

A woman with long dark hair is wearing a white lace bra and a white button-down shirt that is open. A man in a light blue dress shirt is adjusting the bra for her. The scene is set in an office environment.

**4**

**Open  
House  
Hotwife**

**First Time Hotwife With Her Older Boss**

**Tinto Selvaggio**

# **Open House Hotwife 4**

## **First Time Hotwife With Her Older Boss**

By Tinto Selvaggio

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## ***Book Description – Series Finale***

*It's not only me looking for ever greater hotwife kicks that increases the risks to Kim and me.*

*It's not even just the growing intensity of my wife's attraction to her bull.*

*It's 'outsiders' too, now posing problems for our wife-sharing games.*

*We've had some pretty shocking revelations about her boss as well. And we're faced with the very real threat of exposure of Kim's affair.*

*But have I got the strength to break up her relationship before it's too late? Or will this wife watching compulsion be my downfall?*

*Are Kim and I prepared to risk permanent changes to our marriage and family for the sake of her boss? And to keep the details of our sex lives a secret?*

*Find out now in the series finale of 'Open House Hotwife'...*

*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.*

## Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[A Final Thank You](#)

[All My Books in order](#)

## Chapter One

### Gabe

Cheerios skitter across the table as Harrison misses the bowl again. Saturday morning sunlight streams through our kitchen window, gliding dust motes over the lake of milk my little boy has created.

“I can do it myself, Daddy!” He scowls as I reach for the cereal box.

Leah chimes in too, orange juice sluicing the front of her unicorn pajamas.

I bite back a sigh, my patience fractured already. “I know, buddy. But today, I pour, and you eat.”

The kitchen clock ticks 8:17 AM. Kim’s in the bedroom, still getting ready. She’ll be with him again at work in under 45 minutes. My gut twists. Her first weekend shift. Eating into our family time together, because that little backwater branch is supposedly ‘so busy’ this month.

*She’s been getting ready for ages.*

My arousal throbs low. An unwanted stirring between my legs. I could have stopped this. I could have stopped her from saying ‘yes’ to any weekend work. Saturdays were ours. PJ cartoons and trips to the park, or playbarn.

“Now he’s made even more mess,” Leah reports solemnly, with avocado-green eyes like her mom’s looking up at me.

“Why’s Mommy working Saturday?” Harrison asks and stuffs his mouth with a dripping spoonful.

“I told you. The office is real busy,” I say with a tightness in my throat as I wipe the table around him again. “We can still have fun without her, though, don’t you worry.”

*While your Mom’s having her own kind of ‘fun’.*

Last week's memory slams in from that empty property. Kim pounded from behind in the hallway when we'd barely gotten into the house. Before he'd even taken my wife upstairs. His large hands gripping and mauling the exposed flesh of her hips as he claimed her in front of me. Bruises blooming alongside the hickies he gave her. *His signatures on my wife's olive skin. His attitude because he knew I was there.* 'Rougher than before,' she said. Like he was behaving that way *because* I was there. Telling her to keep her eyes on me while he was inside her. Getting her to say how 'good' it felt. And to tell me when she was cumming.

*Ordering my wife around in front of me.*

And he *slapped* that perfect ass!

Hell, he even tried telling *me* what to do. And it turned Kim on. *All* of it.

"Gabe? Come here." Kim's call yanks me back, cereal box frozen mid-air until I blink and set it down.

"Leah, you're in charge here until I get back," I say and wink at my daughter.

Our bedroom door is half-open when I reach it. But once inside, I close it behind me and then freeze, and with a pounding heart, stare at my wife.

Kim stands before our full-length mirror, hands gliding down her thighs in that pencil skirt with the high slit. The one she wore that last time.

"That all you wear now?" My breath hitches out.

She turns with a flush on her cheeks. "I thought you liked me in this." She runs her hands down the tight fabric that molds her lush ass.

"I do. Your legs and butt look amazing," I say, and my cock thickens.

"Maybe we should look for the same one in a couple of other colors too," she shrugs and eyes the mirror some more.

*She's changed her tune from the first time I suggested she wear something like that.*

My mouth dries. A crisp white blouse is tucked into the skirt's high waistband, and her faint bra outline hugs full cups beneath. Her lustrous hair falls in dark waves around her shoulders, and those green eyes watch me now.

"Come here, Gabe," she says softly, and her hand beckons me.

I reach her with my cock throbbing, and she takes my hand, then guides it to the slit at the side of her skirt.

"Feel," she whispers.

My fingers slide inside to the warm, silky smoothness of her thigh, and I feel for her panties. To get a hand inside them.

There's nothing. Only her flesh. My face burns. "Jesus, Kim," I breathe, my cock throbs rigid.

"He's asked me not to wear any," she says, and another flush creeps up her neck near her collar, where his hickey was, "He said underwear lines ruin the look of this skirt."

My head spins. "And....and you're... okay with that?"

*And you want the skirt in other colors, too?* If I'd asked her to wear no panties, before she ever got together with Malcolm, ...*there's no way...*

She shrugs and moves my hand away. "It's better than not wearing a bra. Then *every-one* would see."

"Has he asked you to do *that*, too?" I can barely breathe. *What happened to the angst and guilt she was feeling before we told him I was aware?*

"No," she says and shakes her head. "And if he did ask, I wouldn't."

A sense of relief that's surely ridiculous in the circumstances flares through me. But still, my pulse races.

Is this man starting to dictate what my wife wears - or *doesn't* wear - for work? While she's seeing clients. While she's representing *her* family's business.

*And she's accepting it.*

Shouldn't I be angry? Shouldn't I tell her this crosses a line?

*Then why am I fighting the urge to push her back onto our bed, to tug her skirt up and kiss between her legs, to wet her and whet her appetite for more from him?*

"You'd better get back and check on the kids," Kim says and gives herself another glance in the mirror.

"You know you're free to do what you want with him today, don't you, Kim?" I croak with madness consuming me again. The invitation crushes me too, though, because I can't be there to watch her. "Just make sure you tell me everything when you get back." I kiss her neck and inhale the bright, slightly spicy, but sensual bergamot fragrance she's sprayed on. "I need to be involved."

"I doubt there'll be time for any of that," she whispers, and her hand squeezes the bulge in my pants, "He knows I can only work a half day."

"I'll get the chocolate biscuits," Leah announces later in the supermarket, and she stands on tiptoes, reaching for a high shelf.

"We still have plenty of biscuits at home," I say, and check the list on my phone. 'Milk, bread, chicken' for the dinner Kim promised to make tonight, 'fruit' for the kids' snacks. Normal, everyday items. As if this is any normal Saturday.

*We've never done the weekend shopping without Kim before.*

Harrison sits in the shopping trolley child seat, making his plastic Triceratops 'fight' a box of pasta. "Rawr," he growls, completely oblivious to my distracted state.

She's with him at work with *no fucking panties on!*

I ignore the garish 'Special Offer' and 'Buy 1 Get 1 free' signs and push the trolley down the dairy aisle, trying and failing to focus. My mind slips back to Kim, to the way the morning sunlight illuminated her curves and bra beneath her blouse before she put

her fitted blazer over it. To what Malcolm might be doing to those clothes and with her in any free time they might steal together today.

*Surely he'll insist on feeling - or at least seeing - under my wife's skirt, to make sure she isn't wearing underwear?*

And if he does, will the pair of them really be able to avoid taking things further?

“Daddy, you passed the milk,” Leah tugs on my sleeve.

I swivel my head, and I've been standing motionless, staring blankly at a yogurt display. “Sorry, sweetheart. Good catch.”

I double back, and then as we finish gathering groceries, Harrison grows increasingly restless in the trolley.

“Hey guys, we need to make one more stop before we go home,” I tell the kids at the checkout as I pay, and they help me to pack the groceries.

“Where, Daddy?” Harrison groans.

“I want to get Mommy a present,” I say, even though a voice in my head tells me it's wrong to do this. Especially when the kids are with me.

I lead them out to the mall parking lot to dump our purchases, then back inside toward the department store at the north end of the mall. Leah skips alongside me while Harrison drags his feet, plainly tired of shopping.

“What kind of present?” Leah asks and peers up at me. She reaches for my hand.

“Just a skirt,” I tell her and try not to feel like a total asshole. But there's a fire raging out of control inside me.

At Benyon's department store, I don't even bother to head to the third floor, where 'menswear' is, to check on the Amen-D displays, like I would every other time we come here. Instead, we go directly to womenswear and the more formal area of it. In particular, the business and office attire, and the same brand of skirt that Kim has on today.

*I'm buying clothes especially for my wife to wear to please her lover.*

There's a pencil skirt in black on a mannequin near the back of the store.

Harrison plops down on a cushioned bench, playing with his dinosaur and making growling noises, while Leah follows me to the racks near the mannequin.

"They're all boring," she announces, fingering a gray pinstripe skirt. "Mommy likes pretty colors."

"Yeah, but not for work," I say with my heart rate higher than my sense of shame. I sort through the options until I find what I'm looking for.

The same high-slit design, but in a pale, pearl gray. I check the size, trying not to show the slit to the kids, but picturing how the skirt would look on Kim.

The lighter color would show him her *every* curve, her every contour, even better than the darker one she already has. My phone vibrates in my pocket as I examine the fabric.

Kim's name flashes on the screen, and my heart jumps.

"Hey, you okay to talk?" she asks, voice pitched low.

I glance at the kids. Harrison is deep in a dinosaur battle, Leah exploring blouses nearby.

"Yeah, still shopping with the kids."

"Still?"

"I found another one of those skirts you're wearing," I whisper, "Pearl gray. Show you off even better than the black."

She laughs softly then: "Malcolm will be doubly pleased."

"Doubly?"

*She means the lack of panties. My stomach tightens.*

There's a pause before she speaks again - and with a husky drop: "You said you wanted to stay involved. So I thought you might like a call just before I have sex with my boss."

The world tilts, and I grip a nearby shelf to steady myself, blood rushes to my groin fast, lightheaded. "Now?"

"Closed the shop up for lunch. He's about to do it to me, Gabe."

The picture floods my head. Kim bent over the worktop in their kitchen again, that slit skirt pulled high on her thighs, no underwear to remove. Malcolm positioned at her bare buttocks unbuckling his pants. Both of them knowing I'm on the phone, listening.

"Kim, I.." I peer around at the kids, but she cuts me off.

"Go," she says, "He's waiting. Later." Line dead.

A jigsaw litters the living room floor around the prone kids when Kim walks through the door a little before 4 pm.

*Some 'morning' shift!*

The look on her face, though, evaporates any resentment I might be feeling. Her expression is tight, shoulders tense.

"Mommy!" Leah wraps her arms around her Mom's shapely legs.

Kim manages a smile that doesn't reach her eyes before kissing her, then scooping Harrison up for a hug. "Did you have a nice day with Daddy? I missed you guys."

"Are you okay?" I ask once the kids have drifted back to their puzzle, and I've followed Kim to the kitchen.

"Not really," she says and fills the kettle. Then she leans back against the counter with her arms crossed over her bust.

"What's happened?" I ask and grab a couple of mugs from the cupboard.

*Have they had a bust-up? Did he try to....?* I lower my voice: “Did you do it with him?”

Kim glances toward the living room, lowering her voice too. “He got a call from his wife, Bethan. After he and I had... She was yelling at him so loud, Gabe. I could hear it from across the office.”

“What about?”

“She *suspects*,” Kim’s voice is barely audible.

“You and him? How?”

“I’m not sure. She’s found something. Malcolm had to rush home to see her. He couldn’t even give me a ride back. I had to get the train.”

“Does she know it’s you?”

Kim shakes her head. “I don’t think so.”

“What did Malcolm say when she was accusing him?” I ask, trying to keep my voice steady as I open the fridge for the milk.

*What if this all blows up and her Dad finds out?*

“He denied it, obviously.” Kim shrugs with her arms still crossed, and she looks down at her feet.

As the kettle begins to hiss and boil, the reality of our situation crashes over me. We’ve been playing such a dangerous game, treating it like some private fantasy that exists in its own bubble. But there are real *other* living and breathing people involved. Real consequences.

So what happens to the fantasy now? Whether or *not* Malcolm can convince his wife of his innocence.

## Chapter Two

### Gabe

The soft glow of our bedside lamp casts Kim's skin in warm amber as she removes her makeup. The cotton pad sweeps across high cheekbones. I watch her from on top of our bed in only my shorts, pretending to read but actually studying the careful ritual of her nighttime routine. Despite the news about Malcolm's wife, my cock twitches again at the memory of Kim's voice on the phone earlier today, husky and teasing just before Malcolm took her.

"You've been quiet all evening," she says, meeting my eyes in the vanity mirror.

I set my book aside. "I've been thinking about everything that's happened today. How hot it was when you called me just before he....But about Bethan too."

Kim sighs and sets down her makeup remover. She turns on her stool to face me, and her robe parts slightly. It reveals the hollow between her breasts, the smooth curve where her neck meets her shoulders. For a moment, I stare at the area where he left his bite mark on her. There's no visible trace anymore. Despite that, and my lingering anxiety about the danger of his wife's suspicion, my body responds predictably to the sight of Kim's uncovered flesh.

"I shouldn't have said anything to you about her yet," she says and ties back her dark hair, "Not until after he'd spoken to her. It might be nothing. It's only made you worried now as well."

"Shouldn't I be worried?" I shift against the pillows. "If Malcolm's wife did ever find out, it could blow up everything."

Kim stands barefoot and lets her robe slide completely from her shoulders. My hungry eyes track her brief, naked movement, the lamplight lovingly tracing the full swell of her swaying breasts, her dark nipples, and the dip of her waist as she pulls a faded red t-shirt over her head,

*He's* already had that body today. My heart pounds.

“But his wife doesn’t suspect it’s you specifically?” I ask again to make doubly sure, my voice, after the glimpse of her naked, rougher than I intend.

“Malcolm doesn’t think so,” she shrugs on her way to the bed, and her eyes flick to the tent in my boxers. “He messaged me before, to say it was a ‘long dark hair’ she’d found, on one of his shirts.”

“Your hair?” I ask and get under the bed covers.

“It better be,” she says with a laugh and slides in next to me.

Her bare leg is warm and silky against mine. But my mind races with the implications of everything she’s said.

*And if his wife were to visit the branch, and she saw Kim there, then she’d surely know the truth.*

“When he got home, after she’d called him,” she says, “she’d been through all his stuff and found more hairs in the laundry basket. On his underwear.”

The image forms instantly in my mind. Kim down on her knees at Malcolm’s feet, her long dark hair falling forward as she takes him in her mouth, a single strand coming loose in the heat of their passion, to cling to his discarded, cum-stained shorts afterward.

My cock hardens painfully under the bed covers even as shame floods me.

“I’m surprised his wife even cares if she thinks he’s cheating,” I say, and squeeze an arm around her to pull her closer, “I thought they barely got along.”

“Hmm,” Kim murmurs against my chest, “It might be as much about her pride as any jealousy. If she feels disrespected, I guess.”

I peer down at her and study the delicate angles of her face. In the soft light, she looks younger, more vulnerable.

*But even with this guy’s wife on the warpath, Kim hasn’t said anything about pulling back on the relationship with her boss.*

“As long as his wife doesn’t find out it’s you, and then her wounded pride makes her tell anyone we know,” I can’t help saying.

Kim’s expression clouds. “Dad would fire Malcolm on the spot.”

*Yeah, and Moreno family dinners might get a little uncomfortable.* If Kim feels like she’s always been judged badly against her siblings, Seth and Rosa, then wait until Carl hears about *this*.

“Do you think we should stop?” I hear myself say, though the words feel hollow.

Kim’s eyes search mine. “Is that what you want?”

*‘No!’* screams something dark inside me. *I want to watch him take you again. I want to see you lose yourself in pleasure in front of me with your lover.*

I don’t know,” I hedge, somehow unable, in the face of this new risk, to give voice to my shameful desires.

Kim’s hands find one of mine beneath the covers. “We’ll just have to be real careful from now on.”

I brood for so long about what Kim has said, more troubled than excited by her lack of insistence that the relationship with Malcolm be called at least to a temporary halt, that eventually, I become aware her breathing has deepened beside me.

*He had sex with my wife today, but I didn’t.*

Sleep eludes me. The room is dark save for thin slices of streetlight filtering through the blinds, painting stripes across our bedspread. My mind refuses to quiet, churning with images of Bethan finding evidence, confronting Malcolm, and the scandal spreading through Kim’s family.

But even these anxious thoughts can’t fully suppress the arousal that’s simmered since Kim left for work without panties. Arousal that boiled up when she phoned me from the office to tell me her boss was again about to take what’s mine.

My body betrays me, hardening again even as I recall Kim's phrase about the hair Bethan found. 'It *better* be mine', she said, as if concerned in case Malcolm could be involved with some other brunette, too.

Even if that statement was just a joke.

I shift uncomfortably, trying not to wake her as I squeeze my hard cock. But my movement - or maybe a change in my breathing - must alert her, because she stirs and turns toward me in the darkness.

"You're still awake?" she murmurs, voice husky with sleep.

"Can't stop thinking," I say.

Her hand slides across my chest, fingernails cold on my flesh. "About Bethan?"

"About everything."

"Anything else in particular?" she kisses my chest.

I swallow hard. "You going to work with no underwear on, for one."

"It felt weird when customers came in, knowing I had nothing underneath," she whispers.

*Fucking hell.* I try to imagine the scene.

"It turned you on, though, because I wasn't wearing any, didn't it?" she murmurs, closer to me now.

"What do you think?" I say and kiss her warm neck.

"It turned Malcolm on too," she whispers again.

"Shit, Kim. And when you called me... right before..."

"Mmm, before Malcolm and I had sex, you mean, Gabe?" Kim's hand drifts lower, teasing along the waistband of my boxers.

My breath catches. “How did he do it to you?”

“Mmm,” she presses her lips to mine and her fingers dip beneath the elastic of my shorts. “He bent me over the counter in the kitchen at first, but then he wanted to see my face. So we ended up doing it on the floor.”

*‘Floor?’*

The vivid image forms instantly. Kim on her back on the office kitchen floor, so desperate for his cock. Her skirt bunched around her waist, Malcolm kneeling between her spread thighs. I groan, hips lifting involuntarily into her touch.

“Tell me,” I beg her, finding her mouth again in the darkness. “Tell me everything, Kim.”

“Ooh, it was so good,” she breathes, arching as my hands find her breasts.

My heart pounds so hard I’m sure she must feel it against her. “Why? Why was it so good?”

“Mmm, because he’s so big. And he asked how you liked watching us.”

“What did you tell him?” I push my fingers into her drenched pussy.

Her hips rock against my arm like she’s seeking friction. “I said you loved seeing your wife fucked by him.”

The crude language coming from Kim’s mouth sends an electric jolt through me. “Oh, God Kim, I did. I *do*. I love it so much.”

“Mmm, after he first bent me over the counter with my skirt right up, he kissed my ass before he told me to get on the floor.” She helps me drag my shorts down, moaning as our bodies finally press together, skin to skin. “He pushed my legs so wide apart.”

I kneel between her thighs and mimic her narration. “Like this?”

“Uhhh, Yes,” she gasps as I enter her. “Mmm, the way he stretches me is so intense.”

The implied comparison should humiliate me, diminish me. Instead, it makes me thrust harder, desperate now to claim back the same territory Malcolm has taken.

“Is he better than me?” I ask, the question wrenched from somewhere deep and dark, “Is he Kim? Is Malcolm better than me?”

Her nails dig into my shoulders as I thrust in a frenzy. “Uhhmm, he’s different. Bigger, mmm, rougher.”

Images of their coupling in that vacant house when I watched cascade through my mind. Kim taken from behind in the hallway with an aggression I’ve never shown. Uhh, the hair-pulling, the slaps he gave her ass when they later took things upstairs, uhh, and the sounds of her crying out.

I can’t control myself, and with a cry, I cum deep inside her.

“He said it was different when you were watching,” Kim says as we lie together afterwards in the dark, and my breathing slows.

“Different, how?” I ask, although in truth, I’m not now in much of a mood to discuss this.

Her fingers trace around one of my nipples, warm and unhurried. “He said it was more intense. Like he had something to prove.”

I consider her words. Reassured a little by what could be insecurity on his part. “You mean like how aggressive he was with you?”

“Uh-huh,” she breathes, shifting closer still, and her thigh drapes mine. “It turned me on. The raw power. And you liked watching it, didn’t you? Seeing him take control?”

