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Open House Hotwife

First Time Hotwife With Her Older Boss

Tinto Selvaggio

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By Tinto Selvaggio

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Book Description

He's the last kind of guy I ever expected my wife to go for. The type who could start turning my Latina wife, Kim, into the hotwife I always dreamed she might be.

Malcolm's her boss. A guy who works for her Dad's firm, too. He's a big bald dude, years older than Kim. And even though so far they've only got into a little petting and kissing together, I can't stop thinking about it, and even imagining her doing more.

Even though Kim always said she never could. That was before, though. And now she and I keep talking about it all the time.

We have a family, though, so there's a lot at risk. Much more than when I first started having this fantasy.

But if he pushed my wife to do more, would she? Would she break her own promises and go all the way with another guy? Could it even turn from a solitary episode into an 'affair'?

And would I honestly stand back and let any of that happen?

This is a c. 32k+ word full-size ebook novella of hotwife sharing erotica. An adventure, written from the husband's point of view, it contains explicit descriptions of sexual action and other activity, including wife sharing, voyeurism, and cuckolding. Only mature adults who won't find that offensive should read this cuckolding. Only mature adults who won't find that offensive should read this.

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Chapter One

Gabe

Fresh snow crunches under my boots as we follow the winding path through Marbett Woods. Each footstep is a brittle crunch that cuts through the hush only briefly, before being swallowed by the white stillness. All four of us are wrapped up warm. The air is crisp and clean, carrying that sharp scent of pine and winter. Up ahead, one of the kids let out another sharp shout of excitement that echoes through the leafless trees. Little Leah's bright corn-colored coat bursts back into view against the pristine white landscape. It's followed at speed by Harrison in his even smaller red one. And alongside me, my wife Kim laughs.

I should be fully present in what I guess some might call an idyllic family moment. But my mind won't allow it. My dark river of thoughts keeps running back to *that* Friday afternoon.

"Look how high I can kick the snow, Daddy!" Harrison shouts, flinging a powder cloud with his boot.

"Wow! That's great, buddy," I call back with a grin, forcing enthusiasm into my voice while my thoughts remain anchored to the image of my wife in that strange bedroom with her hand and fingers grasping another man.

That hand today is gloved, but I take it in mine again and glance at Kim. She smiles back at me, her cheeks flushed pink from the cold.

The same pink that colored her when she was with Malcolm.

Steam puffs from her lips with each breath, a ghost of how those same lips parted when he kissed her.

My chest tightens some more.

She looks effortlessly cute in her black beanie hat, though. A snug knit that frames her face. It draws the eye to her Latin features: her almond-shaped eyes, that unexpected

avocado green with gold flecks. Flecks you can only detect when you get up close to my wife. Like *he's* been. Her long and luxuriant dark brown hair spills out from under the hat in loose waves around her shoulders. She's undeniably as beautiful as ever. Maybe somehow *more so*, because of what I know she's done. And even a navy puffer jacket can do little to conceal the striking length of her legs in denim.

Her gloved hand slips free of mine, and she goes to the kids. I gaze at the back of those tight jeans as they cradle the curves of her rounded butt.

"You're quiet, Gabe," she calls back at me, "Everything okay?"

"Uh-huh," I nod, "Just enjoying the scenery."

She doesn't answer, but she's crouched down with the kids at a little clearing on one side of the path, inspecting something they've found.

Kim and I have talked about what happened that afternoon, of course. Talked *outside* of bed, I mean. Several times since. And I've said what I hope are all the right things, to reassure her that I love her all the more for what she did. For indulging my fantasy. And of how 'proud' I am for the effect she obviously has on this older guy.

But I still have questions burning inside me. Questions I haven't dared ask.

I'm not sure I could handle every answer. I guess it might not be so bad if we weren't both off work now until the new year. Because I've got so much time around Kim at the moment. So much time to brood about it whenever I look at her. Even with the kids around us all day.

But maybe I *need* to know absolutely everything before I can get my thinking completely clear on the situation.

"Daddy, come on," Leah calls out from the other side of my crouched wife, "We need your help too with another snowman."

Another one?

Kim swivels a little on her haunches to help Harrison with a snowball, and as she does, below her jacket, her jeans pull even tighter around the swell of her behind.

When his hands grabbed at her butt in that bedroom, how desperate was he to get a hold of her flesh? My throat tightens. Did he want to drag that split skirt right up her hips? Especially because she'd given him a glimpse when she flashed him in that bar. How much did he want to touch what only I've enjoyed for all these years? My wife, a married woman so much younger than him.

Why didn't she let him? That question has grown inside me the more I've asked it of myself. She touched him, but she kept his hands at bay. Was that only because I was there in the shadows? Would it have been different if she were alone with him?

"Gabe, we need your help down here, too, you know," Kim calls and looks back and up at me with a smile.

I crouch too and watch as Kim pats snow into place, her covered fingers working deftly. Those same fingers that stroked and teased another man, until he...

"How about I find some sticks for arms?" I say after a few minutes of helping, and I stand.

Kim stands too, and she comes after me, "Hey, you sure you're okay?" she asks quietly.

I glance over at the kids who are busy inserting stones for eyes.

"Just thinking about 'you know what' again," I say softly. "How come you didn't let him touch you? You never really explained."

Her eyes widen slightly, and she glances over at the kids. "Gabe, now? Really?"

"I just need to understand.."

"Mommy! Daddy! I found a nose!" Leah comes bounding towards us with a big pine cone in one mitten. Harrison follows, clutching a couple of smaller twigs.

"That's perfect, sweetie!" Kim grins at her.

I swallow my frustration, but now that I've come out with it and asked the direct question, I need to hear the answer more than ever.

"Two hot chocolates for the champion snowman builders," I say a while later as I grip the cardboard tray on my return from the coffee trailer parked at the trail entrance. "And two coffees for the grown-up helpers."

Kim smiles up at me from the wooden bench, her hands outstretched to take the drinks. With her gloves off now, the dregs of the winter sun catch her wedding and engagement rings, and the tiny flash of light makes my chest ache all over again.

"Can Harrison and I go sit at our own table?" Leah points to an empty, smaller version of what we're sitting at, a few yards away near a cluster of bare-branched birches.

"Be careful carrying your hot chocolates," Kim wags a finger at our daughter, "No spilling."

"We're not babies," Harrison says and clambers down from his bench, then he grips his drink in both hands.

"And stay right there where we can see you," I say.

Leah nods her head, and the pair of them carefully carry their drinks over to the other bench.

I slide right next to Kim, our thighs touching through layers of denim. Steam rises from our paper coffee cups, and the aroma mingles with the crisp winter air.

"I forgot how beautiful it can be out here in winter," Kim says and gazes around the snow-covered tree tops before her eyes settle lower for a moment, on our children. A tiny cardinal bird with its crested head lands on a snowy branch near them, a splash of vivid red against white.

"Yeah," I nod, "Nice like this, before the snow all melts away." With the kids occupied, chattering away to one another, I want to seize this moment of privacy. I don't want

to wait until we're back home and then until they've gone to bed. "About what I asked earlier..."

She takes a long sip of her coffee, then sighs. "You *really* want to talk about that *here*?"

"The kids are busy. It's just..." I shrug. "I need to understand everything that happened. You said it would be 'touching' both ways. But then when he..."

The bench creaks as she shifts beside me. "I just guess when it came to it," she whispers, "I didn't want to lose control."

My pulse quickens. "Lose control how?"

She glances again at Leah and Harrison, then looks back at me, her voice still barely above a whisper, "As long as I was the one doing the touching, I controlled what happened. How far things went. And when it ended." Her fingers wrap around her cup. "If I'd let him..., you know,... it would have been... different."

"Different how?" I press, both dreading and craving her answer.

Kim's eyes lock on mine, and a seriousness settles on hers, "Because I might have lost myself in it, Gabe. Is that what you want to hear? That your wife was turned on by another man, and she was afraid of what might happen if she let him put his hands on her?"

The coffee tastes bitter on the back of my tongue. A sickening contrast to the welcome warm flavor I just swallowed. My chest constricts with that familiar knot of jealousy and arousal together.

Does she mean that? Did being with her boss that way excite her so much that she was scared she'd lose control?

The sudden vivid image of Kim surrendering completely to that big bald man, her control dissolving under his experienced touch, makes me dizzy.

"Are you saying you wanted him to..."

“Mommy, Daddy! There’s a squirrel!” Harrison shouts and abandons his bench with Leah racing close after him.

Kim’s expression shifts from intense to that familiar bright motherly glow. “Oh, I see him too!” she shouts back, “Up in the tree!”

My gaze follows where her finger points, but my mind reels from her confession.

My wife; afraid of losing control with another man? The conversation is over for now, but the implications echo through me like the rumble of thunder.

Our bedroom is warm, lit by the soft glow of the twin reading lamps above our nightstands. Outside our window, the occasional headlight sweeps in through the open blinds and across the wall as a car navigates our quiet suburban street. I twist the tilt wand to close the blinds. The kids are finally asleep after the excitement of today, and now Kim and me truly alone for the first time since our interrupted conversation late this afternoon.

I watch her move around our bedroom, removing her stud earrings and placing them in the small ceramic dish on her dresser.

“Kim,” I say and sit on the edge of our bed to gaze up at her, “You never finished what you were saying earlier. About that afternoon with him. About losing control.”

She pauses, her back and butt to me -still in her jeans, “I thought I explained it,” she says.

“Not completely,” I say, and part of me *wants* to hear her clarify that she *wasn’t* so turned on by being with him in that bedroom that she *couldn’t* let him touch her, because she wouldn’t have trusted herself. It wants to hear her say that the ‘loss of control’ she feared was only about being ‘in charge’ of the situation, in case he tried to push too far.

Another part of me, though, the one that prickles my balls right now, wants her to admit something very different.

She sighs and turns to face me. “What more do you want me to say, Gabe?”

“The truth. All of it.”

She pulls her cream jumper up over her head, and her weighty boobs shudder in a white lace bra.

I drink in the contours of her body. The gentle curve of her waist, and then her hips, as she eases her jeans down and uncovers matching white panties. Olive-skinned hips and legs that I know feel like silk beneath my fingers. The same body that Malcolm has only been allowed to *imagine*.

My dick stiffens in my pants.

“I told you,” she says, “I didn’t let him touch me, because *me* touching *him* gave me the power. As long as I was the one doing the touching,” she says as she steps out of the denim pooled at her feet, “I was in control of the situation.”

“So, it wasn’t that you didn’t trust yourself?” My voice sounds strange to my own ears as I gaze up at her from the edge of the bed.

Kim smiles and comes to stand right between my thighs in her underwear. Her flesh is warm on mine, and her gaze drops to meet my eyes. The white lingerie that covers her most intimate parts is more than just fabric; it highlights the magnificent architecture of a body that’s always driven me wild. The swell of her hips - always a perfect invitation. The plane of her stomach that may have been tauter before the kids, but that remains a beloved landscape. One I know so intimately. And then her breasts, full and heavy, rising and falling with each breath, a silent rhythm that pulls me in.

“Well, it was horny to have that power over him,” she says, “To see how much he wanted me. How desperate he was.”

“It was horny to *see*,” I croak and place my hands on her hips, then around to her butt, feeling her warmth through the delicate fabric and then directly on her skin.

She looks down at me, and her dark hair falls forward over her shoulders. “It felt like there was a line I shouldn’t cross, though.”

“In case you liked it too much?” The question burns my throat as it leaves me.

Kim’s eyes darken. “Not just that.”

The three-word phrase ignites something primal in me. I pull her down onto the bed with me. My mouth finds hers with a desperate urgency.

She responds right away, and her body arches against mine. I’m already hard, my hands frantically exploring her familiar curves as if for the first time.

“How did it feel, holding another man’s dick, Kim? Uhh, tell me again.” I ask around her lips, like I’ve asked so many times since. “Did you love it?”

“Mmm, he was so hard.”

“And big too,” I fumble with the button on my jeans.

“God, yeah.”

“I wish you’d have let him touch you too,” I kiss her throat and shove my pants and shorts down.

“Gabe,” she gasps as her lips leave mine again, “Slow down.”

But I can’t. The image of her masturbating Malcolm, the ‘confession’ that she feared losing control, his ‘hardness’ and a size that I saw for myself, even the way she wiped the closet down after him, it’s all too much. I drag her bra up over her tits, but I’m drowning in need and jealousy, and excitement.

I push inside her, but the heat and sensations overwhelm me. Kim’s taut legs clamp me in place. “Uhh,” three, four strokes, and I’m lost. *It’s all over.* Release crashes through me with shocking, humiliating speed.

“I’m sorry,” I pant and collapse beside her, breathing hard. “*Shit*, I’m sorry. I got too turned on again.”

Kim turns to face me, her lips still damp from our kisses, and she plants her mouth on mine. Her cheeks are flushed, her rapid breathing an echo of my own. “It’s okay,” she smiles.

“It only happened again because it’s all still so fresh in my mind,” I say, the words a desperate plea for understanding, for myself as much as for her. Frustration and hot waves of embarrassment still wash over me. It’s been like this almost every time since that afternoon.

How long before this frantic rush stops?

Or is this how every husband gets when his wife finally does what he’s always wanted her to with another man?

Kim curls against me, a warm weight that does little to soothe the turmoil inside. I stare at the textured plaster of the ceiling, a blank canvas for my racing thoughts.

“Honestly, it’s nothing, Gabe. Really.”

But it *isn’t* ‘nothing’. Right now, it’s *everything*. The raw, electric way she ignites me since that afternoon. The intoxicating knowledge of my hot wife’s ‘power’ over an older, more experienced man. And the gnawing fear of what happens if she *surrenders* that power. It’s almost like it’s all reshaping me, reshaping *us*, from the inside out.

As Kim nestles closer, the scent of her is a grounding anchor in this storm of emotions as I stare at the ceiling again.

What if we’ve opened a ‘portal’ that neither of us can ever close again?

Chapter Two

Gabe

I'm on my back in bed. The room is silent except for Kim's steady breathing beside me. Even in sleep, with one arm flung carelessly above her head and hair spread across the pillow like spilled ink, her warm body radiates sex appeal. The familiar heat and scent of her should comfort me in the darkness of the night. But as much as I wanted her involvement with another man, the scale of this aftershock is far from familiar. I feel like I'm travelling an alien landscape.

Without twisting around, I can't see the glowing numbers on the nightstand clock to tell what time it is. And I'm not even sure I want to know. Even if I don't have to worry about getting up for work in the morning. I just know it's a long time since any car passed by outside.

My body might have been satisfied by that rushed lovemaking earlier, but my mind has raced ever since. I'm hollowed out with questions and doubts. Kim's words echo through my head: 'It's not *just* that,' she said when I asked her if she didn't let him touch her in case she liked it too much.

She *didn't* trust herself with Malcolm's hands on her body. *Her own desire frightened her.*

Was she worried that if he touched between her legs, she'd be desperate for more than merely that? That she'd want him *inside* her? Something *that* size?

Imagine if she *had*. How would I ever *compete*?

And she said it was 'So hard'.

My stomach churns, but my balls bristle.

I turn my head to study what I can of her face in the light from the clock on the nightstand.

Her lips are slightly parted, relaxed in sleep. Those same lips that pressed against her boss's. What did hers taste like to him? And did he kiss her differently than I do? More demanding? More *skilled*?

The bedding rises and falls ever so slightly with Kim's steady breathing. Beneath it lies the body that he's so far only glimpsed, only touched through her clothes. I saw his hunger for my wife, though, when she stroked his cock. *Oh, God, Kim*. The way his hands grabbed at her ass in that slitted skirt. He wanted *more* – what man wouldn't? But she denied him, she kept control.

I close my eyes, but that only makes the mental images more vivid.

Kim's slender fingers wrapped around Malcolm's thickness. *Serious* thickness. My chest pulls tight, but my dick stiffens. How stiff and almost brutal it looked in her feminine grip. And he's *undeniably* bigger than me. I witnessed that truth with my own eyes from my hiding place in the closet. The sight should have crushed me with jealousy. And part of me did ache with a terrible inadequacy.

But overwhelmingly, watching her hand and fingers caress him while his face contorted with pleasure was the most arousing moment of my life.

Does she *regret* stopping there? Does she fantasize like me about what would have happened if she'd let him take her panties down? *Oh, fuck*. If she'd guided that impressive hardness inside herself, instead of just stroking it?

She's always said she could never do 'the ultimate.' That touching was one thing, but actually having sex with another man would be too much. But *now*? Now that she's crossed one line, how difficult would it be to step over another?

A car passes outside, the first one for ages, and its headlights briefly illuminate part of the room in a soft glow before the darkness returns. In that brief flash, I see the olive flesh of Kim's bare shoulder, where the sheet has slipped away. She's naked after the sex we had.

My hand circles my hard dick. Despite the anxiety churning in my stomach, my body responds to the dangerous path of my thoughts.

I glance at Kim again, wondering if she might be lightly enough asleep that I dare wake her. Let her feel my renewed arousal.

And maybe last a little longer for her this time.

Her breathing remains deep and even, and her face so peaceful. But my groin throbs.

I reach out carefully and brush a strand of dark hair from her cheek.

She doesn't stir.

The pressure and desire build between my legs, insistent and demanding. *I need to cum.* I need to lose myself in the mental images of what she did to her boss in that bedroom. Of what might happen in the future if my wife's sense of control with him slips away.

What if me cumming as fast with her as I did before leaves her so frustrated that it compels her to contemplate full sex with Malcolm? Or if what she's already done with him excites me so much that I'll never again last as long as I used to? That I'll always leave her high and dry and frustrated?

I ease back the covers, careful not to disturb her, and for a second, sit up on the edge of the bed. The air is cold around my bare body, a sharp contrast to the warmth of the bed I'm leaving. But I stand, and with my hard dick swaying, I glance back at my wife one more time, struck by how innocent she looks in sleep, how far removed from the woman who held another man's erection in her clenched fist and reduced him to a gasping wreck.

