

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white button-down shirt and a grey skirt, is shown from the waist up. A man's hand is visible on her waist, wearing a watch. The background is a blurred office setting.

**3**

# Open House Hotwife

First Time Hotwife With Her Older Boss

**Tinto Selvaggio**

# **Open House Hotwife 3**

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

By Tinto Selvaggio

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## **Book Description**

*My wife has done one of the two things she always said she could 'never do' with another guy. She's gone all the way. She slept with her boss. Or to be more accurate, she made out with him in his car. Right there in front of me.*

*Of course, he had no idea I was there. But someone else saw. And now it's not only me who knows she's started doing the second thing too, that she said she could 'never do' with anyone else. She's having an 'affair' with the guy.*

*I mean, a hotwife meeting a bull for the occasional 'booty call' is one thing. But what if your wife spends hours at a time several days a week working alongside the man who takes her to bed? How do you have any control over what might develop between her and him? When you're not seeing half of what happens between them....*

*This is a c. 30k+ word full-size ebook novella of hotwife sharing erotica. An adventure, written from the husband's point of view, it contains explicit descriptions of sexual action and other activity, including wife sharing, voyeurism, and cuckolding. Only mature adults who won't find that offensive should read this cuckolding. Only mature adults who won't find that offensive should read this.*

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## Chapter One

### Gabe

Thursday mid-morning, and the main conference room at Amen-D headquarters feels like a refrigerated coffin. The air conditioning blasts with unnecessary vigor for January, and I can't help wondering whether it's broken. But none of my other work colleagues appear to be feeling the chill. I shift in my leather seat, and it creaks. Vanessa, the marketing manager, clicks through to another slide on her presentation, and across the long mahogany table, the chubby Derek from Finance stifles another yawn. I think he might be the one wearing the cloying lemony aftershave. God knows what possessed him to put that on.

"So, ladies and gentlemen," Vanessa announces, "this year's marketing support for the new swimwear collection." She went away somewhere warm with her girlfriend for the holidays, and she's come back tanned and making everyone else look sickly pale.

The big screen on the wall shows three oiled and muscular male models posing in fitted trunks. One wears cobalt blue, another charcoal, and a third a very dark purple. The models sport matching sweatbands and white caps emblazoned with the company's stylized logo. I guess under more normal circumstances, I'd be mentally running through my sales approach in my key retail accounts with these new lines, or totaling up estimated sales volumes and their impact on my annual budget. Today, though, none of that will come together in my mind.

Instead, I see Kim's face again. With *him*. My wife with her tits out in another man's car. Her nipples all stiff. I cross my legs under the table. The windows of his dark Ford Explorer quickly fogging with the heat of her exposed, eager body and with her passion for him. Then Kim's pretty face crushed into the leather headrest of Malcolm's SUV as the older married man smacked into her from behind.

I *hear* her again, too. Those cries, thankfully muted by the misted glass, as her excitement grew, as she *climaxed*. My Kim - Leah and Harrison's Mom - with her skirt shoved up and bunched around her waist as her boss thumped against her cheeks and into her, satiating his desire for her.

“Gabe? How about you?” My shaggy-haired boss Jay smiles at me from the head of the table, “What does our Head of bricks and mortar Retail Sales think of the headline marketing campaign for the new designs?”

“Great, yeah,” I blink, and Jay’s not the only one looking my way. Vanessa stares at me with her cheeks flushed, and I’m wondering if she just asked me a similar question. Well, if she did, I didn’t hear her. “Sorry, I was thinking about my sales approach with the lines,” I lie and wipe my damp palms against my trousers beneath the table. I mouth a few more phrases of encouragement about the presentation, and then the spotlight moves on to my colleague from Online Sales.

*What would Jay, or any of these people, think if they knew the truth? If they knew I’d stood outside that car, almost catching my death of cold in the snow while I watched my wife and her lover have sex. That I masturbated at the sight.*

*And I wasn’t alone there that night.*

The memory of that fucking farmer appearing beside me sends a fresh wave of unease through my body. ‘Beautiful,’ he almost gasped when he saw Kim. The sleazy, knowing look he gave me when she was taking it from behind. Imagine if he’d known she was my wife!

*I wonder if he had a thing about Latina women like Kim.*

His surprised ‘delight’ too when he recognized Malcolm as the Morenos’ real estate agent who sold him his farm.

The thought of some stranger sharing probably the most intimate secret Kim and I have makes my heart race. With terror, but with some perverse, unexplainable thrill as well.

“So as you can see,” Vanessa from Marketing continues and clicks to another slide, “building on our Instagram and TikTok focus, we’ve also secured key partnerships with YouTube influencers in the men’s seasonal fashion space.”

I force myself to nod thoughtfully, like I'm contemplating what the increased exposure for our brand might achieve, instead of what could have happened if Kim hadn't stopped her bruiser of a boss from confronting me and that other guy that night outside the car.

*What did she say to him to calm his rage when she pulled Malcolm back into the car? She's never told me.*

And she claims she's barely seen her boss since she went back to work after the holidays. The firm has been so busy, she says. He's been mostly out at viewings. No physical contact since that night in the car. I believe her. I *think* I do, but doubt still nags at me like a hangnail I can't stop picking at.

I remember her initial confession in bed about her fantasies of him. Before he'd had her. Fantasies of her boss taking her from behind, being 'rough' with her, 'taking what he wants.' Well, she got exactly what she dreamed of that night in his SUV, didn't she? He gripped my wife's hips, then held her arms down by her sides while he took her. And all of it, even though she always swore that in reality she could never go 'all the way' with him, or *any* other guy.

"Did he hurt you?" I asked her when we were back home. I remembered how big his dick had looked in her hand that other time when I watched from the closet. When she just jerked him off.

"Not exactly," she said, and for a moment her eyes avoided mine. "He...he just kind of stretched me a bit."

That word 'stretched' churned my guts. I mean, Kim's had two kids. But I was *so excited* when she said it.

Now that the dust has settled after her last time with him, though, there's still more I need to know.

Like how completely he satisfied her? *Did she like him pinning her arms by her sides? Did she come harder for him than she does for me?* My chest always tightens hard every time I think of that last one. *Is there anything he didn't do to her that she wishes he had?* All the

questions burn inside me like acid; painful but relentless. And Kim's been kind of quiet about it all these last few days.

The presentation clicks to another chart, this one showing both last year's final sales figures as well as the first weeks of this year. After failing to hit target in my first year here, I need to stay on track from now on. That'll be hard enough with inflation slowing shopper spending, never mind if I don't keep my head in the game. I've got to save these thoughts about Kim and Malcolm for later, when I get home to her.

Outside our house later that evening, I kill the Mazda's engine. I peer up at our modest suburban home. *Sanctuary*. It glows with warmth against the early evening darkness. It's been a long day, and I'm tired. But I can't wait to see Kim. See how she feels about being back at work tomorrow.

Walking down our driveway, the TV flickers with blue light through the living room window. Then, when I'm inside the house, surprisingly, there's no smell of anything cooking. Kim usually makes a meal from scratch when she's not been at work.

Tonight, I don't call out to announce my arrival. I just follow the sound of cartoon voices into the living room.

"Hey people," I say, and Harrison is sprawled on the floor with his dinosaur figures, while Leah is curled up on the couch, transfixed by an animated movie. I peer over beyond the dining table to the kitchen area, but there's no sign of Kim.

"Daddy!" my son reacts first, abandoning his toys to leap to his feet, then crash into my legs.

I scoop him up, his body still small and light enough to swing around, and I breathe in the scent of the outdoors that's still captured in his hair. "How was school?" I plant a kiss on his forehead, always aware that the days when he'll accept such affection are numbered.

"We learned about volcanoes! Did you know most volcanoes are underwater?" His eyes widen with the magnitude of this revelation.

“Duh, everyone knows *that*,” his sister mumbles from the sofa without looking away from the TV. “Hey, Dad.”

“That’s amazing,” I tell Harrison, then wink at her and set him down on the floor. “Where’s your mom?”

My son shrugs, already distracted by returning to his dinosaur battle.

“Where’s Mom, Princess?” I try Leah directly.

“In her bedroom,” she says and glances at me, “she’s been there ages.”

“You guys eaten?” I ask and wonder if Kim’s OK. *Maybe she’s got the monthly cramps.*

“Nuh-uh,” she shakes her head, her eyes still on the TV.

“And I’m starving,” Harrison says, hearing restored.

“Kim?” I call out and head into the darkened hallway.

When I reach the end of it, our bedroom door is slightly ajar. A thin ribbon of light spills into the hallway.

“Are you OK?” I ease the door open.

The small lamp on her bedside table provides the only light. The bed is still neatly made, barely disturbed by Kim, who’s lying on top of it, on her side under the dim light.

“Hey,” she says softly and sits up. Her dark hair is messy, and she scoops it around one shoulder and smiles at me. Her boobs look heavy, even in a baggy jumper, and her well-worn, pale jeans emphasize the length and shape of her legs. Her feet are bare. Even dressed down, my wife’s looks have always pulled me under like a riptide.

*Has she been crying, though?*

“What’s up?” I ask, and as she shuffles across the bed to make more space this side for me, I sit alongside her, “Bad time of the month?”

“No,” she says, and red-rimmed, almond-shaped green eyes look right at me.

“So what’s wrong?” I pull her to me.

She’s so soft, so warm in my embrace. The familiar curves of her body press against me. Her hair smells of coconut shampoo and that faint, indefinable scent that’s uniquely her. I breathe her in, this woman who’s been my constant love for nearly a decade, but who lately has become intimately known by another man as well.

My stomach churns at the reminder.

*And what’s upset her?*

“I’m probably being stupid,” she snuffles in my arms, her voice rough from crying.

“Tell me,” I say gently.

A troubling thought creeps into my mind as I hold my wife. *What if Malcolm ended things with her yesterday at work, and she didn’t tell me?* I mean, it could explain why they’ve ‘barely spoken’ in the branch this week. *Has she been crying because she can’t face being around him again tomorrow and knowing that it’s ‘over’ between them?*

No. Even if that was the case, there’s no way she’d be *upset*. That would mean she had *feelings* for the guy.

Maybe the extended holiday break allowed him to consider the risks he’s been taking with his boss’s daughter? Or that incident with ‘voyeurs’ in the snow made him realize the situation was too complicated, too fraught with the risk of wider exposure.

“Is it ...is Malcolm?” I ask and try to keep my voice neutral despite the confusion and concern churning inside me. “Has he said something?”

“I haven’t *been* to work today,” she reminds me with a sigh against my chest and shakes her head.

“I know that,” I say and kiss the top of her head, “I just wondered whether he...”

Kim eases out of my arms and away. She climbs off the bed, leaving me to watch her pick her hairbrush off her dresser and work it through her long hair.

My eyes are drawn to her body. To those endless legs in denim that widen at her thighs and taper up into the rounded flare of her hips. Her magnificent, gravity-defying ass that captivated me the first time I saw it. A rear that Malcolm coveted so much and that he eventually buffeted his belly against as he plowed into her that night.

My cock twitches in my pants.

Kim moves to the mirror with her brush now as she draws it through her hair. Her full breasts sway a little in her sweatshirt. “He’s what’s been upsetting me, though,” she says finally.

“In what way?” I ask, but feel sick in advance of her response.

“What I *did* with him,” she continues, her voice barely above a whisper as she puts the hairbrush down and comes back to me on the bed.

I offer her my hands. “Kim, we agreed to this *together*. You haven’t done anything wrong.”

She takes my hands again. Fresh tears well in her eyes. “What about my vows, Gabe? In front of our families, in the church. I promised to forsake all others.” A sob escapes her. “I broke that promise. I had sex with another man.”

*When did she start feeling like this?*

Her blunt statement of what she did sends a contradictory rush of arousal and anguish through me, but I recover fast. “It wasn’t like that, though, was it?” I shake my head. “It wasn’t like proper adultery, or cheating, or something. I was *there*. I wanted it to happen.”

“But does that really make it okay?” She looks right into my eyes. “That’s what I’ve been asking myself these last few days. That, and what it means for you and me.”

I'm not sure what to say, but as I scan her eyes, I see a tiredness there now that looks almost like exhaustion.

"People would think I failed as a wife. Just like I failed at school, and like I never had a real career. Just another disappointment to my Dad and everyone else."

Her words and obvious pain cut through me. Those old insecurities and vulnerabilities of hers bubbling to the surface again. *But now, maybe dredged up by her boss acting 'distant' with her, or being 'unavailable' since they've had sex?*

"You're not a failure at anything," I squeeze both her hands and kiss her full on the mouth. "You're the best wife any guy could ever have. Look at what you've done for me. We both know you only did it with Malcolm because of my fantasies. Because it's what I wanted."

Kim sighs against me.

"You're an amazing mother, the best any kids could ask for."

"Yeah, right. Even though I've..."

I silence her with another kiss.

"You might not have had a career up until this point, but that's only because you've devoted your life to the kids," I remind her, just like I've reminded her so many times before. "But now it's *your* time. For pleasure, as well as work. And you're getting job recognition already as well now, aren't you?"

"By sleeping with the boss," she groans.

"It's not just him who's been praising your performance at the branch, though, is it?"

Kim looks a little thoughtful for a moment, and her top teeth run across her bottom lip.

"Bea says the same about you, doesn't she?" I'm running out of options to reassure her now, so I take the risk of upsetting her further, with a reminder of the woman who

suggested my wife dress more provocatively for the office. The staff trainer who first told her she'd caught Malcolm's eye.

"I'm just afraid, Gabe," she says with tears trickling down her pretty cheeks, "I'm afraid of what happens next. Of what could happen to you and me."

## Chapter Two

### Gabe

“Nothing bad is going to happen to you and me,” I shake my head as we sit on our bed together. I pull Kim close to me again. “Nothing can happen to what we *have*. We’re too strong. And whatever comes next, that’s solely up to us. Not Malcolm, not anyone else.”

The weight of her fear about our relationship after letting another man get so close to her, settles over me like a shroud. In my fevered quest to fulfill this fantasy, I never properly stopped to consider that the reality of it would be far more complicated. Or that the aftermath might bring real anxiety and self-doubt for *her* as well as me. That it might even make her question the life we’ve built together.

“There’s nothing to worry about,” I say again and hope I sound convincing. I hug her tight and kiss her again.

Maybe I should have seen how her getting involved with Malcolm might cut into those feelings of ‘failure’ she’s carried so long. The ones that tell her she’s not good enough.

“Listen to me,” I whisper and force a smile at her. I move her dark hair back from her eyes. The mattress edge dips a little under our combined weight. “I love you so much. I always have, and I will always will. No matter what.”

Her face turns up to meet mine, tear-streaked and raw, those green eyes searching mine like she’s hunting for a lie. “I don’t know how you can say that after what I’ve done.”

“I feel it even *more* now *because* of what you’ve done,” I say, and it’s true - at least *some* of the time. When I’m not the one feeling as uncertain and anxious as she is right now. “Seeing you like that...watching you let go and enjoy yourself...right there in front of me...it doesn’t diminish how I feel about you, Kim. It intensifies it all.”

Her brow creases. “That doesn’t make sense, Gabe.”

I cup her face in my hands and gaze right back at her. Her cheekbones are delicate beneath my thumbs. “Kim, I’ve never felt as close to you as I do right now. Knowing how much you turn on another guy, an older, experienced, married guy. It makes me prouder than ever that you’re my wife.”

Kim flinches and pulls back slightly. “*And* he’s married,” she whispers and shakes her head. “I’ve hardly even thought about his wife in all this. What kind of person does that make me?” Guilt flashes in her eyes.

“Bea’s told you more than once that Malcolm’s marriage is in trouble, didn’t she?” I say to try to reassure her, “And you said Malcolm’s hinted at problems to you.”

Kim shrugs.

“See? It’s not like you’re endangering some sort of perfect union.” The rationalization sounds hollow even to my ears, but I press on. “And we hardly forced him into anything. He just couldn’t resist my wife.”

Kim rolls her eyes, but she lets out a little laugh, too.

I slide my hands down to her shoulders, then lower to the small of her back. Finally, my hands come to rest on the firm curve of her hips. My dick stirs again in my pants, and I kiss her.

The bedroom door creaks open. Harrison’s head pokes through the gap. “Mom? When are we having tea? I’m real hungry.”

I kiss Kim one more time, then stand. “I’ll make dinner tonight,” I say to her. “Why don’t you take some time for yourself? Have a nice, long bath and relax. I’ll give you a shout when it’s ready.”

“Can we help make the meal, Dad?” Leah peers over her brother’s shoulder.

“Sure, you can,” I grin and usher them toward the door.

The kitchen becomes a flurry of activity as I direct my miniature sous chefs. Harrison stands on a step stool, carefully tearing lettuce for a salad, while Leah, more confident in her abilities, helps me measure pasta and stir the sauce.

“Is Mommy sad?” Harrison asks over his shoulder at one point, his small fingers pausing in their work.

I feel Leah’s attention shift to me, like she’s waiting for my answer.

“No, she’s just tired,” I smile. “Being a Mom and wife is hard work sometimes.”

“Is it because she has a job now, too?” Leah asks, “I mean, she hasn’t even been in work today.”

“Maybe the job makes her more tired at the moment,” I say as Harrison starts again on the lettuce, “Until she gets used to it more.”

“Does she like her job?” Leah peers at me.

“Yeah, she does,” I say and indicate for her to stir the pasta with the wooden spoon. Guilt oozes through me at the topic of this discussion with my kids. “It just takes a little getting used to, you know, working again after being home with you guys for so long.”

Leah seems satisfied with this answer and returns to her task.

By the time we’ve set the table and Harrison insists on folding the napkins into what he claims are ‘swans’ but look more like crumpled paper boats, the sound of Kim’s footsteps announces her arrival.