*She’s still horny.*

“I guess.” Heat floods my face in the dark.

“Do you like it when he’s rough with your wife?” She kisses my chest, and despite myself, my dick begins to stir again.

“I mean, it’s not me,” I say, mouth dry, “But it works on you.”

Kim’s laugh is soft, throaty before she pulls me into a hungry kiss. “And the way he spoke to *you*,” she reminds me around my lips, “Mmm, I think that was him staking his claim too.”

“His claim on my wife?” I kiss her, and I’m hard again in her hand.

“Uhhh, yeah,” she exhales in my face as I push inside her again.

“Did you like it when he pulled your hair, Kim? When he slapped your ass?” I smack into her.

“Mmm, yes,” she groans, grinding against me, clinging to me. “And when he ordered us to look at each other when I came....”

*It’s like his wife’s ‘evidence’ doesn’t even matter to her. Nor the prospect of her Dad or sister’s potential judgment.*

*She’s going cum before me this time.*

But even as we fuck and I revel in the images of my ravished wife, the implication hangs in a corner of my head. This isn’t just physical attraction or forbidden excitement anymore. It’s a deeper web that might be starting to bind us.

## Chapter Three

### Gabe

Gradually, something pulls me from sleep and into the morning light. Something soft and smooth presses against my calf. Kim's bare leg, tangled with mine beneath the rumpled sheets. The bedroom is quiet, save for her gentle breathing; the air carries the faint honeysuckle scent of her hair.

I blink away sleep. Sunday. 8:43 am. Usually, I'd hear the TV from the living room by now. Or the kids would have burst into our room demanding breakfast. But the house remains silent.

Kim shifts beside me, her leg sliding higher against mine. Even half-asleep, her touch ignites something primal in me. I roll toward her, find her warm and pliant, still presumably caught in the hazy realm between dreams and waking. Her dark hair fans across the pillow, a few strands falling across her face.

"Morning," I whisper, brushing the hair from her cheek. She's got her faded red t-shirt back on.

She makes a soft sound of acknowledgment, eyes still closed, lips curving into a sleepy smile. I press my mouth to the hollow of her throat, taste a trace of salt on her warm skin.

After some of the things she said about him last night, I want to use today to remind her that she's my wife and the kid's Mom. *As well as Malcolm's.....whatever she is.*

My dick stiffens, and my hand finds the hem of her t-shirt, sliding beneath to cup the warm weight of a breast.

"What about the Kids?" she murmurs, arching slightly into my touch.

"Can't hear anything. Can you?" I whisper against her collarbone. "Miracle of miracles."

Her eyes flutter open, green and gold in the morning light. "Better be quick, then."

She doesn't need to tell me twice. I haul the shirt up to her throat and uncover her body while she tugs at my boxers. There's an urgency to our movements, born once of parenthood and the knowledge that our privacy could be interrupted at any moment. But now too - at least for me - fueled by the thought of her forbidden affair.

Her body welcomes me with familiar heat, her legs wrap around my waist as I push inside her. I need to reclaim her as a wife. As the kid's mom. As *mine*. No words. Just hard thrusts. Maybe a little rough to erase last night's confessions.

Beneath me, Kim's eyes lock on mine, her nipples upright and her husky whisper punctuating the slaps of our bodies. "Are you thinking about me with him at the office? When he bent me..."

"No," I grit out, reticent, pounding harder as if to silence her. And to silence my own thoughts. Focus on *us*. "Just you. My hot wife."

Her nails dig my shoulders, hips rising to meet me. "When he found no panties," she pants, "he said I was a 'good girl' for it."

The mental image shatters my resolve.

"Fuck...Did he?" I gasp as my rhythm falters.

"Mmm, then he rewarded me."

"With his big cock?" I pant, desperately trying to hold back my release.

"And he made me cum," she pants in my ear, "over and over, Gabe."

That's it. I finish strangled, collapsing against her, face burning.

Kim strokes my hair, her body still tense beneath me. She didn't finish. Again.

"I'm sorry," I mutter against her shoulder.

Her fingers continue their gentle path through my hair. "It's okay. I know how much this turns you on."

I roll off her and stare up at the ceiling, shame and satisfaction warring in my chest. “Let me at least take care of you now,” I say and reach for her again.

“Later,” she presses a quick kiss to my cheek before sliding out of bed. “I can hear movement in Leah’s room.”

She’s right. The faint sounds of cupboards or drawers being opened drift down the hallway. Kim wriggles her t-shirt right back down her body and pulls her robe on over it while I watch.

I’m still trying to process how quickly this has become our pattern: me getting off to thoughts of my wife with her boss, her left unsatisfied but seemingly accepting of the arrangement.

Does she even *miss* the orgasms with *me*?

“Do you think Malcolm will be able to talk his way out of his wife’s accusations?” I ask, and finally find my boxers tangled in the sheets.

Kim pauses at the dresser, the mirror catching her tousled reflection before she takes a brush to her mane. “He’s got that silver tongue, you know, when it counts. Maybe even smoother than your sales chat.”

My face burns. And I don’t think she even meant what she said as a tease.

The casual comparison probably shouldn’t bother me. He and I are both in sales, but something in her tone, in the implication that he’s better at persuasion than I am, stings like hell.

And her opinion worries me.

Blue light ripples across Kim’s face as she stands before the massive tank, her features transformed by the undulating patterns cast by the water. The National Aquarium hums with the excited chatter of Sunday visitors, the air cool and slightly damp, smelling faintly of salt and chlorine.

“Daddy, look! It’s Nemo!” Harrison’s sticky little hand tugs at mine, and a finger of his other hand points frantically at a clownfish darting between anemone tentacles.

“I see him, buddy.” I squat beside my son, trying to ramp up my enthusiasm while my gaze keeps drifting back to Kim.

She’s a few feet away, crouched next to Leah, who presses her small palms against the glass, entranced by a graceful sea turtle gliding past. In tight dark jeans and a cream-colored cable-knit sweater under her open leather jacket, which hugs her curves, Kim has already drawn appreciative glances from more than one other male visitor. The sweater’s soft material accentuates the full swell of her breasts, and when she stands and turns, the whole outfit highlights the narrowness of her waist in contrast to the flare of her hips.

But it’s what she said last night and this morning that floods my head.

*How he made her cum ‘over and over’. Her excitement at his aggression and roughness with her, the way he spoke to us both. And her saying he’s more persuasive than me, as if that was nothing.*

“Can fish see us, Daddy?” Harrison asks, his nose now flattened against the glass.

“Sure, they can see us watching them,” I answer, the words triggering an unexpected association.

*Watching. Like I watch your mom.*

The entire aquarium suddenly seems like an elaborate metaphor for my life. Everywhere, people press against glass barriers, observing creatures in artificial environments. A young couple stands across the tank, arms wrapped around each other as they point at exotic fish. Are they watching the marine life, or are they watching us watching the marine life? Layers of observation, just like the layers in our marriage now. Me watching Malcolm watching Kim, all of us performing roles for different audiences.

“Gabe, you okay?” Kim appears at my side and links her arm through mine. “You look like you saw a ghost.”

Before I can answer, a wetsuited diver enters the nearest tank, bubbles streaming from his mask as he waves to the thrilled children. He's performing for his audience, making a show of the mundane task of cleaning and feeding. All the kids press closer to the glass, captivated by this glimpse behind the scenes.

"Just thinking," I say, watching the diver collect a discarded, detached plant from the sandy bottom.

Harrison tugs Kim's hand. "Mommy, can we go see the sharks? Please?"

"Of course, baby." Kim smiles down at him. "Let's find that shark tunnel."

As we follow the children toward the next exhibit, I catch Kim watching a family across the way. A mother, father, and two kids around the same age as ours. The woman is tall, blonde, and heavysset. Kim studies her for several seconds.

"What were you thinking about, then?" I ask as we enter the dimly lit shark tunnel, a transparent passageway through a massive tank where sharks and rays glide silently overhead and around us. "When you were looking at that family?"

Kim remains silent until the children run ahead, the little ones mesmerized by a hammerhead shark circling above. "I was wondering what Bethan looks like."

"Malcolm's wife?"

She nods, her face ghostly blue in the filtered light. "I keep thinking what would happen if she ever came to the branch and saw me. Would she put two and two together?"

The thought sends an uncomfortable chill through me. Malcolm's marriage isn't just an abstract concept any longer. His wife is a living, breathing 'Bethan' and she's a woman whose relationship - no matter how fragile it was before - is now undermined by my wife. *With my encouragement.*

"What would you do if she confronted you?" I ask.

Kim watches a reef shark glide overhead, its sleek form casting a moving shadow across her face. "Depends on how big she is, I guess."

The unexpected answer startles a laugh out of me. “You’re worried about getting in a physical fight with Malcolm’s wife?”

Kim shrugs, but I can see she’s only half-joking. “Not *worried*. You know me. I’m just saying, if she came at me, I wouldn’t stand there and let her. I’d defend myself.”

The image of Kim physically fighting another woman over Malcolm should freak me out. Should make me realize how far we’ve strayed from normal, healthy behavior. Instead, I feel that familiar tightening in my gut, that unwelcome rush.

“I’m not sure how I feel about my wife potentially going to war over another man,” I say, trying to sound disapproving while I make a joke out of the prospect.

Kim’s eyes meet mine, knowing and slightly mocking, and the glass around us mirrors her expression back at me, too. “I bet you’d enjoy it, really,” she says quietly.

The observation hits too close to home, and for a moment, I’m left speechless. My gut coils. *Kim cat-fighting over another man. Sweater straining as she grapples.*

“Anyway, if it came to that, Malcolm would hopefully be there to protect me,” she says with a laugh.

Before I can recover and answer, Harrison calls out from further ahead, his voice echoing in the tunnel.

“Mommy! Daddy! The shark’s coming back!”

“Two chocolate milks, one coffee, one tea, and...” I say a little while later and scan the high menu on the wall behind the serving staff as we stand in line at the aquarium café, “four big chocolate chip cookies.”

The cashier nods, punching in our order while I fumble with my wallet. The café buzzes with the chaotic energy of families refueling between exhibits, the air thick with the scent of coffee and fried food.

Already waiting at a small table in the corner, Leah shows Harrison how to fold the paper children’s menu into an origami fish, their dark heads bent together in concen-

tration. We've been told we have to go help them as soon as we have the drinks and snacks. *Family crafting to remind Kim who she is.* Her shoulder presses against mine as we wait.

Her phone buzzes, and she straightens up to pull it from her purse.

"It's Malcolm," she whispers and glances at the kids, "Do you mind if I...?"

"Go ahead," I mutter, but my stomach twists hard.

*It's a fucking Sunday. What's he fucking doing calling her today?*

She squeezes my arm and steps away, phone already at her ear as she walks to a quieter area, near the cafe's streaked mirror.

I watch her go, noting a guy around my age standing with a little girl but tracking Kim's movement across the café, his eyes lingering on her ass in denim, or maybe on the backs of her legs.

But she's not too far away that I can't hear *anything*.

"Slow down, Malcolm," she says, and her cheeks flush.

"Sir? Your total is 32.16," the cashier pulls me from my thoughts and my eavesdropping.

I pay and carry our treats beyond Kim to the table where the kids are, heart-thumping as I distribute the drinks and cookies to Leah and Harrison. I steal glances at Kim across the room. Her back is to me now, and I swear there's tension in her shoulders, the way her free hand gestures as she speaks.

*Whatever he's called her for, it's not casual conversation.*

"Is Mommy okay?" Leah asks, already halfway through her cookie.

"She's just talking to someone from work," I say and remove the straw wrapper Harrison is about to stuff up his nose. "She'll be back in a minute."

But Kim's call stretches on, twisting my gut and even beginning to loosen my bowels. Her posture grows increasingly rigid. And then finally, she ends the call and walks back to our table, her expression dark.

"Everything okay?" I ask as she slides into the seat beside me.

She shakes her head slightly, eyes darting to the children. "Tell you later."

I nod, appreciating the need for discretion, but curiosity eats me up through the remainder of our snack break. Kim picks at her cookie, barely touches her drink, her mind clearly elsewhere.

When the kids finish and run to the nearby touch tank, supervised by an aquarium volunteer, I seize the opportunity.

"What did he want?"

"Bethan's been going through all his stuff, and she's found out about his gambling debts."

"His what?" I blink, genuinely surprised.

Kim's cheeks flush. "He's been trying to get help for it," she shrugs. "But he's been hiding it from her, because he didn't want to worry her."

"Did you know about it?" I ask.

"Nuh-uh," she shakes her head, brow furrowing. "He said he always planned to tell me, though."

*Yeah, right.*

"She's been searching everything," Kim says and glances at the kids again, "because of...you know...anyway, she found a stain in his car as well."

"From when you and him...?"

"I guess.."

*Their dried excitement for one another on his leather.* My chest pulls tight. But my balls prickle.

Kim meets my eyes. “She told him if he can lie about secret debts, he can definitely lie about having an affair.”

A cold weight settles in my stomach.

“She’s kicking him out. Told him to get his things and leave. He’s staying at a friend’s tonight. Trying to figure out what to do next.”

The implications cascade through my mind.

*Malcolm without a home. Malcolm without a wife. Malcolm free to pursue Kim without the constraints of a marriage to consider.*

“What did you say to him?” I take her hand, and it’s clammy.

“I just said we could talk about it tomorrow at the office.”

Another moment where I should assert boundaries, where I should say this has gone too far. Instead, I find myself asking, “What will you say to him?”

“What *can* I say?” she shrugs. “I guess all I can do is listen. Be there for him.”

*‘Be there for him’?* That’s what I’m worried about.

Beyond her shoulder, I see our children laugh as they touch the smooth back of a ray, their innocent joy a stark contrast to the topic at this table right now. Malcolm is untethered, potentially free to escalate his relationship with my wife.

The thought should terrify me. And it does. But at the same time, it sends that familiar, shivery, shameful heat coursing through my veins.

## Chapter Four

### Gabe

The hum of those fluorescent lights overhead feels particularly grating this morning, the sterile office air too dry in my lungs. Monday at Amen-D's headquarters, and I've been staring at the same sales projection spreadsheet for twenty minutes without absorbing a single number. My mind is elsewhere. Namely, some anonymous motel room where my wife's lover might end up contemplating his suddenly untethered future.

My coffee sits cooling beside my keyboard, the bitter aroma rising with each passing thought of Malcolm's separation from his wife. Last weekend's revelation feels like it's upended everything. Our arrangement had unspoken 'rules' before; boundaries set by him being married too. By the need for discretion and limited opportunities. *What happens if those constraints have truly disappeared?*

My phone buzzes with a reply from Kim to the text I sent her when I first reached the office.

*'He wants to discuss it over lunch.'* Her message says.

My fingers hover over the screen. I should tell her to stress that his new circumstances don't mean he gets greater access to her. Hell, I should probably tell her to suggest they stay away from one another, let things cool down until he sorts out his marriage.

But maybe that's what *he* wants to say to Kim at lunchtime. So instead, with anxiety grappling with excitement in my gut, I type: *'OK. Let me know how it goes.'*

Her reply comes seconds later: *'Will do. Love you. X'*

Her words and the affirmation somehow deepen my confusion rather than ease it. She does love me. I don't doubt that. But what's happening between her and Malcolm now surely transcends any purely physical relationship I originally imagined.

Aren't they becoming something else? Something with intimate lunches, private conversations, and emotional support during personal crises? *As well as snatching sex together whenever they can.*

My dick shifts in my pants, but I turn to the window, my unseeing eyes fixed on the gray city skyline. If Malcolm and Bethan truly separate, if he gets his own place... logically, that means more opportunities for Kim to spend time with him. More chances for me to watch and try to satisfy this compulsion.

But it also means he'd be single. Free. Able to pursue my wife without the constraints of his own wife waiting at home, expecting him to return. *If* that's what he wants - more freedom with Kim. And why wouldn't any guy his age want that?

What if his interest in my wife *does* deepen? What if casual sex transforms into something way more serious? If, in the end, he wants more than just her body.

The thought sends a cold torrent of fear through me, but with it, a perverse river of arousal so insistent that my cock throbs painfully against my zipper and I have to shift in my chair. The dual reaction makes no sense. I've always been terrified of losing Kim, yet I'm excited by the prospect of her being more thoroughly claimed.

"Gabe, you getting any closer with those Quarter-end projections?" My boss Jay leans into my space and scratches deep in his shaggy hair. He frowns at my obvious distraction.

"Almost there," I nod and gesture at the screen, "Just finalizing them."

"Let me know when they're ready. Yeah?" he disappears across the office, and I force myself to focus on work for the next hour.

But the thoughts keep intruding. Images too of Malcolm and Kim in some unknown motel room where he lodges temporarily, free from time constraints and the need for secrecy. My wife stripped on his bed.

By mid-morning, the tension has built to an unbearable level. I head to the restroom and lock myself in the farthest stall. The space is uncomfortably small, walls seem to press in as I lean against the metal partition, breathing too fast.

*This is insane, I tell myself. You're at work. You've got stuff to do. Get it together.*

But my body has other ideas. My cock is already straining, leaking pre-cum into my boxers. I unbuckle my belt with shaking hands, half-disgusted with myself even as electric relief floods through me at the first firm stroke. I close my eyes, and immediately see Kim. She's bent over Malcolm's desk, her skirt pushed up to reveal the rounded curves of her ass. Her skin flushes hot under his gaze. Malcolm, behind her, large hands grip her hips, *possessing* her, his thick, hard cock thrusting deep as he growls low, telling my wife how tight and wet she feels around his shaft. Reminding her of how she looked right into her husband's eyes when she came on that same thick cock.

It's over quickly, my release spills hot and urgent.

I clean up with methodical movements, shame burning through me as I wash my hands afterward. A family man masturbating in his workplace bathroom to thoughts of his wife having more time and freedom with her lover. *What have I become?*

Derek from Finance collars me at the coffee machine, with an update on his own marriage. Or rather, his marital problems. His shoulders seem to get more slumped every time I see him.

"She's still with him," he shrugs, "Still says she needs 'space to find herself.'" He rolls his eyes, then takes a sip of coffee, but grimaces at the heat.

I nod and force a tight smile to show I'm listening and sympathize. But I never know whether what he's been telling me lately should serve as a warning to me about Kim, or make me count my blessings.

Maybe it's both.

"I'm staying hopeful," he says, "You know? Like you said. People make mistakes. It can take time for someone to realize what they're throwing away."

The raw optimism in his voice makes something twist uncomfortably in my chest. But it makes me wonder, too, how I might react if Kim ever left me for Malcolm. "You'd take her back? Just like that?" I ask him.

“Yeah,” he shrugs again. “I mean, she might say we’d need counseling or whatever. And I guess we’d have to rebuild trust, but yeah, I’d take her back in a heartbeat.”

“What if she doesn’t come back?” I ask, when maybe I shouldn’t, but I’m still thinking of Kim, too.

Derek’s smile turns almost bitter. But at least he’s not crying again like he did the other week. “Then I learn to live without her, I guess. What other choice is there?”

I nod, mumbling some platitude about hoping things work out, and that I have a report to finish, then retreat to my desk.

Derek’s situation lingers in my mind, though. His wife chose another man. She committed to Derek, but left her marriage for the guy. And presumably that was without having been encouraged to get with the guy by her husband in the first place.

*What if Kim did ultimately make the same choice? What if this game we’re playing stops being just a game?*

I text Kim again, and she replies a few minutes later.

*‘Thinks his marriage is over. Looking for his own place. Tell you everything tonight.’*

I stare at the message, with something cold and heavy settling in my gut.

The house is already alive with sound and motion when I arrive home. Cartoons blare from the living room, pots clatter in the kitchen, and Harrison’s dinosaur roars are punctuated by Leah’s exasperated complaints. I hang my coat by the door and inhale the familiar scent of garlic and tomatoes. Smells like Kim’s making pasta sauce.

And confirmation that my wife is simply in our home with our children and making our meal as usual sends an almost tearful wave of relief through me.

*But did I really ever expect any different?*

“Daddy’s home!” Leah calls, spotting me from her perch on the sofa.

I kiss her, then rub Harrison's head too, before crossing the room to the kitchen.

I stop short there, with my greeting dying in my throat.