Tomorrow night, I'll last longer. I'll think of something else when we do it. *Anything* else.

Later, early morning light filters through the gap in our bedroom blinds, painting a golden stripe across our ruffled bed. I've been awake around twenty minutes, watching Kim sleep again, transfixed by the way the covers have slipped during the night to expose one long, shapely leg all the way up to the smooth curve of her hip.

I might be biased, but to me, my wife's body is a masterpiece. The gentle swell of her breasts beneath the cotton sheets, the dip of her waist, the flare of that hip - all territory that I've explored countless times, but somehow got re-rendered by recent events. Each of her curves is all the more exciting now, as if it awaits discovery again.

No wonder her boss can't stop looking at her in the office.

Isn't Kim exactly the kind of 'beautiful' that makes men stupid, that makes them risk marriages and careers and reputations? Even in her sleep, there's something magnetic about her, a sensuality that radiates from her like heat.

So what happens next week, when she goes back to work, and he sees her again after the holidays?

I trace the outline of her exposed leg with my eyes, imagining Malcolm doing the same. *Would he want to be gentle with her? Reverent? Maybe because of whose daughter she is? Or would he be rough, demanding, taking what he wants?*

The thoughts make my morning arousal all the more insistent.

Kim stirs beside me, her lashes fluttering before she fully opens her eyes. She smiles sleepily when she sees me watching her.

"Morning," she murmurs, voice husky with sleep. She stretches, catlike, then rolls toward me, snuggling against my chest. "What time is it?"

"Early," I say and wrap an arm around her. "I've heard nothing from the kids yet."

She makes a contented sound against my skin. "Mmm. Good."

Her hand slides down my stomach, to where I'm already hard beneath the sheets. "Someone's definitely awake," she teases, and her fingers curl around me.

I suck in a breath, determined to manage my thoughts better this time.

Kim tilts her face up for a kiss, which I eagerly give her. Her lips are soft, her mouth warm and inviting. I deepen the kiss, slide my tongue against hers while my hand cups a bare breast under the covers, feeling her nipple harden against my palm.

“I was thinking all night,” I whisper against her ear as I roll her onto her back, “about what you told me. About how it felt with him in your hand.”

She goes still beneath me, and her eyes find mine in the soft morning light. Her hand is still around my cock.

“How hard he was,” I say, and can’t stop the flood of words as I move my kisses down her neck. “And how you could tell he wanted you.”

Her breathing quickens, her hand stroking my hardness.

“I wish you’d let him touch you,” I tell her again, the same as I did last night. But again, the admission burns through me like a wildfire. “I wish you’d let him put his hand between your legs while I watched.”

“Uhhmm,” Kim makes a sound somewhere between a gasp and a moan. Her thighs part as my hand slides over one of them, into the heat between her legs.

“I wish you’d *both* cum,” I whisper against her skin. “You bringing him off with your hand while his fingers made you orgasm.”

Her body arches beneath my touch, her eyes darkening with desire. “You’d have liked that? Really?”

“God, yes,” I groan and position myself between her thighs. “I’d love to see you lose control, just a little.”

Her hands guide me into her, and the sensation makes me gasp.

Warm, tight, *perfect*.

I try to focus on something else, though. Football statistics, Gaming Night. New Year's Eve, Next year’s sales budget, anything to distract from the overwhelming sensations

of being inside Kim. Of how this body might make another man feel. I try to take it slow, too. But it's no use. *No! No!* A handful of strokes and there's a familiar tightening, the point of no return swamps me.

"Kim, Uhh, Uhh, I..," I gasp, but my release crashes through me.

I collapse beside her, mortified.

"Shit. I'm sorry. *Again.*"

Kim just giggles and kisses the tip of my nose. "That's what you get for talking dirty to me," she says, but I'm almost sure there's a hint of frustration beneath her teasing tone.

I'm about to offer to 'take care of her' another way, but the telltale thump of little feet hit the floor in the hallway.

Harrison's voice calls out, "Leah, wake up! It's breakfast time."

Kim sighs and kisses me quickly, then slides naked out of bed. "Coffee?" she asks with a yawn and pulls her fluffy cream robe over her bare body.

I nod and watch her tie the sash around her waist, hiding her flesh from my view.

She heads for the door and bathroom, but I can't help wondering whether Malcolm would leave a woman like my wife unsatisfied the same way I just did. Twice.

Maybe he'd be every bit as excited as me though.

Somehow, I doubt an experienced older man would have this same problem.

And perversely, somehow too, I almost *hope* I'm right.

Chapter Three

Gabe

“Harrison, come on, put your arms through the sleeves,” Kim tells our son in our bedroom. Her voice is strained as he squirms like a caught fish, more interested in the toy truck he’s clutching than in getting ready to leave. Even though we’re going to meet the kids’ friends at the Playbarn.

I peer beyond him and Kim, who’s wearing jeans and a tight angora wool jumper that hugs her breasts, to the window, where outside, snow has started falling again. I open a drawer to look for a clean fleece to wear.

“Can we go now?” Leah asks as she appears in the doorway, already wearing her light purple parka and with her boots clutched to her in both gloved hands. “I can’t wait to see Molly!”

“Let’s go!” Harrison shouts, seemingly cooperative now that his jumper is finally on. He runs from his Mom and follows Leah into the hall.

Kim stands and brushes her dark hair back from her face.

I can’t stop thinking about her with him.

She looks beautiful, as always, the royal blue jeans so fitted around an ass that Malcolm keeps teasing her about. *And* that he keeps trying to look at.

I wonder what he’d think of her if he saw her in jeans. I wonder what he’s been thinking all through Christmas about what she did to him in that bedroom.

Those thoughts right now though, make me frown.

We’re about to spend the afternoon with friends, and here I am obsessing again about my wife and her fucking boss. I need to get my head straight.

And I need to speak to Kim before we meet Molly’s parents.

“Kim,” I say when she’s finished brushing her hair, and she’s puckering in the mirror for her lipstick, “About today... with Jen and Ossie...”

“Uh-huh?” She asks without looking at me.

I hesitate for a second, not sure how to phrase it without sounding accusatory. “We might have to be careful with what we say... about your job.”

“What do you mean?” she puts her lipstick away and looks at me with her brow knitted.

“You know,” I shrug, “Just make sure we don’t...” Put into half-baked sentences and said out loud now like this, my fear sounds absurd. My face heats with embarrassment. “Just if you mention, you know... *Malcolm*. I just... I guess I hadn’t thought about how this might play out when we’re around friends.”

Kim’s cheeks flush, but she shrugs her shoulders, “I didn’t let anything slip when your Mom asked about him and the job over Christmas dinner, did I?”

“I know you didn’t,” I say and approach her from behind. I feel the warmth of her fleshy butt on my groin, and I wrap my arms around her shoulders. “But Jen’s your friend, and you haven’t seen her since you...”

“Did you think I was going to announce it to her today over ice cream?” She whispers over her shoulder and then laughs.

“That’s *not* what I meant,” I say and laugh too, despite my anxiety. “I’m trying to adjust to what’s happened.” I slap her butt cheeks with my palm, and Kim squeals.

“And you think I’m *not*?” she says.

The kids appear again, eager to leave, and Harrison tugs at my hand. “Can we go now? Can we go?”

The four of us head out to the car, the kids chattering excitedly, and me wondering if this will be our new normal. An underlying tension when we’re with friends or family? Like a fear of exposure.

Will I constantly try to anticipate or scan Kim's conversations for potential accidental revelations of our dirty secret? Or will we both get used to the situation? Take it for granted, even if it develops further?

But surely, us getting used to the situation risks a real danger of exposure.

And yet, as I fasten my seat belt and Kim twists in her seat to double-check the kids, the disturbing part of all this is that some weird corner of my mind finds even *that* exciting. The *danger* of it. The forbidden nature of what we're doing. The fact that our friends would be left in disbelief if they knew what Kim had done. What I *encouraged* her to do.

I start the car with the realization that this whole 'affair' is introducing thoughts and feelings I never expected. Arousal - yes, but blended with huge swathes of prickly jealousy, with fear and tangled anticipation. Pride, too, in my wife's overt desirability in the eyes of another man, alongside a possessive need to keep her mine. All of it, blended into a barely controllable cocktail that froths in my gut.

The Happy Hedgehog Playbarn is a riot of primary colors, screaming children, and the faint smell of disinfectant battling with greasy food. Massive tubes and netted climbing structures rise to the ceiling, populated by kids of all ages scrambling like little monkeys through the elaborate maze. The constant thump of feet on padded surfaces creates a percussive background to the high-pitched shrieks of delight.

Jen and Ossie have already claimed a table near the climbing frames. Jen spots us and waves enthusiastically with her blonde ponytail swaying. She's dressed in athletic gear - leggings and a zip-up hoodie - like she just stepped out of a Lululemon catalog. Even though (as she never tires of telling us), she still hasn't 'quite' got her 'pre-mom' figure back yet. Beside her, Ossie grins at us, then scrolls through his phone, his narrow shoulders hunched in the plastic chair.

"Hey, Munchkins," Jen says to our kids, "Molly and Jake are over there," she points, and our two spot their friends and tug at their boots to remove them.

Kim slides into a seat across from the pretty, blue-eyed Jen, while I take the chair next to Ossie, who offers me a fist bump.

“How’s it going, Gabe?” he pockets his phone.

I nod, grateful now to switch my focus from what’s been preoccupying me. “Good, yeah. Looking forward to New Year and a nice long rest next week.”

“When do you go back?” he asks and slides a laminated drinks and snacks menu across the table to me. The guy has always been obsessed with food. Lord knows how he stays so skinny.

“Not until a week Monday,” I say, and for now, ignore the menu, “5th of Jan.”

He launches into a story about his latest work project and how they’re increasingly using AI at his firm. Even though I try to prevent it, my attention eventually drifts to the women’s conversation. Trying to pick up snippets. Kim and Jen aren’t that close; they only met because Molly is in Leah’s class. But right now, as Jen leans forward, laughing at something my wife said in a lowered voice, their friendship makes my stomach tighten.

Kim will be careful, though.

I glance at Jen’s smiling face, her blonde ponytail hair, her manicured nails wrapped around a coffee cup.

What would she say if she knew what Kim had done? How would she judge my wife? Would she ignore Kim at the school gates? Could Ossie even stomach sitting here with me if he knew what I’d encouraged Kim to do, and how I’d watched her with another man? That I’d jerked off in seconds after seeing her masturbate her boss? They’d both be disgusted. Surely?

“Gabe?” Ossie waves a hand in front of my face and grins at me, “You want me to get you and Kim coffees while you check out the snacks menu?”

“Sorry,” I sigh and force a laugh. “Didn’t sleep great last night.” Not a lie, though not for any reason he’d likely assume.

“Kids will do that to you,” he nods. “Jake was up twice with nightmares. Something about zombie dinosaurs.”

I laugh but tell him I’ll get the drinks.

I take Kim’s order for a hot chocolate and refills for the other couple, then escape to the counter, grateful for the moment alone to collect my thoughts.

This is ridiculous. I need to lighten up. This is just coffee and lunch with friends while our kids play. *Why construct it into something fraught with fucking danger?*

I return to the others and my seat, determined to focus on conversation with Ossie. And for a while, after the drinks arrive, I do. But my eyes keep drifting to Kim. To how hot she always looks whenever she laughs with her head tilted back, when her eyes crinkle at the corners. And I wonder if Malcolm, too, ever notices that about her.

Does he make her laugh that same way?

Ossie asks me about my job, and I expect him to do the same to Kim at some point, so I take my time updating him about life with the Amen-D fashion brand. At one point, though, Kim and Jen have their heads close together, almost whispering something that makes them both giggle. It only feeds my sense of paranoia.

“Have you seen these two whispering?” I say to Ossie and gesture at our wives.

“Did your Moms never tell either of you that’s rude?” He puckers his lips at them, then winks at me, “Especially whispering at the *table*.”

“Girlie stuff,” Jen says, but her eyes dance with mischief, “It would only bore you.”

Kim catches my look and subtly shakes her head, then rolls her eyes too. Like there’s nothing to worry about.

I try to relax.

Then, from the play area a few feet away and high up, comes a sudden wail.

Leah and Molly are facing off on a platform, both girls red-faced.

“You pushed me!” Molly points an accusing finger at our daughter.

“You started it!” Leah yells back at her.

Kim sighs and rises. “I’ll handle it.”

“I’d better come too,” Jen rolls her eyes and follows my wife.

Ossie and I watch as the pair of women take off their ankle boots and navigate through the play structure, eventually bringing both girls down for a talk about ‘being nice to one another’.

I can’t hear exactly what they say to the kids, but it must work. Both daughters run back toward the structure together.

“Probably our Leah’s fault,” I joke to everyone once Kim and Jen are back. “She’s got her mom’s Latin temperament. Zero to sixty in no time flat.”

Kim laughs too, but slaps my thigh. “Watch it, Porter.”

“See what I mean?” I grin at the others, and they laugh again.

The residual tension inside me breaks, and for a while, we all chat normally as a group. About the holidays, about the schools, about New Year, and neighborhood gossip. I almost forget my earlier anxiety, caught up in the simple pleasure of adult conversation again with people we haven’t seen for a while. Particularly after the last few days of interacting so much with the kids during the holiday break.

“So anyway,” Ossie asks Kim after we’ve ordered food for us and the kids (all four of whom are still running around playing), “Tell me about the new job,” he says. “What’s it like working for your old man?”

“Old man?” Kim goes bright red, the color flooding her cheeks so quickly it’s as if someone slapped her.

“Pops,” Ossie laughs, “I bet your Dad lets you get with murder there, doesn’t he? Or does he have to act strict to set an example?”

“Oh,” she hesitates, and her fingers tighten around her glass of hot chocolate. “No, I don’t work directly for my Dad.”

“Just some other old man,” Jen says and laughs.

I’m flushing too, the heat creeping up my neck as I try to force a laugh at Jen’s words.

How does Jen know Kim’s boss is an ‘old guy’? What’s Kim said to her about him?

“Is chocolate or strawberry better, Daddy?” Harrison asks, his face scrunched in the supposed profound dilemma of ice cream selection. But I know what he’s trying to do.

“Chocolate’s always a safe bet,” I advise with a serious face. I’ve convinced myself since the subject of Kim’s boss came up in conversation, that Jen probably just *guessed* Malcolm was an ‘old man’. It would probably be a safe bet that whoever was in charge there at Millfield might be male and older than my wife.

Or maybe that’s *all* Kim told her friend about the guy. That he’s some ‘old dude’.

I’ll find out for sure when Kim and I are alone again.

“Can I have strawberry *and* chocolate?” Harrison asks slowly around a thumb that’s close to his mouth.

The whole Playbarn has grown busy as the afternoon has worn on. The air is thick with the scent of fried food and sweet treats from the cafeteria kitchens behind us, and still punctuated by the constant background noise of children at play. Our table is cluttered now with empty coffee cups, half-eaten plates of fries, and napkins crumpled like tiny surrender flags.

“So Kim was just telling me about a gorgeous Victorian property they’ve just taken onto their books,” Jen says and leans over toward her husband. “Apparently it...”

She's interrupted by the sharp trill of a phone.

Kim reaches into her purse and checks the screen. Her eyes widen, and her face reddens at the same time. "It's work," she says, her voice higher than usual. "I should probably take it."

Before I can respond, she presses the phone to her ear. "Hello? Oh, hi Malcolm."

My heart hammers against my ribs.

What's he doing calling her today? On a Sunday? She's not working again until a week tomorrow.

Jen and Ossie lower their voices but continue their discussion with one another about the property Jen mentioned.

I try not to stare at Kim as she listens to her phone, but my mind races with possibilities, none of them innocent.

Is he calling to reminisce about what happened between them?

He's seen her at work since, though. Even if it was only mostly in passing when he wasn't out at meetings or property viewings on his own.

Is that what he's calling my wife for now? To suggest another 'viewing' with her? Is he expecting Kim to masturbate him again?

Or is the call solely work-related?

It must be *fucking important* on a Sunday.

My face burns, but the kids chatter happily around us, everyone seemingly oblivious to the tension that must surely radiate from me. Harrison has chocolate smeared across his chin. Jake builds a tower on the table with empty ketchup pots. Leah and Molly have made peace and are sharing a napkin drawing.

Kim says my name into the phone and drags my attention back to her.

“Everything okay?” I ask the second she hangs up. It might be a risk to ask in front of present company, but Jen and Ossie will probably be wondering about the call, too, anyway.

“It was Malcolm, my boss,” she says.

“The old man,” Ossie winks at me.

“He asked if I could go into the office tomorrow,” Kim rolls her eyes, “One of the other girls has been off sick apparently, and we’ve got several new properties that need in-putting on the system.”

“Sounds like the guy is computer illiterate,” Ossie smirks.

“Tomorrow?” I repeat. “Did you remind him you’re supposed to be on holiday all week? We were going to the museum tomorrow with the kids.” Resentment burns in my chest, but a sleazy arousal squirms in my gut too.

“I know,” Kim nods and chews on her bottom lip, “That’s why I told him I’d have to speak with you first.”

Ossie raises an eyebrow. “Bit demanding, isn’t he? Why don’t you report him to your Dad?”

“I guess it’s a compliment in some ways,” Jen shrugs and drains her drink, “You’ve only been working there a couple of weeks, and already your boss can’t do without you.”

What’s probably an innocent comment hangs in the air between us, taking on a weight and meaning that Jen could never imagine. Kim’s face flames anew, and I feel a corresponding heat in my own cheeks.

“He’s just short-staffed,” Kim mumbles, now suddenly interested in cleaning chocolate from Harrison’s face.

“Mommy, *stop* that!” his little face contorts as he tries to squirm away from her grasp.