Her damp hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail, and she’s changed out of her jeans into a pair of soft violet leggings and a baggy black jumper. Her face looks fresh; all traces of any makeup and tears are gone, replaced by the natural beauty that’s never faded since I first met her. The sight of her, relaxed, domestic, *mine*, creates a lump in my throat.

“Something smells amazing,” she says and smiles at the kids. Her eyes meet mine over their heads, and her smile broadens.

Throughout dinner, Kim’s mood brightens. She laughs at Harrison’s school anecdotes and asks Leah about some upcoming science project. If the kid’s noticed her earlier upset, they’ve already forgotten it, caught up in the reassuring rhythm of family life. And right now, it reassures their father as well.

Kim’s improved mood and the heartfelt conversation she and I had earlier embolden me to ask later for further details about the sex she’s had with her boss. But the kid’s bedtime routine stretches longer than usual.

Harrison insists on an extra story, then a glass of water, and then needs to find his favorite stuffed dinosaur that somehow migrated under his bed. Leah argues that since tomorrow is Friday, she should be allowed to stay up later. It’s a case she presents with all the solemnity of a Supreme Court justice.

By the time I close my daughter’s door, my body hums with anticipation. Not least of all because Kim’s back at work tomorrow. And maybe she’ll see more of her boss. But I need to tread carefully with her tonight when I quiz her about their sex in the car. I don’t want to risk upsetting her all over again. Plus, as exciting as it might be, I’m a little wary that some of the answers she gives might be uncomfortable to hear.

I find my wife in our bed, with her head propped against our headboard and the covers tucked below the outline of her cleavage in a baggy red t-shirt. She’s scrolling through her phone. “They’ve finally settled down in bed?” she asks and sets her phone down on the nightstand.

“Yeah. Out like lights,” I say to hopefully reassure her that we won’t be disturbed. I shut our bedroom door and start to undress.

“Malcolm’s in the office tomorrow,” she says.

I peer over at her with my pants halfway down my legs.

“He’s messaged me,” she says, “He only has a couple of meetings, so he’ll be in most of the afternoon.”

My heartbeat accelerates. “How do you feel about that? Catching up properly after...”

*Your car-sex.*

Kim shrugs, not meeting my eyes. “I don’t know. I suppose I’ll see what he has to say.”

I finish changing and slide into bed beside her, propping myself on one elbow to face her. My dick throbs. “He’ll probably say how much he’s been thinking about you.” I kiss her lips, “Thinking about your body.”

“I doubt it,” she says.

“What would you do if he wanted to take you out in his car again?” I ease her onto her back, and she peers up at me. Any lingering doubts of mine dissolve with arousal at the possibility for tomorrow.

“What would you want?” she asks, and her mouth sounds dry.

*What happened to the upset and regret she showed earlier?*

“I’d want you to do whatever felt right in the moment,” I pull the hem of her t-shirt right up her thighs and uncover the triangle of her trimmed pussy, and then her heaving boobs. Her breathing quickens, and goosebumps dot her olive flesh. Her dark nipples harden.

*He’s had this body.*

“And you’d be OK with whatever I decided?” She asks.

“As long as I get to watch,” I say and trace her lower lips with an index finger.

A blush spreads across her cheeks, “I don’t even know what I want anymore, Gabe.”

“You want that feeling of power over your boss again, though, don’t you?” I nuzzle her neck, breathing in the clean, citrusy bergamot fragrance of her bath bomb. I ease my index finger into her heat.

“Mmm,” she moans softly.

“That sense of control when you see how much he wants you,” I remind her again of what she told me about him weeks ago, and I add a second finger to her pussy before pushing them both deeper.

“Uhhmm,” Kim gasps.

“What did you enjoy most when you were with him in the car?”

Her breath catches. “Gabe...”

“Tell me,” I murmur in her ear, “Was it when he was in you from behind, like in your fantasy?”

“Uhhm.”

“When you were doing it doggy style?”

Her body tenses slightly, but I feel her pulse quicken beneath my lips. “Yes,” she whispers.

“Tell me how good it felt,” I encourage her, slicking my fingers inside her and adding my thumb to caress her clit.

“Uhhmm,” her body moves against my hand, “I liked that he wasn’t careful with me.”

“Rough?”

“Mmm.”

“Like you hoped he’d be?”

“Uhhh, just taking what he wanted from me,” she reaches for my shorts and the hardness inside.

“Oh, fucking hell, Kim,” my own arousal builds as she continues, and her voice drops lower.

“When he positioned me just how he wanted me, uhhh, it was like I didn’t have to think anymore. I could just *feel*.”

I kiss her deeply as my cock is fondled and I swallow her soft moan. “Was he rough enough for what you fantasized about?”

She bites her lip as if hesitating. “He was perfect,” she says, and that last word cuts me. “Ooh, strong but not scary.”

I kiss her again, and my left hand mauls her boobs, relearning curves and nipples I know by heart, but that feel almost new in the heat of this conversation. “Did you like it when he held your arms at your sides?”

Kim nods, her breathing becomes shallow as she masturbates me. “Mmm, I could hardly move. I was at his mercy.”

The image of my wife restrained by another man’s hands should disturb me. Instead, it sends lightning coursing through my veins all over again. I back up so that she lets go of my cock, and then I push it inside her.

“Uhh,” she groans and wraps her legs around me,

“When he was inside you, Kim, did he really stretch you?” I push into her and remind her of what she told me later that same night, my voice barely recognizable now to my own ears. Part of me wants the pain of her reiteration, another prays for her denial. “Tell me how he felt,” I gasp as I smack into her.

“Mmm, he *filled* me,” she breathes and clings to my shoulders as we fuck. “So full I thought I was going to break.”

“Oh, Kim.” For a moment, the image in my head becomes that man’s huge cock in her hand the afternoon I watched her from the closet. I grip her hips and rut her. The confessions of her desire and pleasure with him fuel the frantic fire inside me. I should stop questioning, I should lose myself in the moment with my wife, but I’m compelled to push further.

“Did he feel a lot bigger than me, Kim?” I ask against her lips as her head rocks, and I won’t last long. “Having him inside you?”

Kim stills a little beneath me, and for a moment, I think I’ve asked too much. Then she pulls me close again, and her fingers dig into my shoulders. “Different,” she whispers. “He reached different places. I...,” she breaks off and buries her face in my neck.

“How was it different?” I press her, but I’m going to cum. “Was it better? Did you cum harder?”

She meets my eyes, something vulnerable and honest in her gaze. “Uhhm, do you want me to say, Gabe? Really?”

“Yes, yes, Kim. Tell me, tell me.” I grip her hips so hard it hurts my fingers as I punch my body against hers, willing her to confirm my worst fears.

“Uhh, I’ve never had an orgasm like that before. Mmm, he reached spots I didn’t know existed.”

The words land like physical blows. Exactly what I asked for, yet more devastating than I anticipate. Her raw honesty makes my body erupt.

The first spasm releases hard inside her. I cry out and gasp and cling to her.

But then with each draining spurt and contraction, the fantasy slowly begins to mutate into something dangerous. Like a fire I’ve played with that now threatens to consume my entire home. I fall silent inside her as my breathing starts to slow.

“He’ll never be you, though, Gabe,” Kim says softly, like she senses my restored insecurity. She reaches for my face and kisses me.

## Chapter Three

### Gabe

Friday morning, and sunlight slips through the slits in our bedroom blinds like uninvited guests. My phone shows 5:47 a.m. It's more than an hour before I need to get up for work. Beside me, Kim sleeps soundly, her breathing deep and rhythmic.

During the night, the covers have partially slipped away from her. One shapely leg is on display, right up to the smooth curve of her right hip. Her dark hair fans across the pillow, a few strands caught in the corner of her lips. Even disheveled from sleep, she's stunning. My Latina wife, the subject of another man's desire.

*He took what he wanted of that body.*

Last night's conversation echoes in my mind. 'I've *never* had an orgasm like that before..... reached spots I didn't even know existed.'

My body responds immediately to the memory, and I harden again beneath the sheets. I grip my dick. I want her. I want to wake her with my mouth on her skin, with my hands retracing the paths her boss's hands traveled.

But a familiar, if stranger, more perverse motivation has returned, and it stops me from touching my wife.

*I don't want her satisfied before she sees Malcolm again today.*

The realization should disturb me. *What kind of husband deliberately leaves his wife wanting, so that another man might fulfill her needs?* Especially another man who makes her feel the way *he* seems to. But the image of Kim arriving at the office with desire already kindling inside her, of Malcolm sensing her need and responding to it, crackles electricity through me.

I lie with my hardness in my hand, watching the gentle rise and fall of her chest.

*He's sucked her tits too.*

The early morning light paints the olive skin of her legs and shoulders with golden highlights. I could reach out and touch her, wake her now, remind her how much I want and love her.

Instead, I wait, letting my arousal build as I imagine her with him. The two of them will be alone in the office today.

*Should I ask for one of the property keys she might have in her purse, and we can arrange to meet there? Or do I get her to suggest another bout of car sex to him?*

Finally, Kim stirs beside me. Her eyelids flutter before they fully open. For a moment, she seems disoriented, and then her gaze focuses on me, and a sleepy smile curves her lips.

“You’re awake early,” she murmurs, voice husky from sleep.

I lean over and kiss her, tasting the sweetness of her mouth. The heat of her body rises to meet me. “I was just thinking about you,” I say, and it’s hardly a lie.

She stretches like a cat, the movement pulling her t-shirt tighter across her breasts. “So, would I want to know what kind of thoughts?”

“About today,” I say, and my hand travels down to rest on the indent of her waist under the t-shirt. “About you and him at the office.”

Kim’s smile fades a little. “Gabe, I just woke up.”

“I know,” I kiss her neck. “I just wanted to remind you that you’re free to do whatever you want with him today. As long as you can arrange somewhere for me to watch.”

“But not *unless*?” she peers at me sleepily and then laughs.

“Ideally not, no,” I say and make a half-hearted attempt to tickle her. “Unless you really can’t avoid doing it in the office.”

Right now, even the thought of the pair of them being so consumed with lust that they have to have sex on the spot without me being there can’t dampen my excitement.

“Why are you pushing this so much, Gabe?” Kim asks as she climbs out of bed.

“I’m not,” I protest, but we both know I am.

“I don’t know how you can even think about it so early in the morning,” she says with a big yawn.

“Because you always make me so horny,” I say and watch hungrily as she pulls the t-shirt over her head.

Even this early in the day, her body is a masterpiece to me in the morning light. Full breasts with those dark nipples, the gentle curve of her stomach that never quite flattened after two kids, wide hips that narrow to a surprisingly small waist, and an ass that rises like the ripest peach, round and firm despite gravity and childbearing.

“I need a shower,” she says when she’s naked, and despite my hearing no noise from the kids’ rooms, and there still being plenty of time for sex, I let her go to our bathroom.

*What is this part of me that revels in her continued lack of satisfaction in this bed? That part of me that would push my wife back to a man who gave her the kind of orgasm she’s never known before.*

Another part of me is almost disgusted by manipulating her and scared shitless by the potential consequences of it, too.

My hard-on wins every time, though, and I stroke gently. I imagine Malcolm seeing her the way she was a moment ago. Stripped bare for him to enjoy. Vulnerable, perfect. Hungry for his touch and for satisfaction.

The thought that he might want her again today makes my breath catch in my throat.

The morning commute feels interminable. Late January slush splashes against my tires as I navigate through traffic, my thoughts alternating between the presentation I need to put together for those new swimwear lines, and images of Malcolm arriving at his office, greeted by Kim.

She gave me her duplicate key to one of the empty properties again when I asked for it. But I told her car sex would be less complicated to coordinate. Hopefully, that pervy farmer doesn't make a habit of lurking around the dark corners of that same road if Kim can get Malcolm to go there again on her way home.

I call up a mental image of her in her charcoal-gray pencil skirt when she was getting ready before I left home. The way it hugged her curves like a second skin. The cream blouse that fits more loosely on her, but that maybe she'll leave one too many buttons undone on to provoke him. I didn't see what lipstick she chose, but I imagine a deep red one that leaves marks on coffee cups and later, maybe on Malcolm.

I clear my head and force myself to focus on the road. This obsession can't be healthy, let alone 'normal'. Yet I can't seem to stop the reel of images playing in my mind. Malcolm's hand brushing against Kim's as they review property listings; his eyes following her behind as she bends to pick up a file or her phone. The two of them alone in the office, dual desires building.

Later, at my desk, I stare at the blank PowerPoint template on my computer screen. The marketing support plan swims before my eyes, refusing to organize itself into a meaningful pattern that I could tailor to suit my first key account presentation. Every few minutes, I check my phone. Even though she said he won't be in the office until this afternoon.

And what if he *has* been having second thoughts about the pair of them? *What if all he wanted was to fuck my wife that one time and then move on?*

A little after noon, I break down and message her: 'How's your day going?'

Three minutes later, her reply comes through: 'Busy. Two new listings and a client coming in to complain about house sale.' The message is accompanied by an eye roll emoji.

I stare at the words as if there might be a hidden meaning.

*Is 'busy' code for something else? Is he there with her right now?*

'Anything news re u know what?' I type back and wince at my own directness.

No immediate response. I set my phone down and force myself to type a headline for my presentation: 'Amen-D Summer Collection: Market Penetration Strategy.'

The word 'penetration' jumps out at me, and I delete it immediately. Even the language of business seems to mock my preoccupation. But that whole three-word phrase isn't right for this meeting anyway.

I take lunch late. Kim still hasn't responded to my loaded question. I sit alone in the company cafeteria, pick at a sandwich that right now tastes like cardboard. The girls who load the vending machines laugh together at something, and it only grates on my nerves as I scroll through my phone.

*What am I doing?* I'm consciously creating a perfect situation for my wife to potentially develop real feelings for another man, and then I'm getting jealous and paranoid about exactly that possibility. The contradiction makes me dizzy. Surely there's a fundamental difference between a 'hotwife' occasionally meeting a 'bull' for discrete encounters and what might develop between Kim and Malcolm? They work together multiple days each week. Often spend hours in each other's company. Probably share the mundane details of daily life, alongside their sexual connection. It's a *relationship*, not just an occasional booty call.

*And didn't Kim always want to avoid a 'relationship' with another man?* With good reason. Relationships involve emotions. The risk of genuine affection developing. *Attachment*.

My sandwich sits half-eaten as this realization washes over me. The danger isn't just that Kim might enjoy sex with Malcolm more than she does with me - and she's already indicated she *does*. It's that she might start to *care* for him in ways that transcend the physical.

My body responds to this fear with perverse arousal. I shift uncomfortably in my chair, grateful for the concealment the table provides.

*How can a fucking emotional betrayal fantasy turn me on, too?*

I bin the remains of my lunch on the way to the restroom.

Inside, I lock the stall door behind me.

The fluorescent lights buzz overhead as I lean against the cool metal partition, breathing deeply, trying to regain control. It's futile. I pull my hard dick out and grip myself. I close my eyes and imagine Kim bent over the passenger seat in Malcolm's steamed-up SUV again, her skirt hiked up around her waist, her voice calling out his name, not mine.

I cum in seconds.

Afterward, shame washes over me as I clean up and straighten my clothes. The reality of her *caring* for anyone else would kill me.

I check my phone. Still no response from her.

*Is she ignoring me on purpose? Or is she truly just caught up in work?*

*Could she be with him right now in the office, both of them oblivious to anything beyond the heat between them?*

'Nothing arranged for today.' Kim's reply comes through a little after 2:30 pm.

*Does that mean something happened already between them in the office? Or that he's suggested it for later there?*

I don't get the chance to brood for long about it. I'm called into the conference room with the rest of the team for a presentation about the company's A.I. strategy.

In the evening, I pull into our driveway a little after 6:30, keen to find out how any conversation between Kim and her boss went today. In the absence of physical activity between them.

*How come he didn't try to take her anywhere in his car?*

Inside, the house smells of spices, and I suspect it's a Mexican dish simmering on the stove. The kids are at the dining table finishing their homework, and Kim's in the kitchen, apron straps tied around her waist and above the curve of her ass. Her stockinged feet are silent on the tile floor as she moves between the counter and stove.

"Hey," I say and kiss her cheek.

She smiles back at me, and then I peer over to the kids.

"How did it go today?" I lower my voice, "Between the pair of you?" There's something reassuring about the sight of her here right now, after a day of tormenting myself about her with *him*.

"It was so busy," she sighs and shakes her head, "virtually all day."

"Did you have that time together this afternoon?" I press, but search her face for hidden clues.

"Kind of, but we barely had time for anything but work. He warned me that January would be hectic."

"Right," I say, disappointed and not a little confused.

"And I..." she hesitates and then crosses her arms over her boobs. "I've been thinking, Gabe." Something in her tone makes my stomach tighten.

Is *she* the one who wants to end it? Is the guilt too much? *Or did he do something to piss her off?*

"Thinking what?" I ask softly and peer out again at the kids with their heads down as they work at the dining table. They're too far away to hear.

"It's not right to do anything with him again," she whispers and moves closer to me, "not until I've told him that you know about it. And that you've watched us."

I blink, processing her words. "What? You want to *tell* him?"

“Uh-huh,” she nods, her eyes serious and locked on mine. “It’s not fair to deceive him like this.”

“What’s brought this on?” I whisper back, barely able to believe what she’s told me. “What’s ‘fairness’ got to do with anything? He’s sleeping with a married woman. My *wife*. How is fairness to him even a consideration here?”

“Gabe, he obviously likes me. He’s stressing himself out thinking he has to sneak around behind your back as well as his wife’s.”

*‘Likes’ her? What exactly does that mean? And what has he done today to prove that to her?*

“So what?” I say, defensive despite myself. “He’s been happy to do what he’s done, to take what he wanted, hasn’t he? Why tell him now and spoil everything?”

“He shouldn’t have to feel guilty about you, too, not when really you’re...” she hesitates as if searching for the right word, “...enjoying it.”