Kim stands at the stove in her slippers, stirring a pot of sauce and wearing black leggings that cling to every curve of her legs and ass. The material stretches taut across the rounded globes of her backside. So full and firm, despite the little wobble as she stirs, the physical feature that first captivated both her husband and her boss. My dick twitches in my pants.

"Hey," she says over her shoulder, seemingly unaware of the effect she's having. "You're later than usual."

I swallow hard and set my laptop bag on the dining table. "Traffic was bad," I say, but it wasn't helped by my tangled emotions the whole drive, and even taking a wrong turn at one point. On a journey I've made a hundred times before.

Kim turns fully toward me with the wooden spoon in one hand. She's paired the leggings with an oversized cream sweater that slips off one shoulder, revealing her smooth olive skin. She looks effortlessly beautiful, and the thought that *he's* seen her beauty again today, too, at work, spikes that disabling fever of jealousy and arousal through me.

"I'm making spaghetti," she says, then lets me kiss her. "Can you tell the kids to wash their hands? It's almost ready," she gestures with the wooden spoon.

I nod, but remain rooted in place, eyes drawn to the way the leggings accentuate her curves when she turns back to the stove. The sight transports me instantly to that empty house where Malcolm took her against the wall. His hands all over that perfect ass, fingers digging into her soft flesh, and his face contorted with pleasure as he thrust deep into my wife from behind. 'Stretching' her hole while he knew I was watching for the first time, making a show of dominating my wife, claiming what should have been only mine.

By the time we're all seated at the dinner table, I've cleared my head enough to focus on the kids and family matters. Harrison chatters about a history book his teacher read at school while Leah methodically separates the bits of onion from her sauce. Kim main-

tains much of the conversation, asking questions that encourage the kids and smiling or laughing at their anecdotes. The perfect mother, the perfect wife.

When we've finished, and the kids raced off to play for a while before bath time, I help Kim clear the table, keen to ask about the discussion she and Malcolm had over lunch, about his situation at home.

She saves me the trouble. "It's definitely serious with Bethan," she says, scraping left-over pasta into a storage container. "She's furious about the gambling and his debts. Says she can't trust him about anything anymore."

"How much money are we talking about?" I ask, loading plates into the dishwasher.

"I know it's thousands," she shrugs and flushes slightly.

"How can anyone let themselves get into such shit through betting?" I try to fathom. *What does it say about her boss?*

"He was very unhappy about his life," she says, like that's any explanation.

"What about Bethan's... other suspicions?" I ask.

"He denied it. But she's convinced he's lying."

"Well, if he didn't tell her the truth about the gambling..."

"He claims he was trying to find a way to tell her about the debts, that he had a plan to pay them all off eventually, but she found the statements before he could."

The domesticity of the scene, discussing her lovers' marital problems while we clean our own evening meal plates away, strikes me as almost surreal. "So he thinks his marriage is over?"

Kim nods her head. "She told him never to come home again."

"So....so what's his plan?" I ask, passing her a wineglass to load and anxious to hear what she says.

“He’s on a friend’s sofa, but he can’t stay there much longer. He’s looking for his own place.” She hesitates, tucking a strand of loose dark hair behind an ear. “He’s found a small apartment available that he thinks might work. A developer he knows. It’s close enough to the office. He said it’s cramped, but it’s all he can afford right now. Until he gets himself straight.”

*Until he’s paid off his debts, more like.*

Something in her tone catches my attention, though. “And?” I ask her.

Kim meets my eyes directly. “He’s asked me to go look at the apartment with him tomorrow. Tell him what I think of it.”

The implication lands like a heavy hit to my chest. “It’s your day off, tomorrow, Kim.”

“I know, but it wouldn’t take long,” her cheeks flush.

“He’s not...he’s not expecting.. I mean, he doesn’t think you and him are...?” I can’t say the unthinkable.

“Of course not,” she rubs one of my arms and shakes her head. She half laughs and looks at me quizzically, as if I’m crazy.

Even so, Malcolm wants my wife to help him choose his new home. A place where they could then freely meet, where he could have her without constraints or time limits. A place they could ‘share’.

“But he wants your opinion on it?” I say and lock eyes with hers.

“I think he’s a bit overwhelmed by everything right now,” she says and closes the dishwasher. “But I can just say ‘no’ if you’d prefer me not to go.”

*I should do just that.* Should tell her this crosses a red line. That it surely moves their relationship to something more meaningful.

But the thought of Kim walking through empty rooms with Malcolm, of him asking her advice, maybe about how to decorate it, her imagining future liaisons with him

there, or tomorrow, possibly even *testing any bed*, it sends that now-familiar sickly heat coursing through me.

“Do you want to go?” I ask instead.

Her eyes search mine. “Part of me thinks I should, yes. He’s in a rough spot. Partly because of me. But I wanted to check with you first.”

The consideration should reassure me. It proves she still prioritizes our marriage. Prioritizes *me*. But it also highlights how far things have progressed. *My Kim, helping her lover to choose a new home.*

My dick pulses in my pants, though.

“OK,” I say, unsure what exact words will come out until I say them, “Yeah. You should go.”

Kim’s dark eyebrows lift slightly. “You’re sure?”

No, I’m not sure of anything anymore. Except that the thought of her alone with Malcolm in an empty apartment - his hands potentially exploring her body, his cock sinking into her willing heat - already has me hard. Already twists my stomach with that perverse mixture of dread and dark anticipation.

“I’m sure,” I lie, but pull her warm body to me and lower my voice, whisper into her ear. “You can see if it’s somewhere you’d like to have sex with him on a regular. As long as I’m there with you to watch when you do.”

Kim smiles and kisses me, and then, from over near the sofa, Leah calls for help with something. And when my wife goes to her, I remain in the kitchen, staring at nothing, wondering about the significance of Kim giving up her free time tomorrow to spend it with her boss, what new threshold we might just have agreed to cross. And whether, from this point, there’ll ever be any coming back.

## Chapter Five

### Kim

The little ground floor apartment smells of fresh paint and new carpet. Chemicals, manufactured scents that signal ‘change’. Malcolm’s woody cologne drifts through the smells too as we stand side by side in the living room. We move off again as the developer leads us through the tour, and as we do, Malcolm’s shoulder brushes mine. The sensation of his touch sends a shiver down my arm.

“So, it’s a standard one-bedroom layout,” the developer says, a chunky little man with an eager smile who introduced himself to me as Dave. “But as you can see, it’s got excellent natural light.”

I nod to try to appear positive, for Malcolm’s sake. This must be so difficult for him. Even if he *does* know the developer. And he *must* be hoping Bethan will eventually relent and take him back. I feel bad, too, for my part in what’s happened to Malcolm. But there’s something unreal about this for me as well. Just being here with my boss on my day off, helping him find a new place to live.

*‘See if it’s somewhere you’d like to regularly have sex with him,’* Gabe said to me last night. I’m sure he was joking, but I’d be lying if I didn’t say I’d already thought about the possibility.

“The kitchen’s been nicely finished,” I murmur to Malcolm when we all squeeze into a galley-style space. I run a hand along the smooth quartz countertop. “Looks like plenty of storage space, as well.”

Malcolm glances at me from near the sink with the developer, and for a second, his eyes carry that intensity that can make me go weak. “What do you think of the overall layout?” he asks, and there’s something in the look, and maybe his tone too, that makes me wonder if he’s really asking: *Could you see yourself here with me?*

My throat tightens. This feels intimate, in a different way from physical acts. This is life logistics, domestic planning, things I only ever do with Gabe. Yet here I am, mentally re-arranging the furniture, worrying whether the sofa back in that little living room would be big and comfortable enough for a man of Malcolm’s size.

“From what we’ve seen, the flow works,” I say, and deliberately don’t mention the bedroom, which we haven’t yet been taken to.

“Let me show you the rest of it,” Dave tells us and points. “The bathroom’s just through here.”

It’s white, clean, and functional, with a shower/tub combo and simple chrome fixtures. I gaze around with what I hope looks professional detachment, although after what Gabe said last night, I can’t stop my mind from wandering.

*Will I shower here someday before returning home? Will Malcolm and I...?*

I catch our reflection above the basin. Malcolm’s tall frame behind my much smaller one, the two of us standing together as if we belong here. The image sends a rush of guilt through me, but a tinge of naughty excitement too.

“So I guess we’d better take a look at the bedroom,” the developer smiles, then gestures again.

As we follow him, Malcolm’s hand brushes against the small of my back, so briefly that if anyone saw, they wouldn’t notice, but my skin underneath my dress tingles, my core tightening as warmth spreads low, even from such a fleeting touch. And I’m conscious again of my bare secret beneath.

*No panties again - but today it’s my own choice.*

The bedroom is modest but adequate, a full-sized bed with a single window overlooking a small courtyard. Dave stands by the doorway as Malcolm and I step inside. My face heats up. I’m acutely aware of how this must look. A ‘couple’ considering a bedroom together.

“Closet space isn’t too bad,” Malcolm clears his throat and slides open the mirrored doors.

“Monthly rent includes water and trash,” the developer says and guides us back to the living room. “Six-month minimum lease, but I have to tell you, Mal, there’s a lot of interest in the property already.”

“OK,” Malcolm nods and glances around the room again before wandering over to the window.

“Do you have any questions, er, Kim?”

My name jolts me. “Oh, I’m not...I mean, we’re not...I’m just here to...”

“For her valued professional opinion,” Malcolm smiles at me from the window. “And you like it, don’t you?”

“Yeah,” I shrug, “It’s nice.” *As far as tiny one-bedroomed apartments go.*

“Dave, you and I both know the market’s not strong at the moment,” Malcolm says, “Particularly the demand for one-bedroom properties in this area. But if you can come down on that monthly rent by say, fifteen percent, I’ll commit today.”

“You won’t find another one close by that’s ready to move into right away,” the developer blows out his cheeks, but then he smiles at Malcolm. “But as we go back a long way, I could probably do you twelve percent.”

A short while later, with Dave promising to expedite the admin so Malcolm can take the property in days rather than weeks, we exchange pleasantries and say goodbye. I still feel like I’m acting in a play, pretending to be just a helpful coworker when everything about this scenario feels intimate and charged.

Back in Malcolm’s SUV, we sit in silence for a moment. The air conditioning blows cool air against my flushed skin, around my bare legs, and higher.

“Well,” he sighs, “looks like I’ve got a place. For six months, at least.”

“It’s not far from the office,” I say, “And it’s cute.”

“You’re cute too,” he says and gazes across at me. “So cute. And this place will be way better than my buddy’s couch.”

“I bet,” I say and laugh.

Malcolm's face turns serious. "Kim, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner about the gambling. I was too embarrassed."

The vulnerability in his voice catches me off guard. This big guy who commands such authority with clients and customers, whose body does what it does to me, suddenly looks almost boyish in his shame.

"It's none of my business," I say, although that's not really the way I feel.

His eyes hold mine, and I see what must be the weight of everything he's dealing with now. The failing marriage, those debts, secrets held for so long. I reach over and rest my hand on his thigh, feel the firm muscle beneath his suit pants.

"Guess what I'm wearing under my dress?" I whisper, surprised by my own boldness.

Malcolm looks right at me, and his eyes widen. "Mrs. Porter, are you for real?"

"Uh-huh," I run my hand high up his thigh, "And I know a place we can go."

And like no panties today, the sex right now will be *my choice*. Mine, not yours. *Not Gabe's*.

"I think we turn left up ahead," I direct Malcolm as we leave the apartment complex behind. The familiar thrill of anticipation builds in my tummy, making my skin tingle beneath my dress. "There's a wooded area that should be around five minutes from here. I pass it when I come to work on the train. It always looks deserted."

"Have you always been this eager?" he asks, his slow smile appreciative, no judgment in it.

"Only when I'm with you," I reply, surprising myself with how true the words feel. The intensity of my desire for him continues to shock me. It's like nothing I've experienced before, even in my early days with Gabe.

"Does your husband know that?" Malcolm asks, his voice dropping lower as he makes the turn I indicated.

“He’d probably like hearing me admit it,” I say, heat rising as I picture Gabe hard at the thought.

Malcolm laughs, the sound rich and deep.

We follow the winding road that runs alongside a woodland trail until it opens to a small clearing with a dirt area I’ve seen some of from the train.

Today though, there’s another vehicle - a dusty pickup truck with no one in it - and for a second, my heart sinks slightly.

“Maybe we should find somewhere else,” Malcolm says, but I shake my head.

Malcolm parks in the far corner, well away from the other car, and partially obscured by trees. The afternoon sun filters through the leaves, casting dappled shadows across the dashboard. The air in his SUV feels charged.

He reaches across and pulls me into a kiss.

His lips claim mine hungrily, tongue sweeping in with that commanding edge I crave. I melt into the kiss, one hand fisting his shirt as the center console digs into my side. The risk of the clearing, the empty truck still parked nearby, somehow only sharpens the heat pooling low in me.

His hand pushes up into my dress, parting my thighs instinctively. The first graze against my bare folds makes me gasp, slick and swollen from the tour’s teasing buildup, the apartment’s echoes, my secret bare the whole time.

“Oh, Kim,” he growls, petting my wetness. One thick finger circles my clit, then dips inside, curling just right.

“Oh God,” My hips buck, chasing the pressure. It’s too much, too fast, the day’s tension uncoils in a white-hot rush. His thumb presses firm circles while his fingers thrust, and I shatter, walls clenching around him as the orgasm rips through me, sharp and blinding. A choked moan escapes into his mouth as he kisses me through it, my body trembling, thighs squeezing his hand.

He eases back, smirking at my flushed wreck. “That’s my gorgeous girl,” he whispers, withdrawing slick fingers to taste them. The sight sends aftershocks trembling through me.

“I’m sorry about the situation,” I blurt out the words, as I’m drawn back to the reality of the last couple of days. “I never wanted to be the cause of anyone’s marriage...”

“Don’t be sorry,” he shakes his head and kisses me. “I’m not. This was coming long before you and me.”

We lapse into silence for a moment, watching as a middle-aged man emerges from the trail with a golden retriever, gets into the pickup truck, and drives away. The clearing is totally empty now except for us.

Malcolm’s confession, and the new, total privacy makes my pulse quicken. I shift in my seat to face him more fully.

“Now I want to do something for you,” I whisper and reach over for his thigh again. This time, I let my hand slide upward, feel his body respond to my touch.

Malcolm watches me with those intense eyes as I lean right across the center console. The leather seat creaks beneath me as I move. I find his zipper and lower it slowly, the metallic sound loud in the quiet car.

“Kim,” he breathes my name like a prayer.

“I’m always thinking about this big cock,” I confess, my voice husky with desire as I free him from his underwear. “Mmm, even when I shouldn’t be.”

“When’s that?”

“Mmm, when I’m at home.” The weight of him in my hand sends another rush of heat between my legs. I lower my head, letting my hair fall forward as I take him into my mouth. His sharp intake of breath makes me feel so good.

His hand finds the back of my head, fingers tangling gently in my hair as I begin to move. The scent of him, masculine and clean, fills my senses. I close my eyes, losing myself in the act, in the power I feel when his breathing grows ragged.

“Jesus, Kim,” he groans, his hips shifting restlessly. “You’re incredible.”

I hum my appreciation around him, and he groans again, louder.

“Would you...” he starts, then pauses as I swirl my tongue. “Would you come with me again when I move my stuff into the apartment? Uhh, help give it a woman’s touch before I get in there?”

“Like *this*?” I murmur with his thick manhood dripping in my fist, and I laugh softly before taking him deeply again.

He groans and grips my hair tight. A perverse thrill swirls through me at the thought of helping decorate his home with him. A space where this lovely man and I might spend time together away from prying eyes.

*What would Gabe think seeing me now? Bare under this dress by choice, helping Malcolm with his home, imagining visits there, sucking his hardness here in broad daylight?*

Malcolm’s moans focus my attention squarely on what’s in my mouth. I cradle and massage his warm balls, and he’s getting close.

## Chapter Six

### Malcolm

The sound of shattering glass barely registers as I stuff shirts into my overnight bag. Bethan's aim is off today. She's thrown a framed photo of us from better days against the wall instead of at my head. Glass shards glitter on the hardwood floor like angry tears.

"You fucking rat!" Her voice is high and thin, like it gets when she's really upset.

I don't look up. Just keep folding and packing, methodical as I can, with shaky hands. *Kim's hairs gave me away.* I'd been careful, or so I thought. But those long, silky strands have a mind of their own. Like her. They cling to everything they touch, leaving evidence of her arrival in my life.

"You're the one kicking me out, Bethan. Remember that." My voice sounds steady, even to me, as she screams again.

Her smell of alcohol is heavy today; it mingles with the stale air from unopened windows. The curtains have been drawn for days, casting everything in a gloomy half-light that matches the state of our relationship. She stands wild-eyed in the doorway, arms folded over her loose housecoat, blocking my exit. Her face is blotchy and swollen from crying, her once-pretty features distorted by the weight she's put on over the years and the bitterness that's eaten away at her.

"*Who* is she?" Bethan's voice drops, cracking. "Tell me - who was worth fifteen years?"

I sigh, but don't answer, keep packing. "You're deluded," I say and zip up the bag with more force than necessary. "There *is* no other woman." The lie tastes bitter on my tongue. I think of Kim's sweet mouth on mine just yesterday, the way she moaned when I slid my hands under her dress. And how she *felt* there. The memory could make me hard again right now if I dwelt on it, even with my marriage imploding around me.

A bitter laugh escapes Bethan. "Right. Those dark hairs just magically appeared on your clothes and in your car. The same as it was someone else who racked up all those fucking gambling debts. Not you, was it, Malcolm? Never you, is it?"

I clench my jaw.

“You’re probably still gambling and screwing the bitch on the side.” She steps closer, and I catch the sour aroma of wine on her breath. It’s barely past noon. “You’ve damaged my mental health for years, and now you’re mocking me by pretending I’m crazy. Gaslighting me.”

I rub one of my temples, headache starting to pulse. “I’m not gaslighting or mocking you.”

“How are you even affording an apartment?” She gestures wildly at my packing. “What did you do, take out another loan your wife doesn’t know about? You want me to lose this house?”

“No one’s losing their house,” I shake my head, but hope I’ll be proved right. “I know the developer who built the apartment. I got it cheap.” I grab my toiletry bag from the bathroom. The mirror reflects my haggard face. “Good thing I did too,” I call out, “or you’d be making me homeless.”

“Your dick made you homeless!” she yells and follows me back to the bedroom. “I suppose she’s a younger model, is she? Someone who could give you children. Someone who hasn’t failed at it time after time.”

My face goes hot. And as sympathetic and sorry for Bethan as I feel, Kim’s luscious curves flash through my mind. Undeniably child-bearing hips that make my mouth water. A flatter stomach, even after carrying two babies. An ass that’s still so firm, yet fills out those skirts she wears to the office. I say nothing, but Bethan must read my face.

“Oh my God.” Her voice drops to a horrified whisper. “She is younger, isn’t she? How young, Malcolm, you bastard? Jesus Christ.”

I ease past her, duffle bag and toiletries in hand. “I’ll be back for more things tomorrow.”

“Don’t bother coming back here at all!” she screams after me as I head down the stairs. “Fifteen years, Malcolm! Fifteen fucking years!”

The photos lining our stairwell wall mock me; happy faces from vacations, family gatherings, and our wedding day. Back when Bethan smiled easily, and I thought our future held contentment and kids. Before the disappointments. Before the depression. Before she gave up.

I slam the door, muffling her sobs.

In the driveway, our neighbor, Mrs. Paterson, waters her roses, studiously avoids looking my way. After the slanging match I've just had indoors, the suburb's gossip mill will be churning by tonight.

In the car, I sit for a moment, hands gripping the steering wheel. Alongside the same passenger seat where Kim sat yesterday. The same car where I've been *inside* her. Where yesterday she swallowed me down like she was starving for it. *But she's another guy's wife*. I start the engine and pull away from the house that hasn't felt like a home in years.

As I drive toward the office, I feel the weight lift from my shoulders. For the first time in longer than I can remember, I feel something close to freedom.

I'm still hearing Bethan's rage as I reach the office. Still *feeling* it. The bell above the door chimes as I enter, to Kim showing a middle-aged couple around our modest display area.

That long damming dark hair of hers is tied in a ponytail, but she's wearing a navy skirt that hugs her ass like a second skin, a crisp white blouse that strains across her chest.

My mouth dries at the sight of her.