But Jen's phrase echoes in my head, and I wonder if there's really any truth in it. That maybe Kim's boss 'Can't do without' her?

Although maybe not for the same reasons Jen might imagine.

Has he been thinking about my wife while he's away from the office with his own family? Remembering what happened between them? Does he want her there tomorrow in the expectation of a repeat from her?

The worst part of this is that some dark, twisted part of me is proud of the possibility. Proud that another man might want to see my wife so badly that he could be inventing reasons to be in her company again. And pissed though I might be at the thought of Kim not being with the Kids and me tomorrow, I'm dangerously excited as well by the prospect of what might happen if we decide she should go into her office in the morning. If the two of them are on their own all day.

What kind of husband does that make me?

Chapter Four

Gabe

On the journey back from the playbarn, the heater seems to take an age to warm the car. It blasts the smell of the new eucalyptus air freshener that hangs from the rearview mirror in front of Kim and me. Outside, twilight has descended and now turns the stretches of snow-covered landscape between buildings we pass into varying shades of blue and purple. Streetlights cast golden pools on the road, and the tires crunch on patches of salt over ice.

In the backseat, Harrison and Leah are engaged in an animated debate about which animal would win in a battle: a hedgehog or a dinosaur. Their voices form a constant backdrop to my churning thoughts.

Kim scrolls through her phone. The blue light illuminates her face in the gathering darkness, highlighting her cheekbones, the curve of her lips.

“So,” I clear my throat and keep my eyes fixed on the road. “What else did Malcolm say on the phone?”

Kim glances up from her cell. “Just about those new properties that came in over the last few days and need to be put onto the system. He said he could use a little help in the office before the new year.” She tucks her phone into her purse.

“That it?” I peer across at her.

Kim glances around at the kids and then lowers her voice. “And that we needed to talk,” she says.

“You and him?” I whisper above the kid’s voices.

Kim shrugs.

“Why didn’t you say anything before?” I grip the steering wheel hard. What does this guy want to say to my wife? *Why couldn’t he do it on the phone?*

“I was going to tell you when we got home,” she shrugs, “I could hardly do it in front of Jen and Ossie.”

I process this information, trying to gauge honestly how I feel about it.

Part of me still thrills at the thought of Kim alone with Malcolm again. But another part twists with resentment. Next week was supposed to be family time, our chance to reconnect after Christmas before the kids go back to school. To enjoy New Year and the build-up to it. Some nagging, deeper instinct, too, tells me I should be focusing on taking a little more time to solidify my relationship with my wife after what she’s shared with that guy, not pushing her toward him again.

“Did he mention anything about, you know...” I glance in the rearview mirror to make sure the kids are still distracted.

“Of course not,” Kim sighs, but she flushes too. “It was about *work*.”

And yet the pair of them ‘need to talk.’

“Right,” I nod, but my stomach clenches, and my groin tingles. “So, do you want to go in? Talk with him?”

The question hangs between us as we stop at a red light. Through the windshield, I watch a young couple cross the street, holding hands, leaning into each other against the cold.

“I know we kind of have plans for tomorrow,” Kim says, her tone at least suggesting reluctance.

Her hesitation partly relieves the anxious part of me.

She’s not *jumping* at the chance to see him again. *That’s good, right?*

“True,” I say as the light turns green and I ease the accelerator down. My ‘relief’ only rouses the excitement in me, though. “But I guess if he’s stuck...work-wise,” my mouth turns dry, “and it could be a good idea to talk. Clear the air about....So you’re not wor-

ried about anything before you go back properly the week after next. Makes sense he'd want to do that in this quiet period, before it gets busy in the new year."

"Maybe," she says, then turns to look out the window. "What if he's going to fire me?"

"He's not going to *fire* you," I can't help but laugh at the suggestion.

"Why not?" she shrugs and looks right at me. "He might have decided we can't work together anymore."

After what she *did* for him?

And yet when I think about it as I drive, how unlikely is it that a married manager in Malcolm's position might find the aftershock difficult, given what he's done was with his own *boss's daughter*? Especially when he knows he'll have to be around her three days a week again from January.

My pulse quickens.

"I think you should go," I say, with more conviction than I expected from myself. "Help the branch out, and clear the air with him. It might be nice for me to have the kids all to myself for one day, anyway. And give you a break from TV and mince pies."

"I might not *want* a break from mince pies or the TV," she smiles at me.

"You'll be back enjoying them again by Tuesday," I smile, then reach across for her leg and squeeze her thigh.

"We can talk about it when we get home," she says and peers back at the kids again before returning her gaze to me, "I told him Malcolm it might be late before I could let him know."

I nod my head, then return my attention to the road. But my heart thumps.

Later, with yet another festive movie watched and then the kids finally in bed, Kim takes a bath while I retire to our room. Outside, wind rattles the windows. It carries an occasional flurry of snow that taps against the glass like impatient fingers. I lower the

blinds and switch on her bedside lamp too. I undress, thinking about Kim in her office tomorrow. And how I can persuade her to go. Now that the possibility of tomorrow has been raised, I don't want to have to wait all week to know she's with him again.

Kim emerges from the bathroom a short while later when I'm in bed. She's in her fluffy cream robe, her skin flushed from bathing, her hair wrapped in a towel. She smells of lavender and vanilla, familiar bath scents that in the past have always somehow smelled 'comforting'. Tonight though, and maybe because a particular other man has asked for a 'talk' with my wife, those same fragrances seem charged with new significance.

"Sounds like the kids went straight off to sleep," she says as she sits at her vanity, removing the towel to brush her long, damp hair.

"All that climbing and arguing wore them out," I say, and wonder if her boss right now is anxiously waiting for her confirmation about the morning.

"Mm-hmm," she says and draws the brush through her dark locks in long, methodical strokes. I watch the movement in the mirror, mesmerized by the simple intimacy of it.

"Are you going to the office tomorrow, then?"

"I don't know," she says, still brushing, "What do you think?"

I've *told* her what I think. *Does she just need more reassurance that I'm happy for her to go?*

"I think you should," I say again, "Then whatever's discussed, you can start afresh there the week after next."

But what does 'afresh' even mean? Her boss's call and request for her to go in tomorrow have only highlighted the need for Kim and me to decide what we want to happen from here on in.

Kim stands, and as she does, her robe falls open slightly to reveal a tantalizing glimpse of her breasts and legs as she opens the drawer where her t-shirts are kept.

“Don’t put anything on for bed, Kim,” I say and grip my thickening cock under the sheets.

“Only if you promise to last longer than five seconds,” she gives me a wicked smile and slips the robe right off.

“That’s cruel,” I say, but gaze at her gorgeous bare body as she hurries to the bed and slips in beside me.

I pull her into my arms.

“Mmm, you’re nice and warm,” she murmurs.

“Well, you’re red hot.”

Kim rolls her eyes but laughs too.

“What happens if Malcolm wants to take you back to that same property again tomorrow?” I ask and kiss her, I’m rock hard.

“I’ve got a long list of new places to put on the system,” she says.

“He might want more than that from you.”

“Like what?” she asks, but her fingers encircle my cock.

“Like exactly what you’re doing to *me* now.”

“Mmm, he wouldn’t,” she says and strokes me slowly.

“Uhh, You know he *would*. You’re too good with your hands.”

“Mmm,” she murmurs with her mouth seeking out mine, and we kiss again, hot and sloppy.

“Why don’t you give me the key to that house again tonight?” I gasp, “In case he wants to take you there. You can text me to let me know. I’ll get in there first. Like last time. Get my mom and Dad to babysit the kids.”

Her breath catches as my fingers touch the heat of her sex.

I kiss her neck, breathe in the clean scent of her skin, and slick my fingers inside her. I want to make her cum tonight before we have sex. Just to make sure.

And yet some crazed part of me wants her frustrated. It wants her that way when she’s with her boss tomorrow.

“Uhh, text him as soon as we’ve finished, Kim, tell him you’ll be there tomorrow.”

She moans softly as my fingers explore her pussy, touch her clitoris. She rubs me harder.

“But I’d love to see him touch you too this time, Kim,” I say again, even though just like the last time, some part of me tries to silence the same words.

Her free arm winds tighter around my neck, pulling me even closer. “Uhhmm, you want to watch Malcolm touch me? Mmm, touch me where?”

“Here,” I ease my fingers deeper into her, “And here,” I say and kiss her bare tits, I draw a hard nipple between my lips and suck. “I want to see his hands all over you, Kim, see your face when he makes you cum.”

“Uhhmm, can you remember what my face looks like when I cum?” She asks with another wicked smile, but briefer now as she moans.

I want to prove her wrong. I want to make her climax. Do it with my fingers, in case I can’t last long again when we...

And yet tomorrow, if she’s *frustrated...*

She moves her body against my fingers, though and we kiss deeply, hungrily. My mind races with possibilities about what I might witness tomorrow from that same - or

some other - closet. *If* we can arrange it. She strokes me fast and I'm tempted to go down on her to make sure she cums, but that same urgency consumes me, a rush that's all too familiar since she did what she did with her boss.

My fingers leave her pussy, and my dick springs free of her grasp. I squeeze myself in between her thighs, the excitement and forbidden nature of our conversation already has me close to the edge. I try to focus elsewhere again, try to keep control and hold back, but then I'm into her wet heat, and I shove real deep."Uhh," I groan.

Kim's head pushes back into the pillows, her breath blows in my face in sharp exhalations, but I can't control this. *I can't*. And then it's over, my release courses through me in huge waves as Kim clings to me.

Kim lies beside me, her breathing sounding normal while mine gradually slows. I guess some women might play with themselves in these circumstances, but Kim's never been that way.

"I'll have to start taking care of you first," I say, still a little breathless, and then I kiss her, "Before we do it."

Shame nags at me. Not just because I genuinely couldn't delay any longer, but because I *could* have made her cum first. With my fingers, or with my tongue.

Outside, a car crunches cautiously over the icy road. The digital clock on the nightstand reads 11:42, its red numbers seeming accusatory somehow.

Kim rolls onto her side, her expression softer, maybe than I deserve. She leans her left cheek on my chest, "I know you're just... excited about what happened with Malcolm. But you could still do something for me now," she murmurs. One of her hands takes my wrist and pulls it down between her legs. "Kiss my boobs too," she whispers.

I lean over her, push two fingers into her sticky pussy, and suck hard on a nipple.

Kim moans beneath me. The sight, and the swiftly returned fantasy that these fingers aren't mine, thickens my dick all over again.

“Are you going to text him tonight, Kim? Tell him you’ll be there tomorrow?”

“Yeah,” she groans, and both her hands hold mine in place between her thighs.

“Make sure you give me the key to that house before you leave,” I say around her saliva-smearred erect nipple.

Chapter Five

Gabe

5:45 a.m. and the kitchen is eerily quiet. Outside the window, darkness still cloaks our neighborhood, broken only by the occasional streetlight and the soft blue glow of pre-dawn. The fridge hums steadily, but I move from the kitchen to the dining table, even though it's still way too early to set out these cereal boxes and bowls. I need something to occupy my thoughts, though.

My body is tired - barely slept - but my mind races with restless energy. It was a little after 3 a.m. when I gave up fighting my arousal and slipped to the bathroom to relieve myself. Images of Kim and him played on an endless loop behind my closed eyelids. Now, after the subsequent shame, excitement has returned, coursing through my veins like a drug that I know I should try harder to resist.

It could happen again today. Right in front of me in the bedroom of that property. As long as she gives me the key, and he wants to take her there again. Assuming we can coordinate timings.

As soon as it's light, I'll ring my folks about babysitting for a few hours. Tell them I'll confirm the timings a little later.

Guilt rises through me again at the knowledge that I'm involving my folks in this. But my excitement is too strong to stop.

Kim knows I want her to let him touch her this time!

I place four glasses on the dining table, the clink of each one punctuating my thoughts. *What if she does take her panties down for him, but then neither of them wants to stop things there?* I squeeze my dick through my pants and return to the kitchen.

Steam rises from my coffee, carrying the rich aroma to my nostrils as I sip. It's still too hot and burns my lips, but I barely register the pain. My mind is preoccupied with logistics, with possibilities.

If Kim does do more with him today, then where does this all end? Where would I want it to end? The thought of them continuing these furtive sexual liaisons well into next year, of my wife and her boss becoming regular 'sexual partners', becoming potentially ever 'closer' the more often they 'meet, it all drenches me with an unimaginable jealousy that twists my insides. But the very excitement of it is almost unbearable too.

Who's to say though, that anything at all will happen between them today? Or even *ever* again. Maybe, like Kim suggested, the guy has been worrying about what he did with my wife ever since. I mean, surely Carl Moreno would take his daughter's side if any of this ever came out? No matter how well he knows his long-term male employee, he'd assume the older man had taken advantage of Kim.

And yet... the possibility of more happening between my wife and her boss still exists. The 'door' has been opened. Once anyone crosses a line like that, it surely becomes easier to cross it again.

I blow my coffee then try it again. *Better*. The memory of the crack in that closet door is insistent in my head. The sounds of their kisses, the caresses, the masturbation, and his climax at her hand.

Oh, God, Kim.

Some time later, after I've had to relieve myself again, I'm back at the dining table with another coffee. My thoughts are still running in circles when Leah appears with her hair mussed from sleep and her pink, brushed cotton pajamas rumpled.

"Is today a workday?" she asks with a little frown, then yawns and rubs her eyes.

"It is for Mommy," I say with a guilty smile and stand to pull a chair out for her. "Here, let me get you some breakfast."

Later, with both kids up, fed, and now in front of the TV, I take coffee to Kim in our bedroom.

She's up too and showered already. Her wet footprints darken the carpet in a path from the en suite to the dresser where she now stands, wrapped in a white towel.

“So are you going to give me the key to that property?” I ask and swallow hard at the swell of her behind under the towel.

Will she let him touch what he's continually admired?

“I've put it on the bed,” she says and gestures with her eyes.

I peer beyond her, to the pale purple blanket that covers a bed that Kim's already re-made. A key gleams near the center.

She did it without me even having to ask her again this morning!

Oh, God, Kim. My chest pulls tight, and I feel sick. But my cock thickens.

I'm not sure what to say, but I pick up what she's left for me. And when I turn back to her, she's at her underwear drawer.

My heart beats faster still.

Her mind's made up.

She lays white panties out on the bed with a matching bra. Simple cotton ones, not lace, but they're small, ones she always looks cute in. Still, not ones I ever imagined her wearing for a 'seduction'. My throat tightens, though.

“Are you going to wear the split skirt again?” I ask.

“I don't want to look obvious.” She gives me a pointed look and lets the towel drop to the floor. “Or too easy.”

“Of course,” I say, and the way she's talking, along with her wonderful nudity, hardens my cock right up. Those long legs and firm, round buttocks that her boss admires so much. I scan the gentle curve of her waist that flows into the flare of her hips, and then briefly, to the trimmed triangle of dark hair between her thighs.

She's prepared to do it again!

Disappointment flashes through me, though, about the skirt as I approach her.

I *wanted* her to wear the split one again, maybe to send a signal to him by appearing for work again in the same outfit she wore when she... But I don't say that. I take her warm, fragrant body into my arms all the same, and her lips meet mine before she smiles and wriggles free.

She's right anyway. I guess some guys do prefer it when a woman plays 'hard to get'. He might like to think that any seduction today is all *his* idea.

Whatever might be going on in Malcolm's head, I know that my naked wife's willingness to indulge my fantasy again has me rattled. Thrilled, but rattled.

"Nothing might happen, you know, Gabe," she says and pulls her panties up her thighs, "or as I said, he might let me go."

"Your Dad might have something to say about you getting fired," I say, and my head spins as the olive skin of her breasts and her dark, puckered nipples sway when she reaches for her bra. "Just make sure you text me in plenty of time to get to that property before you do again," I say.

"Hmm," she murmurs.

"Why don't you leave the bra off?" I ask before I can stop myself or before she can put the bra on, my voice rougher than I intend, and soaring desire making me reckless. "That wouldn't be too obvious, would it? Under your blouse."

Kim sighs and reaches behind her back to fasten the cotton bra regardless. "Are you even listening to me, Gabe? I said I don't want to look *easy*."

"OK," I say and watch her behind in the panties as she heads for her wardrobe.

I guess I do need to ease up and stand back, let her manage this the way she'll feel most comfortable. Let her maintain that 'control' she talks about. "I'll leave you to finish getting ready, shall I?" I ask even though I'd prefer to stay and watch. "I'll go check on the kids."

In the kitchen, with my heart still racing, I wash the breakfast bowls and wish I'd had more sleep. Sun streams in from the window on my right, and I peer out at the remains of the snow. My stomach growls. I'll need to eat something too before I potentially try to hide up in any stranger's closet again.

They'd fucking hear my belly from the other side of the door.

Over my left shoulder in the living room, the kids' voices carry as they argue about which cartoon to watch. Maybe I should get them dressed. We could take Kim to the station so she doesn't have to walk. It'll be cold outside, even if she does only have to walk a short distance.

When I return to the bedroom, Kim's fully dressed. She's standing at her vanity applying mascara with precise strokes that rouse my agitated dick all over again. A bottle green blouse hugs the top part of her figure, professional but undeniably feminine. Her hair falls in glossy waves past her shoulders. A dark pencil skirt highlights how great her legs are, and of course, emphasizes her butt.

Oh, God. She's gorgeous in a way that makes my very soul ache.

Do you *really* want her to do it *again*, Gabe?

"I thought we could take you to the station," I say and ignore my inner question while admiring my wife's legs, "Save you walking."

"I'll be fine," Her eyes meet my eyes in the mirror, mascara wand poised in his fingers. "The walk will do me good. And I'll wear my leather boots."

"I don't mind taking you," I say, somehow stupidly feeling a little insecure just because she's turned down the offer of a ride. "The kids are getting dressed, ready to come."

"Honestly, I'll walk," she says more firmly and shakes her head, "You guys stay here and have fun."