“Why do you care all of a sudden?” I snap.

“I don’t know. I just felt bad for him today,” Kim sighs.

*‘Bad’ for him? The guy’s been balls-deep inside my wife. Is this an example of the ‘feelings’ I feared she could develop for him?*

“He doesn’t have anything to feel guilty for Gabe, not if you know and approve. Does he?”

I move to the other side of the kitchen island, needing space between us. I glance over at the kids again, to make sure they’re still preoccupied, “And what happens when he hears that I know?” I hiss at her, “What then? You think he’ll just be cool with me watching you two together?”

A flush spreads across her cheeks. “I don’t know,” she says softly, and she shrugs. “But I can’t keep lying to him anymore. Not now. It feels... wrong to let him think he’s doing something behind your back when you’ve literally been standing outside his car watching us have sex.”

The image her words conjure sends heat rushing through me, despite my irritation.

*And what about the way this guy is 'deceiving' your Dad?* I'm tempted to bring that up, but it would hardly help.

"So this is about your conscience?"

She just keeps her arms crossed and shrugs again.

We stand facing each other across the kitchen, and the air between us feels charged. Part of me knows she might be making sense, but another part refuses to acknowledge it.

"I need to tell him, Gabe," she looks right at me again with those avocado-green eyes, "If you want it to carry on."

The sauce on the stove bubbles over and hisses as it hits the hot burner. Kim turns quickly to remove the pot, the moment of intensity and connection broken. But her words linger in the steam-filled kitchen, a warning that the fantasy I've constructed might be evolving beyond my control.

## Chapter Four

### Gabe

The bedroom is quiet except for the soft hum of the heating and the rustle of sheets as Kim settles in beside me. I've been lying in silence watching her undress while I try to work out how to persuade her not to tell Malcolm that I know about him. I haven't stopped thinking about it since she told me in the kitchen earlier.

The irony is, I spend my life persuading professional buyers to range my products in their stores. And yet here I am, struggling for the right words and approach with my own wife. She's *determined* he needs to be told.

I peer over at her on her back in the lamplight. Her almond-shaped green eyes are wide open, and she's gazing up at the ceiling. Her perfectly balanced proud Latin nose, the full curve of her lips. Even with this disagreement unresolved, her beauty draws me in. For a moment, I try to remember if it was always this way, or if her looks have blinded me all the more since her unfaithfulness.

"What did he say while you were with him today, to make you think you should tell him about me?" I say finally, and turn to fully face her in the dim glow of her bedside lamp.

"Nothing in particular," she says softly.

"So what did you talk about?"

"Just how busy the office has been since we got back," she shrugs.

"He must have said more than that," I lean up on one elbow to better look at her, "For you to want to..."

"I've been thinking about it for days," she says, and now looks right into my eyes, "Worrying about that, as well as what you were thinking of me since I..."

“You *know* what *I* think about you,” I smile and move closer to plant a kiss on her lips. “I love you more than ever. But have you thought about how he might react if he finds out about me? He could be pretty pissed off.”

“He might be. *At first.*”

“What if he’s pissed off for good, though? If he ends it with you?” I want to add ‘Or worse. Like he fires you.’ But I don’t want to really upset her. And in any case, *could* he terminate her, without a full explanation to her Dad? “Would it bother you if he ended it?” I ask.

A car chugs past outside, and a slight furrow appears on Kim’s brow. “Are you hoping he will?”

“No,” I say quickly, maybe too quickly. “I’m just trying to think through all the possibilities.”

She studies me for a moment, as if gauging my sincerity. “I know he’ll be shocked,” she says, “obviously. Maybe a bit angry at first, too. But when he thinks about it properly, I know he’ll be relieved.”

“Relieved?” I echo and study her face.

“Yes, relieved he’s not doing the dirty on you as well as his wife.”

“I didn’t think he cared about his wife,” I remind her again, and can’t help the bitter laugh that escapes my lips.

“He cares about her,” Kim frowns, “just not in *that* way. He’s a decent guy, Gabe. He’ll be happy he’s not hurting you, too.”

Her positive words about him tighten a knot in my belly. But somehow, and darkly, they excite me too. It hits me again that no matter how many times I might watch them have sex with one another, I’ll never be privy to *all* the private conversations they have in the workplace, all the intimate revelations one might make to the other.

The realization rolls my gut, but prickles my balls too.

“What if he feels manipulated?”

“Well, we kind of have been manipulating him, haven’t we?” she says and turns onto her side to face me. Her boobs shift heavily under her t-shirt.

“He’s had plenty in return, though, hasn’t he?” I say without meaning to.

“You don’t understand what it’s like from his perspective, Gabe. It’s bad enough for him thinking he’s having an affair with his boss’s daughter, without worrying about doing it behind her husband’s back too. And what would happen if you found out.”

*An ‘affair’, she said they’re having an ‘affair’. She always swore that was something she could never have.*

But the whole tone and content of all her words sting me. *How come she’s suddenly so concerned with his feelings? With his guilt?*

There’s more than that worrying me too now, if she really insists on telling him. It’s a fear that’s been growing in me since our kitchen conversation. I take a deep breath before asking.

“What the hell would he think of me, Kim? If he knew I wanted you and him to...If he knew I’d *seen* you with him.” Trying to explain or justify myself to a big, sporty guy like Malcolm hardly bears thinking about.

“I don’t know,” Kim says and reaches for my jawline as she looks right into my eyes again, “But we wouldn’t need to spell out all your motivations to him. Not *everything*.”

“He’ll think I’m pathetic,” I say, almost overcome now by the visual image of Malcolm sneering at the news, “A husband who can’t satisfy his own wife properly, so he out-sources the job.”

Kim frowns and kisses me. “Gabe, that’s not what this is, and you know it.”

Her words relieve the wave of panic that was building. “No, but he might think it of me,” I say, and then try to capitalize on her show of sympathy for me. “Let’s just hold

off telling him anything for now,” I say, “Give us both a while longer to think it through more carefully.”

“No, Gabe,” she shakes her head, “I’ve been lying to him long enough.”

On Saturday, the late January sunshine does little to warm the community soccer field where Harrison’s under-5 team plays their occasional weekend matches. I stamp my feet against the cold, grateful for the thermos of coffee Kim prepared before we left home.

“Daddy, are you watching?” Harrison waves from the field, where he’s positioned as what I think is supposed to be a defender. Whenever the ball is in play though, he and all the kids, swarm after it like a shoal of fish changing direction.

I wave back, proud despite the comical level of play. Beside me, Kim, in a black woolly hat, claps and calls encouragement, her cheeks flushed pink from the cold, her breath forming small clouds in the winter air. She’s bundled in a puffy red coat, too, that should look utilitarian, but on her it always manages to emphasize the narrowness of her waist compared to the fullness of her hips.

Several yards away from us, Leah chatters with the sister of one of Harrison’s teammates, apparently engaged in some complex game involving collecting twigs and arranging them in patterns on one of the sideline benches.

“This is nice,” I say, sliding an arm around Kim’s shoulders. “All out together again as a family.”

“Uh-huh,” she smiles and leans into me, her warmth penetrating even through our layers of winter clothing.

But despite the setting and this ‘family’ moment, I’ve still got Malcolm, and what Kim said last night on my mind.

Until I notice a guy further down the touchline with his eyes on Kim. He looks away as I spot him. “You’ve got an admirer,” I say and gesture in the direction of the man in a black overcoat with salt-and-pepper hair.

“Where?” Kim peers down the touchline, then back at me.

“He stopped looking when I caught him.”

“He’s probably just one of the other dads, wondering whose parents we are,” she shakes her head and fixes her eyes back on Harrison as he charges around the field.

“He’s someone’s Granddad, more like,” I murmur and glance at the guy again. He looks over but then away once more. For a moment, I wonder whether there might be something about Kim that especially attracts the attention of older men. But irritated as I am by the stranger’s uninvited admiration of my wife, my groin bristles, and my thoughts return to her and Malcolm.

“I was thinking this morning,” I say, and with my arm still around her shoulder, I pull her a little closer to me, “If you’re really set on telling Malcolm everything, then once he knows, it could give me more opportunity to watch. You know, if it doesn’t have to be secretive with complicated arrangements like the other times.”

“Gabe,” Kim sighs, “We’re at our son’s soccer game.”

“I know,” I lower my voice, and her reaction brings me to my senses. “I’m sorry. I was just saying.”

“There might not be that many chances for us all to come here again like this either,” she says and stares out at the field where one of the opposition players has been fouled and lies bawling his eyes out on the grass.

“What do you mean?”

“Malcolm asked me yesterday if I could work some Saturday mornings if he needs me to.”

“Saturdays?” Her words land like stone in still water, but my heart rate picks up immediately. ‘When he *needs* me’. “Weekends are our time together,” I stare at her.

“It would only be mornings,” she says, “And only while we’re so busy.”

The rest of my Saturday is spent brooding over the concept of some of Kim's future weekends being spent partly in the company of Malcolm. Instead of with us.

Even though she says she didn't commit either way when he asked her, the possibility of it still carves out a hollow feeling in my chest and gut. Yet simultaneously, the image of them spending even more time together, their intimacy spilling over into our weekends and extending the likelihood that my wife's relationship with another man will grow ever closer, sends a terrible heat coursing through me all day.

By nighttime, when the house has finally settled into silence, and Kim and I are in bed, I'm in desperate need of a further discussion about her working hours. As well as her plans to confess to her boss on Monday morning.

She's wearing an old pale pink cotton nightdress, the fabric worn thin with washing. It hangs off one shoulder, revealing her smooth olive skin beneath as she reads her Kindle. There's the slightest furrow of concentration on her brow as she absently twists a lock of hair around one finger while tapping the device to turn to pages with her other hand. I glance at the gentle rise and fall of her chest under the covers with each breath she takes.

"What do you think about working Saturdays then?" I clear my throat.

"I don't know," she lowers the Kindle to her lap. "I mean, it wouldn't be every weekend. And probably only for a month or two. While we're real busy."

"He just wants to see my wife at the weekend too," I say with my voice thick and my cock hardening. I move her device off her lap and reach across to place it on her nightstand. The fact that she's not *pushing* me to let her do any weekend shifts has kind of calmed any anxiety I originally felt. "But would you *like* to work Saturdays too?" I smile and kiss her neck, then ease a hand up the front of her nightdress.

"The money could come in useful," she murmurs around my mouth.

"And what about the sex?" I whisper.

"There's more to him than just a great body," she says with a slow smile.

“Oh, really?” I ask, but her teasing words have inflamed me. I drag her nightdress up and expose her tits. I kiss them, then suck hard on a nipple.

“Mmm,” she moans and rakes my hair with her fingers.

“Did you think about what I said at the game?” I ask around her tits and then peer up at her face, “That if he knows, it should mean more opportunities for me to see you together. It’ll be easier to arrange things.”

“Mmm, we’d have to see what he says.”

“He might like the idea of being watched,” I say with arousal and fantasy overcoming my sense of logic, and I suck her tits again. “He might think you’re an exhibitionist too, for stopping him from confronting your voyeur outside the car that night.”

*‘Voyeurs’, plural.*

Kim’s hand fondles the front of my shorts. She squeezes a hand inside and grasps my hardness.

I want to ask her what she said to him to stop the confrontation that night, but I’m distracted. “Uhh,” I groan, and my head rocks back.

“Lie on your back,” she says, and sits right up with her tits still on display.

I do as she wants.

Kim grins down at me and pulls her nightdress right up over her head and off. She shakes her dark hair free and then caresses my chest, then with hers swaying and her hard nipples glazed with my drool, she moves down my body towards my groin.

I help her yank my shorts down over my thighs.

“Mmm,” she grins up at me and grips my erection, then she kisses the head and takes it into her hot mouth.

*She’s done this to him as well.*

I groan aloud and tangle my fingers in her dark hair.

“I’m not going to mention you watching in the property that time,” she murmurs between hard sucks and kisses, her voice sounding almost disembodied through my haze of pleasure, “Just the car.”

“Uhh, how come?” I groan at the memory of the hand job she gave him while I watched from the closet. *The day Malcolm enjoyed his first taste of physical intimacy with my wife. Where this all began.* The memory intensifies the current moment, and I grip the sheets.

“Mmm,” she slurps near my balls, “The car will be enough of a shock for him in one go.”

“OK,” I gasp, and even if I wanted to argue, I couldn’t. The pleasure she’s giving my body right now makes coherent thought almost impossible.

“If he,” I swallow hard, trying to collect my thoughts enough to form a sentence. And reaching down to try and get at her tits at the same time, “If he wants sex tomorrow, even after you’ve told him, can you arrange for me to be there too?”

“I can try,” Kim pauses from her noisy sucking again, and the loss of her warm mouth is acute. She rests her cheek against my thigh and peers up at me. “Mmm, but what if we can’t get out of the office? Do I still have sex with him, even if you can’t be there?”

“Yeah,” I gasp as her mouth finds me again, “But *try* Kim. Promise you’ll try to convince him to let me watch it tomorrow?”

“Mmm,” Kim murmurs around more sucking, “I thought *I* was the one who got to enjoy feeling empowered by this,” she kisses my balls.

“You are, you’ve got the power over him.”

“You won’t be able to watch me every time, Gabe. Even when he does know about you. You can’t control and manage everything.”

## Chapter Five

### Kim

I spend Monday morning in between walk-in inquiries tidying the office. Making sure details and floor plans for the newest-listed properties are all available and neat on the display wall. In the little kitchen, I rinse the coffee cups again and straighten the tea towels. When I'm on my own like this, when I'm free to let my mind wander, it's hard not to look at the worktops in here and blush, remembering what I've done.

Back at my desk again and facing his empty one, I smile to myself. Kim Porter, how did you get to be such a bad girl?

My reminiscing as I wait for Malcolm to arrive is interrupted by another walk-in. A silver-haired couple who ask about the bungalow on Westfield Lane. I switch to professional mode and pull up the listing details. I ask them a little about their needs - Malcolm and Bea always say we should try to understand the customer's motivation - and then I print off a copy of the details for the old couple.

"Could we schedule a viewing for later this week?" The man asks when we're seated, and I scan my desktop Team Diary.

"How about Thursday? Although it won't be me who shows you around."

"That's a pity," he smiles at me, and his kindly blue eyes crinkle.

"Take no notice of him," his wife rolls her eyes and shakes her head, "He likes to think he's still in his twenties. Thursday will be fine. Can we do a similar time to this?"

I book them in, but almost as soon as they've gone, I find myself checking the time again on my phone. I thought he'd be here by now. I want to get this conversation over and done with. Hopefully, without upsetting my boss.

It wasn't supposed to get this complicated. I sink into my chair and twist the gold band on my left hand, and my engagement ring with it. The kids' school photos smile at me from a corner of my desk. Harrison, when his front teeth were missing, and with

that cowlick that's so hard to tame. I should be planning what to make for their dinner tonight, not sitting here all anxious ahead of a conversation about sex with another man.

Gabe keeps telling me it's OK. *More* than OK. That somehow he loves me even more because of what I've done. He keeps saying that seeing Malcolm and me was the most intense experience of his life. That our marriage is stronger now.

But is it? Sometimes I still wonder what it says about us that my husband gets off watching another man touch me. What it says about me too, that I let it happen. And that, in the moment, both times, I forgot Gabe was even there.

My phone buzzes, and my heart jumps.

*'I'm caught in that meeting with surveyors. Won't be in until after lunch. Looking forward to seeing you, beautiful. X'*

Cheesy, but I can't help smiling. I trace the words with my fingertip. Malcolm uses more words than Gabe, and no emojis like Gabe either. I guess he does sound kind of 'older' in his texts. But the way Malcolm uses words when I'm *with* him makes my skin tingle.

Is this an *affair*? That last word sits heavy in my chest.

The bell above the entrance chimes again, and I look up to see Bea. She's as glamorous as ever in a fitted red dress under her open dark mac and a black leather shoulder bag.

"Morning, gorgeous," she smiles, and shrugs off her coat before hanging it on the chrome rack near the door. "Thought I'd check on my star pupil while I was passing."

I smile, genuinely glad to see her. Bea's the only person I know who could possibly understand my situation without judging me.

"Coffee?" I ask, already heading to the kitchen.

“Thought you’d never ask,” she follows me and closes the door behind us. “How long have we got alone? I want all the latest dirty details about you and Mr J. while he’s not here.”

I nearly drop the mug I’m holding. “Bea!”

“Oh, please,” she waves dismissively. “Like you don’t know I haven’t been dying to hear everything since you first told me.”

Heat floods my face, it creeps down my neck. Even my ears are warm. “You’re terrible.”

“And you’re blushing, which means there’s plenty of juicy bits to share,” she grins, then gets milk from the fridge. “I told you those tight skirts would work magic with a booty like yours.”

I laugh despite myself. “Yeah, this is all *your* fault.”

“You’re not the first to find Malcolm attractive, you know, sweetie,” she says with a smile and pours milk into both cups, “But to my knowledge, you *are* the first to bed him.”

*‘Bed’? I wish.*

“You mean you and him...?” I peer at Bea, “Wait. Is he the guy you...”

“Unfortunately, no,” she sighs playfully. “I don’t think I’m his body type.”

“You’ve got a great figure,” I protest.

“Hmm, when I was younger, maybe,” she says and stirs her drink.

“So who was the guy you had your affair with?” I ask to delay the interrogation she’s threatening.

“They were clients,” Bea shrugs.

“You’ve had *more than one*?” I gape at her.

“It can get addictive,” she laughs.

“I don’t know about that,” I shake my head, and I can’t even imagine another lover.

“I’ve often wondered what Malcolm would be like in bed,” Bea says almost wistfully and sips her coffee. Her perfectly lipsticked mouth leaves a crimson crescent on the white mug. “So is he good?”