"Afternoon," I smile at the three of them, but leave Kim to it. She's more than capable. I head straight to my desk. I need a moment more to get my head together after Bethan.

The familiar scent of Kim's perfume though, so light and citrusy, lingers in the air. It makes my head swim with memories of burying my face in her neck, tasting her skin.

My desk is cluttered with paperwork: listings that need updating before Kim puts them on the system, commission reports, and a stack of business cards from a networking event last week. I shuffle through them, trying not to get distracted by Kim's voice. Or her legs as she moves around the display with the couple. She tells them, in her professional tone, about financing options. But even the *sound* of her now, the soft, silky quality of her, makes my groin tighten.

*Maybe my mind and my body are reacting so intensely right now as some kind of unconscious self-defense mechanism. Like I'm trying to distract myself from the chaos at 'home'.*

Yesterday's oral in my car plays on repeat in my mind. Like it has the last 24 hours. The way she looked up at me from under those thick lashes. How her lips stretched around me. The little hum she made in the back of her throat when I came. And later, her whispered confession that her husband would want to know every detail.

Him getting off on this should make me feel used. Like I'm his prop. *No. The more I've thought about it, the more I realize it's 'power'.* Like I've unlocked some secret part of their marriage, and I'm the one in charge.

By the time the bell chimes again and the couple leaves, I'm as hard as granite.

I wait until she's at her desk across from me and typing her report on the couple before I rise and deadbolt the office door, flip the 'Back in an hour' sign that we use at times for lunch.

Kim looks up at me, a smile plays at the corners of her mouth before the gaze of those almond-shaped green eyes drops to the front of my trousers, then back up. On her face is the same hunger that consumes me.

"That couple was thinking about the Oakwood property," she says, her voice professional even as her face flushes, and I gesture her to the kitchen.

"And I'm thinking about your body," I tell her, and right now I couldn't care less about the Oakwood property. Or any property.

"Malcolm?" She says with feigned alarm. But she knows exactly what's about to happen.

“I’ve been thinking about you non-stop since yesterday,” I tell her, take her elbow, then steer her out back.

Her pupils dilate, her cheeks flush pink with anticipation.

“Gabe texted me here this morning,” she says, but her hands are already working at my belt. Her wedding ring catches the light, a taunting reminder of the ‘wrongness’ of this. “Excited in case you and I did this.”

I don’t want to hear about her husband right now. Don’t want to think about how this beautiful girl’s husband gets his weirdo kicks sharing her. I spin her around, bend her forward over the laminate countertop.

She squeals, then giggles.

The kitchenette smells of coffee, but also the vanilla air freshener Kim brought in last week. The countertop surface is cold and smooth. “Lift your skirt,” I command, and she does it.

“Look at you wearing panties,” I say, and finger her lacy black ones that barely cover either cheek.

“I thought it would make a change,” she says over her shoulder.

I hook my fingers into her sexy underwear and drag them down her thighs. She’s already wet, glistening in the harsh overhead light.

“Do it to me right away,” she whimpers, arching that spectacular ass toward me. The curve of it is perfect, like she was sculpted rather than born. Olive skin glows, dimples wink at her back’s curve, dark ponytail tumbling as she bows - pure perfection.

I free my hardness from my trousers, stroke it once, twice, then position myself at her entrance. She pushes back impatiently, and I grasp her hips to hold her still.

“Patience,” I murmur and smile to myself, enjoying the whine of frustration she can’t quite suppress. “Tell me what you want.”

“You know what I want,” she breathes. “You. Inside me. Now.”

I enter her in one hard thrust, groaning at the tight heat of her.

Her body swallows me completely, and I grip her hips hard enough to leave marks. I hope they do. I hope her husband sees them later and knows I put them there.

“You always feel so good,” I pant and watch myself disappear into her again and again. The curve of her back, the fullness of her ass, the way her tied dark hair flashes around her back in a ponytail, she’s the most erotic sight I’ve ever seen.

I reach around to find her clit, circling it with a finger in time with my thrusts. She soon cries out, her inner muscles clenching around me as she cums fast. I keep going, relentless, pushing her through the first climax and straight into a second one that has her legs trembling.

She cums twice before I do, her inner walls clenching around me as she stifles her cries against one of her arms on the counter.

When I finally let go, I shoot deep inside her, my legs nearly buckling with the intensity of it. I collapse against her back, both of us panting, slick with sweat despite the office’s aggressive A.C.

The rest of the afternoon crawls by with phone calls, walk-ins, and paperwork. Kim and I work at our desks, trading knowing glances each time our eyes meet. The air between us is calmer now. Although every time she shifts in her chair, my mind flashes with her clench around me, her taste, her cries.

Let’s hope the air freshener she sprayed when we’d finished keeps what we did back there private.

Around four, when Kim is standing with a couple of older female walk-ins who are browsing property listings together in the corner, she looks out to the window and frowns. Her face flushes. I swivel in my seat to see what’s caught her eye, and my stomach drops.

*Zak Stanley.* His round face pressed against the glass outside. He gives me a smug smile and pushes the door open.

His woolen hat is pulled low over his ears, and he's in a wax jacket and work boots caked with dry mud.

"Zak," I mutter under my breath and stand to greet him. *Of all the days for him to show up again.*

"I'll wait until it's a little quieter in here," he almost whispers in that country accent of his, and his rheumy eyes gesture at the couple. He accepts the offer of my handshake, but his gaze lingers on Kim.

*Does he recognize her? Does he realize it was her and me he watched having sex that night in the car? The pervert.*

"How've you been?" I ask him, and can't help wondering why he never returned the other week after coming in here to look for me that day.

"Oh, you know," he shrugs, but those piggy eyes of his follow Kim's almost every movement as she helps the women. Her legs, her ass when she bends for a brochure. "Busy as always."

My fist curls at my side. I've never really liked the guy. Not even after his private loan during his farm buy through us. A necessary evil to help bail me out at that point. Criminal interest rate, but desperate times.

After more excruciating small talk, the two women finally leave with a stack of brochures. Zak smiles and uninvited, takes a seat alongside my desk. His boots leave little clumps of dirt on the office floor tiles.

"So, I need a word, Malcolm," he says and gestures me to my seat. There's an undercurrent to his voice too, now, that puts me on edge.

"I heard you were here looking for me a week or two back," I say and feign a smile as I sit.

"Yeah. Introduced myself to your very pretty young assistant here," he winks at Kim, and it boils my blood. "I've had that rough sickness bug the last couple of weeks, though."

Kim tidies the brochure display but glances over at us and there's a flush creeping up her neck.

"So how can I help you, Zak?"

"Might be best if this young lady wasn't around to hear," he twists to gawk at her again.

Kim's eyes find mine, questioning. I nod slightly, trying to reassure her without words.

*There's no sense in her learning about another debt if she doesn't have to.*

"Kim, why don't you take a break and head out for half an hour? Go check the shops. Or you could finish early?"

She hesitates, but then grabs her purse and coat. "No. I'll come back in thirty minutes."

The bell chimes as she leaves, and I turn to face Zak, crossing my arms over my chest. The cheap office chair creaks as I lean back, trying to project a confidence that right now I don't feel.

"She's a *real* hottie," Zak drawls, eyes on the window and Kim's street walk. "Great body. Big ass. Latina, eh?"

"To business, Zak," I say, barely controlling the edge in my voice. "What can I do for you?"

"Something's come up. I need immediate repayment of the full balance of that loan I gave you," he says and leans forward, drumming thick, dirty fingers on my desk. "All of it. Now."

A cold knot twists in my gut.

"It's not due for another twelve months. We've got an agreement."

"A gentleman's one." He shrugs, his expression hardening. "An informal understanding, as you well know. Needs must, Malcolm. My circumstances have changed."

“I’ve had some changes of my own lately,” I say, “Significant extra expenditure.” *Like the deposit and security on the apartment, and the first month’s rent that I’ve just about managed to pay.* “And that’s going to continue for a while. I’m struggling right now. But it looks like I’ll be selling my house in the not-too-distant future.” Or at least my share of it. “I’ll have enough from that to repay you everything, and more besides.”

“That’s not going to work,” Zak shakes his head, his jowls wobbling. He leans forward, and I catch a whiff of stale beer on his breath. “Selling your house, though? Your wife hasn’t gotten wind of your little Latina assistant and playmate, has she?”

My blood runs cold. *Like Bethan spotting those hairs - He knows.*

“What are you trying to say?” I ask him.

“You’d better hope Mrs. Porter’s folks don’t find out,” he smirks and ignores my question. His little eyes glitter with malicious glee. “Or should I say, ‘the Morenos’? I’m guessing there’d be hell on if Carl Moreno found out his branch manager was banging his daughter?”

*He knows who Kim is, too.*

I stand up so fast my chair slams against the wall behind me. The blood rushes in my ears, drowning out everything but the panic that claws at my chest. “What the hell do you think you’re playing at?”

“Calm down,” he holds up his hands, but doesn’t look remotely intimidated. If anything, he seems pleased by my reaction. “I’m sure we can settle this like gentlemen, again. Come to some sort of new agreement.”

“I’ve told you, I’ll have the money like we originally agreed. Or when I sell my house, whichever comes first.”

“I wasn’t talking about money,” he interrupts, and a sickening smile spreads across his face. “Not entirely, anyway. I’m thinking that sexy young lady might be part of a new deal...”

Both my fists clench at my sides as the implication of his words sinks in. This isn't just about the loan. This is blackmail after seeing what he saw of me and her that night. Plain and simple.

*Does he think I'll let him...*

"I saw you two at it in your car," Zak shakes his head, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Down that dirt road by my south field. She's a performer, isn't she? Got a mouth like a vacuum cleaner."

The image of Zak watching Kim undressed in my car makes me want to throw up. My stomach churns with rage.

"You're disgusting," I manage to say, my voice shaking with the effort to control myself.

"Maybe so," he shrugs, "But I'm the disgusting man who's giving you options. You can either pay me my money in full now, or, for a consideration, I could even extend your loan deadline, beyond the original terms."

"What consideration?" I ask slowly.

"Another showing. A private one. Where I get to see that sexy Latina being done hard in better lighting. Somewhere more suited to a Moreno girl. And of course I'd keep my mouth shut about what you two get up to during business hours."

The bell over the door chimes again, and I glance over to see Kim returning.

Zak stands and smiles at her. "Hello again, Mrs. Porter. Your boss and I were just finishing up. I'll be in touch, Malcolm." He nods at me and brushes against Kim's arm on his way out.

"Eew. What did he want?"

I can't tell her what he suggested. Not now. Not when the thought of him seeing her makes me want to burn the world down. "Nothing that important," I lie and force a smile I don't feel. "Just business. He's a bit of a weird one."

But as she settles back at her desk for the final few minutes of the business day, and I replay what that asshole said to me, I know I'll have to tell her about this debt, too. I don't want to keep things from her again. I'd never ask her to put herself through what Stanley wants, but I have no idea how to get out of this mess.

## Chapter Seven

### Gabe

The faint scent of photocopier toner clings to this sterile, glass-walled waiting area. The overhead lighting is contrived and too bright, casting everything in a harsh glare. I check my watch again. He's twenty minutes late already. Classic but predictable power play from the regional buyer who's probably dragging out some 'urgent call' while his assistant parked me here for our 2:00 pm meeting.

I drum my fingers on my leather portfolio with my sales presentation inside. I've looked through it too many times to do so again. And besides, my mind keeps being dragged back to Kim. To what she's doing at work right now. With *him*.

A steady stream of employees drifts past me as I wait. Sleek drones in tailored suits, male and female, and all moving with purpose. Several attractive women glide by, all with that lean, athletic city look: trim shoulders, narrow hips, legs toned from bike commutes or maybe lunchtime pilates. Protein-shake types who no doubt keep running shoes stashed under their desks.

None of them has Kim's lush, heart-shaped curves. Her hourglass shape that spells 'Sex'. A butt that fills both hands, and one that, like her legs, always turns heads.

*They turned 'his' away from his own wife.*

My throat tightens. *Do they find excuses to brush against each other in that cramped office?* I left before her today, so I don't even know if she has panties on. *Is she bending over his desk right now, looking for 'property listings' while giving him a view that hardens his big cock?*

Heat floods my face. My dick throbs rigid against my zipper. I shift in the molded plastic chair, portfolio shielding my lap. Unwanted arousal churns with insecurity. *How often do they do it together now?* Every time she's at work? Three, maybe four times a week? *She might be having as much sex with him as with me. Maybe even more.*

*Fucking hell, what's wrong with me?*

Yesterday, she toured the apartment he's going to rent. Kicked out by his wife because of mine, and his gambling.

I picture Kim there with him, heels clicking on the floors, dark hair swinging as she points out potential re-arrangements to the furniture or changes in cushions or curtains for his living room or even his *bedroom*.

Does some secret part of her fantasize about moving in with him? Starting afresh with a big, older manly guy man whose predatory eyes devour her, who fucks her rough like she enjoys? *Who makes her cum the way he can do.*

No. She'd never leave the kids. They're her world. Our *family*. I see it in her green eyes, soft with love during homework with them, or during back garden play, kissing scraped knees and hugging them.

And yet... a sick heat pulses through me at the twisted image of her choosing him. So overwhelmed with desire because of what he does to her body that she considers it, in fantasy, even for a moment.

*Why the hell am I like this?* It would destroy us. Destroy everything.

*What kind of husband hardens - even for only a second - at his wife fantasizing about leaving him for another man?*

"Mr. Porter?"

I jolt up. A young blonde with a sleek blonde bob and frameless glasses stands before me, a tailored pantsuit hugging her slender shape.

"Mr. Hargrove will see you now," her smile is all business.

I grab my things and follow her down the corridor. My eyes track her modest, slim hips in straight-cut trousers. Miles away from my Kim's rounded fullness in a straining skirt. Rare beauty. *My wife's*. She was unaware of its power until Malcolm made her feel it.

Lucky me to have her.

*But how fucked up that I'm excited he could be running his hands over her right now while I'm a hundred miles away following this woman in front.*

I step into the buyer's office, professional mask locked on. Cock aching though. Images I can't kill. Kim stripped one day in his new apartment. Totally claimed.

"So did you have sex with Malcolm again today?" I try to make the question sound casual later as we sit side by side on the sofa. Our living room bathes in the soft glow of the table lamp and the flickering blue light from the TV. The kids are in bed, their bedroom doors firmly closed down the hallway. Some mindless cooking competition plays on the television, contestants frantically plating dishes as a timer counts down.

Kim gives me that look: half exasperation, half amusement, the one that says she knows exactly what I've been thinking about all evening. She's changed into her loose lounge pants and an old jumper, her dark hair pulled up in a messy bun that somehow makes her look even more gorgeous. Little wisps frame her face, and her skin glows in the lamplight, makeup-free but perfect.

"Uh-huh," she says simply, then takes a sip of her wine. The ruby liquid catches the light as it swirls slightly in her glass. Her lips smear the rim, and my cock stirs.

My heart hammers, cock stiffening fast against my jeans. "Tell me everything," I whisper, shifting closer to her on the couch. I kiss her and smell her skin; a mix of the faded remains of a fragrance like orange blossom and something that's uniquely Kim. "Was it at the office, or in his car, like Tuesday? Did you give him another blow job?"

She shakes her head and tucks a stray strand of dark hair behind her ear. Her cheeks flush, but maybe that's the wine. "In the office kitchen again," she says, "From behind." She pauses and glances at me from under her lashes. "The way he likes me."

Heat floods my body. *She knows exactly what to say to me. The way 'he likes me'.*

"How did it happen?" I kiss her throat, my voice low. "Did he just come up behind you while you were in there, or did you...?"

"I was making coffee," she shrugs, but her voice drops low and matches mine. "He came in and checked if I was wearing panties."

“Oh, fucking hell, Kim.”

“He whispered that he couldn’t stop thinking about me.” She takes another sip of wine, and I’m transfixed by her throat’s swallow. “He made me tell him what I wanted.”

“Oh my God, Kim,” I take her glass from her hand and put it down on the low table in front of us. I rub my hard cock against her through my jeans. “What did you say?”

“I told him I wanted him inside me.”

“Oh, fuck,” my mouth is dry, and I wrestle her jumper up her body.

“So he bent me over the counter and did it to me.”

The images slam me. Kim pushed over some little kitchen worktop, that tight, split skirt bunched around her waist, her bare ass exposed to Malcolm. His big hands gripping her soft, fleshy hips as he takes her from behind. My wife gasping, maybe biting her lip to try to keep quiet. *So passersby on the street don’t hear her.*

“Did he...did he make you cum?” I manage as I tug her bra up over her tits. They wobble as I suck at a stiff, crinkled nipple.

“Uh-huh,” she murmurs with a slight catch in her breath. “He came as well.” The satisfied glow in her eyes thrills and terrifies me.

“Inside you again?” I ask around her tits.

“Yeah.”

“Let’s go to bed,” I whisper urgently, “Come on. *Now, Kim.*”

She laughs softly, and gently moves my face from her tits and erect, drool-smearred nipples. “Later, Gabe. After this show.” Her eyes flick meaningfully toward the hallway. “The kids will probably still be awake now.”

I exhale with frustration as she pulls her bra back over her tits and then recovers them with her jumper. She grabs her wine again, and I settle back to wait.

*He* didn't have to wait for her. *He got it from her hours ago.* There's a perverse thrill in that inequality, and I hate myself for it.

"Something else happened today," Kim says, from behind her wine glass. "That farmer, Zak, showed up again at the office."

"What did *he* want?" Unease coils inside me.

"They talked in private," Kim shrugs, "Malcolm didn't say much after it. Just that Zak had lent him money a while ago."

"More debts? Is there anyone the guy *doesn't* owe money to?"

"Don't be like that, Gabe," Kim sighs, "It's a sickness. You know he's been getting help for it."

"How much does he owe the guy?" I ask, but another part of me is wondering just how worried I should be about my wife's lover having that kind of a connection to someone like that pervert farmer. Cold settles in my stomach. Malcolm owing money to a man who witnessed him having sex with Kim... surely that's a big vulnerability. Leverage. *Potential for blackmail, even?*

"I told Malcolm I'd give him some help when he moves into his new apartment," Kim says, eyes meeting mine with a hint of defiance mixed with uncertainty. Like she's testing my reaction. "Just help him decide where to put his things. Arrange his soft furnishings and stuff. You men are hopeless at that, aren't you?"

I stare, processing. My wife, putting the finishing touches to her lover's bachelor pad. *Making it cozy for their hours alone?* Sofa, dining table, *bed*. Christening every room together.

"That's thoughtful," I say, my voice thin as I search her eyes, "It scares me, Kim. He's pulling you deeper into his mess. Pulling our family..."

"I won't do it then, if you really don't want me to," she shrugs, and her cheeks flush again.

"When would it be?" I just about manage to ask.

“Depends on when he gets the keys,” she says and watches me carefully. “And obviously, the timing of me being there for him would have to work for you, too.”

*My wife nesting her lover's pad for him.* God help me, my cock twitches and yes. I'm going to let this happen.

## Chapter Eight

### Gabe

Morning light filters through our bedroom blinds, painting stripes across the cream carpet and glancing off the olive skin of Kim's thigh where her skirt's slit parts. Kim stands in front of our full-length mirror, smoothing her hands down the front of her outfit. My breath catches at the sight of her. The faint vanilla of some lotion she's used already scents the air.

She's chosen the lighter-colored version of the split-thigh pencil skirt I bought her at the mall last weekend. The pale gray fabric hugs every curve of her lower body like it was custom-made, whispering against her skin with each shift of her hips. Her white blouse is just fitted enough to hint at the fullness of her breasts without being unprofessional, and she's left the top two buttons undone - not enough to be obvious, but enough to draw a man's gaze down to the shadowed valley between them.

"Turn around," I say, my voice already rough despite the early hour. "Let me see the back."

Kim gives me an indulgent smile and pivots slowly. The fabric pulls slightly across her thighs when she moves, allowing tantalizing glimpses of skin through the slit that reaches mid-thigh. *Her boss will devour her.* The rear molds *perfectly* to her round ass, the light color accentuating her curves and their shadows even more dramatically than the darker version does.

"Malcolm will go mad for you," I tell her, my throat dry as my cock thickens in my boxers. I'm sitting on the edge of our bed, still in my underpants and t-shirt, transfixed by my wife's appearance. "He won't be able to keep his hands off you."