I don't know what more I can say, so I just watch her finish her makeup.

“I could use the time on my own,” she says to the mirror, “To think through what I’ll say to him, when we have that ‘talk’ he wants.”

“And what *will* you say?” I ask, suddenly aware of how difficult today might end up being for my wife.

“Depends what he says first, I guess,” she says and puts her mascara in her shoulder bag. “But I was thinking too, Gabe,” she says in a lowered voice, and her green eyes meet mine. “What if he wants to do something somewhere else? If he doesn’t want to take me to that same property. And if it’s at short notice, so you can’t be there to watch. What do you want me to do then?”

Chapter Six

Malcolm

The steering wheel of my Ford Explorer feels slick beneath my palms as I navigate what little morning traffic there is. The journey in to work is never any trouble at this time of year. So many people are still off on vacation between Christmas and the New Year. A red light changes before I reach it, and my motor charges through the thin December mist like it knows where it's heading. Here's hoping that by tonight I can say the same about myself.

She's coming into the office today, like I asked her to, and I need to get things cleared up.

"Get it together, John," I mutter my surname and catch my reflection in the rearview mirror. I'm sure there's more gray around my temples than there was this time last year. "You're going to nip this mess in the bud before it can get out of hand."

'Hand'. That word again. The image of hers. Smooth slim fingers wrapped around my erection, her other hand kneading my testicles, those plush lips of hers parted in concentration – it all flashes through my mind with such clarity that I nearly miss my turn off.

Christ.

I blink the image away in disgust, but then yesterday's church service replays in my head. Like some twisted joke.

Sitting in that hard wooden pew beside Bethan, her floral perfume mixing with the lingering scents of incense and communion wine, Father Davis lecturing the faithful about sin. And don't I know all about *that*? As well as the nature of temptation that precedes it. The stained glass cast colored shadows across Bethan's face as she listened. A face that once always seemed so heavenly to me. But now that same face is a constant reminder of everything the years have taken from us.

“Lead us not into temptation,” the congregation murmured too, and I did the same. I sat there, already neck-deep in it, the ghost of those illicit hands still burning me.

I pound my fist against the dashboard. “Goddamn Carl Moreno.” If he hadn’t forced me to employ his daughter, none of this could have happened. I’d be miserable, sure, but at least I wouldn’t be *that kind* of sinner.

The traffic light ahead turns red, and I brake hard. My phone buzzes from the cup holder.

It’s probably Bethan reminding me about dinner with her sister tonight. Another evening of stilted conversation and forced smiles. I ignore it.

Instead, while I wait for the lights, I swipe to one of my betting apps and check last night’s scores.

No. I’m down another four hundred.

Money I can’t really spare. Thrown away on teams I don’t even care about. I daren’t even check my current balance. I’m sure the gambling’s gotten even worse this last week or so. Since I started beating myself up about that girl.

The light changes, and I accelerate back into traffic. *What an irony.* If Bethan only knew about the betting. *How many times have I lectured her about getting help with her depression? Or maybe seeing someone about her weight issues?* Yet I’m the one gambling away what we can’t afford, betraying my marriage vows, and lying to the most important person in my life.

Who *is* it in my marriage that *really* needs help?

Yeah, well, I can stop beating myself up. Today I take action as planned. I wipe the slate clean. I’ll go on and make the new year a fresh start all around. Personal life *and* finances.

But the guilt sits heavy in my gut as I pull into the office parking lot.

The office is cool and silent when I unlock it. Peaceful after the last few days of tension at home. I drop my briefcase on my desk with a thud that echoes in the emptiness. Morning sunlight slants in through the main window from the other sides of the display stands there. I stand and watch a red Audi pass by outside through the sludge on the street. Then I glance beyond my blank desktop screen to the other empty desk that abuts mine.

I might rearrange both desks sometime this week. It doesn't help having Moreno's girl sitting right opposite me when I'm in here.

I need coffee right away.

In the back kitchenette, I peer up through the only window in here, a small one out back that's high up on the wall, and that would look out on the parking lot if the panes were lower. The sky looks like snow again. I measure coffee grounds for the machine, and soon, the harsh aroma of dark roast fills the small space as the little Gaggia gurgles to life. I lean against the door frame and think again about what I'll say when she arrives.

'It was a big mistake. I'm married. You're married. We can't do it again.'

Simple. Direct. Necessary.

Maybe too harsh.

'Look, Kim, you're a really lovely young woman, but what we did was a mistake. I'm married. You're married. We can't do it again.'

The front door chimes at five minutes to nine, and my heart leaps into my throat almost like a teenager's. I straighten my collar, clear my throat, and grab my coffee mug like it's a shield.

"Morning," her voice sings out.

"Morning," I call back, but then peer out into the office to see if she wants coffee too.

She's out of her coat, and for a second, what I was planning to ask dissolves on my tongue. But I ignore the charcoal pencil skirt that sheaths the curve of her hips and shows off her pins. And although I don't even like the color green, the silky blouse she's got on does kind of suit her. She's brought with her the scents of vanilla and something citrusy too - bergamot maybe.

"I was just making coffee," I say after a moment, "You want one?"

Her eyes meet mine briefly before they dart away. "I'm good for now," she says and fiddles with her shoulder bag, hooking it over the back of her chair. "I had one on the train in."

I nod and head back to the kitchenette and the fridge for milk. "Bea said she might pop in late afternoon," I shout.

"Oh, right. OK," she calls back.

I need to do this right away. Get it over with so we can both put it behind us. Get on with business.

I stir my drink and head back out into the office.

She's at her desk opposite mine, but with her chair scooped back a little, looking for something in her drawer. The hem of her skirt has risen up her thigh a little.

"I was thinking we should talk," I say and gaze down at her. "While it's still quiet."

"Oh, yeah, you mentioned on the phone," she says and straightens up. She gazes right up into my eyes.

I wish she wouldn't do that.

"Look, Kim," I say and shrug my shoulders, "You're doing a really good job here for us."

"Thanks for telling my parents that," she says, but she's gone red.

“Well, I meant it,” I say, and the coffee mug feels suddenly awkward in my fist, “Thing is, though, Kim, what happened between us, you and me, before Christmas, I should have stopped it. I should have known better.”

“OK,” she says, and she’s scarlet.

I should probably sit down, not stand over her like this.

I force a smile and head to my chair. I sit, but then peer around the desktop screen at her.

She peers around hers at me, and we must look ridiculous. I can’t help starting to laugh. Then she does the same.

Lord, she’s so pretty.

“I just mean...,” I start to explain some more.

“Malcolm, it’s fine,” she says, “I understand.”

“It’s not fine,” I shake my head, “I should have been stronger.”

She keeps looking at me, some of the normal color returning to her face, “It was my fault,” she says quietly. “I brought the mistletoe. I... offered. I’m sorry I put you in a difficult position.”

I shake my head, but her talking about our bedroom encounter sends dirty heat through my body. “No, I’m supposed to be the adult in the room. I’m responsible.”

“OK,” she shrugs, “Although I am over 21 too. But yeah, you are the oldest,” she says and gives me a little smile, “By quite a distance, I guess.”

Despite everything, I laugh again, and any remaining tension cracks. “Brat,” I mutter, and her smile widens. “Let’s agree to differ and get to work on those new listings,” I tell her.

Three hours into our workday, and I've already weakened. This self-induced torture with Moreno's daughter constantly within reach, but forbidden.

She stands at the filing cabinet, digging out paper details of a new four-bedroom colonial while an old couple waits for them. The curve of her spine, the way she tucks her hair behind her ear when she seems to concentrate, the way most customers seem to love her, every small movement feels magnified, designed to torment me.

"Granite countertops," she smiles at the couple. "Hardwood throughout."

The potential customers eventually book a viewing for next week, and then Kim shows them out of the office.

I try to focus on my screen as I scan targets for next year, but when she stretches to reach a high shelf, my gaze swivels back to her. My chest pulls.

Her phone buzzes on her desk with a message of some sort.

Husband maybe. A girl like her probably has him exactly where she wants him.

A weird sense of jealous frustration tightens my insides.

But it's not just about her. I think it's as much about not being her or her husband's age anymore.

"I need some air," I announce and grab my car keys. "Back in a bit."

"Oh. OK," she looks up with big eyes. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah," the word comes out sharper than I mean it to, "Just need to pick up some stuff." It's a lie, but I need to clear my head.

Outside, the winter air slaps me awake as I stride to my SUV. Then once inside, with the heater up full and the radio on, I drive aimlessly. I keep my window right down despite the heater blasting and the cold outside. I pass strip malls and housing devel-

opments, out to where the roads narrow and weave through barren winter fields. My knuckles are tight around on the steering wheel.

This isn't me. I don't lust after women half my age. I don't cheat. I'm Malcolm John. I'm the guy who married his college sweetheart and who goes to church on Sundays and works hard and trains hard. Trains, so that he stays on the right path.

I slow down at a junction.

But where has playing by the rules ever gotten me? A loveless marriage. A job for a thankless, so-called 'friend', a career turned into a dead end. Debts I can't escape.

By the time I return to the office, an hour has passed, and it's lunchtime. The parking lot out back is still empty. The light's on in the high kitchenette window.

"Still all quiet here," she looks up with a smile when I get back inside the office, "But I've got most of those listings up on the system now. Coffee? Then I can slip out to the bakery for sandwiches, if you like. Unless you had something while you were out?"

"Coffee be good," I mumble and watch her walk to the kitchenette, her hips swaying hypnotically in that tight skirt. "No, I didn't eat." Before I can think better of it, I follow her.

She's reaching for mugs when I enter the small space behind her. She turns, looks startled by my proximity in the confined area. "Malcolm?"

"I wasn't totally honest with you before," I say, and the words tumble out. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about you. About what happened. I know it's wrong. But I'm so weak around you. And it's like I can't help it."

Her breath catches. "I've thought about you, too," she whispers. "But..."

And then I'm kissing her, her back against the counter, taking the mugs from her hands and setting them down before my hands tangle in her silky hair. She tastes like coffee and mint gum. I slide my sinful palms down to her waist, then to the fabulous swell of her hips, and she's still kissing me back. Then one of my wayward hands is up

on her blouse to cup one of the breasts that's haunted me since the very first time I saw her. It's full and perfect in my hand.

"Can I kiss them?" I murmur against her throat.

She moans but then looks right at me, "Why don't we go to the Lakeside property again. After I've finished putting those last few new properties on the system for you?"

"I can't wait that long," I say, and she's already made my penis rigid in my slacks.

"But..." Her eyes dart toward the door to the office, but her arms are still around my neck. "What if a customer comes in?"

"I'll lock it." I'm already moving. "I'll put up the 'Back in an hour' sign."

I do so, faster than I ever have, and I hurry back to her.

She perched now on the counter edge with her legs crossed.

Wow.

"Not even any mistletoe this time?" she says, and smiles at me.

I grin at her, and she uncrosses her legs, then lets me unbutton her silky green blouse. I kiss her while I do so. I open both sides of her top to reveal a white bra over a cleavage that makes my mouth water. "Oh, yeah." I push the bra right up, expose breasts that are even better than I've imagined. *And believe me, I've imagined these.* "Beautiful," I murmur, and they're warm and *firm*, and they fill my hands. Her dusky nipples harden at once to the touch. *So fast.* I dip my head to taste them. They're sweet. Kim purrs above my head, and her fingers thread through my hair.

The erection straining inside my slacks might be impossible to ignore, because as I suck, Kim's hand brushes over my penis, and I groan against her skin.

"I want you," I confess, and look up right into her eyes. Desire wars with shame within me. "God help me, I know this is wrong, but I want you so much."

“We can’t,” she says, though her hand keeps exploring me through the fabric. “Not here. Not... all the way.”

“Let me kiss you all over,” I plead and gaze at those succulent bare tits again, “Let me make *you* feel good this time.”

She shakes her head and, easing me away from her, she slides off the counter. “Let me do it for you instead.”

I try to protest, but my penis drools in my slacks, and she’s giggling with her breasts on show, guiding me around so that I lean back against the counter. And then, right in front of me, she sinks to her knees.

“Oh my God,” my heart pounds so fast and hard that it reverberates through the countertop.

“I’ve been thinking about this big willy ever since that afternoon,” she murmurs from below, and nimble fingers work my belt. Then my zipper.

“Oh,” It’s all I can say as I grip the countertop behind me.

My hardness is held in her hand, stroked and then, with barely a pause, taken inside that heavenly mouth.

“Uhhh,” I groan like I haven’t groaned in years.

How long has it been since I got blown?

Her eager young mouth is hot, wet, perfect, and I’m lost. Her tongue swirls around my entire length with practiced skill, her darkened eyes gaze up from above her tits as if to gauge my reaction.

“Mmm, uhhck, uhhck,” her head surges at me, her bare breasts slapping as she holds the base of my shaft in one hand and cradles my balls with her other. “Uhhmm, uhhck, uhhck. Uhhm, I can hardly get it all in my mouth,” she gasps around it, then gripping it tight and slobbering, she kisses under the head.

Frantic as she starts to suck again, I fumble in my pocket for a tissue. I find one and offer it to her.

“Mmm, we won’t need that,” she says with a wicked smile, then takes me deep again.

“Uhh,” I groan, and as she sucks faster and harder, I concentrate on the sensations. “Oh, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,” I reach for her head and hold her there, work my hips gently in her face, and her eyes close as she grips me and sucks so hard. I bite my lip to stay silent as pleasure builds to an unbearable peak. “I’m cumming,” I gasp eventually and let out a roar that almost embarrasses me.

Kim doesn’t stop as I ejaculate.

“Oh, wow,” I groan as it keeps cumming.

But if anything, the moment spurs her on. Her mouth works faster, her hand still gripping me firmly at the base, the other massaging my spasming balls.

When I open my eyes again, she’s gazing up at me, her throat muscles moving, then she gasps and smiles.

“Dear God,” I shake my head and hold hers down there as tenderly as I can.

The chimes of the office door freeze both of us. “Malcolm? Kim?” Bea calls. “Anyone here?”

She’s come early and brought her own key.

I yank Kim to her feet and push my penis back into my pants while she tugs her bra down.

“Just making coffee,” Kim calls back, her voice steadier than I expect, but she gives me a panicked look.

How do we explain locking the door?

Chapter Seven

Gabe

The smell of my old man's cigar permeates the living room, even though he's outside smoking it. He insists it's a 'tradition' at this time of year, but I wish he wouldn't do it. Kim won't be happy about the smell when she gets back from the office.

My folks' unexpected visit this afternoon caught me totally off guard. Even though the kids were delighted to see them. I've been preoccupied about Kim all day. I guess my Mom and Dad were just keen to see the kids, after I called them earlier to say they might be needed for babysitting today.

I check my phone for what must be the eighth time in thirty minutes, the screen still shows nothing new from her. Still no notification about him taking her to that property. But it's too late in the day now anyhow.

At least she hasn't messaged to say she got fired, I guess.

"Gabriel, are you even listening?" Mom's voice cuts through my thoughts, her eyebrows raised in that familiar expression of disapproval.

"Sorry, what were you saying?" I set my phone down on the coffee table. But I know it won't stay there long.

Mom sighs dramatically. "I was asking if you wanted your father and me to babysit again one night before you both go back to work next week, anyway. Give you and Kim the chance for another night out if you're now not going this evening?"

I was really hoping you'd be needed today.

"Oh, yeah, that sounds great." I say and try again to detach my thoughts from how Kim's 'talk' with Malcolm might have gone. Whether he brought up the subject of what she did to him in that bedroom. If he made any noises to my wife about the pair of them doing something similar together again. Whether he was ogling her butt. *Or if he even tried something on today. In the office.*

When Kim asked me how I wanted her to react if Malcolm suggested they 'do something' at 'short notice', somewhere I wouldn't be able to watch, it shocked and scared the crap out of me. I never imagined her doing anything with another guy without me being there to see it.

"I'll speak to Kim about more babysitting when she gets home," I say because my Mom's still looking at me.

The clock on the wall shows 5:36 pm. Kim should be back any minute.

"You'd better let him and his wife see how they're feeling after New Year's Eve, first," my Dad says to my Mom with a grin as he appears again, bringing more cigar smell into the house. He must have overheard her offer. "In case the pair of them overdo the celebrations."

"We won't," I say and honestly, with everything that's gone on with Kim over the last few weeks, I've barely given Wednesday night and the New Year's Eve party a second thought.

Harrison crawls up onto my Mom's lap on the sofa beside me, his small hands clutching a Lego creation that looks like a broken spaceship. "Look, Grandma, it's a Millebium Fulcrub."

"He means Millennium Falcon," Leah corrects her brother from near the TV where she's laying down on her stomach on the carpet with a large picture book opened up in front of her.

"No, I don't!" Harrison yells at her.

"Now, now," my Mom ruffles his hair and inspects the Lego, "No falling out. This is lovely, darling."

"Yeah, it's really cool," I say and smile at him, but even now my mind drifts back to this morning when his mom walked out the door. The way her navy pencil skirt hugged her ass, the fabric stretching tauter with each step. If nothing else, her boss will have noticed that today.

It's bound to have roused his desire for more from my wife.

"You seem a little distracted today, son," Dad says from the armchair after sitting again with his coffee. He's peering across at me.

"Oh, I was just thinking about next year's sales budget," the lie comes easily. "You know, planning my first full year with the firm."

"You should be enjoying the *holidays*," my Mom tuts, "Not thinking about work."

"He's building his career," Dad tells her, "I remember those days," he nods sagely, as if his job as a mechanic was anything like fashion sales. "Speaking of work," he says, "Kim must be enjoying hers if she agreed to go into the office at such short notice."

That phrase - the last two words of his sentence, the same expression Kim used when she asked me what she should do if Malcolm wanted to take her somewhere I couldn't watch - it tightens my chest. I mumble a response. "Yeah, one of the other girls is off sick. Her boss was kind of stuck for help."