“Bea!” I gasp again. But there’s something freeing about her directness. Who else could I admit any of this to?

“What? Don’t tell me you haven’t compared him.” She settles against the worktop counter, legs crossed at the ankle as she drinks.

“Yes, he’s good,” I sigh eventually. “*Very.*”

“*There. I knew it,*” she gives me a smug smile.

I’d love to tell her about Gabe’s involvement. But I can’t. And definitely not before Malcolm knows.

“You know, you said your husband found out about your affair?” I ask her, and I’ve wondered several times since she first told me, about her circumstances compared to mine with Gabe. “How did that happen?”

She toys with a gold hoop earring. “He just figured it out. Did some snooping around. Then he begged me to stop. And he’s been good as gold ever since.” Her eyes sparkle with mischief.

“That was your *first* affair?” I ask her.

“Third,” she says. “But enough of my ancient history. I want to know about yours and Malcolm. Where do you do it? What positions? I need specifics, girl!”

This time, I don’t even gasp her name. I just stare open-mouthed at her. I can’t believe I’m having this conversation. And yet at the same, it still feels good to talk to someone who understands. Someone who won’t make me feel like a terrible woman. “In his car,

in one of the properties, and..." I trail off, embarrassed to complete the trio of settings where I've had sex with my boss.

"And?" one of Bea's eyebrows arches.

"Here."

"In the office?" Now it's Bea's eyes that widen. Her mascara-heavy lashes almost touch her dark brows. "How?" she glances at the door, "Over his desk?"

"I'm not saying," I cover my face with my free hand, but I'm laughing too.

"With a booty like yours, I bet he likes it from behind, doesn't he?" Bea says with awful bluntness, and I must be scarlet.

"Maybe that's how *I* like it," I say and try to stand my ground at the onslaught.

"You go girl," Bea nods, "What about his body? Is he as impressive out of his clothes as he looks in them?"

The woman is outrageous.

"Well?" she gestures with her mug.

"He's..." I search for words less likely to make me want to curl up in embarrassment. "Let's just say he's a very different size from what I'm used to."

We both dissolve into laughter, and Bea raises her coffee mug like a toast. "You keep getting it for as long as you can then, sweetie," she wiggles her little finger, "Life's too short for small wieners and bad sex."

The bell over the door chimes, and I compose myself before heading out of the kitchen.

After a sandwich for lunch, with Bea left for her scheduled visit to the downtown branch, and me forced to promise I'll keep her 'thoroughly updated' on all developments with my 'love life', I'm alone again with my thoughts.

It's a pity I couldn't have dared ask her opinion about Gabe's involvement. But I doubt she'd have believed me. And Malcolm does need to know first.

I straighten brochures that don't need straightening, adjust the family photo on my desk, then check my phone again. Nothing more from him, but he should be here any minute. I touch up my lipstick and fix my hair, then feel silly for doing it. What am I, a teenager waiting for her prom date? I'm supposed to be a professional real estate agent. I'm a wife, a *mother*.

Yeah, one who's having a relationship with her boss.

The bell chimes again while I'm standing near the display wall. I glance across expectantly at the door, but my smile falters at the sight of an older man.

He pulls a dark woolen cap off his head and reveals a ruddy, round face. "Afternoon," he smiles, but then something in his expression changes, and his bushy gray eyebrows rise. As if he's surprised to see me.

"How can I help you?" I ask with my professional mask back in place.

"Oh, er, I was looking for Mr. John, actually," he says, then seems to regain his composure. "Is he around?"

"He's due in soon," I nod, "Is there anything I can help you with?"

The man studies me a little longer than feels comfortable. But he's still smiling. "So how long have you been working with him?"

"Since just before Christmas," I say, and I'm starting to wonder whether he's giving off creepy vibes.

"Ah. That explains it," he says with another smile that's definitely creepy. "I knew I hadn't seen you around when Malcolm sold me the farm. I'd remember a pretty girl like you."

There's something in his tone, too, that makes my skin prickle. I force myself to maintain eye contact, but part of me wishes I'd worn a turtleneck jumper now instead of this blouse.

"Are you considering another property purchase?" I ask, determined to keep this professional.

"I like your style," he chuckles and looks me up and down. "Not just a pretty face, are you? Married, though, I see. Just my luck."

His smirk makes heat rise to my cheeks, but not the pleasant kind of heat I felt talking with Bea. The bell chimes again, and relief washes over me as a middle-aged couple enters.

"Excuse me," I say to the creepy man and move to greet the newcomers. I feel the first man's eyes on me as I pass him.

When the couple finally leaves with a stack of brochures, the round-faced man is still there, but now leaning against the wall.

"I don't have time right now to wait for Malcolm," he sighs and straightens up. "Will you tell him Zak Stanley stopped by? Hey, you might know the farm he sold me. Lydett Lane?" He pauses and just stares at me. "Lovely remote area. Attracts courting couples in their cars." He winks at me.

I feel the blood drain from my face as I recognize the location. That's the road Malcolm took me to. Where Gabe watched us...

"Have a nice rest of the day and a good evening, Mrs....?" he says as he pulls his woolly cap back on.

"Porter," I clear my throat. "Kim Porter."

## Chapter Six

### Malcolm

The late January afternoon sun glares off the dark hood of my SUV, sharp and unforgiving against my tired eyes. Before that protracted meeting with the surveyors, I closed yet another listing. A young couple, first-time sellers, nervous but eager. They nearly signed with Coldwell-Baker until I worked the magic on them. I can still talk circles around those corporate robots with their fancy degrees when I'm in the mood.

I ease into traffic and loosen my tie. Another victory for Moreno's. Not that Carl will even notice when the quarterly figures come in. When did my branch *ever* get any spotlight?

*Although at the moment, that might not be such a bad thing.*

My mind drifts to Kim, unbidden but inevitable, like it has so much since that night in the car. That night, everything changed.

Even after the latest promise I'd made myself on New Year's Eve. To leave it all behind. Be the husband I always vowed to be. The decent man I was raised to be.

*What a joke.*

I barely even made it into January before breaking every one of the rules in my head about staying away from her.

Those green eyes haunt me. The way that body and her skin felt under my fingers, soft and warm and *alive*.

My grip tightens on the wheel as heat rushes through me. Those legs of hers, strong and supple, wrapped around my waist as I entered her for the first time. *Right here in my car*. Christ, the sounds she made. And then after, when she leaned over the seat and offered me rear entry. Like some pagan sacrifice.

I adjust myself in my slacks as I drive, uncomfortable at the rush of blood.

*So much for me thinking that staying out of the office for a few days while she's there would help cool things off. How long did I keep that up?*

I slow for a red light. There was even something dirty about the way she wouldn't let me chase those couple of perverts away from outside the car that night. 'Let them look,' she whispered after I'd seen the sudden shadows, and something in her voice - something so hungry for it - Christ, she nearly undid me right there and then.

Maybe younger women now are different. More adventurous than the girls I knew back then. More comfortable with their bodies and with what they want.

My phone rings through the car speaker, and Bethan's name flashes on the dashboard display. Guilt washes over me like iced water.

"Hey," I answer and force normalcy into my voice.

"Just checking what time you'll be home," she says, a little breathless. "I'm on with my workout at the moment, but I want some time for meditation and a long bath after. I thought it might be nice to eat dinner together tonight."

*'Workout'. 'Meditation.'* My stomach twists. She's still following her own New year resolution. *How long have I been begging her to take care of herself?* All those years of watching her use food to fill the gaps in her life where kids should have been. All those years of refusals whenever I suggested something as mild as a walk, a bike ride, anything to help her.

And it's now, *only now*, when I've stumbled into some warmth, some *passion* with someone else, that she decides to try.

"Malcolm? Are you still there?"

"Yeah, sorry. Had to focus on a sharp turn." The lies come even easier these days. "I probably won't be back much before seven. I've got a lot to catch up on."

"Oh," The disappointment in her voice cuts deeper than I hoped. "Alright then," she says, "I'll wait until then to eat."

The call ends, and I'm still left with the bitter taste of my betrayal.

*This has to be some kind of cosmic joke. Bethan finally making an effort, just when I'd given up hoping for it.*

Or maybe she sensed something. Maybe some primal instinct was warning her that her husband's attention had finally wandered.

I pull into the parking lot behind the office. Before I kill the engine, I catch my reflection in the rear-view mirror. Tired eyes and lines that the gym and protein shakes can't erase.

Every time I see Kim, I expect her to have changed her mind. That she'll see me now for what I really am. A bald middle-aged guy with a dried-up marriage and spiraling gambling debts.

*What does a beautiful 29-year-old with a husband and two kids want with me?*

I switch off the engine and get out of the car. It's cold.

Maybe for her, it's just the thrill of the forbidden. Like being watched in the car. The excitement of getting screwed by the boss. The guy who works for her Dad.

The gravel crunches under my shoes as I walk around the building to the front door.

*But what if it's real? What if this girl sees something in me that Bethan stopped seeing years ago?*

Whatever it is, if she still wants this, I'm too far gone to be the one to stop now.

I push through the door of the office, and the familiar smell of coffee and printer toner greets me.

But then so does her intoxicating perfume. And there she is, standing near her desk.

My breath catches in my throat. She's wearing a cream-colored blouse, just sheer enough that I can make out part of the lacy outline of her white bra beneath it. Her tight, dark skirt hugs every contour; show those legs that have been wrapped around me in my dreams almost every night.

She turns as I close the door, and the smile that spreads across her face is like watching a sunrise break over the horizon.

"Good afternoon, Stranger," she says.

"Hey," I say, and my eyes hold hers as heat crawls up my spine.

She asks me about the surveyor meeting and then tells me a little about what's happened here today. "Coffee?" She asks when she's finished.

I nod. I watch her legs and the sway of that ass as she goes to the kitchenette, but I know I have to follow.

"Come here," I say, the words escaping before I can stop them. I reach for her and pull her to me. "Jesus, you smell good," I murmur against her neck. "You always smell so good."

Her hands slide up my chest, "Have you missed me?" she murmurs with a little smile, and the closeness of her nearly breaks something inside me.

I pull back just enough to look at her; those wide green eyes, the flush that spreads across her cheeks, the slight part of her lips. My body responds instantly, hardening against her.

"I was starting to think you were avoiding me," she pouts.

"You know how busy it's been," I shake my head. "But I haven't stopped thinking about you." My fingers trace the line of her jaw. "Thinking of being alone with you again."

Something shifts in her expression, a flicker of... what? Hesitation? Guilt?

"I need to tell you something," she says, voice suddenly serious.

My stomach drops. “Should I be worried?”

“Not necessarily.”

*Not necessarily.* The phrase hangs between us, loaded with possible implications. None of them good. She steps out of my embrace and leans against the edge of the countertop.

“You’d better tell me then,” I say, and I’m guessing now that I might be home earlier than I told Bethan. I lean against the wall, facing her.

Kim takes a deep breath and looks down at her hands. “How do you think your wife would feel if she knew what was going on between us?”

The question lands like a punch to the gut. She *is* having second thoughts.

*Or is this some kind of a threat? But why would she do that?*

“Bethan and I haven’t been intimate in... Christ, I can’t even remember how long,” I say, out of shock, maybe revealing more than I should, and I rub the back of my neck. “We’re like roommates these days.”

“That’s not what I asked, Malcolm,” Kim says softly.

“What are you getting at?”

“Gabe knows,” she says, and the floor seems to drop out from under me.

“Oh shit.” My mind races, picturing her husband’s rage, the potential fallout from being cuckolded by a wife like her. “How did he find out? What’s he said to you? He hasn’t thrown you out, has he?” For some unexplainable reason, that last possibility excites me.

Kim laughs, a light, almost musical sound that’s completely out of tune in the moment.

“He’s known from the start, Malcolm,” she says, and she’s blushing.

I stare at her, but can't comprehend. "What do you mean, 'from the start'?"

She shifts her weight on those long legs and crosses her arms. "It was his idea."

"His... idea?" I repeat stupidly, trying to make some sense of her words. "*What* was his idea?"

"A relationship with another man," she shrugs her shoulders, then looks away. "It's his fantasy. A long-held fantasy of me with another man."

The realization of what she's saying hits me like a bucket of cold water. "Are you telling me I've been part of some kind of... what? Some kind of swingers' game between you and your husband?"

"He's seen us together," she says, and stops my spiral of thoughts.

"What? Where? When?"

"In the car."

Ice spreads through my veins as I try to understand this latest confession. I cross my arms over my chest, too. "How the hell did he manage that?"

*And who the hell was the other guy with him? I was certain there were two of them.*

Kim's eyes drop again, and I suspect her answer before she gives it. "The location was his idea," she murmurs.

Something sharp and bitter rises in my throat. "So I've been well and truly played, haven't I?"

I push away from the countertop with anger and humiliation burning through me. "I should have known you were too good to be true."

*I've been nothing but a prop in their marital fantasy, a cheap thrill for a bored couple.* I shove the kitchenette door open.

“Malcolm, wait..” She grabs my arm, her touch burning through my sleeve. “Please don’t be angry with me.”

But the damage is done. I see the truth I’ve been too blind or too desperate to see before.

I shake my arm free of her clawing hands.

“I never played you,” she grabs me again, “I just needed you to know the truth. None of this means I was faking anything.”

“Yeah, right,” I say, the anger in my voice barely masks the hurt in my chest. I’m sick of being taken for a fool by the Moreno family. And now I can add *her* to the list.

“It’s honestly not what you think it is,” she steps closer, and despite everything, my body responds to her nearness.

“So how many times have you done this before?” I try to glare at her sweet face, but it’s so hard, even as the question burns like acid. “How many other suckers have you and your husband played?”

“None,” she shakes her head repeatedly. “You’re the only other man I’ve ever wanted to do anything with. I swear.”

“Right,” I wish I could believe her.

“I’m serious, Malcolm.” Her green eyes lock onto mine, fierce and earnest. “And *you’re* not the ‘sucker’ here..” She pulls at my arm, trying to direct me back toward the kitchen. “Come back in there and let me show you. I’ll lock the door.” She gestures to the kitchenette, then passes me again on her way to the office entrance.

Now’s the chance to do the right thing. By my wife and my principles. I should go home now, finish work on my laptop back there. And in the morning, tell Carl it’s unworkable here with his daughter.

But then she’s back and with me in the kitchenette, and I’m frozen as her nimble fingers unbuckle my belt, and then unzip my slacks. Everything in me screams at me to stop her, to stop it all, but then I’m hard in her hand, and with a purr, she sinks to her

knees in front of me. Just like that last time in here, and now the warnings in my head fade to whispers.

Her mouth is warm and wet, her technique expert and enthusiastic. My back finds the edge of the countertop, and my hands find her hair. My fingers tangle in the thick, silky strands. The sight of her head bobbing down there - of the slobbering guttural sounds - Carl Moreno's beautiful daughter on her knees again for me, it all sends a surge of sinful satisfaction through me. Once I shouldn't be proud of.

I lose myself in the sensations, in the slick heat of her mouth, the gentle pressure of her cheeks on my shaft, and her fingers on my balls. But as the pleasure builds, desire shifts inside me.

"Stop," I manage, and pull back from her face.

She looks up, confusion in her eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." I help her to her feet, but my knees tremble. "This time I want to taste *you*." I don't wait for her response. I unzip her skirt and tug the whole thing up to her waist, then lift her right up onto the worktop, and she gasps. I shove her thighs apart and lower my head and shoulders to the heat between them.

"Mmm," I groan and pick the front of her damp, black lace panties aside and push my face right in there.

She gasps as my tongue finds her. Hands grip my hair. She tastes real clean but slightly sweet, her body squirms to every move of my mouth.

"Oh God," she whimpers, hips pushing forward to meet me. "Malcolm..."

It takes a lot less time and a lot less licking and kissing in this awkward position than I expect. She shakes, a strangled cry escapes her lips, and she floods my mouth as she cums in my face. The sound of my name on her lips again as she falls to pieces is the sweetest victory I've won in years.

Before she's recovered, I pull her down from the countertop onto unsteady legs and low heels, but keep her skirt pulled up as I turn her around. I groan out loud at the perfect curves of her ass in the panties. I push her gently forward towards the wall so she's bent over the counter.

"Christ, you're perfect," I murmur, running my hands over the smooth skin on the indents of her waist and then the broadening of her fleshy backside. I lower my head and shoulders again and press my lips to the small of her back, then lower, kissing and nipping at the flesh of her cheeks through the thin fabric. "This is the most beautiful seat I've ever seen," I say and kiss the heated split between those cheeks.

"Seat?" She repeats with a gasp and looks back at me over her shoulder. Her lips are swollen, eyes heavy-lidded. "Take what you want from me," she breathes.

*She doesn't mean take this ass?*

I don't want to risk it and spoil the moment. I straighten up and position myself behind her. I widen her stance as she bends over the counter, guide the underside of her panties out of the way a second time, and guide my dick to the entrance of her soaked pussy.

Head down, she moans into her arms.

In one smooth movement, I thrust forward, and she cries out.

"Christ, yeah," I groan. The feeling of her around me, so tight, so wet, *heavenly*, it nearly undoes me on the spot. I grip her hips as I move inside her, the slick and the slap of skin on skin filling the small room. One of my hands caresses her upturned ass, squeezing the firm flesh.

"Your husband really wants this?" I grunt, increasing my pace.

"Yeah," she gasps and pushes back into me, "But *I* do too. So much."

"My nasty girl," I groan as we fuck.

"Mmm," she moans, like the label excites her.

“So who was the guy your husband brought with him when we were in the car?”

She stiffens beneath me. “What other guy?” she gasps and tries to look back at me. “What do you mean?”

I’m too far gone for questions now. I drive into her with abandon, make her cheeks shudder and blush, watch myself disappear inside her tight hole again and again. And then she’s moving again too, slapping back and moaning and crying out like it’s building inside her a second time. She cums again, only seconds before me. I collapse on top of her heaving back and ass with my spasming cock buried so deep inside her, and my balls crushed under her cheeks.