*You're letting a wife who looks that good help her boss get settled in his new apartment?*

Kim twists to examine her backside in the mirror and laughs lightly. "Hmm, knowing you, Gabriel Porter, that's why you bought this skirt. I'm keeping covered up in a long coat on the train." She smooths the fabric again, and I watch, mesmerized, as her hands trace the contours of her own body.

“It’s perfect,” I insist, and unable to resist any longer, I stand up and move behind her. I place my hands on her hips, feel the round curves and warm firmness beneath the soft fabric. Our eyes meet in the mirror. Hers are bright and amused, mine dark with desire. “You look incredible. And you feel it, too.”

I slide my hands around to cup her ass, squeezing gently, fingertips dipping into the slit to brush bare thigh. She allows this for a moment before playfully swatting me away.

“Stop that. I just got everything smooth.” But she’s smiling as she says it, reaching for her small ring earrings from the dresser.

“I wanted to check if you had panties on,” I say with a dry mouth.

“Even if I have,” she shrugs and gives me a sly smile, “Who says they’ll stay on all day?”

“Fucking hell, Kim,” I watch her thread the earrings through her lobes, admiring the graceful movement of her fingers, the elegant line of her neck as she tilts her head. Her dark hair falls in loose waves today, framing her face perfectly. She looks like a fantasy, the kind of sexy office MILF men dream about bending over a desk.

*Or taking to bed in their new apartment.*

The thought sends a jolt of heat through me. Malcolm will probably do all of that.

“You need to mention to Malcolm about me watching again,” I say, unable to stop myself. My pulse quickens at just the suggestion, stomach twisting with that sick thrill of dread, “Once he gets into his new place.”

Kim’s eyes meet mine in the mirror, and her expression shifts to something more complicated. She turns to face me directly and one hand with lacquered nails comes up to rest against my chest.

“Gabe,” she says gently, “I think Malcolm's got enough going on in his life at the moment without worrying about organizing sex in front of you.”

The words hit me like a splash of cold water. Of course. The guy’s fucking marriage is falling apart. He’s moving into a new apartment. With *my wife’s* help. His money

troubles are even worse than we first thought. And here I am, thinking only about my own gratification.

*But will she still be having sex with him, even if he is preoccupied with his problems? Just not where I get to see it? His hands exploring her body unchecked, his cock sinking into her willing heat in private, while I work away at my office desk, or wait at home like their fool?*

The thoughts twist inside me; jealousy and arousal tangled together in a knot I can't unravel. *What new threshold might they cross together if she gives up more of her free time and helps him move into a new home?*

"I just thought..." I begin again about watching her, but trail off, not sure what I was thinking.

*That my wife's affair should accommodate my voyeuristic desires on demand? That her lover's life upheaval is secondary to my fantasy fulfillment?*

Kim's green eyes soften. She stands on tiptoe to give me a light kiss. Her perfume is like jasmine with vanilla undertones, and I'm not sure if it's new. But it envelops me.

"We know what you like," she says quietly. "Just... not right now, okay? Let's let things settle a bit."

'We?' 'We' know what you like? I nod but swallow my fear as well as the disappointment. "OK. I guess the guy does have a lot on his plate at the moment."

*I could stop her from getting involved with his apartment. She said she wouldn't help him if I asked her not to.*

She kisses my lips, then turns back to the mirror, adjusting her blouse one final time.

Then, as the children's voices ring out from down our hallway, Kim gathers her things while I watch. Her phone, small purse, keys. Each movement graceful and efficient. I should be getting ready for work myself, but I can't tear my eyes away from her.

As she slips into her heels - low ones that nonetheless accentuate her shapely calves - I'm struck again by how beautiful she is. How lucky I am that she's mine, even as she

shares herself with another man. Even as she defends his chaotic life for him. As she carves out more time for him, in ways that chip away at our time together.

And that somehow, crazily, Kim is rendered all the more beautiful because of her unfaithfulness.

*Is she still mine, really?* The thought slithers into my mind, unwelcome but persistent. The more she gives to Malcolm, like her Saturday mornings sometimes too, now, at the office with him, her concern amid his debts and divorce, the more I worry some essential part of her is transferring to him. Not just her body, but her attention. Her care. Her concern for his well-being.

*Isn't she defending his needs over mine?*

And the worst part? Some twisted corner of my psyche finds even that exciting, too. The idea that she's becoming more his. That I'm losing ground. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

"I should be home around five-thirty," Kim says, breaking into my disturbing thoughts. "Don't forget Leah needs to be picked up from dance at 4:30."

"I won't forget," I promise, trying to shake off my conflicted feelings and focus instead on working from home this afternoon. "You sure you don't need me to pick you up from work?"

"It's fine," she shakes her head, "You'll have your hands full with the kids. I'll get the train. Or Malcolm might bring me back." She smiles, and if I disregarded her words, I could almost imagine she's just my Kim again. Like she always was. The mother of my children, my partner in this life we've built.

Then she turns, and I watch the gentle sway of her hips as she walks out, that perfect ass that now belongs to two different men.

I'm left with a hard-on but an ache too, that's both physical and something deeper, more painful. The sickening realization that I may have set something in motion that's now way out of control. And that something as seemingly innocent as her helping him with his new home might even seal my fate.

The kitchen smells of bubbling mac and cheese with garlic bread baking in the oven as I stir the pot one-handed, Harrison clings to my leg while Leah colors at the table. It's just gone 5:40 pm. I picked Leah up from dance on time, kept the pair of them entertained, but the whole day dragged into agony since Kim left this morning.

I've checked my phone obsessively. No texts from her, no lunchtime check-in, nothing. The silence gnaws at me, fueling a storm of dark scenarios. Malcolm dumping her amid his mess. Her dad sniffing out the affair; guilt finally hitting her hard. And worse. Her too lost in fucking him senseless at their office to bother with her husband, that skirt slit wide for his hands despite his crumbling marriage and debts.

Twice, I've jerked off while the kids did homework or watched TV. Once, I pictured Malcolm shoving my wife over his desk, her skirt hiked, pounding her with single-minded lust that ignored his marriage and eviction woes. Then later I imagined her straddling him in his chair, jasmine-vanilla perfume thick in the air as she rode him raw, his new found freedom making him all the more insatiable. Each time left me spent, but soon hard again, stomach twisting with that perverse mix of dread and need.

Now, as Harrison chatters about his soccer club at the weekend and Leah demands more crayons, my cock twitches traitorously under my jeans, the ache unrelieved.

*How can I get off to my wife's silence while prepping family dinner?*

Kim's key scrapes the lock a few minutes before ten to 6. My heart skips as she opens the door. Harrison runs off and barrels toward her, wrapping his arms around her shapely legs. "Mommy! Daddy made mac and cheese!"

I wipe my hands on a towel and follow him to the front door. I gather Kim into a hug and breathe in the faint jasmine-vanilla of her perfume mingled with coffee and something muskier beneath. *Spent arousal?*

Her hair is tousled, and under her open dark overcoat, the pale gray skirt hugs her thighs. I help her off with the coat, and beneath it, her white blouse is slightly rumpled,

"Did you get the train home?" I ask with a lump in my throat.

“I got a ride,” she says with a shake of her head. Even casual post-work, she’s stunning, and she makes my heart ache. What catches my attention most, though, is her expression. Tight around the edges. Worried. The skin between her eyebrows creased in that way it gets when something’s bothering her.

“Get you a glass of wine?” I ask, and she nods, then she follows me back to the kitchen. “Is everything OK?” I ask as I pull the fridge door open.

*Being around him all day again and the ride home with him haven’t made her question me and her, have they?*

“Not now,” she murmurs, and her eyes flick toward the living room where both the kids are, “After they’re in bed.”

A cold weight settles in my stomach.

“Okay,” I agree, trying to sound normal despite my racing heart. “Later.”

Kim goes to get changed while I plate the food up, and when she returns in yoga pants and a baggy sweatshirt, we eat together at the table.

The pasta steams, and the kids giggle over extra cheese pulls, but even as we all talk about the day we’ve had, it’s clear that something’s troubling Kim.

*Something is definitely wrong.*

The next couple of hours pass in a strange limbo of normalcy and tension. We go through the motions, helping Leah with the last bit of math homework, listening to Harrison’s dinosaur chatter, and watching a kid-friendly baking show before baths. Through it all, I catch Kim’s eyes, me searching for clues amid that worry crease, her skin flushed like post-orgasm glow, thighs pressing together under the table as if sore.

By bedtime, with stories read, drinks fetched, monsters checked, my nerves fray. Scenarios whirl in my head again.

*Malcolm ended it. Her dad found out about their affair. She’s thinking of leaving me to share her boss’s new life.*

Fears tangle with arousal, even now, I picture her bent over for him in the office kitchen in that split skirt, her perfect round ass on display as his crisis-hard cock relentlessly claims her.

*What the hell is wrong with me?*

Kim closes Leah's bedroom door softly and meets my eyes in the dimly lit hallway. "Let's have an early night," she says quietly. "I'm tired, but I'll tell you everything in bed."

I nod, trying to read her expression in the shadows. But her face gives nothing away as she turns toward our bedroom, leaving me to follow, pulse pounding in my ears like distant drums.

Kim pulls her sweatshirt over her head in one fluid motion, dropping it into the laundry hamper. The faint scene of her perfume blooms for a moment in the warm bedroom air, mingling with the crisp cotton of our fresh bedsheets. The smooth expanse of her back glows in our bedroom lamp's soft amber, the delicate dip of her spine tracing down to dimples above the waistband of her yoga pants. A path of flesh that Malcolm's big hands have taken so many times now.

Even now, with anxiety churning in my gut, I can't help but admire the sight of her, and my cock stirs.

She unhooks her bra and adds it to the hamper, full breasts sway free for a heartbeat, nipples peaking as they're exposed. She slides her yoga pants down over her hips. The black lace of her underwear clings to her mound and contrasts with the olive hue of her skin.

*Are those faint red marks on her inner thighs? Fresh from his fucking today?*

I swallow hard, my body responding to her even as my mind races with possibilities of what she's about to tell me. I can't even ask whether she gave herself to him again today.

"You're staring," she says without turning around, reaching for a nightshirt.

"I can't help it," My voice sounds rough.

She glances over her shoulder, a small smile plays at the corners of her mouth despite the worry still evident in her eyes. For a moment, she's just my Kim again: teasing, beautiful, *mine*.

Then she pulls the oversized t-shirt over her head, and the thought of her in his apartment with him slithers into my mind, and the spell is broken. She climbs onto our bed, sitting cross-legged in the middle of the mattress, her bare legs smooth against our pale purple sheets.

I finish undressing and then, still in my shorts and with an erection tenting embarrassingly, join her on the bed. I sit opposite her.

"What happened today, Kim? You've had me worried since you got back. Did you and him..." My stomach knots tighter.

She takes a deep breath and tucks a strand of dark hair behind her ear. "Malcolm told me exactly what Zak said to him yesterday."

Relief surges through me. If all that's worrying her is that dirty old bastard, then I'm happy. I nod and encourage her to continue.

"It's not good, Gabe." She meets my eyes directly. "He wants all the money back from Malcolm immediately. *All* of it."

"Well, if Malcolm owes him," I shrug and can't help thinking what a fool her boss must be to get himself into such a fucking financial mess.

"Yeah, but they originally agreed he'd have three years to repay," she says and looks right at me again.

"Right. So how much are we talking about?"

"Fifteen thousand."

I let out a low whistle. "Whoa. That's a lot of money."

"Yeah. And Malcolm doesn't have it," she says, "Especially not now he'll be paying rent on an apartment as well as the mortgage for the house his wife's still living in." Kim's

fingers twist nervously at the hem of her nightshirt, pulling the whole thing taut across her breasts, “He’s been trying to figure a way to get it, but .....

I study her face, trying to understand why this has her so upset. Yes, it’s a difficult situation for Malcolm, but it doesn’t directly affect us.

Unless...

“Has he asked you for money? From you and me?” The thought makes my jaw clench. That would cross a fucking line.

“No!” She looks genuinely shocked. “Of course not. He’d never do that.”

“Then why are you so worried? I mean, I get that it sucks for him, but...” Does she *care* that much about him?

“Zak Stanley told Malcolm he’d be prepared to come to an alternative arrangement,” she interrupts, her voice tight. “As long as I was involved.”

The words shake me. For a moment, I can’t breathe. My balls bristle.

“What do you mean by that?” But I suspect I might know.

No. *Fucking. Way.*

Kim’s eyes drop to her hands. “He said he’d stick to the original terms, maybe even extend them....give Malcolm enough time to pay,” she pauses, swallowing. “If he got to see us have sex again. Me and Malcolm. At close quarters.”

The room tilts around me, my pulse pounds in my ears. A storm of conflicting emotions rips through me: rage, fear, and to my shame, a sick arousal surges too, my cock throbs at the mental image of Kim performing with Malcolm for another man’s kicks.

“What did he mean by seeing it at ‘close quarters’?” I croak when I can speak again.

“I don’t know,” she shrugs, and her tits heave under the t-shirt, “somewhere he could see better than that time in the car, I guess.”

“Malcolm told him to ‘fuck off’, right?” My voice echoes hollow in our bedroom.

Kim nods. “He was furious when Mr. Stanley suggested it. Told him he’d find the money somehow, said he warned him not to disrespect me like that.”

“Good,” I say firmly as I can. “That’s good.”

“But Gabe...” Kim’s voice trembles slightly. “Mr. Stanley knows about me. He knows it’s my Dad’s firm. He intimated my parents would be horrified if they knew what Malcolm and I have been.... Gabe, he could cause real trouble for us all.”

The implications sink in slowly. This isn’t just about money anymore. It’s about the kind of leverage I feared. *Blackmail*. If this guy explicitly mentioned Kim’s Dad, then the implied threat is obvious. Everything could come crashing down.

“Did he threaten to tell your Dad?” I ask, trying to keep my voice steady.

“Heavily *implied* it’, Malcolm said,” she hugs her knees to her chest, looking suddenly smaller, vulnerable, her nightshirt rides up her toned thighs. “Malcolm said Mr Stanley only expected a one-off event, but I guess he could keep escalating, if he didn’t get exactly what he wanted.”

*He might keep escalating regardless. And what could that look like? The fucking farmer dictating whether or not my wife wears panties for work? Then trying to claim Kim himself?*

I reach for her hand, needing to touch her, to ground myself in the reality of her. But my hand is clammy, and her fingers are cold.

“We’ll figure this out,” I say, clueless. “There has to be some other solution.”

Kim bites her lower lip, hesitating. *There’s still something she’s not telling me.*

“What?” I prompt gently.

“After the shock of hearing it all, Malcolm and I talked about it.” She takes a deep breath that raises her breasts. “Malcolm would never push, but he asked if I’d consider it. Letting Mr Stanley see....Just as way to...”

I'm stunned. Not by Malcolm's question to her - how could I be surprised by a man whose judgment got him into such a financial mess? No, my shock comes from Kim even appearing to contemplate such a request. Allowing a second man's gaze to linger on her naked body, to witness her in intimate sexual acts, just to shield her lover.

"Would you?" I'm hoarse.

Her eyes meet mine, conflicted and troubled. "I wouldn't want to. No way. But Gabe, if he did tell Dad and Mom, they'd probably disown me. I'd lose the job. Malcolm would lose his. He'd be left with nothing." Her fingers tighten around mine. "I don't know what to do."

I stare at her, this woman I thought I knew completely, now a stranger to me in many ways. *My beautiful, once-loyal wife, the devoted mother of our children, is actually considering using her body to help ease her lover's financial problems .*

And God help me, even now, even in this moment of surreal crisis, I'm hard at what Kim might be prepared to do. At the image of my wife being 'passed' between Malcolm's thrusts and an old farmer's leer like some sort of prized exhibit.

"We need to think," I rasp and pull her against my chest to hide my bulge. "There might be some other way."

She curls into me, her body warm and its softness almost mocking my hardness. I hold her tight, as if shielding her from a situation my fantasy has created.

But *can* I protect her from it now? And do I really even *want* to?

*That* terrifies me most.

## Chapter Nine

### Gabe

Kim's revelation hangs in the air between us, heavy and impossible to ignore amid the crisp bedsheets and lingering jasmine-vanilla that clings to her skin. She's considered it. Exposing herself to that old farmer, a pre-arranged fuck with Malcolm right in front of that other old bastard's eyes, all to protect her debt-crushed, evicted boss from ruin and us against blow-back from their affair.

And I'm rock hard against her thigh, twitching at the mental images of two pairs of engorged eyes feeding on my wife's body. One old man's hands free to explore Kim's flesh and sink his big cock deep into her, as the other murmurs excited, lewd encouragement. Both men knowing she's *my wife*.

The flood of shame too, though, is immediate and overwhelming.

*What husband throbs this way at the thought of his wife traded like currency in some seedy farm deal?*

But the answer and evidence pulse in my shorts, darkness hiding my flushed face.

I can't admit my excitement to her at this other man's demand. At her boss's thinly-veiled suggestion. Or his *request* to her. Instead, I kiss her deeply, roll her onto her back, and press my hard length against her.

Kim responds fiercely, hands sliding in my hair, her soft lips part, mouth wet and yielding.

"Did Malcolm appreciate the new skirt today?" I murmur against her neck, nipping the pulse there. My hand slides up under her nightshirt to the warm stomach there. Up to her ribs, where he must surely rest his big hands sometimes when he uses her from behind.

She arches slightly as my fingers caress her there, then go higher, "Yes," she breathes. "He says it makes my butt look even better."

I push her nightshirt higher until her breasts spill free. So *full*, swaying, nipples pebbling.

“Mmm, yeah, it does,” I whisper, mouth claiming a nipple. I suck hungrily, until it hardens against my tongue, then release it with an audible slurp. “I bet it makes him want my wife even more.”

Kim moans on her back, and her legs splay wide for me.

I slide my hand down between her thighs, and slick folds greet my fingers. The evidence of her excitement makes me wonder: *Is some part of her turned on by Zak's proposition, too?* By the idea of using her own body to help Malcolm out of trouble?

How can I judge her is she is? I'm as guilty.

“So wet,” I murmur in her ear, and slowly stroke her clit. “Are you thinking about Malcolm? Did you let him fuck you today in that skirt?”

She nods, her eyes heavy-lidded in the dim light. “In the office kitchen,” she whispers. “Mmm, his favorite. Bent over the counter.”

*I can't wait.* One smooth push and my hardness is inside her.

Her tight heat grips me like a vice and nearly undoes me right away. Her legs hook my waist. Kim urges me, and I thrust hard.

I try to go slow though, to make this last, but the images blaze too potent: Kim upturned for Malcolm, splayed wide for the old farmer's scrutiny, then Kim pressed between two men, my beautiful wife's body negotiating a debt.

“Kim,” I gasp as I smack into her, “Can't...gonna..”

She clamps her legs around me, pulls me deeper, grabs my back, “It's okay,” she pants, her hands sliding down to grip my ass. “Let go, Gabe.”

I shudder to relief, my face buried in her warm, scented neck, my body convulsions a painful pleasure. The world whites out, every thought obliterated by physical sensation.

Then awareness returns, along with the guilt. I collapse beside her, breathing hard, my heart still racing.

“Sorry,” I reach for her. “Too fast.”

Kim rolls onto her side to face me, her expression amused rather than disappointed. “It’s fine. I know a man who can always make sure I climax.”

The light-hearted words sting even as they send another pulse of unwanted arousal through me. I swat her firm, bare ass playfully, harder than I intend though, and she squeals.

“Not funny,” I tell her, but we both know she’s telling the truth. Her jokey, casual reference to Malcolm and the sexual satisfaction he provides for her hurts, but excites me in almost equal measure.

“I’m sorry too,” she smiles and flutters her eyelashes, not sounding sorry at all. She nestles closer against me, her warm body molding to mine. “I know how you like it when I talk about him.”

I can’t argue with that. Not when the evidence was obvious just minutes ago. So I hold her close instead, listen to her breathing.

I should be outraged at what’s been proposed to my wife. Jealous. Territorial. Instead, even now, only minutes after cumming, I feel myself stirring again at the thought.

“Do you think you *could* do that to help him, Kim?” I whisper, but I’m not even sure if she’s asleep. “Let that other guy watch?”

“It might not be so bad,” her mouth clicks like it’s dry, “It’s not like he hasn’t seen us before, is it? And if it means he wouldn’t tell Dad, or ruin Malcolm’s life...”