"It'll do her reputation there no harm," my Dad says with a hint of what sounds like pride in about his daughter-in-law, "Show the others that Carl's daughter doesn't think she's above getting stuck in, the same as everyone else."

I nod my head, but feel my face burn.

"Hello," Kim calls from the hallway, and she's back. "Have we got company?"

"Mommy's home!" Harrison leaps off his grandma's knee, leaving her with the Lego as he launches himself across the room. "Grandma and Granddad came to see us!"

My anticipation of hearing what Kim has to say is like a living thing inside me, coiled and hungry.

"How's the worker?" Dad says from the sofa and smiles up at my wife as she reaches the living room with Harrison.

"I'm good," she says and then leans over dad to let him kiss her cheek.

I glance at her legs. Wonder if Malcolm enjoyed the same sight today.

“Still enjoying the job?” My Mom asks Kim as my wife reaches her for a kiss.

Kim’s eyes briefly meet mine over Mom’s shoulder, and it feels like a loaded glance that makes my stomach flip.

“Let me make you drink,” I say to her and get to my feet. “Anyone else want a top-up?” I ask, but hope no one does. I’m desperate to hear what Kim and her boss talked about today. And that won’t happen until she and I are alone.

A short while later, and with my folks still in the living room with the kids, I follow Kim into our bedroom and close the door behind me with a soft click. She wants to change into something ‘more casual’.

She’s barefoot now, and she shrugs off her jacket, revealing the silky bottle green blouse underneath. A blouse that hugs the top part of her figure. She collects a hair band from the dresser and pulls her dark hair back into a ponytail. Then she undoes the buttons of her blouse, and the cups of her white, cotton bra come into view. Along with the olive skin of her generous cleavage.

“How... how did the talk with Malcolm go?”

How come he didn’t want to take you to that property again?

Kim smiles faintly, then shrugs the blouse completely off. “A little confusing,” she says, and then for some reason she’s flushing as she unzips her pencil skirt. The sound of the zipper seems unnaturally loud in the quiet of the room. “He asked if I could go in again on Friday. For part of the day at least. One of the other girls can cover the rest of it. The other one’s still off sick, and apparently, the office is always busy the first weekend after the New Year.”

He wants her in again on Friday? He knows she’s booked the time off.

The skirt slides down over her sheer pantyhose and toned legs, and it pools at her feet. Then, when she peels off the pantyhose and turns away to look for jeans to wear, my gaze settles on the plump cheeks of her ass, and my mouth goes dry.

“What do you mean ‘confusing’?” I ask, with her other comment returned to my thoughts. There’s something unsettling in the way she won’t quite meet my eyes too. I take another step toward her, closing the distance between us as she pulls a pair of navy jeans from a drawer.

“What was so ‘confusing’ about your talk with him? And you’re not going to work on Friday too, are you?”

She finally meets my gaze and then softly presses her lips to mine. She smells of the same scent she did this morning - although it’s far fainter now. There’s another aroma, too, though. Something a little more musky.

My heart hammers against my ribs.

“You didn’t....?” I can’t finish the question, “Did you...?”

Kim pulls her jeans on with her breasts shuddering in her bra, and then she places a finger against my lips. “I’ll tell you everything later,” she whispers. “Not with your parents still here.”

“No.” I grasp her wrist, more forcefully than I mean to, so I loosen my grip a little, “Kim, I need to know *now*. Mom and Dad are on the other side of the house. Just tell me what happened today.”

“Gabe, seriously,” she glances at the door, and she’s flushed again, “Not now.”

“Tell me one thing at least,” My voice drops to a rough whisper. “Did you let him touch you?”

Kim’s lips part slightly, and for a moment I think she’s going to deflect again. But then her lips brush my ear. “You better not be annoyed,” she whispers.

My entire body goes rigid. “I won’t.”

“My boobs.”

The lurid, vivid image flashes in my mind, and I stare at my beautiful wife. Then at her cleavage in the bra. *Malcolm's big hands on my wife's tits?* Skin on skin. His fingers enjoying the softness that's been denied to every other man but me. *Since she took her vows.*

"Where?" I choke out. "How did it..."

"Gabriel?" My Mom's voice calls from down the hall, shattering the otherworldly moment. "We're going now. Come and say goodbye!"

I stand frozen, my body a battlefield of conflicting reactions. Arousal coils low in my gut, while a strange hollow feeling expands in my chest. Jealousy and a terrible, dark thrill of disbelief war for dominance.

Kim hurriedly pulls on a dark sweatshirt, and once I can function again, I follow her swaying behind out of our room.

"Tell me everything," I say to Kim as soon as my folks have gone and we're back in the bedroom. The kids are settled in the living room with snacks and a movie, bought time with promises of extra screen time and a later bedtime.

But maybe Kim was lying to me earlier, teasing me about Malcolm because I insisted on hearing too soon about her day.

"If he touched your boobs, then how did that come about?" I ask and am not even sure what I want to hear.

Kim sits on the edge of our bed, crosses her legs, and takes a deep breath. "It was a bit weird," she shrugs. "At first, he apologized for what happened that last time." Her voice is quiet, but sounds measured, careful. "He said it couldn't happen again."

"What did you say to that?" I ask, struggling to understand how a conversation like that could have developed today into him putting his hands on my wife.

"Well, I said 'Yeah, OK,'" Kim shrugs, "I mean, he's my boss, isn't he? What else could I say? I told him I'd been at fault too, I guess."

“Right,” I say slowly, but still don’t understand this.

“And then later, early afternoon, after he’d been out somewhere, I was in the little kitchen making coffee, and he just came in and closed the door.”

My pulse quickens. “And?”

“And he said...” she sighs, and a slight flush rises again to her cheeks, “He said he hadn’t been able to stop thinking about me since that afternoon at the property. That he knows it’s wrong, but he can’t help himself.”

Fuck. I sit beside her on the bed, my knee bouncing with nervous energy. “What did you say to him?”

“I didn’t know what to say. I was shocked. I mean, after what he’d said earlier,” she shrugs. “So I just kind of stood there.”

“Then what?” I press, seeking her eyes with mine, and despite my trembling and dread, desperate to hear more.

“And then he just kissed me.”

My cock floods and thickens. “You *let* him?”

“I knew you’d want me to, Gabe.”

She’s right, of course, but still her words hit me like a physical blow.

I wanted her to. It’s true. I encouraged this, fantasized about it, pushed for it. Yet hearing it stated so plainly makes me feel oddly exposed, as if my desires are reflected in her eyes.

“And when you kissed?” My voice is barely audible.

“He was feeling me through my blouse.” Her hands reach for mine, but hers are clammy.

He only touched her through her clothes?

“He asked if he could see my boobs.”

“Fucking hell, Kim.”

“You said I should let him touch me,” she looks right into my eyes.

My mouth is desert-dry, so I nod.

“So I let him unbutton the blouse,” her voice drops to a whisper.

The image scorches through my brain: Malcolm’s thick fingers working open the buttons she fastened this morning before I kissed her goodbye. My wife standing still, her lips swollen from his kiss as she allowed the older man to unwrap her breasts like gifts she gave him.

“And he touched them?” I can barely get the words out.

Kim nods, and her eyes never leave mine. “And kissed.”

“Oh, fucking hell, Kim. *Fuck.*” I extend the last word, and dizzy though I am, my cock is rock hard.

“He wanted more, though,” her voice drops lower. “He said he wanted to kiss me all over.”

“Did you let him?” The room spins around me.

She shakes her head. “Would you have wanted me to?”

My sense of disappointment now says ‘yes’. My heart says ‘No.’

The question hangs between us, unanswerable. Half of me is horrified at the thought, while another half - a dark twin that lurks in the shadows inside of me - absolutely aches for it.

“So did it finish there?” I ask, though barely dare to, “With him, kissing your...kissing your tits and asking if he could..?”

“I did something for him again.”

My brain connects the dots. “You jerked him off in the office? The kitchen?”

Kim looks over at the bedroom door, then pulls me to my feet with her.

“What are you doing?” I ask, and she leads me away from the bed.

“Lean back against the door,” she looks right at me, “In case the kids try to come in.”

I do as she says, but *what the hell is she playing at?*

Kim kisses me and feels me up between the legs.

“Uhh,” I groan around her mouth, “Is that what you did to him?” I pull her sweatshirt up her belly and grope her tits, “Felt his dick while he was playing with these?”

“No,” she shakes her head and then melts to her knees in front of me, “*This.*”

For a second, as Kim reaches up from the carpet for the button of my jeans and then my zipper, I struggle to process what she’s just said. Then my whole world seems to tilt on its axis.

My perfect Kim - the kids’ Mom - the woman who vowed she’d only ever be intimate with me, *she’s sucked another man’s cock?*

The thought should destroy me, but instead, it ignites something bestial inside.

“In the office kitchen?” I gasp as her fingers touch and then grasp the flesh of my erection, “When someone could have walked into the office?”

“Mmm, it was quiet nearly all day,” she says softly and plants kisses on the underside of my tool, “And Malcolm put a sign up on the door.”

“Fucking hell, Kim,” I groan as she starts to suck, and I close my eyes. I lean back hard against the wooden door.

She's done this to another man today. My wife sucked someone else's cock.

“Fuck, I wish I'd seen,” I groan.

“Mmm, I do too,” Kim murmurs, “But Bea still almost caught us, even with the door locked.”

My eyes spring open, and I peer down at her.

Kim gazes up from kissing my balls and masturbating me.

“What do you mean? How?” I ask.

“She's got her own branch key. She came in before we expected,” she says then sucks me some more, “Mmm, we heard her though, and made ourselves presentable.”

The implications crash over on me like a wave. Even as pleasure from Kim's resumed sucking pulses through me and fights for all my attention.

They could have been discovered. Her career could have ended before it began. Her father could have found out everything. The fantasy we're playing out could have been exposed to the world in an instant.

“Mmm,” Kim moans around my balls and sucks me hard.

Fuck that feels good. Uhh, my wife could have been caught sucking another man's cock.

Chapter Eight

Gabe

“Bea didn’t suspect anything, did she?” I ask in our room when I’ve cum and pulled up my pants. Dark dread and anxiety have risen to take control of the conflicted excitement that pulsed through me only moments ago during the blow job. The *second one* my wife has given today.

“No, she would have said something,” Kim shakes her head and opens the bedroom door. “Better check the kids are OK,” she says.

I run a hand through my hair. “Sounds like a close call, Kim,” I say and follow her into the hallway.

I need more details. I catch her arm and whisper to her. “How did you do it to him?”

Did she get down on her *knees* to him? “Same as you did to me just then?”

Kim nods.

Oh, fucking hell, Kim.

From the living room comes the sound of the kids laughing at something way too loud on the TV.

“And where did he...?”

She *wouldn’t* have let him cum in her mouth the same way she did with me, too?

“Gabe, let’s talk about it later,” she says and pulls her arm free. “We need to check on Leah and Harrison.”

I follow Kim’s round behind to where the kids are watching a Disney movie, their small faces bathed in the bluish glow of the television. Harrison’s head rests on his sister’s

shoulder, his small body clearly tired despite the animated adventure playing out before him.

Kim sucked her boss's dick.

The phrase repeats in my head like a fever dream, and I steal another glance at my wife as she gets onto the sofa with the kids.

"I'm getting a beer from the kitchen," I say, "Do you want a glass of wine?"

"I'd better start on dinner in a minute," she shakes her head and smiles up at me.

How can she sit there looking like the same wife after what she's done?

My stomach curdles even as my cock begins to shift again in my pants. *She and I never even discussed the possibility of 'oral' sex with him.*

In the kitchen, I grab a bottle of Coors and open it.

Where did he finish? In her mouth? I can't bring myself to believe it, yet the possibility sends more blood rushing to my groin. *Was she really on her knees?*

Did he *even* finish? I mean, they got disturbed, didn't they? He might be back home right now, taking his frustration out on his own wife.

I smile to myself and take a mouthful of my beer. Feel the burn on my throat.

He's asked her to work again on Friday, though hasn't he? Is he expecting to pick up where they left off? My chest tightens.

I head back to the living room to join the others. I sit where my Dad sat earlier - on the armchair. But I'm not watching the TV like Kim and the kids. I keep gazing at my wife. Her long, crossed legs in jeans. Her *knees*. The merest hint of her tits under her sweat-shirt, small bare feet. Her succulent lips.

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What about him touching those tits? How did she respond to an older man's hands on her body? How did he make my wife feel? Did she moan the way she does when I touch her? *Did she guide his hands, show him how she likes to be touched?*

"When's dinner, Mommy?" Harrison peers at her. Dragging me back to the present.

"Yeah, I'll go and start it now," she says and ruffles his hair.

By the time Kim and I are alone again and in bed with the kids tucked up in theirs, the questions in my head scream at me. They've nearly driven me crazy.

"Did you enjoy it when he touched your these?" I lean over her, with her bed t-shirt pulled up to her throat, and I kiss her tits. "When he kissed them?"

"Mmm," she murmurs.

"Tell me," I say around her hard nipple, "*Did you?*"

"Mmm, yeah. It felt different."

A hot spike of jealousy pierces through me, alongside a shameful thrill. "Different how?"

"Mmm, just... different." Her cheeks and throat flush. "His hands are rougher. Bigger."

Fuck. "Was he good at it?" I ask and suck the nipple hard, "Kissing these."

"Yeah," she writhes slowly.

I reach down for her pussy and touch her there. "But he wanted this too, didn't he?"

"Uhh, yeah," she gasps.

"So how come you didn't let him?" *He wanted to taste my wife's pussy too.*

"Mmm, I don't know," she moans, "I just couldn't."

Relief betters the sick disappointment in my gut.

“Whose idea was it for you to suck him?”

“Mmm, I don’t remember exactly. Everything happened so fast.”

“How did you do it to him?” My voice sounds strange, ‘strained,’ but I ease two fingers deeper into her drenched pussy. “Did you...” the words get caught in my throat, “Did you really go down on your knees?”

“Mmm,” her voice deepens into a throaty groan, “This is like an inquisition, Gabe.”

“Can you blame me?” I murmur in her ear, “My wife sucked another man’s cock, and I wasn’t there to watch.”

“Uhhmmm, he was leaning against the counter, by the sink.”

“And?” I kiss around her ear, touch her clit.

“Like I said, I knelt in front of him. At his feet.”

“Oh, fucking hell, Kim,” I groan and withdraw my fingers from her. I grip my dick and push my body between her legs.

I’m desperate to cum again.

Kim pulls me to her, and I shove inside her.

“Uhh, did he finish, Kim? Before that other woman came into the office,” I thrust hard and kiss all around her ear. “Did you make him cum with this mouth?” I kiss her lips.

“Uhhh yeah, mmm, uhh, oh God, Gabe, yeah.”

“Where, Kim?” I smack into her, grip her shuddering hips as we fuck. I gaze at her face, but her eyes are screwed shut. “*Where* did he cum?”

“Uhh, he didn’t want to make a mess on the kitchen floor,” she groans and shoves her hips up to meet my hard thrusts.

The implication hits me like a physical blow. But I keep fucking, delirious with the news, I moan into her ear, “You let Malcolm cum in your mouth?” I grasp at the tits he’s mauled.

He’s had Kim’s tits and her mouth.

Her eyes remain closed, but her mouth gapes, head rocking back on the pillow as I fuck her - my *slutty* wife.

“Did you swallow it, Kim? Did you swallow his cum?”

“Yeah, uhhh yeah,” she clasps me to her, and she’s *cumming*. She’s cumming *before* me.

But I’m almost there, too. Sickened at her soiled lips and mouth as her body tenses and she cries out, yet I’m out of my mind with excitement to think about what my wife willingly took down her throat. *She took his seed into her belly.*

It’s too much. I cum with Kim sobbing in her own climax.

Kim lies limp in my arms, her breathing soft and even against my chest, one slender leg thrown over mine. Her olive skin glows in the low light of our bedside lamp, she’s still flushed from our lovemaking. Maybe I am too.

And yet despite the overwhelming physical satisfaction, an unspeakable dread settles in my gut like cold lead.

What have I started?

The excitement that drove me wild just minutes ago has receded like a tide, leaving behind the jagged rocks of reality.

Kim’s eyes open and she peers at my face. She traces the furrow between my brows with a gentle finger. “What are you thinking?”

I shake my head, unable to articulate the storm inside me.

“Talk to me, Gabe.”

“I don’t know what I’m thinking,” I say eventually. “I know I wanted this. I pushed for it. But now it’s happened...”

“You wish it hadn’t?” She finishes one half of my conflicted thoughts.

“No, that’s not it. I’m still...” I search for words. “I’m trying to work out my feelings. I’m excited by it all. I love you more than ever for it. I’m so proud that you’re mine, but that you’re driving this other guy crazy. But I’m terrified too. I mean, because I love you so much,” I say with my mouth drying up, “It’s like I’ve set something in motion, though that could get out of control.”

Kim shifts to look at me directly, those almond-shaped green eyes searching mine. In the soft light, with her dark hair tousled around her face, she looks heartbreakingly beautiful. And sometimes now, my heart does feel like it’s breaking. The sight of her together with the knowledge of what she’s done makes my heart constrict in pain.

“Nothing is out of control,” she says softly. “I love you too, Gabe. I’d never do anything to hurt you or the kids. This is only... only what you said you wanted.”

“I know,” I nod. Her words should reassure me, but they ring hollow against the reality of what’s happened. This isn’t just *anyone’s fantasy* now. It’s *real*. “But you wouldn’t..” I try to ask, but hate the vulnerability in my voice.

“Wouldn’t what?”

“You know, you won’t...” I can’t even express what scares me the most.

Kim leans right up to look at me. “Fall for Malcolm?” Her lips curve into a small smile that’s almost ‘sad’. “Gabe, he’s almost twice my age. And my boss. I’ve only done anything at all with him because I thought you wanted me to.” She stiffens a little, like she’s tensing up.

