so wanted this.

He buried himself in me completely and pulled on the chair with both hands. "Oh... that's so good..."

I whispered, "Do it Riggs. Fuck me."

"But you're Mitt's wife..."

"Do it. Just move your cock back and forth a little."

He was breathy. "Oh... yeah... okay..." He moved his hips and his cock slid back and forth through my pussy lips, emptying and filling my aching hole with his desire.

I had figured I could coax him and it worked.

He couldn't control himself. His mouth dropped open and he locked eyes with me.

"Do it."

With a big breath, he yanked the chair towards him and pushed his hips, driving his dick deep. He let out a moaning gasp and began yanking over and over. His muscles stood out on his arms and his face became intent as he hammered his shaft into my pussy.

The chair wasn't designed for fucking. It popped and squeaked and creaked as his balls slapped loudly onto my ass.

He groaned loudly, fucking me with every ounce of his strength.

I was driven fast up that wall of tension by his vigor and effort. It came fast and loomed so suddenly that I whimpered in anticipation.

I was cheating and my husband was behind the wall in the bathroom. I needed this and my wedding ring wasn't going to stop me. There was something about Riggs that made me do it.

I didn't need other guys. Those who flirted might get a smile from me, but I had no interest; I loved my husband. I really did. With Riggs, though, it was different. I had to have his cock in me. I had to kiss him. I had to feel him cum in me.

If my husband couldn't understand and didn't want to share, I was going to take it. I had to.

Riggs drove my chair all over the room, fucking me senseless.

My head flopped as the swell lifted me and gave me the release for which I craved. My pussy began to spasm – clenching on his thick cock with complete satisfaction.

He pounded harder, making the chair squeal in metallic and plastic protest. His slamming cock drove my aftershocks into a state of delirium so delicious that I missed the shower shutting off.

It didn't matter; he stifled his groan and shot copious squirts of hot cum directly against my cervix. He grunted and pulled on the chair, yanking hard on the back of it with each squirt.

He relaxed, his hard cock completely filling my pussy still, and heaved several sighs.

I smiled up at him. "That was good."

He chuckled as if in doubt of what he had just done. He shook his head. "I'm sorry... I lost control."

I showed him all my teeth in genuine joy. "I liked it. Can't wait for next time." I got up arranged my clothing. "I think I'll go start breakfast."

CHAPTER 15

Friday morning, Mitt was horny.

I was sore, but thankfully he didn't want sex – just oral.

"Want to watch the video?" he asked.

"How can I watch it if I'm blowing you?" I gripped his expanding shaft and licked at it.

"Oh, right..." He thumbed his phone and started watching it. "It's so fun to watch."

"Why?" I talked in between sucking and licks.

"You looked so beautiful with your mouth on his cock."

"You mean... I'm not beautiful without a cock in my mouth?"

"No, you know what I mean. More beautiful."

I hummed and bobbed my head.

He gasped, "Yeah, sexy..."

Maybe he was getting ideas. "Should I blow him some more?"

"Why? I already have a video."

Darn. If I kept at it, though, maybe he would... change his mind later? Hope filled me. "I really liked sucking his cock."

Mitt groaned and his hips thrust up. "You did?"

"It was fun and sexy. I liked kissing it."

He gasped and his cock swelled in my mouth.

I sucked hard and got him to finish. I swallowed and pulled off. "You aren't mad I liked it, are you?"

He panted heavily and blinked dreamily. "No, no, not mad. It wouldn't have been a good video if you didn't like it."

I got into the shower and wondered if he could ever accept his friend Riggs being with me – and not just as a gift.

If he had been willing to make a gift of me because we were liberated millennials, then shouldn't he be willing to share me with him at other times?

I needed to keep working on him because I knew the ache in my pussy would return with ravenous need for Riggs again. There was a connection now between us that could not be denied or wished away.

I so wanted Mitt to understand and allow it. His approval would be everything I wished for.

I got out of the shower and the bathroom as usual and went to the kitchen. I think Riggs was wondering if there would be a repeat of the previous morning.

Hiding my smile, I ignored him. See how it feels to want someone and not get them... I'm such a tease sometimes.

Mitt was happy all day, but Riggs kept looking at me. I wasn't happy that he was uncomfortable, I was happy that he wanted me as much as I wanted him – but we couldn't just tear off our clothes and fuck furiously on the floor in front of my husband.

Still, I wondered about my husband's video fetish. Was there promise there?

He had said he didn't want me blowing Riggs. Did that include...?

I suggested the first X-men movie for the end of the day.

Being agreeable, Mitt set up the DVD and Riggs sat on the couch.

I came out with a blanket and sat next to Riggs. "Share a blanket?" I was already draping it over him.

"Oh... sure."

As the movie started, I began stroking his thigh under the blanket.

After several minutes, he predictably began shifting around. I waited until Rogue made her appearance. I asked, "Are you...? Are you hard?"

He stammered, "Wh-what?"

"Oh, you like Rogue? Yes, you're very hard."