Saturday morning dawns bright and crisp, the late February chill bites at my puffer jacket, and coffee steams from our travel mugs as Kim and I stand on the touchline. Damp grass pungent underfoot at Harrison’s under-5’s soccer field. Miniature players in matching royal blue jerseys, ready to do battle, a few other parents huddled along the same or opposite sidelines to us.

Kim stands beside me, tight pale jeans molding her round ass and thighs like second skin, sleek black leather boots hugging her knees and flexing calves as she shifts. Her red puffer jacket zipped high but clings to her breasts' fullness as an occasional other dad's glance lingers on her.

Jason Miller's father, for one. Watching my wife from further down the touchline as she bends to adjust the complaining Harrison's shin guards, her jeans pulling taut across her cheeks.

*Can he sense what Kim now is? Just by looking at my wife? Does she give off an aura of potential availability now that she's shared? Can other men somehow now sense that my perfect, beautiful wife is willing to sleep with other men?*

And if so, how much more apparent might her accessibility seem to aware onlookers if she *were* to involve a second other man in her extramarital sex? Even if that old farmer was only involved enough to *watch* her taken and ravished by Malcolm.

Maybe that's why that Zak Stanley suggested it. He *sensed*, when he saw her again in her office, that she could be 'available'?

The thought of this whole idea should make me sick with jealousy. Instead, heat pulses cock-ward unrelated to the hot coffee in my hand.

"Go get 'em, buddy," Kim ruffles Harrison's hair before releasing him to run and join his teammates for warm-ups. She straightens up, smiling as she watches him go, and I'm struck again by how effortlessly she moves between roles: devoted mom one moment, object of desire the next.

"Missing your boss?" I ask in a low voice, only half-joking. "Wishing you were working again, instead of spending Saturday with your family?"

She glances at me, a flicker of something - Guilt? Desire? Crosses her face. "I am, actually," she admits, then laughs at my expression and kisses me. "Kidding, Gabe. Well, ....*mostly* kidding."

'Mostly' lands like a stone in my gut. *Would* she rather be with him?

“You better be,” I feign annoyance and take her hand, then squeeze it hard. But there’s no real annoyance in it. I could hardly blame her if she *did* want to be with him, could I? I’ve encouraged every single step of their relationship.

We turn our attention to the field where the coach is organizing the kids. But I can’t focus on my son’s athletic efforts. My mind keeps circling back to Zak’s proposition.

*Kim said it ‘Might not be so bad’* to let him watch her with Malcolm. But what if this second older man is unable to resist asking to *touch*, or to *take* my wife’s body, maybe in exchange for improving the terms of Malcolm’s debt?

*Could a fuck with my wife be worth that sort of money to any man? 15 thousand, to cancel the whole debt?* I’m trembling.

What would it look like if Zak wanted her? Would Malcolm want to watch it? Would Zak want her in the same ways Malcolm has had her: bent over, or on her knees? Or would he have his own preference, his own position he’d demand?

I shift uncomfortably, horrified to find I’m growing hard in my jeans. *Here, for fuck sake.* I subtly adjust my jacket to cover the evidence, glance around to make sure no one noticed.

“Cold?” Kim misreads and steps closer, she links her arm through mine. Warmth seeps from her to me.

“A bit,” I mutter, grateful for the misunderstanding.

“Anything else?” Kim asks later and sets a bowl of popcorn on the coffee table. The buttery scent wafts warm amid the TV flicker, “Before I sit down?”

“Just *you*,” I pat the couch beside me. The kids have been asleep for over an hour, and we’re settling down for a Saturday Netflix ritual. Red wine for Kim, cold beer for me. Comfortable companionship that’s always underpinned our marriage.

But nothing feels routine anymore. Not since the revelation of what one of Malcolm’s creditors proposed.

She curls up next to me on the couch, bare feet beneath her. Soft, black lounge pants cling damply to her thighs after a shower, and an old, pale pink cotton shirt drapes loose, but tents over her tits. Her hair cascades around her shoulders.

The movie starts, and it's some thriller she picked, but I'm already struggling to focus on it. My mind keeps replaying our conversation from last night. The look on her face when she told me what Zak proposed. And that other look in her eyes when she said letting another man watch 'might not be so bad.'

Twenty minutes into the movie, when the plot lags, I can't hold back anymore.

"I suppose the trouble with potentially doing what that farmer wants, would be if he expected more," I say and mute the TV a little.

Kim looks at me, confusion creasing her brow. "What do you mean? More than it being a one-off?"

I shift to face her more directly. "No. On the day, I mean, or the night. If he decided that just *watching* you wasn't enough."

Kim rolls her eyes, but her cheeks color under the lamplight.

"Who's to say," I clear my throat, "If he got up close and personal, like he said, that he could resist wanting to get his hands on this body?" My eyes linger on the visible part of her cleavage under her loose shirt.

"Eww," she grimaces and wrinkles her nose. "He must be like, sixty. And he smells like cattle."

Her disgust should reassure me. Instead, I push her further, arousal overriding my better judgment. "Wouldn't you even give him one of your expert hand jobs if it saved Malcolm's ass?" I ask and force a teasing smile to disguise how serious a question it is.

Kim gives me a long look, and something calculating enters her expression. Then she gives me a little smile and shrugs her shoulders. "Only if Malcolm told me to."

The words punch the breath from my chest. Blood rushes south to my cock so fast that I'm lightheaded. With barely a conscious thought, I pull at the waistband of her lounge

pants. She laughs but lifts her hips to help me, her eyes darkening with desire as if she recognizes my urgency.

I yank her pants down and off, then drag her t-shirt up and expose her tits. She's not wearing a bra, and the sight of her hardening nipples in the dim light of our living room sends another surge of need through me. I fumble with my own pants, free myself, and then in one swift motion, I'm between her legs, entering her

She gasps, her back arching off the couch. "Gabe," she breathes, her legs wrapping around my waist, "Slow down."

But I'm too far gone already. Three, maybe four thrusts, and I'm finishing, face pressed into her neck to muffle my groan of release. It's embarrassingly quick again, but I can't control myself, not with the images flashing through my mind of Kim following Malcolm's orders, pleasuring a second man because her lover commanded it.

For a moment afterward, we lie there, my weight pressing her into the couch cushions, both of us breathing heavily. Then I roll to the side, tuck myself against the back of the couch so she has more room beside me.

"Sorry. *Again*," I murmur and stroke her hair back from her flushed face.

*Flushed? She barely worked up a sweat that time.* "I lost it," I say.

"I understand you more than you know, Gabe," she says quietly. "You liked what I said about Malcolm telling me what to do. Didn't you?"

It's hardly a question, but I nod anyway, unable to deny the obvious. "Did you mean that though?" I ask, my voice hoarse but 'fear' in the ascendancy now and its ugly form growing fast. "Would you really do more than let that other guy watch? If Malcolm asked you to?"

She's quiet for a long moment, her fingers idly tracing patterns on my chest. "Obviously, I wouldn't want to. But I don't know," she admits finally. "I guess it would depend."

*Fucking hell, Kim.* My recuperating heart takes off again and races. "Depend on what?"

“On a lot of things. If it really did stop Mr. Stanley from saying something to Dad and Mom or anyone else. And if I knew it would get Malcolm out of a big hole,” she says slowly, like each word is measured. “And it would depend on exactly what was involved.” She pauses, her green eyes locking with mine. “And obviously you’d have to be OK with it too.”

Her gaze pierces me; it leaves me nowhere to hide. She knows it wasn’t just fantasy-talk. She knows some part of me isn’t horrified by Zak’s proposition or the prospect of her going further for her lover. She knows the idea of her being shared between other men - even men she doesn’t desire - arouses me in a way I can’t control, or fully understand.

“That I’m OK with it,” I repeat because I don’t know what else I can say, but the words are like dry pebbles in my mouth.

“Of course,” her hand comes up to cup my cheek. “You’re my husband, Gabe. All this might be way more exciting than I ever expected, but if it ever becomes something you don’t want...” She leaves the sentence hanging, and she’s offering me a way out. A way to pull back from the brink we’ve approached. The abyss we could be staring into.

*All I have to say is that I don’t want it, that I can’t take that much. That the idea of her getting sexual with that fucking farmer is a bridge too far.*

But the words stick in my throat. Because the truth is, I don’t know what I want anymore. Or rather, I maybe *do* know, but I’m ashamed to admit, even to myself, what my fantasy has become.

I want to watch her with Malcolm. I want to see my wife surrender to the desires of *more than one* man. I want to witness her being desired, *shared*, *used*, and then, for her to come home with me.

“I think,” I say carefully, my voice barely above a whisper, “that whatever gets this guy to back off might be worth considering.”

Her avocado-green eyes widen slightly, searching my face as if to confirm she’s understood my meaning. Then she nods once, a small movement that somehow feels monumental. “Besides,” she says and settles down low again, cuddling into me, “It might not come to that. Mr. Stanley might be happy just to watch. If that’s how he gets his kicks.”

I squeeze her soft, curvy body to mine and wonder whether, in the intensity of watching her roused and flushed with the heat of her sexual passion, any red-blooded male wouldn't ask for more.

And the thought sends another pulse of arousal through me, stirring my spent cock.

## Chapter Ten

### Gabe

Sunlight streams in through our dining room window, painting golden rectangles on the linoleum floor. A sticky smear of strawberry jam gleams down there, and I roll my eyes at Harrison before crouching in my dressing gown to wipe up his mess. Sunday morning smells linger: freshly brewed coffee from the kitchen – a drink I’m in need of after disturbed sleep last night – and buttered toast, which got a little burned in the process by Leah.

Laughter and clinking knives and plates fill the air. This is probably like any normal family breakfast, apart from the tension humming through my body since last night’s conversation with Kim.

She admitted she might consider letting that old farmer do *more* than simply *watch* her have sex with Malcolm. If it stopped her parents from being told about her and her boss. If it helped Malcolm.

*And I didn’t object. I got my rocks off to the thought.*

But no matter how the second old man was involved, if I was there to watch it too, then he’d know what I’m into. *He’d know I’m a cuckold.*

Kim’s phone buzzes sharply on the wooden table in front of her, vibrating like an excited pulse. She glances at it, then at me, with a flicker of shared complicity, before answering. “Hey,” a pause, then her voice shifts, softening into a husky lilt. “Oh, no, it’s fine.”

I don’t need to ask who it is. The subtle arch of her spine in her fluffy burgundy dressing gown, her silken but unbrushed dark hair cascading like a veil as she turns away from the table, tells me everything.

*Malcolm. On a Sunday.*

My stomach twists with that cocktail of dread and dark hunger, a combination that feels almost ever-present at the moment. For a second, I imagine him handing my wife

over to his fat-faced creditor. Maybe with a pink ribbon around her throat so she looks like a gift. Or maybe it's tied around her *waist*.

"The kids are just finishing breakfast," she says, her manicured fingers twisting the frayed edge of a paper napkin. "What's up?"

Leah shoves a syrup-drenched bite of toast into her mouth with a gleeful smack, oblivious to my feverish scrutiny of her mother. Harrison engineers a precarious tower from his scattered Cheerios, giggling at its wobble, equally blind to the electric undercurrents crackling through the winter sun-warmed air around us.

"Today?" Kim's eyes flick to mine, avocado depths wide with uncertainty, "I might be able to... let me check." She covers the phone with a slender hand, the touch of her other hand lingering on my arm and making me tremble. Then she glances at the kids chattering to one another before lowering her voice to me, "Malcolm got the keys to his apartment. He's asking if I could go over and help him for a couple of hours this morning, hang a few pictures, unpack kitchen stuff."

A sharp flash of irritation slices through me like jagged glass shards. *Sunday is family time*. Sacred time.

But just as quickly, molten heat follows the anger and surges low in my gut.

The thought of my wife in her boss's new home with him, her shapely body stretching to hang pictures, her painted-on jeans framing the sway of her hips as she unpacks, claiming what will become shared space where he'll surely bury himself inside her again and again whenever he gets the chance.

"We'd be OK if you went," I say softly, surprising myself with how steady my voice sounds despite the thunder in my chest. "But, do you think your Mom might have the kids for a while, before you come home?"

Kim raises an eyebrow. "I thought you'd be staying with them? Are you going out?"

I glance across at Harrison and Leah then whisper. "I thought maybe you could check if it would be OK if I came over for a while, too. I can ask my folks to watch these two for an hour if you don't think yours could..."

Her eyes widen slightly again as she holds the phone, understanding immediately what I'm suggesting. "Gabe, he's moving in today. We'll be busy."

"I know, but just suggest it, will you? I mean, I could help too." I glance back at the kids to check they're not listening.

Kim returns to her call, her voice carefully neutral as she slides off her chair and walks to the living room area. "Yeah, I can come... Yeah... actually, he was wondering if he could stop by later, just for a short while, after I've helped you set things up... yeah.." She laughs and flushes.

I can't hear Malcolm's response, but Kim's eyes meet mine, a heady mixture of surprise and gleaming triumph dancing in them. Like she's just unlocked another door in our twisted new world. "Great," she says. "I'll meet you by the shops at eleven, then."

"Where's Mommy going?" Leah asks without looking up from her breakfast.

"Just to help a friend for a couple of hours," I say, and clear my throat.

"He's fine with it," Kim says quietly when I get up and follow her into the kitchen. "Said you can come by around three."

My heart pounds my ribs like it's a trapped animal, that intoxicating brew of excitement and gnawing anxiety flooding my veins.

*Four hours. She'll be alone with him for four hours before I arrive.*

In our bedroom, after breakfast and showering, Kim dresses for her weekend liaison. The scent of beachy coconut shower gel lingers as I lean in the doorway. Mesmerized and hard as I watch her in lacy white panties and bra. She glides into a pair of tight, pale blue Levis that mold to her endless legs and the plump, heart-shaped perfection of her ass, like a lover's grasp. She pairs them with a snug, dark brown V-neck sweater of butter-soft cashmere that clings to the generous swell of her breasts. Her nipples momentarily peak in her bra before the sweater fully warms her flesh.

"Going for the casual sexy look?" I ask, my mouth parched as she fastens large silver hoop earrings that sway hypnotically against the curve of her neck.

She glances at me in the mirror, her treacherous reflection blooming a coy smile that dimples her cheeks. “I just want to look nice. Is that a crime?”

“Depends on who you’re looking nice for,” I counter, and step toward her, then around to the rear of her, to place my hands on her hips. My thumbs trace the denim’s seam along her flare. I grind my throbbing hardness against the warm, flawless, and yielding ass that first drew Malcolm to her. I groan as her body ignites me. I let her feel the effect she has on me, too.

Kim turns to face me, her arms looping around my neck. She kisses me lightly, teasing. “It’s just old jeans and a sweater,” she says, and one hand leaves my neck, then reaches down and squeezes my hard-on, “It’s not like I’m going there in just lingerie.”

The mental image does nothing to quell my fire. “It makes a change that you’re wearing any lingerie at all when you’re with him.”

She rolls her eyes, but we both know how good she looks in what she’s wearing. Temptation incarnate for any middle-aged guy. The jeans sculpt her like liquid sin, and the V-neck sweater dips just low enough to tease the shadowed valley at her cleavage. It begs for a man’s gaze. All 5 foot 4 inches of her radiates a gorgeous but accessible allure, the hot MILF any man would fantasize about.

*Any man - from Malcolm, to the grizzled old Zak Stanley.*

“You look nice, Mommy,” Leah says from behind me at the doorway, her pigtails bob as she comes closer, and we break apart. “How come you’re going out on your own?”

Kim smiles, but flushes too as she crouches down to eye level with our daughter. Her jeans stretch taut over her ass and thighs, but her face softens into purer maternal radiance. “I’m going to help a friend set up their new house. You get to stay and have fun with Daddy. And maybe call in on Grandma and Granddad later too.”

Leah nods, but looks disappointed. “Can’t I come with you?”

“Not this time, sweetie. It’s a grown-up thing.” Kim smooths Leah’s dark hair back from her forehead, a tender touch that twists the knife in my gut, “I’ll be home before dinner, though, okay?”

Their whole exchange tangles a knot of adoration, guilt, jealousy, and raw lust that churns in my chest. Kim is surely the epitome of natural motherhood - loving, patient, kind-hearted. But her gentle fingers simultaneously conjure images of being wrapped around Malcolm's thick cock, or clawing that old Farmer's shoulders as she's taken.

Impossible to reconcile, and yet the dissonance sets my blood aflame.

*What does that say about me?*

Ten minutes later, Kim grabs her purse and wool coat, and the fabric whispers against her sweater. "He's picking me up near the shops," she tells me and slides her phone into her back pocket, where it nestles against the firm peach of her ass. "I'll text you with the address. See you around three."

I nod mutely. I swallow the urge to beg for text updates too, to let me know what she's doing with him. *Every illicit touch.*

"Have fun," I manage with my voice cracking.

Her smile is bright, but laced with guilt that almost guts me. And then she's gone.

I herd the kids to the TV and cartoons, their chatter and laughter only distant buzzing as my mind reels with fevered images from an unknown apartment. Malcolm's sure fingers threading my wife's dark hair as he pins her down, whispering dirty to her, her body arching on his bed, his big cock plunging into her welcoming heat as I wait for her like a fool.

In the bathroom, with distant cartoon noises mocking my torment, it takes me embarrassingly little time. Three urgent strokes over my aching length and I'm erupting into a wad of toilet paper. Kim's name a choked plea on my lips.

## Chapter Eleven

### Gabe

Later, the GPS directs me to a small apartment block not far from the canal. Three stories of renovated pale stonework. Nothing fancy, but the location is decent, and whispers 'escape'. It's close to shops and cafes, though, and probably worlds away from a shattered marriage.

I park in a shaded visitor spot and switch off the engine. I check my reflection in the rearview mirror for several long seconds. I'm pale. My eyes shadowed by hours of tormenting visions: Kim bent over boxes, Malcolm's hands 'accidentally' brushing over her curves, my wife's unavoidable compulsion that drives her to drag him to his new bed.

*Do I look like what I am? A husband coming to watch his wife ravished by her older lover? Is it etched on my face, this toxic mix of spiky jealousy and illogical, throbbing arousal that's like a badge of my descent?*

I straighten my fringe a little and then, outside at last and with my heart pounding, there's a smell of cut grass in the chill air, presumably from a row of houses beyond the lot.

I try to stride across the paved area to the ground-floor entrance, but my steps are uncertain. My pulse thunders in my ears. Then I'm inside the building and heading down a corridor as instructed, past the door of apartment number 2, where a TV blares from inside.

The brass number '3' gleams innocently enough on Malcolm's door under his stucco overhang. Deceptively ordinary for the den of infidelity awaiting inside. I wipe sweat-slick palms on my jeans, stomach churning with the ghost of Leah's disappointed pout this morning before I dropped her and Harrison off at my folks. She was unhappy because her Mom couldn't bring her, but now even *that* somehow almost twists into fuel for my own perverse hunger.

I knock and wait.

The door swings open, and there's Kim, my radiant wife, in her brown cashmere jumper and those tight jeans.

Her smile is so warm, but her eyes are uncertain, and she flushes too. She's sock-footed now, at 'home' in Malcolm's space. The sight sends a jolt of searing jealousy-laced excitement lancing through me.

"Hey," she breathes, her dark hair tousled around her shoulders as she surges into my arms. Her plush lips claim mine for a moment, with wine-sweet urgency but a musky, unmistakable male tang too.

His kisses? *Sex?*

"Where did the kids go in the end?" she asks me, "Your Mom's or mine?"

"Mine," I say and feel her warmth, inhale her scent. "Stuffing them with cookies right now, no doubt."

*If you're that concerned about them, how come you've happily lingered here most of the day? Building this guy's nest while I parented alone.*

The unspoken accusation burns, but I trail her inside, assaulted by the crisp scent of new paint mingling with stale boxes, papers, and an unmistakable aroused musk.

The apartment is small, white, and beige, the furnishings sparse amid half-unpacked chaos. A lone, pale yellow checked sofa, boxes teetering on the floor nearby, a handful of prints hung straight for him by Kim's precise touch.

"Looks like you've been busy," I force out, my throat tight, and eye a framed landscape that crowns the fireplace opposite the sofa.