“I could have sworn there were two guys outside the car that night,” I say when we’re straightening our clothes again. “You sure your husband didn’t bring a friend along?”

“Er, no. And I think he’d have told me if he did,” she zips her skirt back up and smooths it out on her thighs.

“If you were mine, no way would I let another man anywhere near you,” I say and kiss her full on the lips.

“Mmm, that’s nice to know,” she smiles and kisses me back.

“Caveman nice?” I ask and wonder how the hell a girl like this ended up with such a weirdo for a husband. You couldn’t make this up.

“Yeah, something like that,” she says, and straightens her hair.

## Chapter Seven

### Gabe

Monday afternoon in the purchasing director's office, and I'm on my feet again, shaking hands with the man himself. Brad Coleman, who just committed to stocking the full Amend-D summer range in all 37 Tilleman's Department Store locations.

"Looking forward to seeing those caps fly off the shelves," he says, and opens his glass office door to walk me to the lobby of his corporate headquarters. "Lucky for you, my teenage son says your brand is 'fire' right now."

I laugh, but pure relief floods me. I needed an early win this month. "Tell your son thanks for the endorsement," I grin at him.

Outside in the visitor parking lot, I slide into my car and clench my fist to savor the victory. "Yes!" The sales projections from this deal alone might help secure my first-quarter bonus.

But as the engine roars to life, my dick twitches again, and the professional high crashes into a more familiar obsession. Kim at her office. Malcolm with time to spend alongside my wife, gorging his eyes on her in a tight skirt again. His sexual appetite for her whetted.

*And today she tells him about me.* That I know all about him and her. That I've seen him strip and fuck her in his car.

*Will she go through with the confession, though? What the hell will he say when he finds out about me? Will he agree to have sex again somewhere today and be happy if I'm right there watching?*

I check my phone again. Still no texts yet from Kim. I indicate and slow for a left turn. Then I replay the conversation she and I had again this morning in bed.

*'What if he wants sex there and then again, in the office today?'* She asked a second time, her lips a little swollen from heatedly sucking my cock. Her voice was a mixture of apprehension and excitement.

*'Only if you really can't avoid it,'* I told her, the same as I had the first time she asked, and with my cock stiffening all over again, *'Try to get him to hold off though, so you can do it somewhere I can watch, late afternoon today. Let me know where.'*

I didn't touch her this morning. Even after she blew me. I wanted her hungry for her boss.

My dick thickens in the pants of my suit. Excitement pulses through me at the image. Kim's lithe body arching and yielding under Malcolm's bulk, her olive skin glowing against his frantic pale thrusts, her tits bouncing as he claims what's mine.

But fear coils tight too. *What happens without my eyes on her and him? When I can't see the looks they exchange, can't hear their whispered words. Is Kim freer and wilder without me there to judge her?*

Traffic snarls the highway, giving me more time with these swirling thoughts. *Shouldn't I set stricter boundaries? Try to limit what Kim can do? Or would that inhibit her and potentially kill the fire between them?*

She looked so hot again this morning in the pencil skirt I've come to think of as one of her 'Malcolm skirts'. She paired it with a silky blouse that shows the outline of her tits when she moves. She caught me staring and rolled her eyes. Does she roll her eyes if she catches *him* watching her?

I grip the steering wheel, imagining the conversation between them. *How exactly does a woman tell her lover that her husband knows about her adultery? That he's been watching her commit it?*

I picture Malcolm's face. Shock, twisting to rage, or even disgust?

Or maybe his hunger for my wife is totally unleashed, with no fear about me finding out anymore to hold him back.

I inch the car forward through the traffic and wonder whether Malcolm could even handle such an arrangement. *Kim's husband knowing*. Most guys would surely find it too weird, maybe even a threat to their masculinity.

*Could he walk away from my wife, though?* Young, hot, and willing - and now available to him without any fear of discovery by me.

The traffic moves forward a little faster, and so do my thoughts, carrying me to another possibility.

*What if her boss did use her confession to end it?* Despite my wife's looks, attractiveness, and availability, he's a married man, and she's his boss's daughter. Malcolm's the one with everything to lose in this relationship. He'll see that even clearer once he knows about my situation. And maybe he's been looking for a way out all along.

The possibility punches my gut. If Kim feels rejected and hurt by the guy, where would that leave this fantasy? *Gone for good*. Plus, it might put an unbearable strain on her and me.

Somewhere deep inside me, though, a small part of me whispers that this might be exactly what I deserve.

The traffic slows to a complete standstill just past the industrial district. An accident ahead, according to the traffic app on my phone. Thirty-five-minute delay.

Normally, I'd use this time to grind business calls or to think about my next sales presentation. Not now.

*Kim*. Has she told Malcolm? *Why didn't she message me with any arrangements for tonight?* It's too late now. Maybe the conversation with him went badly.

I call her again.

It rings four, five, six times, then goes to voicemail again. *Shit*. Her usual cheerful voice - with that professional edge to it since she started work again - asks me to leave a message. I hang up.

She'll have picked the kids up by now. She's probably busy with them. Supervising homework while she prepares dinner, her phone forgotten in her purse or charging in another room.

*Did she have sex with Malcolm at the office, though, today?*

The image forms in my head as the traffic traps me. Kim bent over a desk with her skirt up and panties around her ankles. Buttocks upturned, office blinds drawn. Malcolm's big body covering my wife from behind. One of his hands tangled in her dark hair, pulling her head back toward him while his other hand grips her bare hip.

Heat floods me, and I shift uncomfortably in the driver's seat. The car's barely moved in ten minutes now. Ahead of me, brake lights stretch into the distance like a string of red Christmas lights.

I try to redirect my thoughts, but it's futile. My mind locks onto the vision of my wife's flesh rippling under the slaps of Malcolm's hard body. Her flesh that I've worshiped for a decade.

*Maybe she's still at the office, though.* Maybe she had her Mom pick up the kids and take them to hers. So Kim could indulge with her boss.

My phone screen lights up.

*Her.*

"Hey," I rasp, pulse hammering.

"Sorry, I missed your call," she says, and I strain to detect any clues in her tone. Breathless? "Leah's science project," she says, "What time will you be home?"

"I'm stuck in traffic," I say, deflated by where she is, and what she's doing. The domestic dullness. "I thought you might have called me before now," I say, "Let me know how it went. I'm guessing he didn't..."

"We need to talk when you get home," her voice dips like it's loaded.

“Let’s do it now. What happened with him today? Did you...” My dick throbs.

“Not now,” she says, “Too many little ears. Later.”

We hang up.

*She’s told him.* And if there wasn’t sex, why wouldn’t she give me any details in front of the kids?

Minutes crawl by in this traffic. *I can’t wait an hour.*

I spot the ‘roadside diner’ sign up ahead a few moments later, and when I eventually reach it, I exit the highway.

I bolt outside, then into the diner and through the smells of coffee and grilled onions straight for the restroom at the back.

Inside a stall, I lean against the door and take out my phone. I scroll to a picture of Kim from last summer. We’re at the beach, and she’s in her little red bikini. The one that always gets looks from other guys, and that always drives me crazy. But in my mind, she’s with Malcolm in their office, then back at that first property, masturbating him, or flipped over his car passenger seat, tits swinging as he thumps into her.

I close my eyes and let the mash of fantasies take over. Malcolm’s big hands all over my wife’s ripe body. His mouth on her neck, her tits. Her hands and fingers braced against the fogged window of that SUV as he thrusts home.

I pump furious, slick sounds echoing. Her imagined moans -higher, broken ashes cums like ‘never before’ - they push me over. Release hits fast, and like lightning, ropes splatter, my knees buckle.

As the fog of desire clears, shame clouds my satisfaction.

*What man jerks to that?*

The kind of man who encourages it. The man who starves his wife in their marital bed but watches from outside in the snow as she's satisfied. The kind of man who tells his wife to go ahead and have sex with her boss even when he can't be there to observe.

I clean up and return to my car, my body temporarily satisfied, but my mind now consumed with dread about what Kim might have to say when I get home.

## Chapter Eight

### Gabe

By the time I pull into our driveway, twilight has fallen, casting long shadows across our front lawn. The lights from the dining room window spill out as if in welcome, and through the glass, I see Harrison and Leah seated at the table, bent over what must be homework.

Inside, the house smells of garlic and something else. Chocolate? Kim must be baking. I head toward the kitchen, but before I can call out a greeting, Kim emerges with a tight expression on her face. She's changed from her work clothes into faded jeans that hug her hips, and a bottlegreen sweatshirt. Her dark hair is pulled up in a messy bun that exposes the delicate nape of her neck.

"You're home," she says with a smile, but there's a slight edge to her voice that puts me on alert.

"Traffic was a total nightmare," I shake my head and set my laptop bag down on the dining table near the kids. Leah looks up from writing, and I kiss her forehead, then ruffle the equally busy Harrison's hair.

Kim gestures toward the hallway with her eyes.

"What's up?" I mouth the question to her. This isn't the homecoming I expected.

"Kids, carry on with your homework," she calls over her shoulder. "Daddy and I will be back in a few minutes."

In our bedroom, she closes the door firmly and turns to face me, arms crossed over her chest. The posture accentuates her breasts beneath the soft fabric of her sweatshirt, but the look in her eyes is anything but inviting.

"What happened today?" I ask and now fear the worst.

“Malcolm dropped a bomb that I’ve been thinking about all evening,” she says without preamble.

My pulse quickens. “Oh?”

“He said he thought there were *two* men outside the car that night,” Her dark eyes bore into mine. “Two of you outside in the snow.”

The memory of that night flashes vividly again. The sleazy farmer who appeared out of the darkness and stood beside me to watch Kim penetrated by her boss. The old man who couldn’t take his eyes off my wife’s body as she let Malcolm fuck her. I wasn’t sure Malcolm had seen a second observer, too. I should have fucking known he would.

*And that he’d mention it to Kim.*

“Is that true?” she demands when I don’t immediately respond.

I swallow hard. “Yeah.”

Her eyes widen slightly, as if she’d been hoping for a denial. “Malcolm thinks you brought a friend with you. That you invited someone else to watch.” Her voice rises slightly. “Gabe? You didn’t, did you?” Her face reddens.

The accusation in her tone stings, though I *guess* I understand it.

“No *way*,” I say quickly, “God, no, Kim. I’d never do that to you. And who the hell would I want watching something like that?”

Her posture remains rigid. “So who was he? You must have spoken to him?”

“Some old guy,” I shrug, relieved she seems to believe me. “Just came wandering up to me in the dark. Almost scared the shit out of me. I’ve never seen him before. A local farmer, I think.”

*Do I tell her the guy recognized Malcolm?*

“Farmer?” She flushes again.

“Yeah, he didn’t say much. He was too busy watching you. I didn’t mention it to you after because I didn’t want you to worry about it. I mean...”

“Hmm,” Kim murmurs, and she looks away. But her arms uncross, like some of the tension left her body.

“So you told Malcolm about me being there?” I ask with my throat dry.

“I told you I would,” she says and looks at me again. But there’s still what appears to be anxiety in her face.

“So how did he take it?”

Another flush spreads across her cheeks. “Better than expected, really. After the initial shock. And his concern about who the other person outside was. He wanted to know more about it. About you and me. The fantasy.”

“Did he take the news well enough to want sex with you at the office?” I take her hands, unable to keep the eagerness from my voice.

“Is that all you think about, Gabe?” Kim sighs.

“No,” I smile and pull her to me, “Not *all*. But *did* you?”

“Yes. I did it with him again.”

The confirmation hits me like a physical blow. Equal parts jealousy, excitement, and a strange, sick sense of ‘triumph’. Despite knowing about me, despite knowing he’s been watched before, Malcolm still couldn’t resist my wife.

“Tell me what you did,” I urge, and one of my hands finds its way to her thigh, then her behind. “What happened?”

“He wanted to taste me,” she says simply.

The words send a jolt through me. “Taste you, how?”

“Use your imagination, Gabe,” she rolls her eyes.

I caress the denim covering both her cheeks and swallow hard, my mind filling in graphic details. Malcolm on his knees before my wife, her skirt pushed up, her underwear pulled aside or removed entirely. His mouth on her most intimate place.

*In the fucking office?*

“Was he...was he good at it?” The question emerges hoarse, strained.

“I guess,” she shrugs, and the reply before her eyes lower, both hurts and thrills me.

He’s done *that* to my wife as well now.

“And then we did it again,” she says softly.

“Fucked?”

“Uh-huh,” she nods.

“Oh, fucking hell, Kim,” my cock throbs rock hard as my fingers find the button of her jeans and fumble in eagerness.

“Er, no, Gabe,” she shakes her head and pulls my hands from her waist. “Not until the kids are in bed.”

The realization strikes me with awful clarity: Malcolm has had my wife today, put his head *and* his big cock between her legs, while I am now being made to wait.

This new dynamic, almost like another man’s pleasure takes precedence over mine, it adds an insane but ferocious new layer to my jealousy, one that enrages me but wildly heightens this excitement.

“How did he do it to you, this time?” I plead, my voice barely recognizable to my own ears.

Before she can respond, the bedroom door bursts open. Leah stands in the doorway, eyes suspicious as she takes in the closeness of my position to her Mom.

“Mom... Dad, when’s dinner ready? We’re starving.”

Kim steps away from me smoothly, professionally, as if we weren’t just discussing her latest tryst with her lover. “Five more minutes, honey. You can set the table if you’ve done your homework.”

I watch Kim follow our daughter out of the bedroom, my wife’s rounded butt sashaying as she disappears, and I unbutton my shirt.

She’s been *had* again. I need to know *how*. And *exactly* what he said about my involvement.

I undress and change for our evening meal, and as I do, I try to shift back into the role of husband and father, rather than voyeuristic cuckold.

But as I head down the hallway to my family, all I can think about is my wife’s body with another man inside it again.

## Chapter Nine

### Gabe

The house finally quietens after nine o'clock. Harrison took forever to fall asleep, demanding the longest bedtime story he could find and an extra glass of water before his eyelids finally surrendered to gravity. Leah, ever the negotiator, bargained for an extra fifteen minutes with her book before reluctantly switching off her reading lamp.

Now, I'm in bed too. Under the soft glow of our bedside lamp, Kim emerges from the bathroom wearing nothing but a thin navy camisole that barely reaches the tops of her thighs.

*Oh yeah.* I haven't seen her in that for ages.

Her dark hair falls loose around her shoulders, still slightly damp from her shower. The sight of her, olive skin gleaming, long legs bare and endless, and the certainty that someone else has already enjoyed it all today, makes my mouth go dry.

"You're staring," she says, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips as she slides into bed beside me.

"Can you blame me?" I reach for her, my hand finding the curve of her waist. "You're so hot."

"Hmm," she murmurs with suspicion in her green eyes, but she pecks my lips.

"*And* because of what you did today," I admit it, and her smile broadens. "But I want to know exactly how it happened. And what he said. About the whole situation. And about doing it again in front of me."

Kim shifts closer, one smooth leg drapes over mine, and my groin tingles. "Where do you want me to start?"

"How did he do it to you?" I almost gasp, already hard at her teasing question.

She gives me a little smile, then turns her back on me. She presses the spongy flesh of her buttocks into my groin.

“From behind?” Now I do gasp, but I kiss the backs of her bare shoulders, around the thin straps of her camisole.

“Uh-huh,” she reaches back and caresses my thigh.

“Over his desk?” I kiss the back of her neck and reach around for her tits.

“Nuh-uh,” her head shakes in my face, “Kitchen.”

“How was it, compared to doing it that way in his car?”

“Less rushed,” she whispers and grinds her butt against my hardness, “less pressured too. Because I wasn’t being watched.”

“Did I put pressure on you?” I move back a little, so I can drag the camisole up her body.

“Kind of. And that was when I thought only *one* other man was watching me have sex.”

“Oh, fuck, Kim.” I get the silk up her back and then reach around her side again, this time for her uncovered tits. Her nipples stiffen to my touch. “What exactly did he say when you told him I knew? That I’d watched?”

“Mmm, he was shocked at first. Pissed, actually. Started to leave the office.” Her hand reaches back between us for my cock, and she grips it.

A flash of jealousy courses through me. “So how come he didn’t leave?”

“I persuaded him.”

The implication makes my pulse quicken as I’m stroked. “How?”

“How do you think?”

I swallow hard, picturing it. Kim, perhaps unbuttoning her blouse or hiking up her skirt, offering herself as an enticement to the older man to make him stay. “You used your body?”

“Mmm,” she purrs and turns to face me, hand playing with my erection as we kiss.

“Uhh, Kim,” I groan, and can’t help asking more. “What did he say about me watching?”

“He asked a lot of questions,” she whispers as she masturbates me, and I kiss her. “Like if it was your idea or mine. If it was something you pushed me into. And if we’d done it before.”

“And you told him everything?”

“I told him the truth. That it was your fantasy, but that I’ve grown to enjoy it too. Because of *him*.” Her dark eyes hold mine.

“Oh, Kim,” I groan and reach down between her legs, for her used pussy. She’s already slick with arousal.

“I told him how much it excites you to know I’m with him.”

Her words redden my face heat surges through me. “Did you mention me watching again? Did he say he’d be OK with it?” I run a finger over the bud of her clit.

“Ummm,” she moans.

“Tell me how he made you feel today,” I urge around her throat, and slide my fingers deeper inside her, “How much he filled this,” I ease two more fingers into her.

Kim’s breath catches, her body arches toward my touch. “Completely,” she whispers and squeezes my cock.

The word sparks a jolt of electricity through me. “Are you getting used to having something that big inside here?”

"Mmm, I don't think I'll *ever* get used to that," she purrs and draws long strokes down my length, "He's so big, Gabe," she says like I don't already know, "The way he stretches me..."