Mitt was looking, intense with curiosity at not seeing my hand.

I said, "My goodness you must be uncomfortable. If you like her, take it out and I'll help you with that."

He started to shake his head, but I gave him a stern look and a slight nod. He gave a couple looks over to Mitt on my other side and reached under to undo his jeans.

I said, "There you go. Now watch Rogue and I'll stroke you."

He pretended to watch the movie.

So did I, but I made a point of moving my hand dramatically up and down his shaft under the blanket.

I looked over and smiled at Mitt. "I guess he really likes her. Do you need some help, too?"

My husband acted as if the idea was beneath him. "No, no, of course not." He sniffed.

I stroked for several minutes before Riggs became so stiff I knew he'd blow any minute.

He gasped, "That's enough, or I'm going to end up cumming on the blanket."

I said with a sweet innocence, "Oh, okay."

I had introduced something for my husband to chew over. I planned to attack him in the morning.

CHAPTER 16

Saturday morning I woke Mitt with my fingernails trailing his arm.

He stretched and yawned, rolling from his side to his back.

I reached down and stroked my fingernails over his cock.

He was already half-hard and stiffened all the way in a few seconds. He hummed dreamily.

I said, "You didn't mind me helping out Riggs last night, did you?"

"Huh? No... I didn't know he had a thing for Rogue."

"I guess. I didn't think he was going to whip it out all on his own under the blanket."

He laughed. "Yeah, I don't think I would've either."

"Oh? Do you have a thing for Rogue?"

He snorted. "No."

"Oh, too bad, I guess. I had a free hand."

His eyebrows came down in thought and his breathing accelerated some.
"Actually, she did look pretty hot in the uniform."

"Oh?"

"I guess you could have..."

I smiled, not telling him how clever I thought I was at maneuvering him into stroking both of them at the same time.

Let him chew on that for a while. I said, "Do you want to finish?"

"It'd be a crime to leave me like this."

"Yeah... I sort of felt the same way about Riggs last night. I stroked him and left him on the edge. Guess I was mean. I offered a helping hand and then left him hanging." I laughed.

"That... is sort of mean. You probably should've finished him."

"Oh well, maybe next time."

"So... he was all erect under there?"

I nodded. "Fully. It was all hard and hot in my hand."

He moaned and pumped his hips.

I said, "Anyway, it was sort of nice."

"It was?"

"Sure. Maybe he thought I was just being nice while he looked at Rogue, but I like his cock. Feeling it in my hand is fun."

He groaned heavily and spurts of cum erupted from the end of his dick.

I jacked him slower, milking his shaft as he squirted. "I wonder what his cock feels like squirting in my hand?"

He cried out quietly, eyes squeezed shut, as another spurt came late and squirted onto his lower abdomen.

I said, "Well, I guess if I give you both a helping hand the next time we watch a movie, we'll need hand towels. I don't want to have to wash the blanket – which reminds me, I need to get up and do the laundry."

He was breathing quietly, his face in some zone of thought and concentration.

I didn't want to poke it too hard lest it burst the wrong way.

I took my shower, pondering the holiday developments.

My husband and I had felt it would be a nice gift for me to be with Riggs once. Reluctant at first, I was hooked as soon as he pumped in me about the third time.

Supposedly only a onetime thing, now I wanted more. Mitt also seemed disturbed in that he wanted to watch that video over and over. So he was affected, too, though I didn't know if he would turn off or turn on to the idea of me being with Riggs again.

I had a feeling if I could keep hinting and being bold with action like I had the previous night under the blanket, that he would go for it.

Mitt, however, was a stubborn guy. If he didn't think things were his idea, he could become a total wall.

I didn't want to cheat on my husband; I had to. There was no question about it. I certainly wanted him to embrace me with Riggs, but this was a fine line. If I came out and admitted I had fucked him again, there would be apartmentgeddon and probably result at the very least in the termination of the friendship between him and Riggs. More likely, the end of the marriage with me and I didn't want that.

It wasn't that I was a slut who couldn't keep my legs closed. We had known those in school, for sure. This was a case of finding something so deep and powerful between us that it couldn't be ignored.

Which was why I was cheating.

I... loved Riggs.

Even standing in the hot shower as I rinsed off, I felt the chills of certainty.

I don't think I loved him like I did Mitt – that was something far deeper and more meaningful. What I felt for Riggs wasn't as strong, but was a force of its own nevertheless.

To turn away from Riggs was unthinkable.

To turn away from Mitt was even worse.

Instead of bolstering my bravery in the bathroom, my thoughts brought on a

depression driven by desperation.

How was I supposed to make this work?

Could I even make it work?

Tears formed in my eyes in self-pity.

I was not – not – one who thought everything sucked and was doomed. Emo? Me? No. No, but I had never faced the likes of this dilemma before.

I came out of the bathroom quiet, face flushed but dry.

Mitt kissed me on the way to his shower.

I lifted the laundry basket and went out into the living room. Riggs was already there and he eyeballed the basket.