*More of her handiwork, I suppose. Personalizing his lair.*

"Gabe," Malcolm rumbles from the kitchen doorway. He swirls red wine in a stemless glass, utterly relaxed in black jeans and a dark gray Henley that stretches across his powerful chest and broad shoulders. "Pleased you could make it." There's a tone of ownership, and maybe even 'presumption' in his voice that prickles my skin with

humiliated heat, even as Kim beams beside him. I feel like the interloper crashing another man's domestic prelude with *my* wife. Like I'm the outsider, but Kim belongs.

"Malcolm," I nod stiffly and refuse the offer of wine. "Nice place."

"Getting there," he grins, and his eyes devour Kim's sweater-clad curves with blatant entitlement. "Your wife slaved like a dream. Great eye for detail."

The casual but proprietary praise, the easy way he looks at her as she bends to briefly straighten a rug with her white lace panties peeking from her waist, only stirs my cock.

"Slaved without reward," Kim pouts as she straightens, and Malcolm laughs.

"Kim told me about your conversation over the weekend," Malcolm looks right at me, his voice lowering slightly. "To go to that old bastard's farmhouse with me."

My eyes dart to Kim, who looks back steadily, unapologetic. She's told him already, admitted she's willing. Our shameful agreement.

"I owe you, Gabe," Malcolm says, looming closer. His alpha bulk imposing as he offers me his hand. "I owe you both," he looks back at Kim.

*You owe a lot of fucking people, Malcolm. That's your problem.*

"So when do I get my reward?" she pouts at him.

His eyes smolder as they rake Kim's body.

"He hasn't let me have *anything* since I got here, Gabe. How mean is that?"

My heart thumps.

"I told you," he shrugs and strokes a side of her face, "We had to wait for your husband to get here."

"Yes, well, he's here now, isn't he?" She takes his wine glass and hands it to me.

Malcolm rolls his eyes at me, but he lets her lead him to his sofa, where she directs him to sit. Then sinks to her knees on the rug at his feet.

*Fucking hell, Kim.*

Her knees shred my last illusions. The raw submission and ‘ownership’ should revolt me, but they don’t. They ignite a volcanic flood through my veins, and my cock strains. Kim’s nimble fingers undo his belt right in front of me.

“Tell him what you want, Kimmie,” Malcolm looks down at her on her knees.

“I want *this*,” she says without looking up from his zipper. She frees his monstrous stiffness from his pants, then engulfs it right here in his new living room. Here, where she’s already ‘worked’ for him most of the day.

*Oh, God.* There’s no pretense. Just ‘conquest’ and me as a witness.

Malcolm’s fingers thread gently through her dark waves, guiding her path as she hollows her cheeks, tongue swirling his swollen head with obscene slurps that echo off the beige walls. He groans deep, eyes fluttering shut before opening again and snapping to mine. They stay on me for a moment with more than a hint of triumph.

“Uhh, she’s got the most incredible mouth, velvet-soft, uhh, so eager,” he rasps, hips canting. “How often does she do this for you, Gabe? She can never get enough.”

*Is he putting on another of his ‘shows’ for me?*

“Mmm,” Kim splutters around his girth, popping off with a wet gasp and playful glare, “I do it for Gabe too,” she says with saliva-sheened lips glistening, before she dives back with ravenous suction. Deeper, fiercer than I’m used to seeing from her.

Even her words to him gut me; their shared jargon forged in my absence, her throat convulsing around him while his groans fill the room. I can’t tear away, frozen as her familiar bobs ignite unfamiliar fury, her hunger devouring him whole, white lace flashing at her waist as her jeans shift.

“Uhh, Kimmie,” Malcolm murmurs, and his fist tightens in her dark hair, his eyes locked now on her adoring uptilt. “Yeah, just like that. Perfect little mouth. Maybe we should give that dirty bastard Stanley a show of how well you do this?”

I knead my cock through my jeans.

His praise seems to fuel her frenzy, and she engulfs him to the hilt, hand stroking his base in slick twists, the other kneading his muscled thigh. His breath hitches, body coiling, then he tenses, a guttural groan rips free as he floods her throat.

*Oh, Kim, oh fucking hell, Kim.*

My wife swallows greedily, milking every pulse, only finally yielding when, tenderly, he tugs her hair.

I stand rigid - as does time. I'm agonizingly hard against my zipper, too frozen in ecstatic, shocked horror as Kim rises gracefully to her socked feet, wiping her plump lips with the back of a hand and then pulling her tongue out at him in mischief.

Malcolm laughs and grins at her as he zips back up; my wife, in this moment, utterly *his*.

“Er, excuse me,” she says to him after taking a big mouthful from his wine glass, then gasping and returning it to him. She gazes down at his pants as he redoes his belt. “Don't put that away. I need you to fuck me now.”

Malcolm chuckles dark and low, and reaches out to deliver a sharp slap to Kim's buttocks. Her jeans snap audibly, and the strike sends hypnotic ripples through her curves. Kim squeals but laughs too as she glances at him with arched eyebrows.

“*Soon,*” he smiles at her, “First, let's show Gabe the rest of the apartment.”

The denial twists my angst to stratospheric agony. Kim's soaked heat refused while I too throb untouched. And the looming future presence of Zak too might be just the start. This is barely my fantasy anymore. It's Kim's craving just as much. It's something devouring us both. *Terrifying. Thrilling. Irreversible?*

Malcolm stands with a satisfied sigh though, and I follow the pair of them with my head spinning.

We weave through the small ground-floor layout. Little galley kitchen first, where a few more boxes teeter amid the tang from an open bottle of wine on the counter. I still haven't gotten over hearing Kim *ask* to be fucked. Never mind, suck this guy the way she did.

"You sure you don't want one, Gabe?" She asks me as she pours herself a glass and tops up Malcolm's drink.

I shake my head. I have to drive back and pick up the kids.

Kim's denim-clad thigh brushes Malcolm's as she reaches for a cloth to wipe a drop of spilled red liquid from his flecked gray countertop.

Then Malcolm steers us on to a characterless white bathroom with a single towel askew on a chrome rail.

Drowning in a submissive haze, primal urge overrides reason, and I blurt out to the back of Malcolm, "Have you thought about what could happen if Stanley expects more? More than just watching you both."

"He won't get it, will he?" Malcolm shrugs and keeps walking. Kim peers around at me.

And then we're in his bedroom.

The room is starkly basic. A queen bed dominates the space, with a large, uncovered mattress where navy sheets lie still folded as if from transit. A single, plain wooden nightstand is cluttered with keys, a laptop, and papers, beige walls that beg for Kim's decorative touch. Through the wide windows, a nondescript view of a hedgerow and the street outside. Suburban anonymity with parked cars and no one in sight. Such a mundane backdrop for this depravity, only the ground-floor location risks prying eyes and exposure.

"You want to get the curtains, Gabe?" Malcolm gestures with his eyes, "Just in case." He scoops Kim into his arms before I can blink, let alone react.

My wife's body molds to his bulk as he crushes her against his chest, one massive hand cupping her heart-shaped ass through the tight jeans. "This little girl can be very needy sometimes, can't she?" he asks, voice gravelly with amusement as my heart races. Kim protests, but he nips her earlobe with his teeth and worms a hand down between her thighs over the outside of her jeans.

Kim whimpers and twists her neck to kiss him.

Heat floods my face, embarrassment scorching as their intimacy guts me. Yet my cock throbs traitorously hard, the humiliation fueling a dark surge. 'Curtains,' I remember and lunge toward them. I yank the thin sheers closed with a dry rasp, and block out the world while I trap us in this haze of paint-fresh air and my heated wife's heated jasmine musk.

Malcolm sinks onto the bed with Kim, then lets her out of his arms.

She clammers to her hands and knees as he lies back admiring her.

"Why don't you strip for Gabe and me? Show him how bad you need me. Straddle me, face him the whole time. Tell him every filthy feeling. Scream your orgasms loud, like last time."

*'Orgasms' plural. He expects them.*

*But I swear the way this guy treats Kim is getting worse. Maybe because he's on his own territory with her now? Or maybe because he's in no doubt now how much she wants him.*

Whatever it is, as she slides from the bed to her feet, her green eyes lock on mine and blaze with unashamed hunger. Her face and throat flush pink as she peels the dark brown cashmere up over her head in a hurried whisper, then she tosses it aside. Her white lace bra cradles olive-skinned perfection. And then, while Malcolm and I watch her, jeans shimmy down toned thighs and reveal a matching thong that looks soaked.

He waits until jeans pool at her feet before reaching for her.

They kiss again as he helps her from the last, and most intimate of her clothes.

She steps free, radiant nudity vibrating.

*Oh God, Kim.*

Her curves are hypnotic, her dark hair disheveled and wild. My shame limitless. She climbs back onto the bed alongside him with her dark slit gleaming as she gets to work a second time on his pants.

“Tell him,” Malcolm purrs from his back as he peers up at her frantic industry.

“See, Gabe?” she pants as he frees his thick, veined length, and it glistens anew. “I need this so much.”

“Climb on me,” he tells her, but doesn’t help her.

Kim straddles him and faces me, knees bracketing Malcolm’s big sprawled form.

“Oh, Kim,” I mumble out loud.

She sinks onto him with a shared gasp, inch by girthy inch splitting her pink folds.

“Keep looking at him,” Malcolm rests his hands on her hips.

Kim eyes never leave mine, mesmerizing me as her walls clench visibly around his base, ass cheeks surely spreading obscenely for his appraisal. The bedframe creaks under her first undulation, slick glides that echo wet, her nipples stiff, big breasts bouncing as she finds her rhythm, and as sweat soon begins to bead her heavy cleavage.

“Is it good, Kim?” I ask, and my zipper is down, my hand inside my pants.

“Oh fuck, Gabe, he always stretches me so wide, mmm, oh, he fills me, every inch of me.” Her held hips circle his sunken erection in lush grinds, dark hair whipping her face as she rises and slicks down faster. Wonderful, utterly lost, her juices coating his balls in an obscene sheen.

Malcolm thrusts up savagely, boulder hands bruising her hips before one clamps her jiggling ass, kneading the firm peach. “Grip this perfect behind,” he grunts, “We should

show you like this to that old fart Stanley, yeah, uhh, in his farmhouse. Wouldn't be so eager to chase my money if this sweetest rear end was part payment." His fingers dig deep, spreading her cheeks as he views her there.

"You *should*, Malcolm," I gasp as I stand and stroke fast, "You should. Let him have it too."

"I'd do that if you told me to," Kim pants over her shoulder as she rides him, "Slap it," she begs like she can't get her breath, she arches back into his palm.

*Fucking hell.* I stroke and move closer, off to the side a little too.

Crack! The sharp sting blooms pink on Kim's flawless globes, rippling through her like lightning, her cry melting into a wail. "You pair are even kinkier than I thought," he says and admires the flush on her ass.

"Slap it," she moans.

I stroke frantically to their symphony. To her reddened cheeks and her reddened face and throat, to the tracks of her running eye makeup, to her twisting face as ecstasy claims her.

"Uhh, uhhmmm, I'm cumming, I'm cumming Gabe!" she screams as ordered, body convulsing on top of him, her walls milking visibly, her quaking thighs drenched, voice shattering the room in raw bliss. "On Malcolm's cock, uhh, Malcolm's cock, I'm cumming, cumming so hard on Malcolm's big cock!"

It's too much for me. My body tenses, and the sensations overwhelm me. Hot spurts jet shamefully into my hands as my wife rides the waves of her own pleasure.

But then, almost at once, horror crashes. The hardest of orgasms, chained to utter humiliation.

Still, though, Malcolm smacks up into my wife.

I stagger from the awful scene, clutching my spent, nested cock, and try to remember the route to his bathroom.

In a daze of guilt and nausea, I find it. I clean up and linger long enough away from their mockery to hear Kim cum again. And then him, roaring like a warrior as he floods my wife.

## Chapter Twelve

### Gabe

The second hand on our kitchen clock ticks with merciless precision, each metallic click echoing like a countdown to a coming execution. The air hangs heavy with the smells of fresh coffee grounds and the lingering tang of spaghetti sauce from earlier in the day, the latter that neither of us had the stomach to eat much of. Domestic anchors in a life that to me at least; feels like it's unraveling.

I called in sick to work today. Something I never do, because my hands were shaking too badly this morning to even button my shirt. How could I sit all day through meetings, talk on the phone to clients, pretend it was business as usual while knowing that later, my wife was prepared to have sex with her lover in front of another man?

Possibly even *involve* that second man, too.

*No. It won't come to that.*

Down the hallway, Kim soaks in the bath. I hear the occasional splash of water, the soft hum of some song she's singing to herself.

*How can she be so calm?*

Our children are at her parents' house overnight, dropped off with Carl and Jess Moreno while their daughter prepares to have sex with her lover in front of her husband and a virtual stranger.

*Christ, what have we become?*

I pace the living room and run through the arrangements again in my mind. We'll drive to the farmhouse separately from Malcolm and meet there at eight. Kim and I both insisted I have to be there as well, that Stanley be told I'm aware of my wife's affair with her boss.

*Was that the right thing to do? Announce my complicity to a blackmailer?*

The thought twists my gut: Tonight, when we renew our sordid acquaintance, when he's aware of me lurking in the shadows of his bedroom while he openly feasts his eyes on my wife, he'll know exactly what I am. A husband so hopelessly aroused by his own humiliation that he tags along to watch another man claim what's supposed to be mine.

My face burns just imagining his smirk, that weathered old farmer sizing me up as less than a man.

*But how else could I see everything? How else make sure my wife stays safe?*

What does it say about Malcolm that he's prepared to let his 'lover' go through with anything like this? To bail him out of financial trouble by potentially offering her body to a man who pretty much disgusts her?

But then again, he's desperate financially.

*What's Kim's excuse? What's mine?*

I stop in front of the family photos arranged on our mantel. Kim holding Harrison as a newborn. Leah, on her first day of kindergarten, clutching her Mom's hand. Then our wedding day with Kim radiant in white. Her looking at me with such love and promise. We were different people then. Innocent. Untainted by the complications we've invited into our marriage.

The sound of the bathroom door opening draws my attention to the hallway.

I'll give her a few minutes, then go and talk with her.

I find Kim in our bedroom, wrapped in her plush pink robe, damp hair combed back from her face in glossy waves that cling to her shapely neck. She's seated at her vanity, carefully applying makeup with surely more attention than usual. Smoky eyeshadow that accentuates her hazel depths, lips glossed to a plump, inviting sheen. 'Special occasion' makeup. Like she wore on our anniversary. The robe clings to her bath-warmed curves, the fabric parting just enough to hint at the full swell of her breasts and the smooth taper of her thighs.

“You don’t have to do this,” I say, and close the door. The words surprise me as much as they seem to surprise her. “We could call it off. Tell Malcolm to find another way.”

Kim’s eyes meet mine in the mirror, her expression softening. “Is that what you want?”

*Is it?* The question pierces through my conflicted thoughts. Some part of me; the decent, protective husband part, wants to grab her, bundle her into the car, collect the kids, and drive far away from all of this.

But the darker part, the part that’s been growing stronger since this all began, is already hard at the thought of what could happen tonight.

“I don’t know,” I admit, and cross the room to sit on the edge of our bed. “I just... I want you to be safe. To be sure of what we’re doing. But I guess, like you said, Zak probably won’t even want to get involved. He probably just prefers watching. That might be his ‘thing’. Like outside the car that night.”

She turns on her vanity stool to face me directly, the movement causing her robe to part further over her bare, crossed legs. “Hopefully,” she concedes with a small shrug, her breasts shifting enticingly beneath the fabric. “But either way, Malcolm will be there. You’ll be there.”

“Along with the man who’s basically blackmailing us all,” I add, unable to keep the edge from my voice.

“We have to look at it like it’s a transaction,” she sighs and turns back to apply mascara with careful precision. “Not exactly blackmail. A weird, messed-up transaction, but still. If he’s willing to help Malcolm. And all I have to do is...”

*‘All?’*

Her final sentence hangs unfinished between us, the implications maybe too explicit to voice.

I move behind her, resting my hands on her shoulders. Our eyes meet in the mirror again, and for a moment, we just look at each other. *Really* look, as if we’re searching for the people we used to be beneath these new versions of ourselves.

Then I lean down, pressing my lips to the curve where her neck meets her shoulder. She smells of her expensive bath oil; citrusy but jasmine too, and beneath that, her own familiar scent. *My wife.*

She tilts her head to give me better access, a small sound of pleasure escaping her as I kiss my way up to her ear. My hands slide from her shoulders to the front of her robe, loosening the belt until it falls open, revealing her bare tits underneath.

“Gabe,” she breathes as my hands cup her breasts, thumbs circling her nipples until they harden. “Don’t you want to wait until tonight?”

“I can’t,” I murmur against her ear, watching in the mirror as my hands caress her body. The sight of her like this; eyes half-closed with pleasure, lips parted, skin flushed: ready for her other man, it sends another huge surge of desire through me. “I need you right now. Just us.”

She stands and turns in my arms, her robe falling completely open as she presses against me. Her mouth finds mine in a hungry kiss, her fingers working at my belt and zipper.

“Wouldn’t you want to join in tonight?” she asks suddenly, pulling back to search my face. “I mean, if something did have to happen with that old man too...” She grimaces and gives a small shudder of distaste. “At least if you were involved too, it could reduce the time I’d have to spend on him.”

The question confuses me, but catches me off guard, too.

*Join in?* Be an active participant rather than just watching? The thought has crossed my mind from time to time since she got involved with Malcolm, of course. How could it not? But could I even *perform* with my wife in front of a man like Malcolm?

“We’ll see,” I hedge, not wanting to commit either way. The truth is, I’m not sure what I’ll feel in the moment. What I’ll want. Everything about tonight is uncharted territory.

She studies me for a moment, then nods, accepting my non-answer. Her hands resume their work on my clothes, and soon we’re together on our bed.

I pull her nakedness to me and lose myself against the familiar warmth of her. Then, as we move together and she masturbates me, I console myself in the knowledge that it's *me* who's with Kim first this evening.

But another thought surfaces through the haze of pleasure.

Has any part of Kim agreed to tonight because it *turns her on*? Not just because it helps her boss, but because she's more than even curious, she's *aroused* by the taboo of it? The same way I am?

I suck her bare tits and look up at her face, lips parted in pleasure as she strokes me slowly with her magic hand, her throat flushes, and I remember how she was before Malcolm came into our lives. My sweet, loyal Kim, who would blush at risqué jokes too and shoo me away when I tried to touch her in the kitchen if the curtains weren't closed.

A big part of me misses that pure version of my wife. The woman who was *all* mine, untouched by another man's desire, unmarked by sexual experiences I've never been a part of.

But as she lets go of my cock and I ease it inside her, then groan into her neck at her heat, I can't deny the truth. This new Kim, this woman I'm only *beginning* to understand, excites me in ways I barely thought possible.

*I'm gonna cum already.*

## Chapter Thirteen

### Gabe

The gravel driveway crunches under our tires, each pebble popping like enemy gunfire as we pull up to Zak's farmhouse. It's a sprawling stone structure, probably built last century but looks well-maintained, with warm light spilling from several windows into the gathering darkness. Malcolm's dark SUV is already parked close to the front door, a sleek contrast to the weathered farm equipment visible outside an adjacent barn.

"Malcolm's already here," Kim says unnecessarily, her voice now tight with tension. Under her open trench coat, she's wearing a black party dress that hits just above her knee; conservative by most standards, but the fabric clings to her lush curves in a way that leaves little to the imagination. Low black heels, which she normally wears for work, complete the outfit, along with minimal jewelry - just her wedding ring and small diamond studs glinting in her ears.

I know she has black underwear beneath the dress. I watched her put it on. Thong panties that ride high up her hips, sheer enough to tease what's beneath. A demi-cup bra that lifts her heavy breasts into a perfect cleavage in that dress. Fancy lingerie, the kind usually reserved for anniversaries - like her makeup, or for Valentine's Day. Not for other men to unwrap.

"Ready?" I ask and kill the engine. My hand finds hers across the console, squeezing gently, as if to claim what feels like it's slipping away.

She nods and takes a deep breath. "As I'll ever be."

We approach the front door together, and there's a chill in evening air that's thick with the earthy smell of manure and hay. My hand rests firmly at the small of her back to try and reassure her, but it's something for me as well - *possession*. Her body is warm to my touch, even through both her thin coat and the dress beneath.

Before we can knock, the door swings open, but I barely recognize the man.