*Oh, fuck.* I can't wait a second longer. The combination of her touch, her words, and the mental image of Malcolm totally filling my wife like I never could, overwhelms my control. I roll her onto her back, shove myself between her thighs, and enter her in one swift movement.

The sensations overpower me. Kim's warm body welcomes me. Her soft, excited heat that already enveloped another man today. The excitement is too much, the mental stimulation too intense. Only seconds in and kissing her, I feel that terrible tightening, the point of no return.

"Kim," I groan in warning, but it's already too late. Release crashes over me in violent waves, and as the smaller ones follow, I'm left panting and disappointed even as pleasure continues to course through my veins.

"I'm sorry," I murmur, but collapse beside her. "I didn't mean that to happen.."

"It's okay," she says and kisses my forehead. There's no frustration in her voice, no similar disappointment. There's just....just a gentle acceptance that somehow makes it worse. As if she expected this outcome, but doesn't even care. As if my staying power is a given now, but that it doesn't even matter, because she's experienced something more. And she can have that same thing again when she needs it.

We lie in silence for several minutes, my breathing gradually slowing, my body cooling. But my angst is now resolute.

I should feel content, satisfied, but instead, insecurity gnaws at me.

*And she didn't even answer my question about letting me watch again.*

"Bea came into the office today too," Kim clears her throat, her voice casual as if we're discussing the weather, not lying naked in the aftermath of sex inspired by her with another man.

“Right,” I say.

“She wanted to know all about me and Malcolm,” Kim twists my way a little and pecks my bare chest.

A new anxiety prickles at the back of my neck. “I thought she already knew?”

“Only what she’d guessed,” Kim snuggles right in to me. “But she wanted to know everything.”

“What did you tell her?”

“Just where we’d done it. And how I felt about it.”

“How it *felt*?” I peer down at her. The fucking staff trainer having an idea about my wife and her boss is one thing ( and something I’d put to the back of my mind), but her wanting all the details? *What the fuck?*

“It’s what girls are like,” Kim shrugs, “We like to know these things.”

“Bea’s hardly a *girl*,” I say, uneasy about another woman knowing the intimate details of my wife’s adultery.

And yet, I’m irritated by the reluctant arousal of the same thing too.

“It was helpful to get her perspective. Who else can I talk to?”

“Duh, *me*? You didn’t mention anything to her about me watching, did you?” I ask, and my gut clenches.

Kim laughs softly. “No. Or that you’re even aware about Malcolm. One conversation about that was enough for today.”

A little relief washes over me, but it’s tempered by her next question.

“That farmer who was watching with you while I was in Malcolm’s car that night, what did he look like?”

“What did he *look* like?” I stare at her. “I don’t know. It was dark. He had a woolly hat on. And I was more interested in what you were doing, than in some old guy.”

“A weird old man came into the office today after Bea had gone,” Kim says, “He said he was a farmer. He was looking for Malcolm.”

“There’s probably a lot of farmers near that backwater where you work,” I say, like what she’s said is nothing, but my attention sharpens.

“He mentioned Lydett Lane, where we were that night. Something about his farm being near there. And the way he was looking at me. Eww,” Kim shudders against me.

“Probably just a coincidence,” I say eventually, but my blood runs cold.

“Hmm, probably,” Kim murmurs and closes her eyes, then snuggles against me.

Her breathing slowly evens out into sleep, but I lie awake.

I stare into the darkness and wonder about the odds of there being another farmer from that same remote country lane. I guess it’s possible. It’s that kind of an area. And he might have been looking at my wife in the office simply because she’s so hot.

The alternative, on top of this already precarious three-way relationship, is not something I want to consider.

Tuesday lunchtime finds me in a corner booth at Café Meridian, picking at a chicken sandwich I no longer have the appetite to finish. The lunch crowd ebbs and flows around me: office workers grab quick bites, freelancers hunch over laptops, and the occasional parent with a young child. Normal people with normal lives. ‘Normal’ marriages too, I bet

I take another sip of my now-lukewarm coffee, my mind replaying the different strands of last night’s conversation with Kim. The old ‘farmer’ visiting her office nags at me almost as much as there being no confirmation that Malcolm would be relaxed about me watching them again. Both of the thoughts are like loose teeth, that I can’t stop probing with my tongue.

Kim said yesterday wasn't the 'right time' to suggest me being there again when they have sex. Not when he'd only just been told that I know all about him. Maybe Kim was right about that.

And maybe the old guy who made Kim uncomfortable in the office yesterday wasn't that same voyeur who watched her that night. Or even if he was, who's to say he'd recognize Kim again as the woman Malcolm was screwing in his car? The windows were fogged, the lighting poor.

I push those two troubling topics aside and allow my mind to drift to more arousing territory. Kim 'persuading' him not to storm out of the office when she confessed about me. *Using her body to convince him.* And then her words to me last night about how he 'fills' her. The size of him, how he 'stretches' her.

"Can I get you a refill?" A bleached-blond waitress hovers nearby with a coffee pot. I smile and beckon for more.

Later, and back at the Amen-D headquarters, I've secured one of the empty meeting rooms for a little privacy. I'm working on the details of the sales presentation I'll need later in the week, when a knock sounds at the door. Derek from Finance stands beyond the glass, and I wave him in.

"I know you're busy, Gabe, but you got a minute?" His usual neat appearance is slightly rumpled, his expression hesitant.

"Sure," I say and gesture him to the chair across from the large desk I'm using. "I'm glad of the break. What's up?"

Derek sits, his lanky frame folding awkwardly into the seat. He's younger than me by a couple of years but has a reputation as the kind of guy who can spot a discrepancy in a spreadsheet from fifty paces.

"It's a bit awkward," he says and takes his glasses off, then puts them down on the desk and rubs his eyes. "Kind of personal."

*'Personal'?*

“There’s..”

My phone rings and cuts him off mid-sentence.

I glance at the screen, and it’s Kim’s name. Normally, I might let it go to voicemail, but this isn’t a formal meeting. And although she’s not at work today, there’s too much happening with her right now not to answer.

“Sorry, Derek. Mind if I grab this? It’s my wife.”

He nods and gives me a weak smile. But he stays put.

“Hey,” I answer and press the phone hard to my ear, try to keep my voice casual in front of my colleague. “Everything OK?”

“Gabe,” Kim’s voice comes through clearly, a hint of tension beneath her usual calm. “I just got off the phone with Malcolm.”

My heart rate accelerates, but I shift in my seat. “Oh? Kim, I’m in a ...”

“He wants to meet with you,” she says, “Tonight, if you can. Just the two of you.”

Heat floods my face. Even though Derek can surely only hear my side of the conversation, the embarrassment is overwhelming.

*Malcolm wants to meet me on my own? To discuss the fact that I watched him having sex with my wife. What could possibly be more humiliating?*

“Look, can I call you back?” I ask, my voice tight.

## Chapter Ten

### Gabe

“All good?” Derek asks when I’ve hung up the phone with Kim.

“Yeah. Just some family stuff,” I lie and smile at him over on the other side of the desk. “Now, what was it you wanted to ask me?” I try not to imagine exactly why Malcolm might want to meet me on my own tonight. Try not to brood about how I should respond to the suggestion. The thought of sitting across from him, though, acknowledging what we both know, fills me with a dizzying mixture of dread, but perverse anticipation too. The man has been intimate with my wife in more ways than I’ve seen. *And now he wants to look me in the face.*

As soon as I’ve got rid of Derek, I’ll decide what to do, then phone Kim back.

“I don’t mean to dump this on you, Gabe,” Derek brings my attention back to him. He picks his glasses back up off the desk and toys with them, opening and closing them as he peers uncertainly at me, “But you’re the only colleague I felt I could confide in.”

“It’s OK, Derek. What’s going on?”

He takes a deep breath, his narrow shoulders rising and falling beneath his ruffled, button-down shirt. “It’s my wife, Heather,” he says in a quiet voice. “She’s... she’s gotten involved with another man.”

*Really? The situation I’m fucking in, and I’m supposed to help him with this?*

I gaze right at him, and his hands are shaking. He’s clearly suffering. He looks almost ‘defeated’. If I hadn’t been so wrapped up in my own life, I might have noticed his demeanor as soon as I saw him today. But right now, the resonance with my own situation is fucking jarring.

“I found text messages on her phone after Christmas,” Derek continues, oblivious to my discomfort. “I kept hoping it wasn’t true. But in the end,...in the end I had to confront her. She admitted everything. Said she’s been seeing him for months.”

I nod and try to project sympathy. *What am I supposed to say?* What advice can I possibly offer when my own wife was bent over by another man only yesterday? *And* with my eager approval.

“The worst part,” Derek’s voice cracks, “is that she won’t tell me for definite if she’s leaving me for him. Twelve years we’ve been married, Heather and I,” he shakes his head and tosses his glasses down on the desk. He pinches the bridge of his nose as if fighting back tears.

A cold knot forms in my stomach. The pain in this guy’s voice, the despair etched into his face. These are the outcomes of infidelity when it’s not just a game, not just a fantasy.

“She *has* to tell you,” I mumble, struggling for words that might offer comfort, or hope, or both. “She owes you that much.”

“Yeah,” he nods, but his eyes remain low.

*Could this be me someday? Could Kim grow so attached to Malcolm that she decides to leave?*

“I’m so sorry to hear this, man,” I say, the words feeling hollow no matter how much I mean them. “I can’t imagine how rough it must be. But I assume you want her to stay?”

“Course.”

“And you want her to stop seeing the guy?”

For a second, he looks at me like I’m crazy.

“Then you’ve got to *tell* her,” I say with my face heated, “Spell it out. If you just stand by and let her do whatever she wants...”

Derek lets out a humorless laugh. “Rough doesn’t begin to cover it,” he says, “I can’t eat, can’t sleep. Keep wondering what he has that I don’t. I mean, he’s *nothing* to look at.”

“Have you tried marriage counseling?” I ask, but I’m clutching at straws, “I hear a lot of couples work through difficulties like yours.”

He shakes his head. “She’d have to want to save it. Says she’s ‘found herself’ with this guy.” His fingers make bitter air quotes around the phrase.

“It might just be infatuation,” I offer, and I’m running out of ideas. “I guess affairs can burn hot but die quickly when reality sets in.” I don’t even know if the guy has kids. I never asked him.

“Maybe,” Derek sighs, but any hope in his voice is thin, fragile. “I just keep thinking about what I missed, you know? Were there signs? Should I have known?”

I shift uncomfortably in my chair. Unlike Derek, I’ve orchestrated every step of my wife’s infidelity, pushed her into another man’s arms. If our marriage ever falls apart because of it, I’ll have no one to blame but myself.

“These things aren’t always logical,” I tell him, but the longer this goes on, the bigger fucking hypocrite I feel. “People make choices for all kinds of reasons. It’s probably no reflection at all on you.”

Derek nods, but then he dabs at watery eyes with a tissue. And I’m not sure any guy ever cried before in front of me. “It’s just...” he says, “It’s just, I never thought Heather would be the type, you know? Never thought I’d be sitting here like this.”

I offer more platitudes, more empty reassurances, but I can’t help the feeling that I could be glimpsing my own future. Maybe one day, I might be the one seeking comfort from a colleague, trying to explain how my marriage collapsed, but unable to admit my own role in its destruction.

Mercifully, a couple of minutes later, Jay, our boss, knocks and needs Derek.

I watch them go off together and wonder whether Jay will notice the state of Derek’s eyes. I replay what our finance guy said just before he left, about why he felt he could open up to me, and my face heats up again. He said I’m someone with a ‘solid’ marriage, someone who’s ‘got it figured out.’

The irony is almost painful. I swipe the screen of my phone and call Kim.

“Hey,” she answers on the first ring, her voice warm and familiar compared to the tension while Derek was in here. “I thought you’d forgotten to call me back.”

“Hardly,” I say with a lowered voice, but a laugh too, that doesn’t feel humorous. *The man who’s fucking my wife wants to meet up with me.* “Are you OK to talk about him now?”

“Yeah, it’s fine,” she says, “I’m at home. Got another hour before I need to go pick up the kids from school.”

“What did he say about why he wants to meet me?”

“Gabe, why do you think? This isn’t an everyday situation, is it?”

I rub the right side of my temple, feeling like a headache is on the way. “If I’m going to do this, Kim, then I want to be prepared.”

There’s a brief silence before she speaks again. “He just said he’s been thinking about what I told him, and he has questions for you.”

“What sort of questions?” My chest tightens.

“I don’t *know*,” she sighs and sounds a little exasperated. “That’s all he said. I don’t think he understands how anyone could... he probably needs you to explain why. Maybe he needs reassurance or something.”

The suggestion that a guy like him might need reassurance from me is almost laughable. He’s the one taking advantage of my wife and my fantasy to get what he wants. What could he possibly need from me except permission to continue?

“Did he say where he wanted to meet, if it was tonight?” I ask and pull out a pen, as if any address I write down might be like any other note for a business appointment.

“He suggested going for a drink. Mentioned a couple of bars that might be convenient, Churchill’s on Elm Street, or The Grayson near the financial district.”

“Churchill’s would be better for me,” I say and put the pen away. “He definitely doesn’t want you there, too?” I don’t know which would be the most awkward. With Kim, or without her, as her ‘lover’ grills me.

“No,” Kim says. “He said ‘man to man.’”

The phrase sends a fresh wave of apprehension through me. He’s physically imposing. Taller, as well as with a much bigger frame than me.

“You won’t be worried about us being on our own together, will you?” I say and try to feign a laugh, like she should be concerned that he and I might share secrets about her. I don’t want to admit that the thought of meeting him intimidates me. That I’m anxious of appearing pathetic in front of the man who’s been intimate with my wife.

“You’re both adults,” she says, “And I guess a conversation needs to happen. If you’re both going to...”

“Right,” I interrupt her, “Just checking.”

“Gabe,” Kim’s voice softens. “It’ll be fine, you know. Malcolm’s not some kind of monster. I think he only wants to understand the situation, from your perspective.”

“Of course,” I say, though my apprehension remains. “Tell him Churchill’s at seven then. I’ll see you after that.”

After we hang up, I stare off into space with my heart racing. The sales presentation I was working on is still open, but almost completely forgotten. In a few hours, I’ll be sitting across from Malcolm John, looking him in the eye, both of us knowing that I wanted him to fuck Kim. Both of us knowing that I’ve watched him do it. The prospect slackens my bowels, and yet, beneath the fear, runs a fast current of unfathomable dark excitement, too.

## Chapter Eleven

### Gabe

Churchill's Bar sits on a quiet corner of Elm Street, its dark wood exterior and discreet sign always suggesting privacy, which tonight, will be needed. It's 6:55 pm as I pull into the small parking lot behind the building. I spot the familiar dark SUV almost right away, and my gut clenches. The same motor my wife got screwed in.

I switch off the engine, take a deep breath to collect myself, then check my face in the rearview mirror before heading outside.

Inside, the bar has a sparse 'Tuesday crowd in January' chill. Soft jazz hums. Dim lights foster intimacy without making it difficult to see. Polished wood and whiskey scent wrap around me, thick and somehow reassuring.

Malcolm's seated in a corner booth and hasn't seen me yet. My chest pulls tight. An amber tumbler of what looks like Scotch sits in a glass on his table. A dark suit flatters his wide shoulders; white shirt and dark tie. LinkedIn profile come to life. I keep moving towards him.

Then he spots my approach, his gaze direct and evaluating as I get nearer.

"Don't bother standing," I say with a grin and wave him back down. I try to sound both relaxed and maintain an element of control, even though I don't feel either.

"Gabe?" he reaches an arm up at me, his voice deeper than I expect, and his smile more 'businesslike' than friendly. "Malcolm John."

"Good to meet you," I say and shake his big hand before I sit opposite him. His grip is firm but not crushing. Up close, the lines around his eyes speak of his age. And the reminder of that somehow makes his 'pairing' with my Kim all the more surreal. He's rugged, masculine, but in a handsome way too I guess, which makes me acutely aware of his comparison to me.

*I feel sick.*

“Thanks for coming,” he says, “What’ll you have to drink?” He beckons one of the male servers over.

“Coors, please,” I tell the guy with the small tablet in both his hands, then turn back to Malcolm. “Unusual situation, eh?”

Malcolm laughs, warm but brief - easing the tension without dissolving it. “That might be the understatement of the year.”

Silence settles. It’s awkward but charged. He takes a sip of his whiskey, and I glance at him.

*The fingers curled around his tumbler have mauled my wife’s tits. And been inside her too. The tongue that tastes his whiskey has tasted her, too.*

“So look,” he leans forward eventually with whiskey on his breath, “I’m sure you can guess why I wanted to meet. Kim told me all about your arrangement. But I’d like to hear about it from you.”

I nod and try to work out what to say next.

My drink arrives and momentarily saves me. I take as big a mouthful as I can manage. Grateful for the burning sensation as it slides down my throat.

“I get that it’s a fantasy,” he says and swirls his drink in his glass, “But Kim says you two never acted it out before with any other guy. Is that right?”

His question lands blunt. A stirring humiliation that’s laced with a dark thrill. Explaining my fantasies to *him*. “Not before this, no,” I say quietly. “I never thought she’d go through with it. Not the whole way.” I pause and swallow hard. “You must have made an impression on her.”

The words hang, my acknowledgment of his ‘power’ over the woman I love. The dark spark inside me ignites again. This guy must know how special he is. My wife’s vows bent solely for him, and him alone.

Malcolm nods slowly, thoughtful. “For what it’s worth, I never cheated on my wife before either. Beth.... *we’ve* got our issues. But this wasn’t something I ever pictured myself doing.”

“Kim can be hard to resist,” the genuine suggestion slips out of my mouth.

He meets my eyes, like he’s searching for mockery, but there’s none intended. “She can,” he concedes quietly. “Though I’m not proud of the excuse. We’re a church-going family.”