His eyebrows shot up. "Oh, I need to do some."

I shrugged. "Get your laundry and I'll show you the way."

He got up. "I can borrow some detergent?"

"Sure." I grabbed up the detergent bottle from the closet and waited.

I led him to the laundry room in silence.

Some places made you pay to use the machines. Our complex didn't. I handed him the detergent bottle when he needed it.

I sat on the washer holding one of my loads.

He sat on the bench facing me.

I was in my long t-shirt with panties and bra, but I didn't flash him. No point in teasing him when we were somewhere we couldn't do anything about it.

He said, "I thought Mitt was going to freak out when you offered to handle me last night."

"Yeah, I took a risk there. He told me this morning that I could handle you both on the next movie."

"You know I don't like Rogue, right?"

I shrugged. "Rogue, Storm, Jean Gray – I don't care. I just wanted to get my hand on your cock."

"You seem troubled this morning. Is everything okay?"

I searched his face. Would I be a fool to admit I loved him? What if he didn't love me back? Maybe I was over-reading everything. I said, "I just... don't like keeping secrets from Mitt."

His face fell. "Neither do I."

"He likes watching that video, you know."

"He does?"

"I sucked him off to it—"

He laughed.

"I didn't think it was a laughing matter."

He wiped his nose. "No, it's not that, but he came watching it?"

"Yeah."

"Then he really likes it."

Some dumb bitch came into the laundry room and scowled at us.

Our conversation would have to wait.

Riggs said, "He really doesn't mind me rooming with you guys?"

"Nope. He likes the idea. Friends together forever? Endless games of Far Cry?"

"I really appreciate all you're doing for me."

"You're our friend, Riggs. We need to stick together."

His eyes shifted to the dumb bitch and he twisted his lips together – obviously wanting to say something and not being able to.

Mitt walked in a moment later. "Need any help?"

I said, "I need a hug."

I swear, the dumb bitch snorted.

He gave me a hug and I held him close.

I was comforted, but I looked at Riggs over his shoulder.

I wanted a hug from him, too.

Did I detect that same longing in his eyes?

CHAPTER 17

I sat on the couch and wondered where to put all the Christmas decorations. Without a doubt, if all the lights and ornaments had produced the magic of this holiday, then it was all worth it.

Mitt and Riggs were busy moving the computer desks into the living room.

I had offered to help, but they just said I'd be in the way. Would I be in the way when they needed their dicks jerked during a movie? Maybe they could just jerk each other.

I pouted, but not about being left out. Work was a few days away.

Back to the grind.

Even though I looked forward to driving Riggs into work, there was a yearning that would not be ignored.

Sunday was a lot nicer, if in the morning.

When I came out of the shower and Mitt went in, Riggs was waiting for me.

He stopped me in the living room with hunger in his eyes. "Tell me you want me."

"What?" I swallowed, stunned by his assertiveness.

He came close and looked down at me with those intense eyes. Instead of saying anything, he grabbed me into a hug and kissed me forcefully.

His mouth mashed to mine and ignited within me my own passion and desperation. I clung to him, kissing him back.

I was swept away with it, losing my control and poise.

He spun me around and forced my head down – my hips against the arm of the

couch. He reached under my t-shirt and yanked down my panties.

I was instantly wet.

The pressure against my pussy lasted only a half a second before his shaft was driven into me with such force the couch moved.

I cried out in surprise at the sudden assault. I was stuffed full in an instant, his hot shaft filling me so perfectly that I groaned.

He didn't savor the insertion. He brutally pounded me from behind, driving his dick in so fast and deep that I was moaning loudly from the ferocity of the assault. He kept my head forced down onto the cushion and fucked me so hard the couch moved along the creaking floor.

He yanked my head up by the hair. "Are you liking this?"

"Yes!" I was panting, on the edge of orgasm.

He growled and pounded into my pussy.

I teetered on the edge, tilting slowly back and forth.

His first spurt deep inside knocked me over the edge. I clamped on his pulsing cock and ground my teeth together as my orgasm tore through me. His squirts sent scalding seed into my deepest parts.

I shuddered on the couch, panting quietly as the initial strong burst of my orgasm settled into weaker waves of release.

He pulled out.

I slowly got up and steadied myself. Overwhelmed by his ardor, I merely blinked at him and said, "Wow, where did that come from?"

"You deserved it, you tease."

I put on an arrogant air. "Oh, I'm a tease now?"

He didn't take the bait – he knew me too well. "I can't help it around you. I want to tear your clothes off and give you what you need."

I straightened my clothing. "Listen, I've been thinking about tonight."

Still raw from his exertion, he was brutally simple. "What?"

"I'm going to suggest a movie. For New Year's Eve."

His eyebrow twitched. "Okay."

I laid out my plan.

He was dubious, but I wasn't. Maybe he didn't know Mitt as well as he thought he did.

Maybe I didn't.

All I knew was that I had to keep pushing – prodding. I needed to corner Mitt and make him think.