The old farmer is taller than I remember, but his face every bit as plump and ruddy. Skin that speaks of working outdoors. A faint smell of both cheap aftershave and pipe tobacco wafts from him. Gray hair is neatly combed, and he's dressed better than I expected too, in dark slacks and a smart shirt.

*He was in a wax jacket and woolly fucking hat the last time I saw him.*

"The Porters," he says, eyes immediately raking over Kim's body with undisguised hunger. "Right on time. Come in, come in. Let me take your coats. Then make yourselves at home, especially you, young lady."

Kim flushes, but we step over his threshold and remove our coats.

The farmhouse reception room is warm and surprisingly elegant with polished hardwood floors that creak underfoot. What looks like quality dark wood and leather furniture suggests better taste than what I'd imagined from a man like him.

When Kim's out of her coat, the farmer's pale blue eyes widen again at my wife's figure. "Come on," he clears his throat and smiles at her.

We follow him through a short hallway into a spacious kitchen with oak ceiling beams and hanging brass pots and pans that gleam under warm lighting.

My heart races.

Malcolm is there on a wooden stool, with the light reflecting off his bald head. He stands when we enter, his expression a weird combination of relief and tension. His jaw is set like he's ready to assert command. His big frame in dark jeans and a gray button-down that's rolled at the sleeves and that emphasize his muscular forearms. He crosses to Kim ahead of me, ignoring my presence as he leans in to kiss her full lips - not just her cheek. One large hand slides to the curve of her ass, pulling her close until her breasts press against him.

She melts a little into it, a subtle obedience that stabs me.

*But maybe his show of 'ownership' is more for the farmer's benefit, so the old man doesn't get ahead of himself.*

“You look beautiful,” Malcolm murmurs low, eyes locked on my wife’s, before shooting Zak a glance and a frown.

“That, she most certainly does, my friend,” Zak grins at Malcolm and then claps his hands before rubbing them together. “Drinks,” he says, already moving to a sideboard where several bottles of liquor gleam. “I’ve got pretty much everything. Whiskey? Wine? Something stronger to loosen things up?”

“Wine for me, please,” Kim says, her voice a little shaky. “Red if you have it.”

“Mineral water would be good,” I tell him. *I need to keep my wits about me. For Kim’s sake.*

Zak pours our drinks while making surreal small talk about the purchase of the farm and surrounding land, which he made via Malcolm, and then, after handing the drinks out, he raises his own tumbler in what feels like a grotesque parody of a toast.

“To new arrangements,” he leers at Kim. “And beautiful women willing to...be accommodating.”

I tense at his crude implication, and can’t look at Kim as she sips her wine.

More awkward small talk follows as Kim and I join the men on our own wooden stools. Zak repeatedly eyeing her legs and ankles throughout inane discussions about the weather, this property, how the farm functions, along with other properties that Zak supposedly owns. At one point, it makes me wonder whether he’s trying to impress my wife with his wealth.

Malcolm’s tension seems to grow, too, as he listens, because he leans ever closer to Kim and eventually rests a hand on her thigh.

Zak’s eyes and smirk shift to me, but I look away.

Finally, the farmer sets his empty glass down on the kitchen island with a decisive thunk. “Let’s get this show on the road, shall we? I thought you two lovebirds would be most comfortable doing it on my bed.” His eyes flick between Kim and Malcolm. “I’ll show you where everything is, and then you can make yourselves comfortable while I

come back down and have a few minutes with this very generous young Mr. Porter. Before we come and rejoin you upstairs.”

Malcolm’s eyes flash, his jaw clenches again as if to rein himself in. But Kim places a hand on his arm and whispers something to him. He nods, and their private communications only twist the blade in me again.

Then the three disappear down the hallway, leaving me on my own with my racing heart and thickening cock.

*He'd better come straight back here to get me. If he's not back down here in two minutes, I'm going right up there.*

But even as I sit here and fester while I count the seconds, my dick thickens in my pants.

*Two men have taken my wife upstairs to the bedroom.* I rub myself through my pants.

This should be the moment I come to my senses, I should get up there *now* and grab my wife, leave this twisted scenario behind.

Instead, I just wait.

Minutes later, Zak returns, and a smug smile plays at the corners of his mouth. “So we meet again,” he says and pours himself another whiskey. “Who’d have thought it, eh? You and me, after that first night when they were in his car?” He shakes his head. “I have to tell you, though, I admire what you and your wife do. Very modern. Very... *accommodating*. And *her*? Friend, she’s even prettier in a dress. Lovely skin. *Great* tits. Legs too. As well as that rump. Ooh, that rump. You’re a lucky man. Or should I say, a generous cuck?”

My muscles tense, and my face burns with humiliated arousal.

“This is a one-time arrangement,” I say as he checks his watch, my voice is low and tight. “To help with Malcolm’s debt. That’s all.”

Zak swallows his whiskey and then smiles, “And to buy my silence, right? Sure, but...” he moves closer, lowering his voice, “once this temporary financial difficulty is re-

solved, there'd be nothing to stop you and me having some direct dealings involving your sexy wife, now would there?" He drains his glass, setting it down with a thunk. "She's a hotwife for sure. Built for fucking, if you don't mind me saying so."

The crude assessment of Kim sends a spear of anger through me, but it's chased by a frantic pulse of guilty arousal.

"So shall we?" he gestures at the door, "I think your wife and her bull have had enough time to get comfortable."

I follow him to the hallway, my heart pounding in my ears, unsure of what I'm about to witness, but unable to think about turning back from it.

## Chapter Fourteen

### Gabe

Kim sits, still fully dressed, on the edge of an enormous four-poster mahogany bed. Her hands are folded in her lap, back straight with tension. The large bedroom envelops her. There's a heavy scent of cedar, and the muted colors, along with the heavy wooden furniture, seem to absorb both the lamplight and the twilight beyond the window, too.

And by that window, Malcolm paces past a landscape painting on the wall, agitated like a caged animal seeking escape.

I remain by the door, back pressed to the solid oak as if it can anchor my fracturing world, branded already as cuckold prey in what feels now like a den of wolves.

"Come on, come on," Zak growls, "Let's have her in the raw. I still remember how good her body is. I need to see it close up. Every golden inch. In good lighting."

Kim flushes, but with a sigh, she stands and turns her back to Malcolm. She lifts her mane of dark hair. "Can you?" she asks and exposes the zipper of her dress like an invitation to plunder.

Malcolm hesitates, his eyes meet mine briefly.

*Is he seeking permission, or simply acknowledging the strangeness of undressing my wife for someone else in front of me?*

Either way, he frowns and flushes. But he steps forward and slowly lowers my wife's zipper. He unveils the smooth canvas of Kim's olive back, broken only by the black lace strap of her bra.

Her skin prickles with goosebumps that somehow make her look vulnerable and I can hardly get my breath.

Kim lets the dress drop from her shoulders and fall, shimmying to help it slide over her hips.

*Fuck.*

She steps out of it carefully, in those black heels that accentuate her bare calves. She stands before the three of us in nothing but those heels and her black lace underwear. For a long moment, the room is silent. The contrast of the dark fabric against Kim's skin is stark, striking; the smooth curves of her body so much more pronounced without clothes to conceal anything.

"Beautiful," Zak purrs, and moves closer to the pair of them. His breath is already ragged. "Absolutely stunning. Built for sin."

I remain pressed against the solid wood door, trying to ground myself, trying to keep myself upright.

"Take it all off," the farmer croaks, his voice even rougher now.

Malcolm flushes crimson and bites at his bottom lip. The conflict is plain on his face.

"It's okay," Kim tells him quietly, and she reaches behind herself to unclasp her bra with a soft snap. She peels it away from her body, and her breasts spill free in front of both men. Full moons cresting twin horizons of desire. Her dusky nipples harden to eager - or plain 'cold' - peaks in this stranger's bedroom.

I've seen my wife naked thousands of times, yet the sight of her exposed like this, in front of *two* other men, turns my knees to jelly. My heart thumps against my ribs, and my hard cock throbs in my pants. Huge surges of desire, jealousy, pride, and shame ravage my insides.

"Christ, look at that rack," Zak rasps, eyes wide. "Love those brown nipples too. Like big chocolate nibs begging for a mouth. Have you had kids, sweetheart?"

The personal question, delivered in such a leering tone, makes my skin crawl. And my fists clench. But Kim just nods, wrapping her arms around Malcolm as if seeking comfort. Or perhaps trying to make him feel less guilty. Or less jealous. "Two," she says quietly, "Girl and a boy."

"Get her panties down," Zak demands, his breathing heavier, like a bull pawing earth.

Kim looks up at Malcolm, with encouraging fire in her eyes and a nod of her head.

Crazily, his hands are unsteady as the pair of them separate a little, and he hooks fingers into the waistband of her little black thong - as delicate as spider silk - then he draws them slowly down her thighs.

“Fuck, yeah,” the old man mumbles as Malcolm unveils Kim’s most sacred parts. Her neatly trimmed, but glistening pink delta, and around her other side, the smooth bare orbs of her jutting behind.

She steps right out of the tangle of her panties, naked except for her heels, a vision of erotic defiance. Then, without prompting, and as hungry eyes devour her, Kim’s fingers dance to Malcolm’s belt. She unbuckles her lover and frees his thick cock.

*Oh, my God, Kim.*

Malcolm’s velvet-clad iron surges to life under her palm, thick veins pulsing as she masturbates him rigid in front of Zak.

I breathe like the air in the room is emptying.

Malcolm lets out a low groan.

“You go, girl,” Zak circles them like a shark scenting blood, eyes crawling all over Kim as he fumbles with his own zipper.

And then Kim guides Malcolm to the bed by his stiff cock and urges him to sit.

*Is she going to blow him? Like she did in his apartment at the weekend? Bare ass in the air, so this old man gets a bird’s eye view of every intimate part of my wife?*

But when Malcolm sits on the edge of the four-poster with his cock upright, my nude wife climbs onto his lap. She straddles him, her back to Zak and me as Malcolm himself lifts, then skewers my wife there.

They groan as one.

*Oh, fuck.* I rub my dick through my pants.

Kim's ass cheeks part and then clench as Malcolm fucks her. Her shadowed cleft like some perverse winking invitation, her dark hair tumbling around her back as she screws wantonly in front of her observers.

"Good, real good," Zak prowls from one side of them to another, crouching one moment, then standing the next, gnarled cock in his fist and hard, as if he's searching for the perfect vantage point.

*But he's not helping me fucking find mine.*

I watch the scene, bodystruck. Kim's round ass, the curve of her back, her dark hair falling in waves almost to her waist as she's rutted. Some perverse part of me is pleased that my Kim kind of took the lead in this surreal situation. That she won't be a passive participant 'passed' between any men.

"Yeah, big Latina rump," Zak mumbles, and his words make me wince. But the 'couple' don't hear or don't care. Kim's rhythmic slicking on Malcolm's dick grows faster. Her breathing deeper as she climbs towards climax in public. Malcolm moans and holds on to her waist and then her hips, shunting his whole body upward as he digs deep into her vagina walls.

Almost unconsciously, my trembling fingers lower my zipper, and I grip myself. I stroke myself in time with Kim's frenetic riding, and with the farmer's steady jerking.

Zak edges further toward Kim as she nears orgasm, bringing his hard member with its veins like throbbing lightning cracks within inches of her left shoulder. The bedroom is thick with musk, and the bed groans beneath my wife and her lover. Malcolm's hands grip my Kim's hips like iron reins, pistoning her down his shaft in a fury. Her pussy milks him, juices slicking and coating their obscene union.

My strokes sync in desperation, each one forging another hurried link in this chain of cuckold shame. *I can't last long. Can't last long.*

I let go of my cock to try to delay.

Kim's panted rhythm fractures, her breath hitches, and it sounds like she nearly chokes.

“Look at Gabe while you cum, Kimmie,” Malcolm tells her between sucks at her swinging tits, “Show him how good it is.”

Kim tries to peer around her shoulder for me, but she’s cumming and crying out.

Zak joins in Malcolm’s refrain, his fist blurring as he calls out at Kim, “Eyes on your cuckold hubby, you little whore!”

I move around with my hard cock dancing free and, so her gaze can find me.

Her hazel gaze locks mine mid-thrust, raw ecstasy shattering her. Her body convulses, her cries echo like pain as she peaks, bare breasts slapping together and heaving in Malcolm’s face, sweat and saliva-sheened orbs, nipples hard and pointed.

“Cock hungry,” Zak grunts from one side of his mouth. He releases his own still-stiff cock from his fist and watches my wife’s extended orgasm with blatant excitement and a satisfied smirk. “You’ve got a cock hungry wife, youngster.”

The crude assessment should anger me, but it only encourages me back to my own cock, toward my own release.

Malcolm surges upward into the almost now-limp Kim, with no sign of stopping. Using his thick cock like a battering ram, he thrusts deep into her spasming core, into her flushed and sweat-varnished body.

I let go of my throbbing cock again to stave off the inevitable and stare at the impaled woman I love.

Her thighs quiver, big ass cheeks rippling with each slap, dark hair matted on her head with their mingled sweat.

“Uhh, Zak can touch me too,” Kim pants as her passion begins to build a second time, and Malcolm slaps up into her, “Uhh, if he writes off your debt.”

“No, Kimmie, you don’t have to go that far,” Malcolm protests through gritted teeth.

Zak laughs gutturally from his vantage on her other side, and he's pumping himself lazily near her face. "You've got a great body, darlin', and a pretty face, but you're not worth 15 big ones. What woman is?"

Malcolm tenses and roars, hips bucking like a stallion as he floods my wife, as if claiming territory. I batter my own cock in a race for satisfaction too, and then at last, it cums.

For a moment, there's just the sounds of heavy breathing, of bodies cooling in the aftermath. Then Zak clears his throat, drawing all our attention.

He's still hard, still unsatisfied.

Malcolm disengages from Kim with his cock spent and glistening. For a moment, she writhes naked alongside him on the old man's bed, her inner thighs streaked with creamy evidence.

"OK, so reduce Malcolm's debt by a third for a hand-job from me?" She gazes up at the old man with dirty, dark eyes.

*Fucking hell, Kim.* I stand, legs astride with my mess in both hands.

Zak smirks, slow-stroking again as his eyes travel the length and breadth of her used naked body. "A thousand. I'll take *one* thousand off the balance. And defer payment of the whole amount for an additional six months. Beyond what we agreed. But for *full sex*. I want to feel that Latina heat too."

"Let him," I hear myself say, the words emerging from some part of me I barely recognize as submission envelopes me, and my cock starts to thicken again in the syrupy mess. "If it helps you, Malcolm."

"I want her on all fours," the farmer gestures with his head, "On the floor, leaning up over the edge of the bed."

Malcolm nods at Kim and then stands back from the bed, bare-assed and big limp cock drooling.

My naked wife doesn't look at me. She doesn't seek assurances or permission. She obeys the other men. She slides down from the bed, then kneels floor-ward, but she reaches up for the end of the big four-poster. She leans over it, tits crushed under her and buttocks presented to the masturbating old man. Her sweat-trickling lower cleft parts to reveal swollen, cum-smearred lips that almost beg for the farmer's invasion.

I'm jacking again as he hurriedly shoves his pants right down and mounts my wife from behind.

*Oh, my God.*

He grunts, hairy-assed as he rams his tool into her depths with a terrible, uncaring fury. "Fuck, this is pretty tight," he pounds her pussy, balls slapping her clit like war drums.

And then I'm mumbling Kim's name, masturbating hard again even as Malcolm watches the fucking with a red face and a frown. Even as Kim's moans grow under the farmer's heavy thuds and his muttered praise for her 'rump'. The sight obliterates me: my wife railed doggystyle by the lecherous old man. *For money. For Malcolm.* My body jolts like flotsam in a hurricane. My fist flies, and I cum fast, humiliated in ecstasy, vision blurred as this cuckolding swallows me whole. An explosion of ropes that splatter the farmer's floor.

And I'm *glad* they make the mess.

Zak finishes with a bellow, swamping Kim anew before staggering off drained to clean up.

My wife is left on her knees, still half slumped over the farmer's bed, ass upturned, pussy a creamy ruin dribbling down thighs.

"That was horrible," Malcolm mutters and moves in on my used wife. He scoops her up into his strong arms and drops her down onto her back on the farmer's bed. He follows her down, and his mouth devours her.

*Fucking hell. Is he going again?*

Malcolm's renewed cock spears my wife missionary-deep, and their limbs entwine like vines, sweat-slick skin in a slapping fever again.

"You're not angry with me for doing that, are you?" she gasps into his neck and then her eyes seek his out.

He shakes his head, buttocks clenching then relaxing, but his face is tight.

"I only did it for you," she murmurs between thrusts.

"Stop talking," he tells her and thumps into her as she apologizes, then kisses him again.

I stand like an outsider, the smell of cum strong all around me. The scene is a serrated dagger: my naked, doubly-used wife, her flushed, bruised breasts, backside, and thighs, her mouth swollen from kisses that aren't mine, seeking solace and giving it in her lover's arms.

His, not mine.

## Chapter Fifteen

### Gabe

The digital clock on our nightstand reads 3:17 AM, its red numerals hum like a guilty heartbeat in this pre-dawn hush. Almost four weeks since that inferno night in the farmhouse. I've been awake for hours. Since even before I heard Kim get up for the bathroom. I've been staring toward the ceiling in the blackness, replaying the same twisted reels that never seem to shut off.

Kim spread and moaning for two other men. Her tenderness with Malcolm post rutting with Zak. And I've been thinking too about where we were earlier today - a guilty dinner with the kids and extended family at Carl and Jess's. Our feigned marital bliss while we again hid our dirty secret. From people who came *too close* to finding out everything.

Kim's been in the bathroom a long time. I'd go and give her another knock, but I know she doesn't like me to listen close by when she's throwing up.

This is the second time this week she's woken in the early hours and been sick. I'm praying she's right and it's just some sort of a 'bug'. I don't want to think about what it *could* be. I mean, she's on the pill now, and never been caught out before while on it.

*No. It's some sort of tummy bug.*

I bet Malcolm would be ecstatic if it weren't, though. And if he was the cause. Barren in his own marriage, but fertile with my wife?

The thought sickens me.

The toilet flushes, and a moment or so later, Kim returns in her long t-shirt, pale as she slides in next to me but smelling minty too, like she brushed her teeth.

"You're awake," she murmurs husky, and her hand seeks mine.

"Yeah. A bit restless," I say and face her.

Kim's hair is tangled and wild, her makeup-free face soft and vulnerable. She presses close to me and despite her 'sickness', her body is fevered, nipples budding insistent through the thin fabric. Her lips graze my jaw, then my neck and mouth, and even if I wasn't that aroused before, when she guides my hand to her slick, swollen heat, I harden.

Kim pulls me to her and spreads her thighs, so I sink into her heat. I close my eyes as her legs clamp me tight and I fuck her like I did when we returned home that night from the shameful farmhouse 'orgy'.

My closed eyes, though only make the images more vivid.

Kim, on her hands and knees for that awful fucking Zak. Kim bouncing on Malcolm's lap. Kim, whose face contorted in the pleasure given to her by both older men.

But what haunts me almost as much is what happened after the farmer had shuddered and pulled out of my wife and away from her upturned ass. *Her 'rump'*.

She went to Malcolm's side. Not mine. She *apologized to him*. She checked if *he* was okay with what she'd done.

I grip her hips now as she moans and her mouth seeks mine again, and I hug her to me, smack my body down into her unfaithful one.

She consoled *Malcolm*, not me.

*'Between you and me,'* the farmer whispered to me, *'once this temporary financial mess is resolved... nothing to stop direct dealings involving your sexy wife.'* As if Kim were a commodity to be traded. As if I were her pimp, not her husband.

"Oh shit, I'm cumming, Kim, Kim, I'm gonna cum, gonna cum."

Afterward, we lie tangled together, her head on my chest, my fingers tracing meaningless patterns on her back. The silence between us is heavy with unspoken thoughts, with reckonings maybe delayed, but doubtless inevitable. I feel sick with dread.

“We should stop it with Malcolm now, Kim,” I say eventually, my voice rough in the darkness. “For *good*.”

She’s silent for a long while.

“Kim?” I whisper her name, but her breathing is steady and deep.

*Tomorrow*, when she wakes, I’ll tell her. I’ll spell it out to her. I move her hair away from her face and gaze at her sleeping.

I reach a hand down to my cock and feel it thicken again.

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