“I wrestle with my feelings about this, too,” I confess, surprising myself. I lower my voice further and look right at him. “Encouraging your wife toward another man? Not exactly standard behavior, is it?”

“No, it isn’t,” he agrees, a hint of judgment colors his tone and makes me shift slightly in my seat. My cock twitches. “But we’re adults here,” he says, “And I have no intention of wrecking either marriage. This is just...” he trails off.

“Physical?” I offer. “An arrangement that seems to work for the three of us. And it’s good to know that you’re not looking to wreck anything.”

“Right,” he says, but like he’s not fully buying some part of what I’ve said. “And it goes without saying that we don’t want anyone else finding out about this.”

*She hasn’t told him about Bea.*

“Absolutely,” I nod.

“I’m glad Kim talked me out of chasing after you that night by the car. I wasn’t thinking straight. It could have ended badly.”

Chill prickles my spine. The implication that he might have physically confronted me, perhaps beaten the shit out of me. “I’m glad too,” I say honestly, and my breath shortens.

“The other guy with you, though,” his brow furrows, “He really had nothing to do with you?”

“Complete stranger,” I shake my head.

*But I'm going to tell him. If the farmer is the same guy who's poking around the office now when Kim's alone there, then I want Malcolm to know.*

“First time I laid eyes on him. He did claim you'd sold him a farm on that lane, though.”

“Did he now?” Malcolm leans back with his expression darkening.

I let him stew on that for a few moments. *I need to check he'll be OK with me watching them from now on.*

He beats me to the subject. “I have to ask,” he signals for more drinks, “Were you hoping to join-in at some point? Is that where this was headed with you alongside us, some kind of swinging arrangement, group sex?”

“No,” I say quickly, flush rising again. “That's not it at all.”

“So how does it work for you? Because most men I know would either want-in on the action or want to kill the guy touching a wife like Kim.”

I take a deep breath, searching words for the inexplicable. “I like seeing Kim desired,” I say finally and stare at my beer. “Seeing her enjoying herself, being pleased, giving pleasure. In a way I don't usually get to see her.” My voice cracks on the last word.

He studies me, expression unreadable for a beat. “You know, most guys don't get off on just watching their wives with someone else.”

“I'm aware,” I mutter. Humiliation burns me, like his judgment labeled me a ‘deviant’. Arousal surges hard beneath the surface though.

*He thinks I'm pathetic, weak, that my wife's 'his' for the taking.*

“But,” he adds, his posture easing a little, “as long as Kim's on board and it doesn't tank anyone's marriage, then it's not my place to judge.”

Relief eases the knot in my chest. “Thanks. I appreciate it.”

“If we’re keeping this going, though,” he says firmly with a pulse-jumping shift to a business-like tone, “We need ground rules.”

My pulse quickens. “Like what?”

“First, no more watching without me knowing. I don’t like being part of your show unaware. If you want to watch her with me, you ask ahead of time, and it’s my call.”

I nod, disappointment swirling against the thrill of him laying down ‘rules’ about fucking my wife.

“Second, not *every* time. Some things between me and Kim stay private. You have to live with that.”

Harder swallow. Them alone, her cries and pleasure unknown and unshared, me not there to witness, to maintain some sense of control over the whole situation, coils anxiety in my chest.

“How often would you be OK with me watching?” My own neediness grates, but simply asking the question thickens my cock.

“Depends,” he says evenly, “On timing, location, if it’s safe and makes sense, a lot of different factors. But it won’t be every single time. That’s not up for debate.”

I take another sip of my drink, buying time to process what he’s saying.

*What if I argue? If I insist on greater or even ‘total’ access.*

He might walk. I can’t risk this thrill. “Alright. As often as reasonable, then. I just don’t want to be frozen out.”

“We’ll figure it out as we go.” He nods, decisive. Then he checks his watch and finishes his drink. “I need to get home. My wife will be wondering where I am.”

The mention of his wife, the innocent party in all this, stirs fresh guilt. But Malcolm and I both stand, our meeting seemingly concluded.

## Chapter Twelve

### Gabe

Wednesday morning dawns gray and cold, winter pressing its face against our bedroom windows like a wanna-be intruder. I surface groggy from sleep, aware first, of warmth, then of touch.

Kim's fingers trace delicate patterns along my inner thigh, her mouth presses soft kisses against my chest. "Morning, sleepy head," she whispers, her voice still husky with sleep. Her dark hair falls like curtains around her face, tickling my chest as her hand moves to my groin.

"Morning," I mumble, more awake by the second. "Uhhh, this is a nice surprise."

Kim peers at me through her lashes, a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "I was thinking again about you meeting with Malcolm last night," she says, her fingertips and nails light on my balls. "Tell me everything he said."

"I told you when I got home," I smile at her, but something about her wanting to hear it again makes me a little uneasy. Though in truth, I only gave her the broad strokes. That Malcolm is happy for me to watch them together, but that he doesn't want me there unless he knows in advance. I left out the part about him wanting her to himself at times, though. I need to talk to her about that. I need to make sure it doesn't happen too often.

"You can't have told me everything," she counters, her green eyes studying my face now and her hand circling my hard cock, "You seemed subdued when you got home."

"I was tired," I say, "And it was a weird feeling meeting the guy who's sharing this body with me." I reach for the hem of her thin cotton nightgown and inch it up her warm hips. "It was just a mind-fuck, sitting across from him, knowing he's had this too," I caress the indent of her waist, then kiss her full on the lips.

"Mmm, a good or bad mind-fuck?" she giggles when our mouths break, and her hand strokes me.

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The mention of his wife, the innocent party in all this, stirs fresh guilt. But Malcolm and I both stand, our meeting seemingly concluded.

“One last thing,” he says and drops two big bills on the table for the drinks, “Kim’s an amazing girl. You’re a lucky man. If I were you, I’d try not to lose sight of either.”

The statement hangs between us like a compliment laced with a warning. And it leaves me again wondering how much of what started as my fantasy is still mine to control.

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"Mmm, a good or bad mind-fuck?" she giggles when our mouths break, and her hand strokes me.

Instead of answering, I ease a hand beneath her thighs and touch her there. Somehow, after what he said about me not getting to watch every time, I don't want her to go into work unsatisfied today. Not like before, when I've deliberately left her wanting.

She responds to my fingers inside her, and her body arches into mine. She lets go of my cock for a moment, and her nightgown comes off easily. Her olive skin uncovered; flushed, and nipples peaked with desire. In the pale morning light filtering through our blinds, Kim looks like something from a painting; all soft curves and warm shadows, a study in female perfection.

"You're so beautiful," I murmur, and my hand cups her breasts, thumb circling a dark peak.

She smiles and her head falls back as she straddles me. "Tell me what he said," she insists as she guides my hardness into her slick heat.

"Uhh," I gaze up at her and run my palms over both her hips.

"Tell me everything," she says as her body moves against mine.

Her persistence, even as we do this, confuses but excites me too. "You just want to hear what he said about you being 'amazing' again, don't you?"

"Mmm, and how lucky you are to have me," she smiles and grinds her body.

"He thinks he knows the other guy who was watching you both in the car," I say, because surely Malcolm will mention that part of our discussion to her.

"The farmer?" Kim pants as we slick together.

"Yeah. I should have told you on the night that the other guy recognized Malcolm," I gasp and reach up for her swaying tits.

"Uhm, why didn't you?"

"I didn't want to worry you."

“Is he the guy who came into the branch looking for Malcolm?”

“Uhh, Kim,” I groan, “I don’t know,” I push up hard into her heat, grip her hips as we fuck.

“What did he say about you watching us again?” She plants her palms on my chest.

“Uhhh, oh God, he doesn’t want me there every time.”

“Mmm, he wants me to himself,” she gives me a dirty smile and leans down to kiss me, her hair falling around us like a curtain, creating our own private world.

“I don’t want too much of that, Kim,” I slap up fast into her, “I want to see you with him,” I pant, but her words about Malcolm wanting her ‘all to himself’ have me close to the edge already, “Get him to take you somewhere today, Kim. Somewhere I can watch.”

“Mmm, I need his big cock again,” Kim’s tits slap together in my face as she grinds against my frantic thrusts.

And it’s too much. The physical sensations of her, the sight of her above me, and her dirty, disloyal words all combine to overpower me. I cry out and cling to her.

After Kim slides off me and lies at my side with her dark hair fanning across the pillow, we both peer up at the ceiling. “Shall I call my mom and ask her to pick the kids up from school?” she asks me, “See if she can take them to her place until we collect them later? That would give us more time with him.”

“I guess so,” I say, but the cloud of newly-formed angst and fear inhibits much enthusiasm.

“Or maybe your mom could do it,” Kim turns to me and kisses my chest.

“Yeah, I could ask.”

“I wonder how Malcolm will feel when he’s with me, but he knows you’re there watching?”

The question makes me pause and consider it for the first time. “I don’t know,” I admit.

Kim glances at the clock on our nightstand. “I need to shower and get ready for work.”

The journey between my first and second client meetings of the day takes an hour and a half. Too much time alone to think. Kim messaged me earlier from her office to say her Mom was handling the kids this afternoon, so Kim would speak to Malcolm as soon as he arrived.

*My wife ‘asking’ her boss if they can have sex this early evening. So her husband can watch. Kim ‘asking’ another man for it.*

I pass another series of office complexes in the suburbs and accelerate, then out the other side and beyond a large industrial park on my right.

The image forms unbidden: Kim at some unfamiliar address in one of Moreno’s properties. Pushed over some stranger’s dining table in front of me with the skirt she put on this morning, hiked up around her hips, as Malcolm John smacks into her from behind. Him turning his head to smirk at me with triumph in his eyes.

I shift uncomfortably in my seat, my cock and balls bristling at the fantasy. A fantasy that’s getting stronger now by the hour. Intrusive thoughts that paralyze me with the familiar cocktail of jealousy and arousal, feelings that make it impossible to focus on anything else.

A service area sign finally appears up ahead and I signal to pull off the highway.

The parking lot is half-empty, most spaces occupied by several empty long-haul trucks. I park at the far end, away from the other vehicles, where trees border the lot. I cut the engine.

The air is cold when I step outside, but I barely feel the discomfort of it. *I won’t even use the washroom. Here will be faster. And more private.*

With a furtive glance around to ensure no one is watching, I take quick steps toward the trees. They might only offer minimal screening, but there's no one around, and I'm too far gone to care.

I find release fast against the trunk of a leafless oak.

Afterward, shame washes over me again like cold, dirty water as I zip up and straighten my clothes.

Thirty minutes into the remainder of my journey, when I'm imagining the worst of where this whole situation might lead, my phone rings. It startles me from the spiraling thoughts.

It's Kim, though, and I press the hands-free.

"Gabe? Malcolm doesn't think tonight will work." She says.

Relief soars through me. Maybe she and I should have more of a talk. About 'ground rules' of our own. "He suggested we could meet on Friday instead."

"Oh," is all I can say in response. But something about Friday being two days away makes me feel more secure. It gives Kim and I more time to make sure we're on the same page.

"He wants to talk some things through with me first," she says.

"What things?" I ask as outside it starts to rain.

"Details, I guess," she says with a lowered voice. "But he and I can't really discuss that here. The office is too busy. He's asked me to go for a drink with him on the way home tonight."

The words land like a stone in my stomach. "A drink?"

*Like a 'date'.*

“It would only be for an hour or so,” she says quickly. “I’d be home in time to help put the kids to bed.”

“But you’d be *out* with him,” I say, unable to keep the edge from my voice. “In public.”

“Gabe, he’s my boss,” she says with a note of frustration in her tone. “And if you want this to happen on Friday, Malcolm and I need to figure out the logistics of where and how.”

“Right,” I guess it will take some planning and coordination. But the thought of them even doing that together, arranging their encounter, finalizing the details of their fornication away from the facade of decency in their office, creates a knot in my chest.

“So can I tell him yes?” Kim presses me.

I close my eyes but see no alternative that wouldn’t make me appear controlling or unreasonable. “Fine,” I say. “Just... get home as soon as you can.”

“Of course,” she says, “Shall I tell my Mom we don’t need her babysitting tonight after all? Book her for Friday instead? Or will you be finished with work too late today to pick Leah and Harrison up from school?”

“I can collect them from school,” I say, because the last thing we need is all our babysitting ‘credits’ used up before Friday. Kim and Malcolm making their arrangements for a session of intimacy that I won’t even get to watch.

“See you tonight,” she says, “Gotta go. Love you.”

I tell her I love her too, but if she’s out with him tonight, who knows what might happen again in that car of his?

“Dad, when will Mom be home?” Harrison mumbles around spaghetti. The dining table is a mess of jarred sauce and burnt garlic bread.

“As soon as she’s finished the extra work she’s got, buddy,” my voice stays even, but heat crawls up my neck. Lying to my own kids while their mom is out drinking with her lover. *This is my life now?*

“She’s never worked this late before,” Leah shows me sharp eyes.

*Tell me about it.*

“Special property meeting.” The shame sits like lead in my gut. I hustle them through washing dishes, then choosing a movie to stream. The screen blurs for me.

Malcolm stopping the car on their way home. Clambering over to my wife on the passenger seat and her waiting arms. Pushing his dick into my wife. Jealousy throbs hard in my pants. I leave the kids and head to one of the bathrooms. I grip and pump myself to a guilty spurt, guilt and self-loathing crashing in after.

The kids are down by 9:15 but still no Kim. Silence presses in around me. I pace the house, phone burning my palm.

*Where is she? What’s she doing?*

The key rattles at 9:42 when I’m in the kitchen getting another beer.

“Hey,” she says and comes to me with bright eyes and flushed cheeks. Her dark skirt hugs those perfect hips, and her legs shimmer with the sheen of pantyhose. A navy blazer screens most of her cream cotton blouse but still hints at the breasts beneath.

The sight of her clenches my gut. My wife, mother of my children, returning to me from a ‘date’ with her lover.

“How come you’re so late?” I snap at her.

“The bar was packed,” she groans and sets her purse down on the worktop, dodging my stare, “We had to wait for a table.”

“The kids kept asking where you were.”

“I’m sorry,” she says and kisses my cheek. Then she slips her heels off and tells me she needs the bathroom.

I trail her toward our bedroom and then sit on the bed while she goes to pee.

She returns with a smile and takes off her blazer.

“What’s *that*?” My gut twists.

Kim’s left hand rises to the left side of her neck, “What?”

I stand and move her hand aside, finger the dark mark. “*This*. From your *planning* discussion?”

“It...it must have just...happened,” her face flames as she unbuttons her blouse to change into sweats.

“It’s a *love bite*, Kim. Like you’re a teenager. You let him *mark* you?” Bile rises, hot and sharp. But even with that, it’s chased by the ever-present, trembling excitement, too. “You had sex. So is this his way of staking his claim now that he knows I’m aware of what you’re doing? Some kind of territorial display? Trying to show me who’s boss?”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Gabe,” Kim’s eyes flash, and she faces me, now stripped to her white bra and panties. “You pushed for this. But you can’t control every single part of it.”

## Chapter Thirteen

### Gabe

Thursday drags like a bad hangover. Every glance at my phone shows just minutes ticked by. Tomorrow I get to watch Kim and Malcolm together, with him knowing I'm there. But right now, time itself is torture.

"...then she texted me pictures of them together at some restaurant," Derek from finance drones softly from across my desk, voice cracking. "Can you believe that? It's like she wants me to see how happy they are."

I nod, hardly hearing his latest installment of grief over last night's replay: Kim arriving home late with that hickey blooming on her neck. No matter what she said at first, I knew that was Malcolm's *deliberate claim*. My insistence led to her admission in bed. "He was probably teasing you," she said.

*No, Kim. He was trying to 'Claim' you.*

After the bar, he'd driven her home - just to the corner, she swore. Like the other time. *But what if a neighbor saw her climb out of his dark SUV, face flushed and hair mussed?*

Jealousy hit hard, but so did the heat. "Did you make out in his car?" I croaked, and my hands slid under her nightgown.

"Yes," she breathed as my fingers felt her heat. "But not where we did it last time. He was worried that guy might show up again."

"Where?" The demand was rough in my throat.

"Some dark spot after the bar. Wasn't paying attention. It was dark."

*You were probably already undoing his pants.*

Derek yanks me back. "You're lucky, Gabe. Happy marriage, healthy kids, beautiful, loyal wife."

The irony stabs at me like it did the last time. Not just him using the same phrase about my 'luck' that Malcolm did. But if Derek had seen the way Kim came home last night, heard what she'd done, and knew of the next fucking that another man has planned for her tomorrow....he'd *pity* the fool handing over his wife.

"Hang in there, Derek," I say, "This other guy could turn out to be a total asshole. Your wife might come running back sooner than you think," I mutter lamely before he says he needs to go to a meeting.

Alone again, I imagine my own fallout. Derek consoling me, the truth way too twisted to ever confess.

I arrive home to garlic and tomatoes - Kim's homemade lasagna baking. She's barefoot in the kitchen in snug jeans and a plain white jumper. Her rounded ass curves perfectly as she turns. She's always breath-stealing, even casual. "How was your day?" she asks me with a quick kiss on tiptoes before turning back to the salad she's preparing.

"Long," I drop my bag and wrap her waist from behind. Her warmth grounds me, but even as it does, the shadow of tomorrow lingers dark now. "How was yours?"

"Quite productive," she says with a hint of excitement in her voice. She turns to me, and her eyes brighten. "Malcolm called. He's arranged everything for tomorrow."

My pulse quickens, but there's queasiness in my gut. "So what's the plan?"

"There's a property we just listed; a detached on the outskirts of town. Four bedrooms, the owners already moved out. Malcolm says we'll have at least two hours clear."

"Two hours," I repeat, my mouth suddenly dry. That's a *long* time. "And he's... definitely OK with me being there with you?"