I watched them play games most of the day until dinner. After that was the movie.

He set up the movie Hunger Games while I arranged the blanket over myself and Riggs. I left enough for my husband to snuggle in on the other side.

I wondered if I was going too far.

I wondered if the warm need in my chest for Riggs was really love.

I also wondered if I was destined to fail.

Was the failure Riggs had known all his life contagious? Or was it a moving miasma of misery that decided to change hosts every now and then?

Was Riggs destined for success while I began to fail?

I almost chickened out.

Riggs rescued me from my reservations by shifting around under the blanket. "She's not as beautiful as you, Stephanie, but she's still kind of sexy."

I knew I had to go through with it. In my separate talks, they both now expected

me to play along.

Mitt looked around me. "Yeah, she strikes me that way, too." He said it to him, but I knew he was hinting to me.

I gave in, resigned to plowing forward into...

Victory? Defeat? Game over?

I think I've cornered myself, not them.

I said, "All right, get them out and I'll give you guys a hand."

They shifted around under the blanket. I might have laughed in any other situation, but two men I loved now had their cocks available for stroking.

I reached out and took them both in my grip. I slowly masturbated them to the girl in the movie.

The odd thing was I knew Riggs wasn't excited by Jennifer Lawrence. He had never talked about her. His excitement for Rogue a couple nights back was also feigned due to what my hand had been doing on his thigh. Neither did my husband make much comment in the way of getting stroked while looking at other girls.

Still, I grew warm and wet.

Both of them were hard and throbbing, but I didn't think it was the girl in the movie.

Riggs was the first to begin struggling not to be too excited. He was panting heavily and let out a small moan.

That was the cue we had agreed on.

I slowly leaned over to my husband and whispered in his ear, "I forgot the hand towels. Should I finish him?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"No..." I glanced towards Riggs and back as if to make sure he wasn't listening.

I mouthed to my husband, "In my mouth..."

His eyebrows twitched up and his cock flexed in my hand. He gave the barest of nods.

Success, part one.

I leaned over to Riggs and moved my head under the blanket. I placed my mouth over his shaft and sucked down with greed.

He let out a loud moan and flexed his hips upward.

I don't know if he and my husband were sharing looks, but Mitt wasn't saying anything.

I bobbed my head up and down and caressed his shaft with my tongue. I felt him swell and expand and I moved my mouth up to his helmet. I sucked hard, swallowing his fast, hot spurts.

I came up, exposing his cock. I licked my lips while looking at Mitt. "I think I should finish you, too."

His eyes were bright and his breathing heavy. "Okay."

I exposed him and began sucking down on his shaft.

That was cue for Riggs.

He waited a few seconds and said to Mitt, "She's done a lot of work. Do you mind if I finger her while she finishes you?"

My husband's cock flexed in my mouth. He said in a quavering voice, "Go for it."

I hummed happily when his fingers touched my panties and pulled them aside. My pussy split open for his fingers and he worked them around my labia, opening, and clit as if he were petting them.

I hummed loudly on my husband's cock. I knew that can drive a man wild and I played it up. I pulled off and panted as if trying to get air. I used my hand to rub

Mitt's erection all over my face, kissing and licking at it – while I was being fingered by Riggs.

I hope you're getting the picture...

I groaned heavy with lust and sucked him down as if ravenous. I jacked his cock and sucked the head, moaning and humming on him like I was about to cum.

I wasn't.

Nope, too nervous.

I needed this to go right.

Mitt had to be nudged just so, or he would go all turtle in his stubborn shell and that would be the end of it.

On a whim, I lifted off and twisted up. I grabbed the back of his head and kissed him.

He was surprised and stiffened, but his tongue made a hesitant exploration of my mouth. He was tense for a moment, then relaxed.

I moaned into his mouth from the fingering.

His kiss grew more normal and his cock flexed dramatically in my hand.

I went back down on him, sucking him in and bobbing fast.

He groaned with release and his cock spurted up into my mouth.

I pulled off when he was done and rested his shaft against my face. I hummed with contentment and said, "I guess I shouldn't forget the hand towels next time."

Mitt said to Riggs, "I don't know, dude. Hand towel or that mouth?"

Riggs coughed in disdain. "Oh man, nothing beats her mouth. Are you kidding?" He was still fingering me.

I sighed happily, but I knew I wasn't going to finish. I sat up and removed his hand. "Thank you, that felt very nice."

Both sat with their cocks exposed.

I reached out and petted both at the same time.

Were my efforts going to be enough?

CHAPTER 18

Monday morning I was talking to Mitt in bed before getting up. "Do you have a thing for Jennifer Lawrence?"

He chuckled. "Nope. I just wanted in on the action. That was hot."

I had to appeal to his masculine pride. I hoped I was picking the right thing to say. "Were you serious about finishing in my mouth and not the hand towel?"

He looked at me as if I was crazy. "Uh, yeah, duh? Did you hear Riggs? Guys don't kid around about that kind of stuff."

"I didn't know if you were just humoring me to make me feel good."