“I know,” I say, and her anxiety about my feelings somehow reassures me. I pull her closer to me and kiss the side of her face.

“None of it means anything,” she murmurs against my chest, “It’s just physical.”

‘Just physical’. Those words should comfort me, but they don’t. They insinuate the strength of attraction between her and him.

I inhale her fragrant hair, and not for the first time since we started all this, I feel like I could cry.

“And I didn’t go all the way with him,” her lips murmur on my chest. “Even though again he asked me to.”

Chapter Nine

Gabe

The theater darkens as the animated opening credits roll across the screen. The theme music swells, and it's a soundtrack that's been drummed into the whole family since the relentless TV ads for this movie started early in December. Both kids let out excited gasps. Harrison bounces in his seat next to me, and on his other side, Leah's hand plunges into the jumbo popcorn bucket balanced on her lap. Both the kids' eyes are wide with excitement as they gaze up at the big screen.

I glance beyond them both to their Mom, whose watching the credits unfold too, although her eyes suggest a little less excitement.

The movie might be animated, but I'm hoping I can lose myself in it a little, too. I want to break this pattern of constantly obsessing about Kim with her boss. *It's New Years Eve tomorrow!*

But as I settle back in the cushioned seat alongside my family, it doesn't take long for my mind to wander where I don't want it to go. Well away from this theater packed with families.

Images from last night's sex, and her confession about her day, flood my consciousness.

Kim on her knees at her older boss's feet. *Fuck.*

Once you find out your wife has done something like that, how are you ever supposed to think about anything else?

'I had to keep a hold of it too while it was in my mouth,' she told me when I quizzed her some more on it this morning. She was tired and not really in the mood to talk more about it, but I made her. She eventually admitted that she was worried about him trying to force it too deep if she'd let go of it while she was sucking. If she'd put her hands by her sides or 'around him' or whatever.

At first, when she said ‘gagged’, I kind of hoped she meant because she wasn’t really into what she was doing to him. That she was only doing it for me. But then she mentioned again how ‘big’ he is. And I remembered that when I saw it in her hand from that closet, she could barely get her fingers all the way around it.

The memory again now sends blood rushing south, and I shift uncomfortably in my seat, grateful for the darkness to hide the bulge in my pants. I sneak another glance at my wife over our children’s heads. The dim light from the screen catches the high curve of her cheekbone, the fullness of her lips. *Cock-sucking mouth*. She’s only wearing a simple V-neck sweater in deep burgundy, but it outlines the generous swell of the breasts he kissed.

My chest tightens.

A burst of animation color illuminates her profile and brings her looks and femininity into better focus. Her mouth and chest again, the long dark hair on her shoulders.

How can she look so innocent, so ‘maternal’, after what she’s done? The contradiction still makes my head spin.

Leah offers her popcorn bucket to Kim, and my wife smiles and takes a small handful. Her wedding ring catches the light, and it’s another glinting reminder of our sullied VOWS.

“Thanks, baby,” she whispers to Leah, and the tenderness in her voice makes my chest ache.

Harrison offers his bucket to me, and I grab a butter and salt-scented handful and chew.

When the kids are once again absorbed in the movie, I, too, try again to follow the wafer-thin plot. My thoughts, though, soon inevitably drift back to Kim and *him*.

I asked her what it was like, sucking one that big. ‘Not too easy,’ she said and laughed. Which was when she told me about keeping hold of it. I still don’t know, though,

whether the size of it turned her on. That possibility twists in my gut like a knife. But it's pain that's weirdly exhilarating too.

Harrison shifts in his seat, accidentally bumping my arm. I automatically put my arm around his small shoulders, feeling the warmth of his body against mine. The contrast between this pure, paternal moment and the dirty imaginings in my head washes guilt over me like cold water.

And yet, I can't stop thinking about Malcolm asking Kim for full sex either. Maybe even wanting to bend my wife over the kitchen worktop right there and then and claim her completely.

'Claim' my wife. The very phrase thickens my cock.

He's already had her mouth; now he wants the rest of her.

Has she secretly ever considered letting him? What would I say if she had?

On screen, the animated hero is saving the day, the music building to a crescendo. Leah and Harrison are completely engrossed, their faces upturned and bathed in the flickering light. But all I can see is Malcolm's large hands on Kim's waist, turning her around, bending her forward. *Fuck.* All I can hear is him grunt and her moan as he pushes inside her.

A burst of kids' laughter pulls me temporarily back to the present, but even now my mind refuses to stay there. Instead, I find myself asking: how would I feel right now if I knew my wife had spread her legs for Malcolm too? If Malcolm had been inside her?

The thought makes me dizzy with a toxic blend of jealousy and arousal so potent I have to close my eyes and take a deep breath.

When I open them again, Kim is watching me from across our kids, her gaze questioning. I give her a small smile that feels false on my face, then glance down at the kids before turning back to the screen.

“The movie was awesome!” Harrison says from the back seat as I drive us home. The late afternoon sun slants through the windows and casts golden rectangles across the car’s interior.

“Did Daddy think it was ‘awesome too?’” Kim asks, and when I look at her, she’s giving me a dubious smile.

“Of course,” I lie and grin at her.

“It wasn’t *that* good,” Leah mutters from the back, but her enthusiasm when we were in the theater suggests she’s merely baiting her brother.

Kim’s phone rings, cutting through Harrison’s loud retort and defense of the movie to his sister. My wife glances at her screen, her dark eyebrows lifting in surprise.

“It’s my dad,” she mouths to me before answering.

I keep my eyes on the road, but can’t help wondering whether some problem has cropped up with them babysitting tomorrow night. Maybe I’ll have to take up my Mom and Dad’s offer sooner than they intended. If they’re even available at such short notice. *Surely* they’ll have plans too for tomorrow night.

“Yeah, one of the other girls was off sick,” Kim says, and for one awful moment, I fear she’s about to get quizzed on what happened in the office yesterday. “Really?” Her voice lilts upward with pleased surprise. But her face is scarlet. “That’s... yeah, thanks for telling me. But you could have waited until we saw you tomorrow.”

I watch from the corner of my eye as she straightens in her seat, “Well, I’m trying,” she says, a smile spreading across her face. “A little like you, Dad,” she says, and I hear Carl’s deep laugh through the phone. “Yeah, I am enjoying it. OK. You too. Thanks for calling. See you tomorrow.”

When she hangs up, she stares off like she’s in a daze. But she looks almost ‘triumphant’ too. Her cheeks are still glowing, in a way that reminds me of how she looks after sex.

“What was that about?” I ask, though I suspect I might know.

“Dad heard I bailed the branch out by going in at the last minute yesterday, and how well I’m doing generally at Millfield,” she says.

“Malcolm spoke to him?”

“I don’t know,” Kim shrugs, “He just said I’ve impressed the ‘whole team’ there and that he keeps hearing ‘good things’ about me.”

“Why didn’t he wait until tomorrow to tell you, when we drop the kids off at his?”

“I’m not sure,” she shrugs, “But you know what he’s like.”

“All it took was a little ‘head’ this time,” I mutter before I can stop myself, but immediately regret the crassness.

“*Thank you,*” Kim says with undisguised sarcasm.

“Sorry. I’m only kidding,” I say and grin at her, “Your Dad was obviously grateful you went in yesterday when they needed you.” I glance at the rearview mirror to make sure the kids aren’t listening. Harrison is playing with a toy dinosaur, and Leah has headphones firmly in place. “Seriously, though, you must be pleased he took the time to call?”

“Shocked,” she admits and tucks a strand of glossy black hair behind her ear. “My father saying something positive to me? That’s a red letter day.”

I can’t help wondering whether Malcolm is behind this. And what his motives are. Regardless of how good my wife might be on the job, is he only praising her work so that his comments get back to her, to ensure she keeps providing other ‘services’?

The cynical part of me suspects it, but I’m not proud of the thought.

Kim’s barely put her phone down when it rings again. She checks it, and for a heart-stopping moment, I wonder if it’s Malcolm. My stomach churns at the prospect.

“Hey, Bea,” Kim answers, and a wave of relief courses through me, followed by a new kind of tension.

Bea nearly walked in on Kim and Malcolm. What's she ringing my wife for now?

I catch fragments of Kim's side of the conversation as I navigate through traffic, the setting sun casting long shadows across the road. And then at one point, she says something that alarms me.

"Of *course* it wasn't what it looked like," Kim says, then laughs, but her cheeks color slightly with a blush that spreads down her throat.

Oh shit, does Bea suspect?

Kim listens for a long while, chewing the tip of a nail for several minutes before she speaks again. "No... well, maybe," she says with her voice dropping lower, "I'll tell you next time I see you. Yeah, same to you."

When she finally hangs up, I ask her right away, "What did she want?"

Kim checks that the kids are still busy before looking over at me.

"Bea's guessed what's going on."

"Between you and...?" My gut cramps, and my hands tighten around the steering wheel.

Kim nods.

"You admitted it?" I whisper and feel my own face burn.

"There was no point denying it," she sighs, "She said, 'you can't kid a kidder.' She actually said, 'good' on me."

I try to process and digest the disorienting news.

My wife's extramarital activities have been discovered, acknowledged, even, by the sound of it, *encouraged* by another woman.

Even as it scares the shit out of me, it sends fresh waves of rampant excitement through me. It's as if Kim's infidelity is becoming somehow all the more real, more substantial, because another person knows about it.

But surely, another person knowing about it only increases the risk of someone close to us finding out?

"She wouldn't mention anything to your Dad, would she?"

Kim laughs. "No way. Bea's all about what she calls 'the sisterhood.' She'd never say anything to anyone."

I nod, oddly comforted yet still struggling with this unnerving development. Bea Whittaker, the highly polished woman in her fifties with her sleek black hair, always struck me as a potentially bad influence on Kim. From what my wife has said, and from what I've seen online of the other woman, at least. Yet somehow, inexplicably, the thought of such a seemingly sexually liberated older woman knowing about my wife and her boss only heightens my arousal.

Later that night, after the kids are finally asleep, I can't keep my hands off Kim. The moment we're undressed, and before we're even in bed, I pull her to me. My mouth finds hers with desperate urgency. She tastes like mint toothpaste, but there's a hint of the red wine too that we shared once the kids were in bed.

"No rushing tonight," she laughs against my lips, her hands gently pushing lightly at my bare chest as we stand together. The resistance is token at best. "I'm not going anywhere," she smiles.

"I can't help myself," I say and run my hands down the curves of her waist to the lush swell of her bare ass. The perfect roundness of it always did amaze me - full and firm, filling my hands like she was made for me. But somehow now, since her intimacy with another man, every inch of her has an irresistible allure. "I've got too much going through my head," I say and kiss her again. My cock is rock hard in my shorts.

In the soft glow of our twin lamps, her olive skin looks almost like it's been dipped in gold, warm and luminous.

He wants this body so much.

I gaze at her in my arms. The heavy fullness of her bare breasts, nipples already hardened to tight peaks.

“No wonder he can’t resist you,” I murmur and bend to take one nipple in my mouth. The taste of her skin, clean from her shower but with that underlying sweetness that’s uniquely Kim, fills my senses.

She purrs, and her fingers caress my head, her nails graze my scalp, and send shivers down my spine.

We move to the bed, and I confess what’s been on my mind since her conversation with Bea.

“I should be freaked out that Bea knows about you and him, but for some reason, it makes it even hotter. Her knowing what you’re doing.”

Kim looks at me through half-lidded eyes, her pupils dilated. “I’m not sure I understand that,” she shakes her head, but her fingers brush against my shorts and my erection so that my breath catches in my throat. “Mmm, but it’s nice for me having an older woman’s support and advice,” she says, “in uncharted territory.”

“Uncharted for me too,” I gasp as she grips my cock, “But it’s so hot. We just need to be careful no one else finds out.”

She plays with my cock as we kiss again on the bed, but already the familiar pressure builds in my groin and belly.

I held off long enough to make her cum before me last night, so I want to do the same again now. I don’t want to leave her unsatisfied like most times lately.

I kiss my way down from her lips, to the hollow of her throat, where her pulse flutters like a trapped butterfly. Then down to dark nipples before her stomach, when she moans and lets go of my cock.

I take my time, almost worship each inch of her. Her stomach quivers under my lips as I move lower, down to where her thighs meet. The scent of her arousal fills my senses, musky and sweet, like ripe fruit on a summer day.

I settle between her legs, and she bends her knees a little.

“He wanted to do this to you,” I remind her and kiss her there.

“Ooh,” she gasps and holds my head.

I lick and lap her tangy folds. “Do you wish you’d let him?”

She moans but doesn’t answer the question.

“Or did you prefer having his big cock in your mouth?” I suck her clit.

Kim groans and arches her back against the bed.

“Mmm, I didn’t feel ready to let him do it to me,” she says softly, and her fingers tangle in my hair.

‘Not ‘ready’? Does that mean ‘Not Yet’?

I spread her thighs wider, exposing her completely to my gaze. She glistens with need in the warm light of our bedroom. So vulnerable and open, and I imagine Malcolm drinking in the sight, until it makes my heart race. I lap her there and kiss. “Do you think you might be ready for Malcolm to do this at some point?”

Her breathing quickens, her chest rising and falling with each inhalation. The movement draws my eyes higher, to the perfect swell of her breasts, the dusky peaks of her nipples as they quiver. The room feels charged with unthinkable possibility, with the dangerous excitement of boundaries pushed ever further.

“Ooh, Gabe, I never thought I’d want to,” she says finally and grinds her sex into my face. “Mmm, I’ve fantasized about having it inside me. His big cock.”

I freeze, the confession hitting me hard, despite having imagined the same. The reality of it now, of my wife admitting she's horny thinking about another man *fucking* her, it leaves me breathless. Disabled by wild, conflicting emotions. I suck and kiss frantically again between her legs and taste her excitement.

"Mmm, I've never..." she says, her voice barely above a rasping whisper and still bucking her hips as she grips my hair, "I've never done oral sex for a guy without going all the way with him too."

She's talking about him as if the pair of them are dating!

The words should devastate me. Instead, they push me to the edge of madness with desire. The terrible, wonderful knowledge that my wife is one step closer to giving herself completely to another man. And I'm the madman urging her forward to do it.

"I need to be there if you go further with him," I gasp as I come up for air. *She's real close to cumming.*

"Oh God, yeah, I'd want you there, Gabe," she pulls my face back to her sex.

I kiss her pussy even though what I really want is to goad her some more. But Kim whimpers from above.

Surely we've crossed a line from which there's now no chance of return. The question now isn't *if* my wife will sleep with another man, but *when*. And *how* I'll get to watch. And how the hell will I feel when I do?

Chapter Ten

Gabe

The kaleidoscope of mirrors seems to fracture my daughter's laughter into a hundred echoes, bouncing through the maze like bells. I blink against the harsh winter light refracted through skylights, temporarily blinded as we wander the exhibition hall. The mirror maze feels disorienting, like my whole life these past couple of days.

"Daddy, look! There's a million of me!" Leah spins with her arms outstretched, her reflection multiplying in every direction.

I smile and try to tether my New Year's Eve morning thoughts. They've been stuck in that same loop, replaying what Kim told me last night. Her breathless confession that she's fantasized about going all the way with him. *Taking the 'big cock' that she's already tasted, into her vagina.*

"Gabe? You okay?" She touches my arm and smiles at me.

"Yeah, just... disorienting in here," I manage.

She nods and smiles again and moves ahead with both kids, her hips swaying in those tight jeans that cup her ass perfectly.

I follow the familiar sight of her, yet I'm mesmerized by her and her duplicates in mirrors. One Kim turned into three, seven, then too many to count. Each reflection captures a different angle of her face and body. That impossibly round Latina butt that her boss might even have his sights on.

That possibility too coils inside me like black smoke, both shameful and intoxicating. I catch fragmented glimpses of myself in the mirrors as I trail behind. My eyes look hollow, my expression guarded.

"Mom! Look at this one! It makes you super tall!" Harrison calls from around a corner.

I watch as Kim bends forward slightly to peer into a warped mirror, her ass straining against denim.

The mirror doubles her again, then triples her. For a split second, my brain superimposes Malcolm's big frame up close behind one of her reflections, his hands gripping her hips, and I nearly stumble backward.

"Whoa, sorry," a shaky voice mutters as I bump into an old man with gray hair, his concerned-looking wife holds onto his frail arm.

"No, *my* fault," I mumble and hold up a hand. My heart races as if the couple can somehow read the thoughts that made me stumble.

I rejoin my family, but the maze feels suffocating now. Every turn reveals another version of Kim. Smiling at the kids, laughing at her own distorted reflection. Every angle showcases the body I'm offering up to another man. The body that's now done things with Malcolm that I've never even witnessed.

I should tell her to quit the job. I should put an end to this before I lose everything.

But the thought of her never seeing Malcolm again brings a different kind of panic. My addiction is stronger than my fear. Two days ago, when she told me about the oral sex, I should have been furious. Instead, I couldn't stop asking for details, couldn't stop imagining it.

"Daddy, this way!" Harrison tugs at my hand, pulling me deeper into the labyrinth.

The mirrors reflect my shame back at me. A funhouse of my fractured morality. *What kind of father thinks these thoughts while his children play nearby? What kind of husband engineers these situations?*

And Malcolm asked her if she'd work on again on Friday. *She and I haven't even discussed that yet.* New Year's Day will have barely passed before they're alone again. Before he'll have another chance to touch her, to *taste* her.

I know I should stand firm and insist she stays at home. *Give me and her enough time to talk everything through. Set some limits so we don't rush into anything we regret.*

"Gabe, aren't you enjoying it?" Kim appears beside me, her green eyes concerned.

I nod, swallowing hard. “Just thinking about tonight.” A blatant lie. I barely even thought once this week about our New Year’s Eve plans with friends tonight. The holiday might as well not exist.