Kim nods, but a flicker of uncertainty crosses her face. "As long as you're discreet, and you get that it won't be like this every time." She studies my face. "You don't seem as excited as I expected."

I force a smile, masking the unease at his terms shaping my thrill. His control over when, where, and how I witness my wife having sex.

But the same thing prickles my balls as well. My hands slide down and cup her butt through the denim. "I am excited. Very."

"Good," she says and returns to the salad bowl. "My mom's lined up for the kids. We can pick them up after." The casual logistics hit me. We're talking as if we're discussing a dentist appointment, not a voyeuristic fuck with her boss.

*This whole situation has been normalized in a matter of only weeks.*

Later, after the kids are in bed, we lie in our bedroom's darkness. Her head rests on my chest, dark hair splayed like silk across my skin. Despite the intimacy, a strange distance nags at me, a gap tonight that I can't bridge.

"Do you still love me?" The question escapes me raw and sudden.

Kim lifts her head in the dim light. "What kind of question is that?"

"A serious one," I say.

"Of course, I love you, Gabe. You're my husband. The kids' dad."

"But is that enough?" I press her, hardly able to look at her, "When he's...when he's inside you...do you ever wish it was more than just physical?"

She sighs and sits right up. The sheet slips and reveals the soft curve of her breasts under her thin nightgown. "This was *your* fantasy. You wanted it. Now you're worried I'll fall for him?"

"Not worried," I shake my head, but I'm not certain what I'm feeling.

She leans over me and kisses me.

"Let me show you who I love," she murmurs when we break apart, and I'm hard in my shorts. She slides down my body, warm mouth on my chest, then trailing lower on my stomach.

I groan, and she takes my hardness in her hand. Then lips wrap around it. I close my eyes, surrender to the sensations, and as my arousal quickens, I push her to admit.

“Are you excited to do it with him again?”

She pauses and peers up at me through her lashes. “As long as my husband is still happy about it.”

“I am,” I gasp as she strokes me.

“I can’t wait,” she says and sucks me again.

“Because he’s so big?”

“Mmm,” she moans around my balls.

“Bigger than me?”

She peers up again, but this time with a sly smile.

“Because he’s better than me?”

“Different,” she says, her breath hot against my skin. “Malcolm’s different from you.”

“Your lover,” I whisper, the word both bitter-sweet, but making my sucked cock throb.

“Mmm, yeah,” she moans, “My secret lover.”

Friday morning. I hover in our bedroom doorway, watching her before the full-length mirror. She smooths hands over the pencil skirt - the daring side split flaring high on her thigh. The same one from that first time, when she gave Malcolm his first taste of physical intimacy with her. Kim’s hand wrapped around that big, ugly cock. Me in the closet shadows, hidden, my heart hammering.

“*That* skirt?” My voice strains to sound neutral, chest tightening.

She meets my eyes in the mirror, lips curving. “Malcolm said he likes it.”

The words hit me. Is she *dressing* for him? Jealousy surges, and my cock thickens in my pants. “He asked you to wear it today?”

“No.” Her lipstick glides on, bold red, “But I remember how he looked at me when I wore it before.”

I step close, and she smells as good as she looks. *Like Jasmine*. My palms trace her hips through the smooth fabric - savor her warmth, the ‘promise’ of her. The skirt is tight. “What time today?” I ask.

“I’m not exactly sure,” she shrugs, “I’ll have to text you. But right now I need to finish getting ready. Are you dropping the kids at school, or do I need to?”

“I’ll do it,” I tell her and step back to give her space.

As I get the kids ready to leave, I can’t shake the feeling that in telling Malcolm everything, something has shifted between Kim and me.

Her text to me arrives mid-morning, when I’m auditing our range in a new boutique. My heart hammers, and as I read Kim’s confirmation, I break into a sweat from almost every part of my body.

The address to watch my wife have sex with her boss is in the northwest of Millfield. The meeting time is ‘5-15.’ My cock thickens in my business suit.

The rest of Friday, though, drags like tar. Until finally, late afternoon, I’m in my car and feeling sick, but en route. The GPS leads me to a quiet cul-de-sac where new builds fade into older, more established homes. I blaze with a fever I can’t control.

The house itself sprawls back from the road, a circular driveway shadowed by mature trees. A ‘For Sale’ creaks in the breeze. He’s picked a *classy-looking place* to fuck my wife in front of me. *Private, too*.

I park right opposite and kill the engine. *Ten to five*. I bite a fingernail and ask myself again what the hell I’m doing to my marriage.

But I know the answer. I check the clock on my dashboard like a nervous tic. My throat is dry, palms greasy, and my heart racing out of control.

And then Malcolm's dark SUV prowls past and onto the driveway.

I panic and irrationally slouch low in my seat. For a split second, I consider driving away, abandoning this whole twisted scenario.

The SUV doors pop. Malcolm emerges first, broad-shouldered in a black business suit; he circles his motor on foot and opens Kim's door. His 'gentlemanly' gesture irritates me, but somehow also makes me feel small.

Kim steps out laughing, the dying sunlight gilds her, while the split skirt hugs curves and reveals a bare thigh. Legs elongated by heels. She tosses her wavy dark hair.

*My wife - the kids' mom. About to be 'had'.*

I wait until they enter the house. Then I slip out of the car. My legs are jelly, I'm dream-walking. The front door is ajar. Step inside. Spacious foyer echoes hardwood. Hallway ahead, and he already has her pinned to a wall. Mouth devouring her, hand vanishing up the split skirt.

*Fucking hell.*

They haven't noticed me. *Or they don't care.*

"God, I've been waiting for this all day," Malcolm growls into her neck.

"Me too," her fingers claw his belt. "I couldn't focus at work."

His hand delves deeper up her skirt, and Kim gasps. Her head lolls against the wall.

"Already so wet. For *me*," he kisses her throat, and the naked possession in his voice slams my core.

He spins her to face the wall, hikes her skirt waist-high. She shrieks but giggles. Pantyhose rips.

*Where are her panties?*

“You can pay for those,” she teases him over her shoulder, her eyes hungry. Her desire is so naked it makes me feel like an intruder.

*I'm being ignored.*

“Worth every penny,” Malcolm’s voice is rough with need now, and his zipper rasps. As I watch, red-faced, he frees his thick cock, veins pulsing, head gleaming.

“Mmm,” Kim reaches behind for his stiffness.

“Eyes on your husband first, Kimmie,” he tells her, shoving his pants down and glancing my way. “Show him what you want.”

They *do* know I’m here.

“I want *this*,” her fingers circle it, and she tries to turn to him.

Malcolm holds her firm and facing the wall.

“You’re such a bully,” she laughs.

“How do you like your wife with no panties on for work, Gabe?”

“Yeah,” the word almost chokes me.

He grips my wife by her exposed hips and, with one smooth motion and a gasp from her, the bare-assed Malcolm hoists Kim up to her tiptoes in her heels.

*Oh, shit.*

He inches her back toward him by her hips, then he bends at the knee and thrusts up and into her.

He’s *fucking* her!

A cry rips through her, and maybe through me, too. Hers like surprise with pleasure that bounces off the picture-framed walls around us. He grips her hips hard, dents her olive skin as her shredded pantyhose hangs. Relentless rhythm as his powerful thighs flex, balls slapping under her buttocks.

“Uhh, yeah,” Kim breathes, her fingers splayed against the wall for support. “Fuck, yeah. Just like that.”

“You hear that, Gabe?” Malcolm grunts, snarls, his head swivels, and eyes lock mine mid-thrust, “I think she likes it.”

“I do,” Kim groans at the wall, “Oh, God, I do.”

Shame burns me. My cock throbs painfully in my pants. *I hate this. I hate him. But I love it more than words can say.* I squeeze my cock.

“That’s it, Kim,” he smacks into her, “Tell him how you like it. Moan for him.”

She obeys, her head thrown, “Oh, God, oh fuck, yeah, so deep, Gabe. Fuck, feels...” His thrusts cut her words. Her thighs shake, breath hitches. She clenches visibly around him. “Cumming, oh God, oh God Malcolm, I’m cumming.”

“Watch her,” he grunts into her hair, “This what you wanted? Watch her, watch your wife cum.”

“I’m cumming, oh God, he’s making me cum, Gabe.” Shudders rack her as she pushes back at him. He falters, slams erratically, then buries himself hard, his roar muffled in the back of her hair, pumping her deep.

Then they both fall still.

They breathe together, still connected as one. Time stands still, and I’m not sure which of the three of us is breathing hardest.

Malcolm pulls out of my wife with an audible ‘plop’. He drags his pants up and tucks himself away. Kim turns around with her hair messed and her skirt ragged, and she kisses him.

I'm sick with the ache of shameful jealousy. Relieved and somehow pleased that it was over so fast, but mesmerized too by what I've seen. I'm excited beyond reason by their raw passion. Nauseated by it, too. The whole brief scene more intense, but more devastating than I could have ever imagined.

Her green eyes find me. A flush blooms her cheeks. "I'd better find a bathroom," she says.

Kim flees up the staircase, and I'm alone with him. The big guy who just fucked my wife.

The air is thick with the tang of spent sex. His tie is loose, shirt creased. The phrase 'Satisfied alpha' pops uninvited into my head.

"Good for you too?" his eyes look genuine as they weigh me up.

Heat crawls up my neck, embarrassment warring with a perverse pride that this virile, older man is kind of seeking my approval about the sex he had with my wife. "Yeah," I clear my throat. "You?"

Malcolm's lips quirk. "She's fire. Every time." He glances toward the stairs, "She loves it, doesn't she?"

My stomach knots. That jealous thrill spikes me. *Yes, my wife loves sex with you.*

"Malcolm?" Kim's voice calls from upstairs, "Gabe? I've found a lovely bedroom up here."

Malcolm and I exchange a look. His, slightly amused, mine surprised, embarrassed.

*More? Already?*

Malcolm gestures toward the stairs. "Shall we?"

The master bedroom is spacious and bright under an elaborate overhead light. Big windows frame a backyard sprawl.

*Fuck.*

Kim lies on a king-sized bed and mattress, propped on one elbow in a shamelessly inviting pose. The skirt split bares most of one thigh, her blouse is shed, white bra cups heaving swells.

“Took you long enough,” she curls a playful finger at Malcolm.

“Told you this little lady likes it,” Malcolm whistles and whips his tie right off as he approaches the bed.

Is *he* ready to go again, too?

I stay frozen in the doorway. *What exactly is my role? A silent shadow? There's no 'how to' manual for any of this.*

“You come closer too, Gabe. So you can see,” Kim pats the edge of the mattress, but her engorged eyes are on him.

Malcolm shoots me a frown, but he joins my wife on the bed, where Kim guides him to lie on his back.

I stay standing.

Kim straddles his thighs, skirt riding up and bust swaying in her bra. She leans over him and undoes his pants for the second time.

“Gabe always asks how I can suck something this big, don't you, Gabe?” she says, her attention and hands on Malcolm.

*Oh, fucking hell.* I try to swallow, unable to form words as she frees him from his pants again.

Thick, veins like worms, she spits on the head, and my stomach twists. Inadequacy but pride too.

Kim shuffles back a little on top of him, her ass arcing air, her pantyhose gone too now as she lowers her head to his groin. “Mmm.”

I get an almost unobstructed view of the puffy, glistening pleasure center he pounded and came in downstairs.

*Is she giving me a deliberate display? While she attends to him?*

Heat floods through me.

“Mmm,” her mouth engulfs him, slow tongue swirls around his dome, her cheeks hollow. His balls massaged, her moans and enthusiastic slurps echo the empty room. *Hunger for him.* Her throat bulges, she gags.

“Oh, Kim,” I groan out loud.

His head twists on the mattress, a groan that vibrates the floor. “Uhh, Jesus, Kim,” his fist in her hair, guiding her.

I daren’t blink. Wet ‘glucks’, she hums and moans around his big balls. She twists her position a little and her eyes flick to me. Like she’s looking for me.

A sense of relief shoots through me.

Kim works him with skill that I’m intimately familiar with, but there’s something hungrier about her approach with him, a determination to please his big, masculine body that both disturbs and excites the hell out of me.

“Jesus, Kim,” Malcolm breathes, one hand tangled in her dark hair. “You’re incredible.”

My hand pushes into my pants. Need drowns shame.

“Pull off,” he husks, “Straddle me properly. I want to be inside you again.” Then he glances my way. “Stroking, Gabe? You like it too, huh? Like to see her take it all?”

“Yeah. God, yeah,” I lean in to see better.

She hoists her skirt right up again, then climbs, her knees wide as she guides his tip to her folds, to her dripping arousal. She sinks slowly, inch by inch, her lips stretching obscenely, the pitch of her moans ever higher, until she takes his all. The whine from her throat is like pure bliss. Like nothing I ever heard from her before.

I jack so fast.

She rolls her hips like fluid, leaning too, like she's grinding him on her clit. "Oh god," she gasps, her pace increasing. "Fuck, yeah, I'm so close again."

"Eyes on your husband," he commands my wife with a double hip grip, "Let him see how good you feel. How much I fill you."

"Fuck so full, so good, Gabe, he fills me so good." Thighs slap and bodies slick, her tits bounce and her bra spills, his and her breathing in heavy synch. "So deep, deeper than..."

"Ride harder for him," Malcolm goads her. He slaps her ass into a pink bloom, and Kim moans. Audible 'schlicks' from her drenched pussy. He reaches one hand up as he fucks her, and he pulls her tits from her bra.

"Oh, Kim," I thrash my cock through my fist.

"Scream when you're close," he tells her and pushes up at her.

She's frantic now as she rides, tits bouncing free. Her gasps sharpen. "Close, I'm close, I'm so close, so close."

"Louder," he tells her, "Make sure he can hear you."

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming," she yells, "I'm cumming, I'm cumming for you."

He bucks up into her, and her arm reaches low, between her legs, where her fingers rub at her clit. She shrieks out his name, and it pierces my heart. Her back bows as the tremors rack her, and I cum in my hands.

Then he tenses too and roars, hips slam ceiling-ward, deep pumps into my wife.

They collapse in a tangle. Limbs knit, lazy sighs, and tender kisses that sicken me. Whispers and a little laugh from her.

And as they lie entwined on the bed, whispering and laughing softly together, I'm struck by how complete they look without me. How 'natural', how *right*.

And in this moment of angst-drenched near silence in a strange room, I wonder if in chasing this fantasy, I've set in motion a connection between my wife and another man that one day might make me obsolete.

## Chapter Fourteen

### Gabe

Rosewater Restaurant gleams with understated elegance. Chandeliers glow warm over white tablecloths, silverware flashes with each movement, staff materialize and disappear with practiced discretion. At the center of the largest private dining room, our table is arranged in a U-shape. The Moreno-Porter clan gathered. Carl and Jess's thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Kim's dad rises, champagne flute high in his hand. Distinguished in his tailored blue suit, silver-haired authority. Jess, my mother-in-law, beams. "When I met Jessica," Carl's accent thickens his emotion, "I knew right away she was the woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with."

Shame undercuts me, and I can't eye Carl. Kim sits alongside me on my left, with the kids beyond her. Harrison and then Leah as scrubbed mini adults. A fitted emerald dress hugs my wife; her dark hair is swept up to reveal the elegant line of her bare neck.

"Marriage is sacred," Carl continues, "Commitment before God and family, a promise to honor and cherish your one special person above all others."

The irony is hardly lost on me. Three days ago, in an 'abandoned' house, his daughter cried out another man's name - in ecstasy. A man who works for Carl. The secret fucker of his eldest daughter.

Kim told me Malcolm isn't usually as 'aggressive' with her as he was in that property. She said he was probably 'putting on a show' for me. She said she thought that was pretty 'funny'. In bed with me later, though, she admitted it turned her on too. She asked me if I minded the way he spoke to me when they were having sex as well. I acted like I hadn't really noticed anything about it.

She said it was his idea that she take her panties off at work, before they even got to the property. She said that was probably part of Malcolm's 'show'. I confessed I'd found it so hot to see she had no panties on. And hot when he ripped her pantyhose too.

“Family is everything,” my father-in-law’s gaze sweeps the room. It takes in my wife’s siblings, who Kim loves, but who she’s always been so jealous of. I glance at my own parents, a little awkward amid Latino pride.

What if *any* of these people knew? How would we live with it?

I take a sip of water.

“Your spouse is your rock, your safe harbor. Jessica has been that and more for me through everything life has thrown at us.”

Kim’s hand finds mine under the table, and then our eyes meet, and she smiles. Her gaze is warm, reassuring, and familiar. I smile back, a wordless acknowledgment of our connection.

But *really* for ever?

Derek’s haunted face in the office flashes before me again. And then so do the unwelcome echoing questions.

*What if Kim develops feelings for Malcolm?* What if she decides one day that our arrangement isn’t enough, that she wants more from him than just physical pleasure?

*No.* Kim wouldn’t *do* that. She loves our children too much, loves *me* too much.

My mind spirals, though, to others who are aware of at least a part of our secret life. That old pervy farmer who may have been the one sniffing around Kim’s office. Bea, who knows even more. Almost the *whole* truth about Kim and I. Gossip flows through offices, too, doesn’t it?

“To thirty more years,” Carl concludes, cheers clink, and flashes capture smiles and raised glasses.

But my mind remains beyond this room, spiraling through a labyrinth of concerns as my excitement sleeps.

Kim leans over to cut Harrison's food into more manageable pieces for him, her profile illuminated by the soft lighting, and I'm struck again by how much I love her, by how beautiful she is. My raw feelings all amplified by her adultery.

But Malcolm's insistence that there must be encounters between them that remain private, moments of intimacy I'll never be privy to, terrifies me. Even more than it sometimes thrills me.

And yet, I suspect my terror won't be enough to stop this...

## A Final Thank You

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