He laughed. "Uh, no."

"If we watch any more movies and you guys need... a hand, I think I'll do it with the blanket off. It got super hot under there sucking Riggs."

"Aw, I'm sorry."

"It wasn't your fault. Unless... You're not threatened by the sight of his thing, are you?"

He blew a raspberry. "No. Why would I be?"

"I know, right? He's your friend. You shouldn't be."

He grunted.

I got up to take my shower and let him think.

I certainly wasn't doing any thinking. My vacation was over tomorrow and the glum reality set in.

Back to work.

Back to my desk job with the spiders.

Would Riggs work out?

If he didn't, where would he go?

That prospect – the potential loss – unsettled me as well.

That was my Monday.

Tuesday made the last week seem like a total fantasy.

Mitt was going back to learn welding and earn his certificate.

I was going back to log frantic calls for roofing help – as was usual after time off.

Riggs was going to begin learning roofing.

At least he rode with me Tuesday morning – he still didn't have a car.

If anything he was the one that seemed the most eager. Maybe he saw it as the start of something new. Instead, I saw it as the end of our vacation opportunity.

My father and Riggs shook hands. "I'm sorry to hear about your baseball future. We saw you once pitching. I thought you were great."

Riggs looked down at his feet. "My fastball wasn't fast enough and the control didn't put me over the edge, I guess..."

"Ready to learn roofing?" My father's eyes went into judgment mode.

"Show me everything you can."

His stare turned into a crinkly-eyed smile bursting with satisfaction. "That's what we like to hear." He patted Riggs' shoulder.

I was sitting, half-listening and half looking for spiders.

My mother laid a hand on my shoulder. "I'll be back in our office going over the schedule. Bring the messages as soon as you get them all."

"Yes, mother."

She squeezed my shoulder.

There were twelve messages, three from the same, frantic caller.

If it hadn't been Tuesday, I would've sworn it was Monday.

I wanted to make everything work by sheer willpower.

Was it possible?

If there was no will, there was no way?

Isn't that what athletes did before everyone started getting trophies?

I didn't see any spiders larger than a thumbtack. Maybe they were all sleeping in the chill.

As the hours slipped away towards quitting time, I wondered if the last week had been something never to be repeated: a special thing for Christmas.

I knew Mitt and he didn't seem the sharing type. He might be turned on over his video, but who didn't like porn? Even I looked at porn. Mitt's idea of porn was tits. He liked the moving gifs that showed big globes rubbing together.

I didn't know what Riggs liked, or if he even did.

Was I going to hit a brick wall at anything further? Now that we were back to work, was the fantasy over? Would Mitt stop everything at handjob with mouth finishes while watching some movie?

He had let Riggs finger me, but I had been too nervous to even come close to finishing.

I wanted everything to...

Go right.

Be happy.

I loved my husband and I also loved Riggs. I had pushed hard and knew I was stretching the boundaries of Mitt's limits. He liked the video, he liked the movie jacking. But I could tell things were stretching with him.

If I didn't let off, things were going to snap.

My parents came in and so did Riggs.

I handed the messages to my mother and watched as my dad and Riggs went into the planning office and filled out paperwork.

Apparently, Riggs had done well enough to get hired and they were getting the paper formalities out of the way.

That was a small, bright hope for the day.

In the car on the way home, I asked, "How did the work go? Did you like it?"

He shrugged. "It was hard work. They had me stripping off old roofing. Learned how to use a roofing shovel."

"Do you think you can handle it?"

"Handle it? Sure. Easy. Not an issue there."

"So it's something you can stick with?"

"It isn't baseball, but I won't be playing baseball anyway. Yeah, I think I can stick with it – especially with the pay. Eleven bucks an hour to start is pretty okay."

"Are you going to do the certification?"

"Right now, no. I think I'd like to get a good feel for the job. Maybe next year think about it."

"My father would eventually give you your own crew."

"Yeah, he mentioned that."

I changed the subject. "Are you... happy about all this?"

"The job? Sure."

"No... being able to stay with us?"

His eyes changed in an instant. They were weary from work, but warmed in a way that made my knees weak. "If it means being near to you, yes."

I pulled into an office parking lot and parked behind a wall of shrubs that blocked the view from the street.

"What are you doing?" He looked around.

I turned off the car and pulled him to me for a kiss.

Again, an instant change in him. His arm shot around my shoulders and pulled me half over into his lap.

Our kiss was insanely intense and the heat and wetness in my pussy grew into an ache and anxiety. My skin vibrated as my body trembled in his arms.

I wanted him.

I looked all around the car and unbuttoned my jeans.

His eyebrows lifted.

I said, "Get those down and scoot down. I want to feel you..." I was panting with need. My pussy was driving my actions as if I were a petty puppet on strings.

When his cock was out and standing up, I moved over him and straddled. "Scoot down farther... My knee won't..." There was so little room for doing this in a Subaru.

He grunted. "Lift up. Let me put my leg over the..." He lifted his leg to clear the center console and pushed me upwards. My head hit the roof.