“I’m looking forward to it too,” she says and squeezes my hand. “It’s been forever since we got together with everyone.”

I nod my head, and then she’s called again by the kids up ahead.

As she walks away, a thousand versions of her recede, multiplied in the mirrors. All those Kims. All those possibilities.

But if she did go to work on Friday, and if I wanted her and Malcolm to...How would I get to see them this time?

Could she persuade him this time to take her to the property they used before? Or maybe some other suitable one? *What if there’s no time to let me know again, though? Like on Monday.*

The compulsion is stronger than my shame. Stronger than my fear. And as I follow my family through the distorted hall of images and try to catch them up, I already know for sure that I want Kim to go to work again on Friday.

I just have to make sure I get to see anything she might do with him.

The bass throbs through Wendy and Rick’s spacious living room, vibrating in my chest as someone cranks up the music again. Colored lights sweep across the crowd of thirty-something couples packed into the space. New Year’s Eve is in full swing, champagne flowing, and all I can think about is my wife’s legs and ass as she dances with her girlfriends across the room.

“Happy New Year, dude,” Benny, one of my game night buddies clinks his glass against mine and holds up an opened bottle of Mumm. “More?”

I nod my head and hold my champagne flute out for him to top it up, “Yeah, on both counts.”

“Your Kim looking hot as ever over there,” he gestures to the dancers with his usual tact. If I’d ever gotten so desperate as to announce that I wanted one of my buddies to make a pass at Kim, then this guy would have forced his way to the front of any queue.

“Yeah,” I say and peer beyond my glass and back at her. “Yours looking pretty good too,” I say, but I can’t even pick her out from here.

Kim’s in a tight black dress that hugs her body. The hem hits mid-thigh. Her long dark hair falling in waves down her back. She turns as she dances, and I catch the profile of her breasts, the dip of her waist, the swell of her hips.

If Malcolm could see her right now, he’d be desperate for her. She’s always been a sexy dancer.

Benny rambles on about some of the new console games due out later this year. Notably, GTA 6.

Merry though I am after so much to drink, I know Kim and I need to be careful from now on in. One wrong move might cause irreversible problems.

The ‘wrong person’ finding out. ‘Feelings’ becoming involved between her and her boss. And I can’t let any of that happen.

As I consider it though, and as Benny continues to rattle off the leaked features of the new game from Rockstar, the prospect of such danger seeps through me like ice water. And yet each time I gaze back at Kim’s undulating body, heat spreads through me too.

Until Benny finally wanders off for another bottle, and then once again, I’m mentally calculating the logistics of the day after tomorrow.

Malcolm asked her to work, and Kim says that if she goes, it’ll be just her and him again. But there’s no way or ‘where’ I could hide in that little office. And apparently, even the kitchen window is set too high in the wall to see through from outside. So if she can’t get him to take her to that property again (and even if she does, if we can’t make the logistics of that work at short notice), then what?

No, I need something more sure and controlled. Ideally, somewhere I could watch all the action without being confined to glimpses through a crack in a closet door, too.

“So, Kim drive to work at the new job?” Benny asks when he returns, and he has a fresh bottle of something else. He’s swaying a little unsteadily on his feet.

“Nah,” I shake my head, “Train only takes ten minutes.”

“Oh, I thought she’d use your car if you weren’t at the office in it,” he says, and right then it hits me.

She’s told me Bea offered her a ride home from work one time. What if Kim told Malcolm she’d work Friday but that she’d need a ride home? And she got him to stop somewhere, so they could make out.

Fuck.

She could make up an excuse about the trains being off-schedule after the holiday, or something. I could scout locations between the office and our house, find somewhere secluded where they could pull over. Somewhere I could wait and watch. Somewhere I could see *everything*.

No matter what position he got my wife into.

Benny is chatting to one of the other guys, and I hold a hand over my groin to hide my stiffening cock. The music changes, and Kim catches my eye across the room. She gives me a little wave, and my heart squeezes in my chest. I love her so completely that the thought of pushing her to give it all up to another man should terrify me. And it does. And yet I’m engineering her infidelity like some deranged puppet master. But maybe because it *does* terrify me.

She dances her way toward me, hips swaying to the rhythm. “Hey stranger,” she purrs, taking my champagne and sipping it. “Dance with me?”

Chapter Eleven

Gabe

Our bedroom spins slightly as I close the door behind us, the alcohol making everything more than a little fuzzy around the edges. Kim kicks off her heels with a sigh of relief, the sound of them hitting the floor oddly satisfying.

“God, my feet are killing me,” she groans and sinks onto her side of the bed, massaging the arches of one foot. “I’m getting too old to dance in heels all night.”

“You’re not old,” I laugh and unbutton my shirt. “Not like Malcolm,” I say, and Kim laughs.

“I had a text from him tonight,” she says and indicates her phone on the bed.

My heart thumps in my chest as I reach for her phone. I tap her four-digit code in and then into her messages and scroll the ones received tonight.

Past one from a friend who was elsewhere tonight, her sister, then brother, and right in between him and her Mom is his name - *‘Malcolm (Office)’*.

On the surface, his message is innocuous enough: ‘Happy New Year!’ with a party emoji and then; ‘Hope to see you Friday. X’

A kiss.

I toss the phone back on the bed. The clock on our nightstand reads 3:17 a.m. The new year is barely three hours old. “You were the most gorgeous woman in the room tonight,” I say and try to collect my thoughts.

She smiles, her eyes tired but happy. “You’re drunk.”

“Not too drunk.” I sit beside her, the mattress dipping under our weight. I take over the massaging of her bare foot. Even her *feet* have taken on a new erotic intensity because of what she’s done. *Every inch* of her has. “Not too drunk to tell you my idea for Friday.”

Her expression shifts, a flash of interest darkening those green eyes.

“I think you should work it,” I say as I caress the ball of her foot. “He’s obviously desperate for you to.”

“I don’t think he’s desperate,” Kim says.

“What if... what if you told him you need a ride home?” I ask, ignoring her reply.

“He’s offered before,” she shrugs, “Same as Bea has.”

My pulse quickens. “Has he?”

“Mm-hmm.” She starts removing her earrings. “He said where we live isn’t too far out of his way.”

Of course, he’s offered before. For a moment, I imagine his eagerness to get my wife alone in his car. The thought should infuriate me. Instead, it feeds the flames in my gut.

“Perfect,” I say, voice rougher than intended. “So tell him you’ll work on Friday. but need that ride home. Get him to stop off en route here. I’ll scout for a location tomorrow. Somewhere remote.”

Kim’s lips part slightly. “Make out with him in the car?”

“Why not?”

“I haven’t done that in years,” she says wide-eyed.

Not since we were dating.

“And you’d be outside?” she gazes right at me.

“Waiting. Watching,” I let go of her foot and reach for her shoulders. I pull her close, feel her warmth, “I’d park nearby earlier. Hide somewhere with a clear view. But where you wouldn’t see me outside in the dark.”

“What if someone else is around, and they see us?”

“I’d be careful. I’d find somewhere perfect. It’ll be dark by the time your office has closed anyway, as I said.”

She studies my face, and I can see her working through the logistics, the risks. “What if he doesn’t want to stop there? Or anywhere? If he just wants to drive me straight home?”

“He’ll want *this*,” I slide a hand up her thigh, push the hem of her dress higher. “He’s told you, hasn’t he?”

Her cheeks flush. “What if he wants it before then? When we’re in the office?”

“You can’t let him,” I say, and the combination of her suggesting that her boss might not be able to wait to get his hands on her again makes my dick throb. I’m rock hard.

I push her back onto the bed, my hands everywhere at once. “Tell me how you’ve fantasized about doing it with him. Exactly what you imagined.”

Kim’s breathing quickens as I push her dress up to her waist. “Mmm, bending me over his desk,” she says, and even after all the champagne her voice takes on that same dreamy quality it does when she’s aroused. “His hands gripping my hips, pulling my skirt up.”

“He could do the same in his car,” I groan, closing my eyes as the image forms in vivid detail. I tug at her black panties to pull them down. “Carry on.”

“Mmm, he’d want me so much he’d just push my panties aside,” she says and raises her hips so I can strip her. “Ooh, maybe he’d rip them,” her hands claw my shoulders, pulling me closer. “He’d be rough with me, not gentle like you.”

“Fucking hell, Kim,” I stare at her.

“He’d want me so much that he’d just *take* it.”

It's too much. I'm already too close to the edge as I fumble with my belt, she's still dragging her panties down. "Keep talking," I beg her.

"Mmm, he'd spread me open," she purrs, her voice a caress against my heated skin. "And then he'd push that big thing inside me, oohh, all at once, filling me, stretching me.."

I don't make it. The pressure that's been building ever since the mirror maze this morning, even with a session of jerking off before the party tonight, explodes without warning. I'm barely out of my pants.

The humiliation is immediate. It burns through the pleasure as I collapse beside her, panting but mortified.

"Fucking, hell, Kim," I gasp. "I'm sorry. I thought I'd got over being a speed demon."

But instead of the disappointed sigh I expect, Kim laughs softly, she presses a kiss to my temple. "That was pretty fast. Even for you."

I lie with her under the bedside lights, catching my breath, the shame and surprise of my performance leaving me both disappointed, and frustrated.

But it mixes with a new crazy realization. Something that tempts and tests this madness.

If I leave Kim unsatisfied until Friday, if I keep her wanting more until she's with him...

Chapter Twelve

Gabe

My gloves just about keep the cold at bay as I grip the steering wheel, my breath fogging in front of me despite the car's heater being on full blast. New Year's Day, and instead of lounging at home with my family watching holiday movies, I'm driving through the outskirts of town, scouting locations where my wife and her boss can fuck.

I must be crazy. But my groin tingles, and my dick is stiff in my pants.

Snow dusts the countryside in delicate layers, pristine and untouched. The sun hangs low in the pale afternoon sky, casting long blue shadows across the fields. It would be beautiful if I weren't so focused on my twisted mission.

A mission that might be easier if the most familiar locations where Kim and I once parked and made out years ago weren't now turned into housing estates.

She tried to stop me from coming out and doing this today. She said that if I was sure I 'really' wanted it, then it could wait until next week, when she's back at work properly. That we'd then have more time to sort out a suitable location. And she said waiting would give her a better 'shot' of persuading Malcolm to take her to one of the empty properties again instead.

But I *couldn't* wait. So she's told him she'll be at work tomorrow. And he agreed right away to bring her home in his car after work, too.

I turn down a narrow country lane bordered by skeletal trees. Their naked branches reach toward the sky like supplicants, black against the winter white.

This looks promising. Remote enough to get barely any traffic at all. If there's anywhere suitable to park down here, then it's unlikely any passersby would accidentally stumble on 'lovers' in their car.

The thought sends another pulse of heat through me, counteracting the January chill. I reach down and rub myself as I drive slowly and peer around. The snow better not get too thick by tomorrow, though, it could make the lane too difficult drive down.

Of course, Malcolm agreed right away to bring my wife home tomorrow night. What old guy wouldn't jump at the chance to drive a younger woman like Kim home? To have her 'captive' in his car, her shapely legs in a tight pencil skirt, knees that remind him of how she got down on hers.

My stomach twists.

Her scent filling the enclosed space of his car interior, those green eyes flashing at him through thick lashes, that plump bottom lip caught between her teeth, the way it gets when she's thinking. Or when she's anxious. Or she's *excited*.

The lane curves ahead and reveals a large, widened shoulder where a car could easily pull over without blocking the narrow track.

I slow right up with my heart thumping.

Beyond the shoulder, a stand of pines provides what *could* be perfect cover. I peer right out at it. *That looks dense enough to hide me.* Even with the gaps between the trunks. And they would offer sightlines to the road, too, in any case.

I park and step out into the cold. Away in the distance, to the other side of the lane and across a white field, there's what looks like a farm. But I doubt it would have a clear view from there of this spot.

The cold air stings my lungs, so I zip my padded jacket right up. I walk the perimeter of the shoulder slowly, a thin layer of snow crunching beneath my boots as I try to assess angles and distances. *Risk.*

What kind of husband does this? On New Year's Day!

But I know the answer. A perverted one. A husband who gets hard thinking about his wife spread beneath her boss. A father who's taken up his parents' offer and recruited them to babysit Friday afternoon and evening.

And what does that make Kim? My beautiful, seemingly 'faithful' wife who agreed to this depravity? Who's already performed oral sex on her boss at work and then described it to me in vivid detail as I thrust desperately into her? Who admitted, breathless in our marriage bed, that she's imagined Malcolm *inside* her?

The wind picks up, sending icy particles stinging against my face. Part of me is close to panic at the prospect of what Kim's agreed to, but I trudge deeper into the trees, mentally marking the spot where I'll stand.

From here, I peer back with a clear view of my red Mazda. Kim says he's got a dark SUV - black or navy blue, she says. I'd have a perfect view of that tomorrow if he parks in the same place.

'If' might be the word. *If* Kim can convince him to stop here. *If* heavier snow doesn't turn into a total whiteout and ruin everything.

And I'll need somewhere to park my car out of sight, too. I'll check further down this lane in a minute. I might have to double back to here on foot tomorrow.

I peer around for any sign of traffic, but there's still nothing. It's real still and real quiet out here.

I lean against a pine trunk, its rough bark pressing through my coat, and I close my eyes. I can see it happening already. Malcolm's car where mine is right now. His large hand slides up my wife's thigh, pushing her skirt higher. Her head falling back against the headrest as he exposes her. The sounds she'd make when he finally touches her. *When he gets what they both long for, and then he finally enters my wife.*

My cock strains painfully in my jeans. *I shouldn't.* Not here, not now. Not in the freezing cold. But the compulsion is impossible.

I ease my fingers from a glove and unzip my jeans. The sound is oddly loud in the winter silence. My skin is nearly numb with cold, making the contact shocking, almost painful. But there's something good about even that. And *I can't stop.* Not as imagine Kim's mouth gasping in pleasure. *My wife having seedy car sex with another man.* I stroke fast. Malcolm's big body between Kim's splayed thighs, her specially lacquered fingernails digging into his shoulders, the way they sometimes dig into mine.

Gentle snowfall melts where it lands on my heated skin. I'm frantic, desperate, working myself to the rhythm of my wife's imagined moans. In my mind, she calls his name, arching beneath him as he fills her completely. And that huge thing of his *would* fill her. Maybe like *never before*. And with his experience and know-how, he might satisfy Kim like I *never have*.

"Uhhh," release comes hard and fast, ripped from me like a confession. I shudder against the tree, watching my evidence melt tiny holes in the pristine snow.

Shame follows at once, along with a cold weight settling in my stomach. And with newfound determination to cancel anything at all here on Friday afternoon.

What was I even thinking? Standing in a frozen mini forest, pleasuring myself to the thought of my wife's infidelity. *Planning to watch from the shadows like some deranged voyeur while the woman I love gives it all away to an older man!*

I clean up quickly and head back to the car. The sky has darkened even in the short while I've been here. And heavier snow threatens.

The symbolism resonates in my gut. Fresh snow to cover dirty secrets. A clean white blanket over the dark truth of what I've just done here. Of what I planned for Kim to do, too.

Chapter Thirteen

Gabe

Friday, a little before 4 pm, and with Kim alone with him right now at the office, I'm at my Mom and Dad's. I'm dropping the kids off. All thoughts of abandoning plans for today were given up again before I even reached home on New Years day.

Kim texted me not long after she got into work today to confirm she'll leave the office with him at just after 5. And that she'd already told him she wants him to stop somewhere on the way home.

I've shown her the exact location where that needs to happen.

I'm guessing she only told him so early today about stopping on the way home tonight in case he tried pushing her for sex in the office again beforehand. Where I wouldn't see.

"So everything we need is in here?" My Mom asks as she examines the contents of the kids' overnight bag.

"Yeah, Kim packed it," I nod, and I need to get away. I want to get to that country lane in plenty of time.

The kids are thrilled about their sleepover at Grandma and Grandpa's. They're already chattering away with my old man about the cookies my Mom has promised they can bake with her.

"They'll be fine until whenever you want tomorrow," my Mom smiles at me, "There's no rush for you to pick them up. You and Kim have a nice time tonight."

"Thanks," I say.

"And get yourself a good lie in tomorrow morning," she says, "You look tired."

I feel it. But if only you knew why. If only you knew what your son was about to do this evening. And what your 'lovely' daughter-in-law might do too.

“Is it another New Year party, Daddy?” Harrison appears as I’m zipping my dark puffer jacket up ready to leave.

“Not tonight,” I grimace but crouch to his level, heart hammering with guilt, but sickening anticipation too.

“Date night, I reckon,” My Dad says with a grin as he joins us, holding hands with Leah.

“Something like that,” I say, and straighten up with my face burning.

“Eww,” my daughter wrinkles her nose, “Kissing.”

My Dad chuckles as I hug the kids in turn, and then can’t get out of the house fast enough.

Back in the car on my Mom’s driveway, I start the engine, but there’s a new message on my phone. A text from Kim.

‘Leaving soon. Nervous. X.’

My stomach flips. *There are no words like; ‘Love you’, or anything like that.*

But maybe she thinks writing it would only make her emotional. Make her think twice about what she’s about to do.

My fingers tremble as I type a reply.

‘No need for nerves. I’ll be there. X.’

I head away from my folks, consoling myself that Malcolm might *think* he’s the one with the initiative, that he’s seducing a willing married woman and taking her somewhere to be intimate with her. But he has no idea *he’s* the one being manipulated. Kim’s husband will be well aware of every move he makes on her.

My chest pulls tight, and as I drive and grip my dick through my pants.

The drive to my chosen spot passes in a blur, but it's fairly slow because of the snow. It falls steadily now in the last half hour or so of daylight. It's not the real heavy accumulation I feared, but enough to dust the roads again, to freshen up the earlier falls, and to muffle sound. There's a faint moonlight already in the sky, and the temperature feels like it's dropped further as well. I'm glad I brought my thermal beanie with me.