"Ow."

"Sorry. Okay... Try it now."

The back of my head hurt, but it wasn't that hard of a hit. I blinked away the pressure and settled down. His cock pressed up into my pussy and I slid down on it until I was seated on his lap and his cock was filling my emptiness.

I let out a long sigh and gripped him around the neck.

He said, "Isn't Mitt going to wonder where we are?"

"We were delayed by your paperwork," I gasped. I moved on him, savoring the wonderful fit in my pussy. I was stretched and filled, the pressure so perfect that I whimpered with pleasure.

If this was all I could ever get of Riggs, then this was what I was going to have to do.

I would have to be happy with this.

I sensed that limit with Mitt. Anything further was going to have to come from... him...

I moved on Riggs, humping my hips back and forth in a hurry, but my mind had thought of something devious.

Dangerous.

It could easily blow back and ruin much, but I would still have this.

I wanted to finish Riggs so I could go back to driving. I very much enjoyed what I was doing, but my excitement at the prospect of a new avenue of experimentation was driving me on.

I moved fast, wanting to feel his cum. I said, "I love you, Riggs."

He gasped, his cock expanding inside me. "I... love you too, Stephie. I think I... always have."

I clutched him tight and squeezed. I moved my hips faster on him. "Cum in me; I want to feel it. I want it in me."

He was stuck on talk. "What about Mitt?"

I stopped moving long enough to say, "I love him. I love my husband, and it's tearing me apart doing this... but..."

I had been taught throughout school there was no right or wrong when it came to love.

I bit my lip and said it, "I want both of you. I love both of you and I can't... live without either of you. Is that something bad, or something you didn't want to hear?"

He squeezed me gently. "It was more than I could ever have hoped for, Stephe." His hips moved as much as they could and I moved with him.

His face was flushed with a fine sheen of moisture. His breaths were sharpening and his cock flexing in my pussy.

"Give it to me. Give it all to me."

His eyes unfocused and he groaned with tension – and then release. His hot spurts shot up into my pussy.

I milked him with my hips until he had emptied everything into me. I clutched his head and whispered, "I want you... as often as possible."

I panted on him, wanting to finish, but was too energized to do it in this position.

CHAPTER 19

I drove the rest of the way home, talking with animation. "Mitt is super stubborn."

"I know."

"I think I've pushed him as far as I can. If I push any more, we might lose the ground we've gained. No more handjobs, blowjobs – nothing."

"What did you have in mind?"

"It has to come from him, but can't be pushed by me. So it has to be you."

"What do you think I should do?"

"Admit that I turn you on. That you don't want to hurt me or him. Maybe that you really look forward to blowing in my mouth if you can't have my pussy."

"Hmm... like maybe I should get a girlfriend, too."

I didn't like that idea, but something like that might prod my husband. "I'm going to suggest a movie tonight and then feign an upset stomach after getting you both in the mood and exposed. Talk to him then."

His eyes scanned the parking lot of the apartment building without really looking for anything. Whatever he was seeking was inside his head. "Okay."

I made nachos for dinner – my own homemade type without all the packaged goop.

Mitt and Riggs talked work.

Maybe we were really getting older. Our parents used to do this all the time. I had been eighteen for seven months now.

Seemed like years.

I was warm and tingly, and charged for something... but the anxiety took away the best part of it all: anticipation.

I didn't know what to expect; I merely had hopes.

We sat to watch the new Baywatch movie with the Rock starring - lots of revealing swimsuits. The two guys were going to be devastated when I played sick.

I wanted this to be more than jacking them to some sluts on screen – I wanted this to be about me.

About us.

When Mitt sat down with the remote, I said, "Might as well get comfortable now... And I think I'm going to like what I see, too." I reached under and unbuttoned my jeans. I slid them down. They did also.

What surprised me the most of what was happening was the arrival of Mitt's fingers to my pussy. I had thought Riggs would be first.

As I stroked both to hardness with relative ease, I wondered what my husband's fingers meant. Was he a more eager participant? Or was he finger-blocking Riggs?

I got both worked up and flexing in my hands.

I made my excuse. "Ugh, sorry, guys. I don't feel so well. I think I'm... going to be in the bathroom..." I rose, taking the blanket to the floor with me. I hitched up my jeans and groaned.

I scurried from the room.

I didn't look back, but I knew I left them both sitting there with cocks jutting straight up.

I wasn't going to know anything until later, and I made sure I parked in the bathroom with the expectation of staying in there for an hour or more.

At one point – maybe ten minutes into the wait - there was a knock and Mitt's

voice. "Are you all right?"

"I think so; I'm sorry. I'm just toilet-sitting." I was, but the lid was down. "I think it was one of the pickles I tried in the fridge... maybe they're going bad or something."

I heard him groan.

He walked away muttering about the date on the jar.

If the cost of a small pickle jar let me off the hook, it was worth it.

I came out after an hour and begged off the movie. "I'm sorry guys, but I think I'm going to go to bed..."

They were all buttoned up, blanket folded and relaxing on the couch. How long had they sat with their dicks out? Not more than the fifteen minutes before Mitt had asked about my condition.

Enough time to look at each other and realize how integral this all was? Had they talked?

I didn't look to Riggs for any signs; I just turned and went to bed.

The bad part of my plan was that Mitt came to bed more concerned about how I felt than what they might have talked about.

Had Riggs chickened out?

I wasn't to find out until Wednesday morning. I got up a little early to use the bathroom and came out to crawl back in bed for a half hour.

Mitt was ready for me. "You feeling okay?"

I nodded. "Whatever it was passed. Bad pickles, maybe?"

"I checked the date; they're good until June."

"We're passed June."

"Of 2019."

I feigned confusion. "Huh. Well, maybe something else then. It seemed to hit and leave, anyway. I feel normal this morning."

His face crumpled in thought.

Was this it? Was I about to hear his thoughts on...?

He said, "What do you think of Riggs moving out?"

I blinked, and a level of panic rose within me that was probably too high for husband and wife chatter. I said, "I don't want him to leave; I love Riggs – and I mean that. Not like the love I have for you, but something deeper than just a friend."

He considered me, his head nodding slowly. "He said he loves you, too, but worse, he can barely stand being around you."

"But why?"

"He says you make him a walking hard-on. Ever since he had you at Christmas, it's all he can think about. He even offered to find a girlfriend."

"I'm flattered..."

"He said he's barely been able to keep his hands off of you."

"Oh..."

"Stephie, I know you were reluctant with all this at first, but did you think being a gift for Riggs hurt you in any way?"

"No..."

"Then, do you think it's something you can do again?"

"You mean, being a gift?"

He pursed his lips and blushed. "I hope you don't think I sound crazy, but I was thinking more like our personal goddess. When I watch that video, I realize that you're my favorite porn star."

"Porn star?"

"More than that, obviously, but sitting out there on the couch and watching movies like we have makes me feel silly for thinking the video is a great way to get hot for sex. I don't need that when we have you."

"What do you want me to do as a 'personal goddess'?"

"Would you be with both of us at the same time?"

I wanted to smile, but I needed to know what he meant. "Like a one-time thing?"

His lips twitched to the side. "No, more like... any time?"

The panic reversed course and burst inside with a bubble of joy so big I thought my heart would burst. I needed just a little more wriggle to completely cement this. I touched his chest. "You know I love you and would never want you hurt."

He nodded.

"If you think this is something we can do for love between all of us, then yes. Yes, I will do this for us."

His lips split into a relieved grin so wide I thought his face would split open. He rested the back of his wrist over his eyes and laughed as if having escaped disaster.

I said, "What's wrong?"

His laughter rumbled out until he gave little fits and starts. "You don't know how much I worried you wouldn't go for it."

"Worried?"

"For days, it's all I could think about, but I didn't think you wanted to be our personal porn star. I thought you'd say no way."

"You've wanted to talk about this?"

He nodded. "After seeing the video the day after, I realized how much I liked it. I tried to be satisfied with it, but I ended up wanting to do it again. To be there. To

participate. To be everything we could be together – all three of us."

I laid my head on his chest, sad at my own reluctance at first, and also my suspicion of Mitt after. "I'm your wife. Don't ever be afraid to talk to me."

His hand stroked my hair. "I won't."

"And I now have a confession..." My heart thumped hard in my chest. I had to do it.

"Oh?"

"Riggs hasn't actually been able to keep his hands off me. Or maybe I should say, I haven't been able to keep my hands off him."

"I've seen you on the couch; I mean, I know what's going on—"

"No, I mean, we couldn't control ourselves after the first time. We have done it since then and I've been searching for the right time to admit it."

He was quiet for a few moments and then chuckled. "And I was so worried you wouldn't go for it. I guess we have a lot to learn about each other." His arm squeezed me to him.

EPILOGUE

Wednesday evening was our big experiment. I spent a quiet day at work, subdued, and silently hopeful.

Riggs and I talked animatedly on the way home, both of us expressing relief that progress appeared to have been made.

It was natural that three close friends should be close – that three very close friends should be very close.

While the two guys showered after work, I made a fast and small dinner. Excited as I was, I was certain my husband was too. Even if I wasn't hungry, Mitt and Riggs worked physically demanding jobs.

I got a cheek kiss from both at dinner for having thought to serve something before we got together.

I was escorted to the bedroom afterwards.

My world cocooned me in a wrap of warmth and fuzzy numbness. I was in a fantasy world where my two princes unclothed me as if I were a goddess.

My body responded to their worship with aching nipples and wet pussy.

They took their own clothes off until dicks dangled in sight.

I took a ragged breath of happiness and let it out.

Mirror looks of desire and love were worn by both and I shivered at their approach.

My husband kissed me first, embracing me with just a hint of stiffness.

Nervous at performing in front of his friend?

He gave me the most loving look, then turned me to Riggs.