I park my car under barely visible moonlight. Nearly half a mile further down the lane from the large pull-off. A spot hidden down a service road behind an abandoned agricultural storage shed. Somewhere I found when scouring the area late yesterday.

I can't risk Malcolm seeing my car and being put off from even stopping with Kim.

I get out of the car, bundled in my thickest coat and with my dark wool hat pulled low. I take a deep breath of cold air and begin the trek with my torch.

My breathing labors with excitement and trepidation, and each breath plumes white in front of me. Snow squeaks underfoot, but I reach the lane again quickly. I head back down it as fast as the road surface and still-falling snow will allow. And in the knowledge that I might need to dart into an adjacent field any second if headlights appear.

They don't though, and soon I'm back at the shoulder. My heart thumps madly.

The trees beyond look a little eerie under the faint moonlight, and with the beam of my torch wavering, but I skirt the perimeter to reach the cover of the woodland. I don't want to walk directly across the open area to it, and leave potentially obvious and suspicious footprints in the process.

Once I reach the trees, I turn to look back at the several feet to the clearing where they'll hopefully park. That moon and the soft falling snow give the surreal scene an almost 'cinematic' appearance. Further away across that field are the lights of the farmhouse I saw when I first found this place..

I check the time on my phone.

5:23. *They can't be long now.* I peer around and behind me at the trees, then crouch to wipe the top of a thick log a few feet to my rear. It'll do to rest up on until I see his headlamps. And I should see them as soon as they pull onto the lane out there.

I sit, but the cold - and maybe damp too - quickly seeps through my jeans, so I stand again.

But *shit, it's cold.*

The land is eerily quiet all around me, too.

What am I even doing here?

The question echoes in my mind, unanswerable. All I know is that I can't stop events now, even if I wanted to.

I pull my hard cock out into the cold again, and then for a second or so, revel in the discomfort. This compulsion is *too* strong, this need to see Kim with another man overrides every attempt at rational thought.

My phone buzzes. I bundle my stiff dick away and check the screen.

'5 minutes. X'

My heart accelerates.

I can imagine them both. Kim in the passenger seat of his SUV, her pencil skirt riding up to show her pantyhose and the smoothness of her thighs. Those excited green eyes stealing glances at Malcolm's big hands on the steering wheel, wondering what they'll feel like on her body.

"Oh, Kim."

Headlights appear in the distance away to my right, cutting through the gentle snowfall and an engine growls.

My heart jumps into my throat, and my whole body tenses. I kill my torchlight.

The lights move slowly down the narrow lane in this direction, tires crunch on fresh snow.

Chapter Fourteen

Gabe

Headlamps sweep across the clearing, and I instinctively ease back deeper into the trees and shadows for fear of being exposed.

A dark SUV.

Yes. It's them.

My pulse thrums in my throat.

But the SUV doesn't stop exactly where I expect. *Why would it?* It keeps moving slowly along the length of the shoulder. Its tires crunch deep imprints on the snow until finally, it pulls to a halt twenty feet or so away to my left. Red taillights bleed into the dark, and exhaust fumes chug.

Shit.

I peer at the tree cover down there, try to work out how well it would hide me. But I *have* to take that chance.

I keep to the shadows, but pick my way through the trees to my left as fast as possible. I stumble more than once on the uneven ground, and branches tear at my coat, but I don't want to miss anything.

As I get closer, though, SUV windows are already misting up.

Shit, what if I can't see what they're doing?

I crouch behind a fallen tree to stare, but maybe ten feet away now, see only silhouettes through the side window. Dark shapes in dim dashboard illumination. But moving *together*, separating, moving together again. I inch closer, risking exposure in a half-crouch, but I *have* to see.

Malcolm leans across from this near side and over my wife. Her head is back on the headrest. *They're kissing.*

My stomach drops as if I'm in freefall.

This is different from watching them in that property. Or even what his sudden seduction must have been like at the office on Monday. This is *preplanned* between the pair of them. Premeditated by their desire for one another.

And it could go *all the way*.

This could be the beginning of something 'serious' between my wife and an older man.

I need to see better, I'm too far from the car. The window fogging is worse now, obscuring my view. I consider my options. The snow is falling harder too, thick flakes spiraling down.

Decision made, I abandon the relative security of this position and edge carefully toward the nearest, and driver's side. My heart hammers against my ribs like it's trying to escape. Every step feels like a betrayal of common sense, but I can't help myself. I *have* to get closer still, I *have* to see more.

And then I *do*.

Blurred and indistinct through the glass, but he clambers over to my wife.

"Oh, shit, Kim."

Entranced, I move closer again as he squeezes in above her, between her raised knees, and her skirt is bunched high up her pale thighs. Her coat has gone. Her seat drops back with a jolt, and she gazes up at him in her light blouse, giggling with laughter that I can't hear.

Fuck.

I'm almost up against his door, unseen but hypnotized as they kiss again, and then he's undoing her blouse.

“Oh, Kim, oh my Kimmie.” I unzip.

A moment later, both her tits are deftly uncovered, and he gropes them while he kisses her some more. I work my dick through my fist in the cold air. Mesmerized. But his frame is so big above my wife that it's hard to see much of her now beyond her nearest bare leg around him. And the occasional flash of her tits.

Do I dare go around to the other side? I stop jerking off for a second.

No. It would be asking for trouble.

Malcolm leans back and up from her and fumbles with his pants.

It's happening!

I panic though, and duck down out of sight.

And then, when I inch my head back up and peer over the top of the door and inside again, his pants are down over thick thighs, and his cock in both my wife's hands.

Caressed and petted.

Fucking hell, that thing is massive.

Kim lets it go a moment later, her nipples rigid, then she drags him down to her.

He spreads my wife wider and yanks her panties aside. Then his muscular body sinks all the way.

No!

Their joint groans sounds even out here. Hers is like *pain*. The sounds hit me like an electric charge.

I clamp a hand over my mouth to stop any cry of my own.

He keeps her knees high, her low heels dancing on her feet, his powerful buttocks clenching in time with the soft rhythmic rock of the SUV against me as he buries his face in my wife's neck.

He's fucking her, Kim's being fucked by her boss.

She moans under him loud enough again for me to hear and she tries to wrap her arms around him, but he pins them either side of her exposed body as he pounds her.

I cum up the side of his car, then try to re-direct it at the ground.

The muting effect of the windows, or maybe the night air around me, could be distorting the sounds from inside, but those muffled cries and wails don't even sound like Kim. Desperate, animal noises that fog the fucking glass with each exhalation. I shake my drooling dick and stare in horror. Her beautiful face contorted and transformed to almost ugly with pleasure, mouth open, eyes closed, completely lost in the sensation of the big creature inside her.

Cold snow trickles down the back of my neck, melting against my fevered skin.

"Legs on that," a male voice says softly from my right side. I nearly scream with fright.

I whip around to find a man standing barely three feet away. He's in his sixties, round-faced and breathing hard beneath a woolly knit cap. He's got binoculars around his neck and eyes are fixed on the scene inside the SUV, not on me.

"What the fuck," I whisper and shove my cock away. Like I'm not in enough shock already after what I just saw.

The man glances at me, then quickly back to the car. "How long have they been at it?"

I stare at him, mind racing to comprehend this bizarre turn.

He doesn't look like the police.

"Not long," I manage, heart pounding with fear, adrenaline, and something else besides.

He nods appreciatively, stepping closer for a better view as the SUV continues to rock, “She’s making enough noise about it.”

“Yeah,” I say.

“Lucky bastard,” he murmurs, again without looking my way, “She’s a hot one, and no mistake.”

He’s here for the same reason as me. To watch. Some kind of voyeur who knows this spot? A “dogger” like I’ve read about in those sordid news stories about public sex.

Kim cries out again, a sharp, intense sound, and the man chuckles low in his throat.

“Latina by the look of her, and she’s loving it,” he whispers, moving so close to the car that he almost obscures my view, “Jeez, listen to her. Love the way he’s holding her arms down too, so she can’t move them.”

I should be horrified. I should chase this stranger away. Instead, I find myself shifting away a little, allowing him room at the window to watch my wife be defiled and shamed.

Together we watch as Malcolm’s pace increases, as Kim’s legs lock around his lower back, heels digging into his flesh as if to pull him deeper.

Malcolm’s head twists this way over his right shoulder, and his eyes open. For a second, he looks straight at us, and his rhythm falters. His eyes widen, and he yells something.

“He’s *seen* us,” I gasp and jump back.

“Malcolm, no!” Kim cries out loud, and the door that side flies open, “Come back in, I don’t *care* if there’s anyone there.”

The stranger and I crouch together back near the trees, and Malcolm’s out of the car but then curses and gets back in.

I try to process what I’ve just seen and heard.

“My kind of girl,” the stranger whispers and grins at me, “Doesn’t even mind an audience.” “The guy looks just like the real estate agent who sold me my farm,” the man mutters and gestures beyond the SUV in the direction of the land where I saw the farmhouse. “Pretty sure his name was Malcolm, too.”

Ice forms in my veins, replacing the heat of my returning arousal.

If this guy recognizes Malcolm, then he knows the location of where my wife works. Even if he doesn’t know she works there. What if he mentions this encounter to someone who has seen Kim there?

Closer to us than any farmhouse, the SUV begins to rock again.

Fucking hell, she’s convinced him to carry on. What must Malcolm think of my wife now? She’s told him she doesn’t care about other men being out here.

But she can’t know there’s someone else with me, too. And presumably, if Malcolm saw my companion as well, he hasn’t made that clear to Kim yet. But by the look and sound of his motor, he’s only got one thing on his mind right now.

The stranger creeps back toward the car, and I follow.

I should be terrified of another person seeing this, too. Of the risk to our secret, to our marriage. But as I once more get close enough to see more of the interior of their heated, rocking vehicle, I’m rock hard in my pants again. Shrouded by patchy window mist, my bare-breasted wife leans forward over the headrest, clutching the sides of the seat as Malcolm takes her from behind.

She told me that’s the fantasy position she imagined with him. She’s putting on a show for me.

“Yeay,” the stranger growls, “Doggy for the doggers,” he keeps moving, right around the vehicle to the passenger side, where my wife’s round buttocks are pounded. I follow him fast. “Keep back,” I hiss at him. I don’t want her scared if she sees someone else out here, too.

But then once more, even through sealed windows, Kim's pleasure becomes terrifyingly audible, undeniable. And I doubt she could care less about me, or anyone else out here right now. Her lower body frantically pushes back and up take more of Malcolm's heavy thrusts.

My hand returns to my zipper as the pair of us peer in at my wife and her lover. And the stranger has his dick out too now. I work mine in time with Malcolm's increasingly erratic pace.

"Fucking peachy tush on her too," the man alongside me gasps, his breathing ragged in the winter air.

Kim cries out and grimaces, wrapping her arms hard around the headrest and tensing as Malcolm goes into overdrive, holding her hips firm but slapping and smacking his body down and into hers.

She's my wife, she my wife. He teased her about her butt and used to stare at it in the office, and now he's got his hands on it, holding onto it while he screws her. And she's cumming from it.

"There she blows," the stranger grunts, and his clenched fist thrashes his cock. He cums almost at the same moment Kim does. This man sharing a strange communion with my wife through the steamed glass.

And as I watch, heated in the knowledge that my wife's body has been fuel for one other man's orgasm tonight, Malcolm growls and collapses over Kim back. Then finally, he falls still. His desire spent inside the trembling woman I adore.

Oh, Kim.

I stare at the panting coupling and finish myself with a few more frantic strokes.

The stranger beside me zips up and clears his throat. "Now that," he says quietly, "was one of the best I've seen out here."

What have I done?

The stranger nods at me and heads off toward the lane.

Inside the SUV, Kim and Malcolm remain locked together as one, both still panting, bodies gleaming with sweat despite the cold outside. His hands gently stroke her hair and the back of her head. It's a cruelly intimate gesture, the kind of tender aftermath that belongs to proper lovers, not a sordid roadside encounter.

I can't stay here any longer. Sick to the stomach, I shuffle off toward the lane and turn left, in the direction of my car.

With me lost in gloomy thoughts, some minutes later, a car engine starts somewhere behind me. My gut clenches. For a second as I trudge through the snow, I fear that they'll pass me and he'll stare accusingly out at this 'pervert' voyeur.

But headlights never appear, and he must have turned around in the shoulder before driving my wife away and back home.

Chapter Fifteen

Gabe

The new sales target glares back at me from my desktop, crisp black numbers on the spreadsheet that will determine my professional fate this year. January sunlight streams through the open-plan office windows as colleagues filter in, exchanging cheerful 'Happy New Years' and vacation stories.

I stifle a cough, my throat raw from the heavy cold I caught standing in the snow Friday night. My nose is still stuffed, my head cloudy, physical reminders of what I witnessed, as if my body wants to ensure I can't forget.

Not that forgetting will *ever* be possible.

"Hey Gabe, how was your holiday?" Derek, the finance guy, stops as he passes and he peers at me.

"Good," I manage, and reach for a tissue for my almost-dripping nose, "Quality time with the family."

'Quality time'. As if watching my wife climax in her boss's car while he emptied himself into her in front of some stranger, too, counts as 'Quality time'.

"Got a nasty cold there, though," he frowns.

"Tell me about it," I roll my eyes.

"Whiskey and hot lemon when you get home," he grins and saunters away.

I force a smile, but my mind is elsewhere. Back outside a steamed-up SUV on a snow-covered country road, watching Kim's face contort in ecstasy, or scrunched into the headrest as Malcolm smacked into her. The image is burned into my retinas, replaying in vivid detail that won't be denied. Even when I close my eyes.

And what happens today with her in the office again? Do they compare notes on 'how good' it was for them both? She was a little hesitant to detail that aspect to me over the weekend.

Will they laugh together about having been watched? What will he think of her for not allowing him to chase their voyeurs away? She knows there were two of us out there. I told her about the farmer. She was shocked and horrified at first. But then she saw the funny side of it. But she doesn't know the guy recognized Malcolm. I thought it best not to worry her with that.

I told her I kind of wished I could have confessed to the farmer that she was mine. Because I was so proud of her. And because of the way she excited him too.

I check my phone for the hundredth time today.

No messages from Kim. *Is that strange?*

Before she left this morning, I made her promise that nothing would happen with Malcolm today. And then she shouldn't accept a ride home tonight either. 'We need time to process,' I told her, as if I were the reasonable one. As if I hadn't orchestrated the whole thing.

She agreed immediately, which was a relief.

I reassured her, too, that just like the previous times, I only love her all the more after this latest incident. Although, of course, my total feelings about it are a lot more complicated.

It only took me until I was on the drive here to work before part of me regretted making her promise not to let anything happen today. That same part of me that keeps replaying her moans, the way he mauled her tits, the way her body tensed and trembled as the older man thrust into her. The part that wonders how she felt when another man finished inside her. And how completely he filled and satisfied her.

I still haven't dared to ask all the questions.

I click distractedly through this year's first few days' sales reports, seeing numbers but not processing them. Kim looked 'blooming' when she left this morning, her olive skin glowed, her dark hair pulled back in a businesslike ponytail as she dressed for work. I watched her select her outfit, a modest A-line skirt instead of a pencil skirt for some reason.

My thoughts keep circling back to one troubling realization too. Kim always said she could never go 'all the way' with another man. That physical intimacy could risk 'emotional attachment'.

'I could never do it, Gabe. Not sleep with another man.'

But now she has. She's crossed that line. OK, so I pushed her, but what does her agreement mean about her feelings for Malcolm? Is it really just physical, like she claimed afterward in the answers to those whispered questions I was able to ask. Or is something deeper developing, something that could threaten our marriage?

My phone buzzes with an email notification. Not Kim. A customer. I swallow hard against the tickle in my throat, remembering how inadequate I felt after we made love on Friday night after she'd gotten home and bathed. I barely lasted two minutes again before finishing.

"It's fine," she whispered, stroking my hair as I apologized. "I'm still sensitive down there."

The memory of those words, too, sends a jolt of heat through me, followed immediately by shame.

Saturday and then again last night were similar. Although I did go down on her first last night. But then, once I got inside her, I asked her to describe how it felt to have him inside her. And she finally confessed she felt 'stretched'. That word tipped me over the edge. *I mean, she's had two kids, hasn't she?*

I wipe my nose again, and another worry surfaces, probing at the edges of my consciousness like fingers testing a bruise. Bea Whittaker. The older woman who guessed what's going on between Kim and her boss. Kim *confides* in her. Will she tell her what happened Friday night? Even if she doesn't mention me being there, of course.

And what if Malcolm's the type to brag about his conquest to someone else? Even if he won't want to risk Carl finding out.

I rub my temples, a headache forming behind my eyes. And what about that old bastard in the woods? What if he mentions seeing the Moreno's branch manager to someone?

But he'd hardly admit to being a voyeur, would he?

I open my calendar to check this week's appointments, trying to focus on something, *anything* besides the images looping through my mind.

My cold seems to intensify with my thoughts, as if my body is punishing me for what I've done. I reach for a tissue yet again.

Another thought strikes me as the bombardment continues.

Kim always insisted she could never have an 'affair' either. That 'sex' would be one thing, but an ongoing relationship was out of the question.

But what is this 'thing' with Malcolm if not the beginning of an affair? They've been intimate three times now. They work together daily. They share a secret that could destroy both their professional and personal lives.

And they have opportunities. So many opportunities. At empty properties they show together. After-hours at the office. Malcolm's SUV. Opportunities to continue what they started, even without my knowledge or consent.

Would she do that? Go behind my back now?

I've made her promise again that she wouldn't. But she also promised she'd never go all the way, didn't she? And that barrier got demolished as thoroughly as her wedding vows. Hit as heavily as her body was from behind by Malcolm's powerful thrusts.

I need the washroom.

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