Another kiss took me and having them so close together from the two men I loved was heavenly. I was warm all over.

Something of a discussion ensued after.

Riggs motioned to Mitt. "You first? Right of marriage?"

"Nah, you first, right of guest."

I suppressed a smile, and fortunately they didn't make a conversation out of it.

Riggs lowered me to the bed and moved his mouth to my pussy. His wet tongue slid up my clit and sent waves of serenity flowing through me. Each twist, swirl, and sweep of his tongue was a soothing caress.

Relaxed and reveling in the worship he was giving me, the tension of need twisted tighter within me. The coil wrapped compact and offered the promise of a blissful release.

I squirmed as his tongue delivered delicious tingles up and down my lips and clit. I moaned with satisfaction and approval.

He moved up, trailing his tongue over my skin until he reached a nipple. He toyed at it, teasing it with his tongue until it was hard and aching.

I was worked up, writhing on the bed with want. Give me.

The press of his helmet against my pussy was welcome. The push produced that satisfying stretching. His shaft filled the opening of my pussy and slid in, plugging me open with his thick erection.

He sighed and pushed faster, sliding it all the way in.

I clutched his arms and raised my hips. I let out a satisfied sigh. I squeezed his shaft inside me with my muscles and he flexed in return.

He lowered himself on me and kissed me, his cock deep and secure.

My soul soared with contentment.

As much as I was complete with the cock and kiss of my Mitt, I was also

completed with the same given by Riggs. It was different, in a way, but just as fulfilling.

I would never give this up. Neither of them.

He lifted up after a moment and began pumping, moving his shaft back and forth, in and out of me. His cock slid easily in my wet pussy and I accepted every thrust from him with a lifting of my hips.

He whispered, "You are so wonderful..."

What a nice thing to say... I smiled my satisfaction at him as if a supreme being pleased at the accolades from someone of lesser stature.

However, Riggs was not of lesser stature. He was fully an equal here, even if I loved him in a different way from my husband.

Mitt crawled next to my head and offered me his dick.

I was delighted. I took his cock into my mouth while Riggs plowed my pussy. The connection tickled my heart and an enormous sensation of love swept over me, numbing my senses and hearing.

I sucked greedily on him, wanting to deliver to my husband all I could while Riggs gave me his manhood.

The connection was secure and I was launched higher with each deep thrust from my lover. I transmitted that love through my mouth and tongue to my husband. The tighter that twisting in me became, the more voraciously I lavished his cock with my mouth.

Riggs said to me, "You are so beautiful..."

My husband chuckled. "With my cock in her mouth?"

"Especially."

It reminded me of what my husband had said the previous week.

I knew then everything was going to be all right.

Riggs pumped faster and began trembling. His cock expanded inside me and scalding hot splashes burst forth inside me, plastering my cervix with the surrender of his seed.

He leaned down and kissed my ear as I sucked my husband. His whisper was hot and breathy, "I love you."

I wanted to cry because I felt his words more than heard them.

He withdrew and so did my husband.

Eager, he climbed between my legs.

I didn't think he was fast enough. I was close – on the edge. "Hurry, get inside."

"I know; I've been looking forward to this." He put the head at my open entrance and shoved. His eyes opened in surprise and his mouth dropped open as he went all the way in. "Oh... whoa..."

I wrapped my arms and legs around him – as if protecting him from underneath. I wasn't going to let go.

He panted, "This is... fantastic. So hot in there... and wet."

His cock was flexing and swelling inside me as if it were about to blow. I said, "You like feeling his cum in there?"

He gasped, "Yeah, it's like tickling my cock with tingles..." He gasped again and began moving.

I said, "Don't be gentle. Show me how much you love me, husband."

Mitt laughed in gasps and settled down. He began driving hard with strokes fiercer than a Viking stabbing his sword. The sounds of his cock in my pussy were very wet.

I took each slamming stroke with an increasing level of bliss and heat. Above me was the guy I'd married – the man to whom I had pledged my love.

Yes, it was.

It was... perfect.

As if lifted in my soul, I reached heights so dizzying I was gasping for breath. That coiled spring busted loose. The tension exploded outwards. The fire blossomed inside me with such a sublime and slow onset that I was blown away by the lava and fury of the developing orgasm.

It started soft and ended with panting screams.

No, there was no way I was ever going to give this up.

I had been regifted and I was the better for it.

I was their goddess.

Thank you for reading Regifted. I hope you enjoyed it!

For similar stories by Laran Mithras in the Menage theme, check out these titles:

Loaning Her To My Boss – the boss is there on their wedding night

Another Man to Confuse Me – a woman is torn between two lovers with a decision she can't make

It's Not Cheating – if there's no penetration! She tests that boundary, hard

My Wife's Christmas Tradition – wife made a promise to another man

Caught Between Them – a sexy ménage of misunderstanding

Wishing Every Day was Christmas – her friend's husband begins the chase

Making a Menage – a wife finds satisfying refuge with her gay friends